



MAGIC
IN HER *kisses*

RUAN WILLOW

Magic In Her Kisses

*An Explicit Woman Loving Woman Age Gap Erotic
Romance*

By Ruan Willow

This is a work of fiction. Any similarities to real people, places, or situations are entirely coincidental.

First Edition.

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For all those in my life I love, share magic with, and kiss.

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Chapter One

Fuck. I'm late. I glance at my phone and see I'm a whole fifteen minutes later than she wanted me. Classic me. I roll my eyes and sigh as my heart begins to pound like a manic beast. I run my fingers over the engraved nameplate on the wall next to her door. I try to steady my shaking, taking the time I shouldn't to finger trace 'Professor M. Lillian' where it's carved into the little gold plaque. It's so proper, and she's such a lovely mess. I smirk. A slight whiff of her usual cinnamon tea washes over my face, cooling my nerves.

I shove my phone in my back pocket. Its flatness feels nice against my right ass cheek. I touch the edge of my firm buttock and grin. I've already decided I'm gonna show her I'm going commando today. I'm gonna do it this time. I swear.

I fluff my curls, because I know she loves them, and then knock on the door.

My heart is still racing to nowhere. I'm gonna do this. I am. Drawing in a deep breath, I aim to firm up my resolve. I'm just going to come on to her because I know she wants me, and she's too nerdy and awkward to make the first move. So, it's gotta be me.

The door opens fast, making a slight wind. It causes her flyaway short brown hair to flap up, and her sheer blouse to sway back against her body. How delicious is she? Fuck me. I spy no bra under there...fuck that's hot. I can see the pristine nuggets of her nipples pretty crystal clear through the sheer fabric, her hard little tasty tips sliding beneath it. My lips twitch with want.

"You are late, Alicia." She is frowning, with eyebrows furrowed above her dark glasses as she steps aside to allow me in. She immediately points to her cluttered love seat where there is barely enough room for my ass. My stomach does a flip-flop. Her ornery look is turning me on. I raise an eyebrow. Being late was an idea.

I can feel her eyes on me, a relentless eye-lock with my butt as she watches my ass. I walk in and all I can think is, ‘Well spank me then, Professor.’

‘Dominate me, you nerdy bitch.’

I bite back my smile.

The thought sends chills from the middle of my chest, spiraling down my abdomen before sending a jolt through my clit. If only... I've only fantasized about her spanking me in this very office about twenty-five times or so. Okay, maybe a hundred. Or her disciplining me in the lab while we work. Oh my gosh. A slight blush rises on my cheeks, but I just let myself smile.

She points again, ordering my ass to the love seat by the window. Her thin red lips are a stern line, so firmly pressed together. I'd love to pry them open with the tip of my tongue.

The love seat is covered in books, notebooks, journals, and loose pieces of paper, just like about every surface in her office, including a third of her floor. I grab a few pens and lay them on the ground, then carefully shove some of her beloved books to the other cushion. I've got a big ass, Professor. I need more room than this.

I feel her eyes on me as I turn my ass towards her and bend over to further clear a spot for my own commando butt to sit. I hide my smirk as I move her adult coloring book to the far cushion. Yeah, the ass being on display for you is totally intentional, my dear Professor, employer, and oh so nerdy as fuck boss of mine. I almost giggle, but I'd really rather sit on your lap, Professor Lillian. Or have my dripping wet pussy squishing on your thigh as you spank the shit out of me. I almost groan.

When I turn around to sit, her eyes are still on me, smoldering with what looks like lust, but I can't be sure with those thick lenses masking her eyes. She needs to update those glasses. They make such thinner ones now, even for someone with such poor vision as her. I should tell her. If she were mine, I would make her get new ones, take her shopping and find the

perfect pair to frame those intense eyes of hers. Though I sorta love these thick black old-school frames she has on. They make her nerdy hot.

She slides those glasses to the end of her nose before she says, “Did you finish revising the write-up?”

I nod and stand to pass her a flash drive. “I’ve added notes if you want to make those changes. It’s really very good, Professor Lillian.”

She runs a hand through her chin-length dark brown hair, which reveals a little patch of gray at her left temple. Fuck. How is even that hot to me?

“I’ll review it. Thank you.” She shoves the flash drive into the port on her laptop, probably so she won’t lose it in her hurricane mess of an office.

She draws both legs up to her chest and hugs them. The movement makes her swivel chair wiggle slightly, but now I’m missing the view of her tits through that sheer shirt. “You working with me today in the lab on that new sequencing experiment?”

“Yes. I can come by later this afternoon, after my classes are done.” I touch my lips with my index finger in pretend thought, just to see if her eyes follow my finger, and of course, they do. I suppress a naughty grin as I stick my finger in my mouth and suck it.

I bite down hard to maintain a stoic expression and her jaw drops slightly. I keep eye contact with her and watch her close her mouth and swallow, I imagine she could be drooling.

I can’t hold the giggle in. It slips out. To cover it, I quickly say, “My fingers taste like frosting still. I ate a frosted scone at the coffee shop this morning.” I can’t not grin at her as her jaw drops again. “Leftovers.” I even wink at her and as I suck my finger all the way down to my hand. It sends a visual shock through her body as she jerks slightly. Yes! Success.

She shivers and plays with her toes, which are unpainted but actually still quite pretty. I imagine her sticking them in my pussy. Yeah, that’s making me wet as fuck. I let out an impatient sigh.

I slowly pull my finger from my mouth while still sucking and she watches intently with her lower lip quivering. She gasps when I pull my finger out with a ‘pop’ sound.

She clears her throat. “You had coffee this morning?” she asks, dropping her eyes to the messy floor. She swivels her chair and grabs her mug of tea, the red tag hanging off the side of her scarlet and brown pottery-style mug.

“Yep. It was delicious.” I raise my eyebrow mischievously, commando pussy peek-a-peek time. I let my lips slide into a naughty smirk. I draw my legs up onto the loveseat and hug my knees as she just did. The cool air hits my hot moist pussy as my skirt shifts up my thighs. Fuck I love being commando.

She is looking at her phone as she says, “Did you wash that ...” She looks up and sees my pussy on display. Her eyes go side to side, scanning me, ever-widening. Her mouth falls open. She almost drops her mug of tea as a startled look comes across her face.

I bite my lip as she moves so hastily that she almost throws the mug’s contents onto her paper-covered desk. She sets it down so hard. Some tea drops fly out onto the three-ring binder next to her laptop.

“Wash? What?” I ask her innocently as I wonder if my wet pussy is dripping onto her love seat. It feels like it might be.

She looks around the room wildly and rakes both hands through her hair. She stands up, sits back down, and spins her chair to face her desk so her back is to me. Her shoulders are rising and falling quickly, like she’s panting.

I peer over at her, straining my neck to see what her hand is doing down near her lap. It looks as if she’s touching her pussy, which gives me a wet gush.

“I washed everything, Professor.” I’m fighting the urge to rub my pussy too as she suddenly spins in her chair to face me.

“You … you … um,” she says as she pushes her glasses up her nose, her gaze falling from my eyes to my pussy. “You can come when it works for you.”

Fuck yes, I can, Professor. Make me come. I suppress a laugh but let a naughty smile live on my face. “Yeah, I will come after my last class, so I will be here around 3:30 or so.” My suppressed laugh is obvious in my voice.

Her confused expression is utterly delicious.

I can see her nips are still hard under her shirt. Knowing her, she was probably in such a rush to leave home, she just forgot a bra. I smother another giggle as I imagine how her face must have screwed into a panic when she realized she’d come to work without a bra on, and with such a sheer shirt.

She catches me looking at her tits. I blink my eyes a few times and wait for it.

“I uh, forgot that today. Yeah. I’m a bit scattered-brained.” She gives me a wry grin. “Was in a rush to get here. My alarm didn’t go off on time this morning.” She covers her erect nipples with an arm as she reaches across her desk for something. She pushes papers all over as she rampages her desk. “I left a shirt here the other day, I know it’s here. If I can’t find it, I’ll …” she says as she shoves her hand under a three-ring binder, almost knocking it onto her dusty crumb-covered keyboard. “I guess I’ll have to wear my jacket to lecture today. You’d think I’d be used to wearing jackets living in Iowa for this many years.”

With that frazzled look overwhelming her face, I want to kiss her. I stand and take a few steps towards her. “Don’t cover up. Your breasts are beautiful.”

She freezes, then turns only her head towards me, mouth open, eyes wide as her glasses slide down her nose again.

Raising her eyebrows, she brusquely says, “Wh-What?” Her confusion is so sweet. She pushes her glasses up her nose again. Her facial expression tells me she’s lost her brain.

“Yeah. Your titties are fucking hot.” I give her my ‘fuck me’ eyes with a seductive grin.

Her jaw drops further as she lowers her arm to her side. “They are?” she asks incredulously, looking down at her own tits, then back at me.

“Yes, very. I love them. I really want to suck on them.”

Her body recoils with an awkward jerk as if I slapped her across the face. Her cheeks flush and she swallows. “You do?” Her eyes widen, her mouth goes slack.

I cover my mouth and let a giggle out. For someone with two Ph.D.’s, she’s pretty dumb.

I rub both my hands on my curvy hips, then drag them up my sides to my breasts, I cup each of my big girls, one in each hand. “I’ll let you suck mine too.”

She stares at my breasts. Her eyes go even wider, which seems impossible. Her mouth droops open further, arms dangling at her sides as she slowly nods.

A little yummy smirk flickers across her face before the confused look returns. “Your boobs are so very big.”

“Yes, Professor Lillian. And you can play with them all you want.”

I slowly remove my shirt and her facial expression looks even more shocked, which I really didn’t think was possible. Her mouth closes, making her thin lips look like something I’d very much enjoy prying back open with the thrust of my wet hot tongue.

She makes a little squeak sound.

I’m so enjoying this. I’ve been her lab assistant for three months now, and never once have I seen this lost look on her face.

“I’m serious, you can suck my tits.” I reach into my bra and pinch my nipples, making them even harder. “I have big nipples.”

She looks so guilty, but she’s done nothing wrong. She licks her lips before she says, “You are so beautiful. I love watching you move around the

lab.” Her cheeks are still flushed, and she drops her eyes to the ground. “I watch you, ya know.”

That sends an electric jump through my clit. “I know. I’ve noticed. And I really like it. It makes me so hot, I have to go home and rub one out.”

She blinks with another exaggerated jerk. Something like a seizure follows. She stammers, “Uh. But. But. But you go on dates with men, right?” Her lower lip trembles and I want to suck it into my mouth and nibble it.

“Yes. But, Professor Lillian, I’m bi.” I gaze into her soft chocolate brown eyes and watch as something shifts in them. “And I have a major thing for older women.”

She gasps, touches her nose, then fidgets her hand along her pink cheek, down her rounded jawline, and down to the base of her throat. “You do?”

I nod enthusiastically. “Very much so. Professor.”

Her look of power, the one she uses during lectures to scare the fuck out of students, appears on her face. “Oh,” she says timidly. But then her voice comes out powerful, as if she doesn’t know she’s nerdy as fuck. “I ought to spank you for being fifteen minutes late, ya know.”

I draw in a quick breath as my eyes flare wide. Oh. Fuck me. Yes, please. My labia lips moisten further.

I take a step closer to her as I whisper, “I’ve fantasized about that.”

She stands up, as if claiming my confession, and takes a step towards her door, but then she takes a step back, as if she is confused and drunk. She almost falls but catches herself.

“You are the most hottest woman most sexy most wow woman I’ve ever seen in real life. Your tits are so round, so big, I just want to put my face between them and shake.” I giggle at her use of ‘most hottest’ and how all that just piled out of her mouth in a rush. I adore how she often talks like a college student. Her face is so flushed, her whole body is trembling. I

swear her eyes go cross-eyed, but it's hard to tell behind those dirty thick lenses. "I don't know what to do."

I smile and move her chair out of the way so I have full access to her desk. "Bend me over your desk and spank my ass, that's what you do." I bend over slightly and flick the ends of my skirt up with my fingers on the sides of each thigh. "Just peel this up. I know you saw I'm commando. My ass is easy access. Just take me, Professor. Claim me with a spanking." I move her laptop out of the way so, if she crushes me to the desk, my tits won't smash it.

She stumbles over something, or probably nothing, and makes her way towards me. I grin as I feel her hands grasp the edges of my skirt. Her breathing is ragged. A giant thrill zings through my body as she yanks my skirt up hard to expose my bare round ass. She touches both of my ass cheeks with a satisfied sigh, one hand per cheek. A moan escapes her lips as she pushes down on my ass cheeks and then squeezes both hard. She grunts.

"Oh, my Gawd," she says as I feel her bitten-down fingernails digging into my ass flesh. "You have the most perfectly round ass." She licks the top of my right cheek and I let out a soft moan. "You are delicious."

She rises to stand suddenly. She belts out, "You shouldn't have been late. That was naughty, Alicia." Her left hand leaves my cheek and falls on my back as she shoves me forward onto her desk. "Really naughty. I'm busy, and you wasted my time." She presses my back down, smooshing my breasts into her desk, flattening them as she forces my chest hard onto her desk.

My heart pounds with a rage I haven't felt in a while. I hold my breath and wait.

She keeps her hand on my back and I hear her breath coming heavy as it floods my skin with heated puffs. She shifts behind me. I tense. She slaps my ass hard with her other hand and I wince.

She chuckles. "You are a bad, bad girl, Alicia, and I'm gonna spank you hard, give you a red butt." Her voice quivers at the end of her sentence,

at ‘butt’, like it’s naughty of her to say. She smacks her hand on my ass over and over again, groaning as she slaps.

I moan, my face resting on a pile of papers, my head turned to the side. I smell cinnamon, old paper, and hints of soy sauce. The bottom ring of the three-ring binder under my chest presses into my right tit and rubs it with each spank she gives me.

I’m wet as fuck and getting wetter. Her spanks send ripples jolting through my clit as I relish her hand on my ass with each spank.

“Bad girl, bad.” She slaps me again and again, rage bubbling out of her. I love that skin-on-skin slapping sound, it makes me shudder, shiver, and gush.

Get it all out, Professor. I wonder if she’s ever done anything like this before?

She is wild, with her spanking and groaning, until she stops and grinds her pussy mound against my ass. “Oh, I’ve made you so red.” She gyrates her pelvis against my butt and then runs a finger along my puckered anus. She pokes at it and I suppress a giggle as she doesn’t go in, but just kinda taps it. She rubs it, then dabs at it again.

“You are so sexy. I love your bald pussy too. Yummm. And oh. You drive me crazy with those curls of yours. I want them dancing along my skin.” She lays her chest on my back, her breasts pressed to me. She shoves her hands into my curls. She fondles them as I moan. I relish this position more than I should.

“I love having my hair played with,” I say it in a breathless whisper, a confession I don’t mind admitting at all. I don’t want her to think too hard and stop.

She grabs a hunk of my hair and pulls me slightly off the desk with it, yanking my head up and down five times with her ponytail hold. Then she spins me around while still holding the mass of my hair and bends down, licking my cleavage. She releases my hair and stares at my bra-covered breasts like she wants to eat them.

I scramble to remove her shirt and take her hard, brownish nipple into my mouth and I suck, pulling it into my mouth as far as it will stretch. “Mmm, I want you. I’ve wanted you for so long.” My soft voice comes out in puffs along her skin before I take her nipple back into my mouth again.

She moans as she plays with my hair, gripping and fingering as I suck her tit.

“Oh, that feels amazing.” She’s squeezing my head between her hands as I work my tongue against the ridges and bumps of her areola, against the smoothness of her small breast.

I switch to her other boob and suck while pinching her other nipple with my hand. Her hands fall to the clasp of my bra and she fumbles, unable to unhook it.

“I want to see your nipples now,” she says, demanding it, as if I won’t say ‘yes.’

I let her nipple slip out of my mouth as I stand and unhook my bra for her. I don’t remove it, but let it hang on my breasts so she can get the joy of uncovering them.

Her hands tremble as she grasps the pink bra cups with her fingers. She slowly lowers it to bare my breasts and she moans. “Oh, my. Wow. They are even more beautiful than I imagined they’d be.” Her lips close, open, and quiver as she gazes at my nipples. “So pale, pink, and big.” Her hand is shaking as she runs her first two fingers across my erect nipple, hardening it further.

“Go on,” I say as I shove my breast closer to her face.

Her hot mouth slams into my tit and she sucks. Softly at first, flicking my nipple tip with her tongue, then hard as she pulls my body towards her. Her hands grip the small of my back as I arch and lean my head towards her desktop.

I moan as she suckles, flinch as she bites my nipples.

She groans out a sex growl, as if we are fucking. It’s deep, almost like a man, as she feasts on my tit. I moan and finger my other nipple. She rips

my hand away and pinches my nipple herself, twisting and pulling it as I moan, her gaze admonishing.

I'm now naked, with only my skirt gathered around my waist, bunched up so it slightly constricts my arching. I reach back and loosen the zipper so it will be easy to push the skirt off my body when I stand. I hook my fingers into the waistband of her pants and push them down slightly while she continues to suck me. She takes the hint and releases my tit from her mouth as she stands. I lower her pants to find she's wearing lacy pale pink underwear with a little bow on the front. Little girl panties over a mound of curly brown pussy hair. She's perfect, just as I suspected her pussy to be. I grin as I slip the panties off.

She tugs on my skirt and pulls it down over my curvy hips. "You are like an hourglass. I love your body. Your curves are amazing." The lust is so thick in her voice.

"Thank you," I say, loving the look of loss of control on her face. "I want to suck your pussy. Will you sit?"

She nods as her face shifts from a wild expression to a confused one as she lowers herself, putting her bare ass on her swivel chair.

I spread her thighs apart as I kneel in front of her. She grabs and squeezes my breasts one last time before leaning back in her chair. I grip her thighs and pull her ass forward so her pussy rests just off the seat of her office chair. Her pussy lips are glistening with a drippy ooze, her pubic hair matted with her wetness.

I give her groin a single lick from near her ass cheeks to the middle of her pussy, where I wiggle my tongue back and forth to tease her labia lips. She lurches and twitches and moans, thrashing more like a stiff-armed robot than a human being sucked. I suppress a giggle. Even her movements during oral sex are nerdy, and I love it.

I moan as I inhale her musky scent. "Mmmmm, I love your pussy's flavor and smell."

She twitches, jittery as fuck. I slosh my tongue around as her juices drool onto my tongue. Her wetness is growing as I lick up the rest of her

pussy to her clit. I run my tongue up her clit, pressing it hard into the top of it.

“Oh my … fuck!” She shouts with a thrash of her body as I run my tongue over her clit in rapid flicks. She moans and writhes on the wiggly chair, but I hold her thighs firm between my arms to keep my mouth smashed into her pussy.

I come off her for a second. “Mmmmm, yum,” I say before I muff dive back down to her slit.

“Golly, geez, Imma,” she says, ending her expression with a nonsense word.

I lick in a circle as she whimpers and moans as if I’m murdering her. I gently slip my tongue into her slit. She groans and grips my head, smashes my face further into her pussy. The hot exhale from my nose bathes her clit. I jab my tongue into her vagina to tongue fuck her rapidly as she moans. I return to her clit and lick it, once, twice, three times. Then I take her full hardened clit into my mouth and suck it in full force. I come off only to lick each of her inner thighs before returning back to her pussy.

She paws my head, pulls my hair, messes it up so that I will look freshly fucked, no doubt. I groan against her pussy as her legs begin to twitch. She’s about to cum. Her moans are climaxing to almost begging whimpers as she murmurs, “Oh, please, more. Please. I’m gonna.”

I ram three fingers into her pussy as I suck her harder, and she bucks against me with a yell. I keep her pinned to the seat as I strengthen my sucking and her legs shake as she moans, shivers. She goes silent as her body goes rigid. It also jerks, then she gives a release groan. A wash of her fresh cum floods my mouth. Her cum smells musky sweet as I suck it all. It’s slightly bitter, a bit like a sweetened lemon. Her body goes slack.

Time for a cum-soaked kiss, buttercup. I stand and straddle her lap and lean towards her face. Her eyes have fallen shut. Her lips are closed so I lick them, then wiggle my tongue into the crack of them to coax them fully open. When her eyes pop open, I hold her gaze as I rub my tongue on hers, suck her tongue, then close my eyes as we massage each other’s tongues

and lips with our mouths in a deep French kiss. I suck on her lower lip and let her pull it out slowly as I suck. Her hands are in my hair again as we kiss. I grip mine onto her bare back and we kiss for several minutes, just kissing, tasting each other, and moaning, sounds of sucking and light groans escape her hot mouth.

The room is hot. Her skin is so soft and warm. Her heavy breathing is driving me wild, and I'm ready to devour every speck of her again.

She sits up and pushes me up as she stands. She guides me to the ground and my back lands on several scientific journals. A hardcover novel is under my head. My hand brushes against a fluffy maroon mitten and I send it flying with a whack of my hand. She grins at me as she spreads my legs apart and hovers, breathing heavy, right above my pussy. She's turned into the Cheshire cat, a meek kitten no more.

She sits. Her smile disappears and she looks scared. "I, um, I've never done this." Her voice shakes as she lowers her mouth to my hot wet crotch, then moves away again.

"Just lick, suck, stab my slit with your fingers and spend lots of time on my clit. I'm a total clit junkie. That will make me come." I point to my clit with a grin. "Here," I say. I lay back and finger my nipples, pinching them and twisting slightly. "Just tongue fuck me, Professor Lillian. Just like I did to you." I clear my throat. "When I make more sound, do more of what you are doing, and you will get me to climax. I promise."

She nods, furrows her eyebrows, and presses her lips together with a determined look. She leans in close to my labia, her hot breath steaming into my slit. The hesitancy with which she approaches my privates is so sweet. Her tongue falls quaveringly to my sweet spot. She draws in a deep breath and flattens her tongue to lick my pussy in a wide lick. Then she flicks her tongue along my labia, from my clit to my butt cheeks, and back again. Her tongue tip gingerly pokes into my slit before she hungrily thrusts her tongue into me rapidly, causing me to buck and writhe against her mouth. My pussy follows her guide like how a river is forced to bend along its path. Atta girl!

She groans these deep guttural sounds that drive me wild. My hands grip papers and I squeeze them, probably crinkling important papers because her ability to keep things neat is severely lacking. I severely miss a bedsheet to squeeze right about now.

She plays with my bald pussy with one hand, pushing on my fleshy mound, jiggling its fleshy hill as she roams her tongue to add her saliva to my clit. She flicks her tongue several times which causes my orgasm to climb. She encases my clit with the hot cave of her mouth and she sucks my clit with her whole mouth flush against me.

My hands fly to her hair and roam about her head as she sucks me. I groan and wiggle, moan against the stillness of her cinnamon-scented office air, and let her tongue drive my pussy until it's almost coming. I'm skirting the edge. She slurps and sucks with such vigor my orgasm reaches full heights as I whimper and whine, protest and relishing at once as I come with a jerking force. Her commanding mouth rides me good like a breeze hugs rolling hills, dragging leaves and tangled thin branches along like tumbleweeds to caress the lush ground.

I grin. I'm proud of her. The good professor has successfully eaten me out, making me spill cum like a hose.

She lays her head on my belly, resting between my legs, and I play with her hair as she hugs my right thigh. She kisses it and snuggles in, her warm cheek flush with my skin.

We stay this way for about ten minutes, snuggling, not moving, a silent afterglow that suggests we refuse to feel guilty about this. She rises to stand and extends her hand to help me up, a satisfied look across her lovely face.

Her eyes are soft and wild at once and she throws her arms around me in a hug. I kiss her shoulder and she nuzzles her face into my hair.

“See you later today,” she whispers in my ear.

I nod.

She looks like she wants to cry so I hug her again.

She whimpers, her shoulders relax, and she does her nerdy giggle, a giggle that sounds more like a little girl's. My eyes half close as I smile.

We separate and both get dressed, our gazes meeting periodically. She adorns her jacket to cover her tits better; she must have her lecture soon. She gives a small nod and says simply, "Thank you."

I nod, tilt my head, and wave on my way out her door. Any other words would have spoiled it.

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Chapter Two

I walk into the lab, and Dr. Lillian is at her desk, typing away on her laptop. She has taken off her coat and her tits are jutting out as hard little points through her deep purple sheer top. I grin. Ever since the day I told her I liked her tits, it's been a sheer shirt she's chosen. Every damn day, bless her.

Her thick glasses look all smudged as usual and I wonder how the heck she can see anything at all. I grin at her massive nerdiness; it makes her steamy hot in a weird way. I know no one like her. She couldn't be more unique. Plus, she's a fucking Brainiac and that's sexy in and of itself. I chuckle as I realize how heavily I'm crushing on a hardcore nerd.

I stare at her nipples through her see-through shirt, completely mesmerized as they jiggle as she types. I lick my lips and taste my vanilla cake lip balm. I need her nips in my mouth. The sight of them makes me salivate. I'm thinking I need real cake on her tits. I groan slightly as I imagine smashing cake across her teats before devouring them. I want to feel her ridges and bumps against my tongue again. She's got such sexy little nipples. Fingering the round lip balm container in my pocket, I make plans to smear it all over her tits.

She doesn't glance up when I walk in, but says, "Hi, Alicia." She quickly glances up at me, a stern look permeating her smudgy lenses. "I expected you a bit earlier." Her eyes are back on her computer, her lips pressed in a hard line. I want to lick them back into their soft, relaxed state. Nibble her upper lip like I did Saturday night when we had our lesbian porn movie marathon. My clit twitches, remembering our fuck fest that followed. I imagine her list is now ginormous in her head.

"You're late." She must be in a mood. Her stern voice makes my clit twitch hard. I nod as she taps her finger on her half-empty cup of tea. Her left leg is folded under her, and I smell the lilac soap she has in her shower wafting off her skin.

“Hmph. Not impressed,” she mutters. The commanding voice she uses sends another electric jolt through my loins. It reminds me that she will definitely punish me for my lateness. Though, truth be told, I delayed a little bit on purpose, dawdled about on campus for a few extra minutes to make sure I’d be later than I said. I smirk, secretly wishing she’d grab me, force me across her lap, hike up my skirt, and spank me right at her desk. There’s just something about women in their forties.

“Yes, ma’am. I’ve been naughty, Professor.” My voice is saucy as I dare to try to catch her gaze in mine. My pussy flares. Maybe I should beg. My breathing speeds up to a pant.

I shake my curls as she watches me. Her cheesed-off gaze almost pushes me towards a climax. My pussy is desperately aching for her touch. I’m not quite sure how she’s got me into the slave-like mode. Her face falls into one of pleasure as I grab a curl and twirl it around my finger. Her jaw falls slack as the want in her eyes charges at me like the shark she is, shrouded by extreme dorkiness. I have no doubt that, in truth, she is a shark. She’s surprised me so much these past few weeks with how she has commanded me.

She’s turned into quite the dominatrix from only having just slapped my ass that first day when we fooled around in her office. It was like a damn light switch. Her beast mode just exploded out of her. She has embraced that role much more fully than I’d expected. My butt still stings a bit from our last session, and, wow, was it ever highly distracting in class as that sting was a constant reminder of her wildly spanking me. A bruise on my right ass cheek flares as my badge. It didn’t matter which position I shifted to in that hard seat, all the skin of my ass screamed bloody murder. What a fucking rush, though. None of those other students knew what she and I had done, why I was constantly shifting in my seat, why I had guilty eyes. It made me wet, and when she raised her voice in lecture, my clit lurched. Her frequent glances towards me wet my leggings further to sopping by the end of the class. I could smell myself. It was all I could do not to slip my fingers down my leggings and rub my bean to explosion.

I'm snap back to the classroom as she clears her throat. Her cheeks go pink as a naughty grin erupts on her face. "You might need more spankings, little girl."

I scoff with wide eyes.

Her tone is so commanding it makes my pussy let out a wet gush. I freeze, sort of petrified, thinking what would happen if she were to spank me in the lab and a student walked in on us. But, then again, that would be hot as fuck, so I naughty grin back to egg her on. My eyes narrowed in bratty slits.

Dare ya to dominate me again, you nerdy wench. The word wench reverberates in my head. I tap my finger, wondering what she'd do to me if I called her that. The pit of my stomach jolts with excited fear. I'd be over her lap, getting butt-slapped in a matter of less than a minute, no doubt. I initially sought her out like a cougar, and she's continually coming back at me like an anaconda. Turn me into a spectacle you nerd, I secretly taunt.

I walk towards her, sashaying my curvy hips as best as I can. I take in a deep breath before saying, "Oh, yeah, Professor? I think I might run from you. My ass cheeks still sting a bit from your last discipline session, so you might have to chase me and rip my skirt off with force to get that to happen again." My heart is pounding so hard as I realize I want that to happen. The idea of being her prey makes me horny as fuck.

I stop and take a step back, daring her with my smirk to chase me, tackle me, make my ass bare. The thought of her pursuing and attacking my ass is the stuff of my masturbation sessions even now as she's actually doing it to me in real life.

I take another step back and she stands, dropping the pen she had been chewing on to the desk below. She moves so awkwardly, her nerdiness blatant even in her stiff walking movements.

She says, "Oh, I'd catch you alright. You are fast and in perfect shape, but I'm highly determined, and I get what I want." She nods at me. "And you know that I do."

I nod, my heart racing, my breath coming out in pants. My flight response is in standby mode.

She's so commanding in class that even weeks before we started to fuck, I used to get wet just listening to her lectures. Then, when I started to work for her, I was smitten. Her draw on me mystifies my brain, but she's got me by the clit.

"What's that?" Her glasses slip down her nose and she gazes at me intently over them. Her spanking hand is twitching.

I startle. "Yes, ma'am. You do." I gasp. "I mean, Madame."

"That's better, kitten." She takes a step and trips on nothing but air, catching herself on a table. She pulls something black out of her pocket.

She holds it up. "Put these on. I ran home and got a dirty pair of my panties. I want you wearing something that touched my pussy all day." Her face contorts into her seductive look. "I can't wait to strip it off you and spank that amazing ass of yours."

I don't move a muscle. She flings the panties at me, and I catch them in the air. I bring the panties near my nose and sniff the crotch. Fuck! She grins at me as I continue to inhale the scent of her panties. This is so erotic it makes my heart race, my palms sweat. I shake as I slip the panties on up and under my skirt, an easy addition, being I'm commando. I press the fabric over my crotch into my lips.

"Good girl. I like you commando. But you will wear panties when I tell you to." She bumps into the corner of the high-top table and grimaces.

I stifle a giggle. A full giggle would get me another spank. She has an imaginary tally board in that head of hers. The panties are a little tight on me so, as I walk, they ride into my ass crack. My round full ass is certainly bigger than her little slim one. But then, she already knows that. She's spent hours staring at my ass from above.

She clears her throat as she creeps toward me as I step backward. "And after I hit that curvy sweet ass of yours, you are only allowed to wear the panties and the lab coat while we are here in the lab. When the work is

done, I'm gonna pamper the fuck out of you and eat you like I did last time when I made you come so hard. Finger fuck you 'til you cum on my hand again. Then I'm gonna suck it all out of your pussy. Eat you like cake." Her intense stare gives me the chills. "You going to be my good girl?"

My jaw drops, my pussy moistens, and I freeze for one second as I let what she's saying sink in. She said it awkwardly, like she was reading a script for the first time, so I suppress a nervous giggle. I'm rarely nervous around her, but she's got me all jittery right now, with all this impending spank play in the lab, where anyone could walk in at any moment. I rotate the lip balm between my fingers in my pocket as I shift my gaze across her body.

I scramble backward, bump into a table as she charges me like a gazelle. Where did that awkwardness go now? I let out a squeal as I drop my bag on the ground. I can hear her grunting behind me as she runs after me.

Fuck, I love to be chased.

My pussy lips feel slick with wetness as I take off across the classroom in an all-out mad dash ... sprinting to the back wall, dodging around tall lab tables, trying not to knock stools over in my haste to get away. She gains on me with a swiftness I did not expect.

My heart is pounding so hard, saliva is pooling in my mouth. I have to swallow it down. I squeal again as she gets close and almost grabs my arm. She lets out this growl that sends shivers down my spine. She's become Jekyll and Hyde, skinny awkward professor one moment, and then mega sexual Domme, of all my femdom wet dreams, the next.

I reach the wall and make a run hard to the right, but there's a box there and I trip over it, fall on it, belly down. I partially crush the box as my hands hit the floor, my right knee screaming at me from smacking the ground. I can't breathe. My heart races.

Her hand firmly presses my lower back, further crushing the box as her other hand seeks out my pussy, moving her panties to the side so she can touch my vagina. I'm so wet as she parts my labia lips. I'm panting so

hard I gasp. She rubs the outer part of my pussy and then plunges two fingers in. The simple penetration of her fingers into me makes me moan. She presses her thumb firmly to my clit and the pressure causes me to gasp, yell out. As four fingers slide into me, her thumb rubs my clit. Her breath is coursing in and out of her rapidly.

I am breathing so fast, a whimper escapes my lips as she increases thumb pressure over my clit.

“Oh fuck,” I murmur as a moan. My tits harden further.

She lets out this yummy sound, and says, “Mmmmm...fuck baby, you are so wet.”

My clit is just throbbing as she pumps into me. I’m frozen still, so even though she takes her hand off my back, I don’t move.

I almost groan a complaint when she pulls her fingers out of me. She grabs my skirt at both sides of my thighs and hikes it up to my waist.

I was never much into spanking in sex but, with her, it makes me wet as fuck. She’s taught me so much I never knew about myself.

Her panties are soaked with my juices, the fabric clinging to my wet cunt. She presses the panties into the crevice of my ass, forcing the fabric deep between my ass cheeks as far as it can go. She pushes the panties in between my labia lips. The tick of the clock above sounds way louder than normal. She leans down over my ass and licks the crack of my ass over the panties and all the way up to my lower back. She open mouth sucks my skin. I shudder and flinch, her tongue flat against my lower back, her fingers working over my pussy.

I’m staring at the ugly gray speckled tile floor wondering if she watched porn all afternoon because she’s hugely riled up. Now I’m her damn fuck toy. “Mmmmm,” I moan.

My tits are rubbing the filthy footprint speckled ground and I’m suddenly so happy I’m not bare-chested. This is so dirty, so naughty, her doing this to me where she teaches my peers. I gush, imagining another

student coming into the lab and peering down at us. Or another professor. Oh, fuck! Them masturbating while watching us. Fuck, that would be hot!

She licks both my ass cheeks at the seam of the panties, and I'm even more convinced she must have been sitting at that desk looking at porn today, plotting this scene, because that's a new move. She's otherworldly inspired in her role as my Domme. Tackles all our sex stuff like the Brainiac she is. I never pictured myself as a sub, especially not to a woman, but she's got me owned.

As she fingers me with one hand, she starts to spank my ass with the other. I wince, my ass skin already tender, screams out with each slap, yet I'd be lying if I didn't admit I'm enjoying the pulse the spanks send to my clit. Another slap blesses me with a clit twitch. I don't even need to touch to know I'm getting wet as fuck.

She sits on the ground next to me and pulls on my hips to get me over to lay across her lap. I obey because how can I not? The gray patch of hair at her right temple looks delicious, and suddenly I want to touch it, swirl it, finger it between my fingers. Hell, I wanna lick it. I reach up and she slaps my hand away.

“Not during discipline, kitten.”

I remain motionless, her sternness causes my clit to surge once more. I swallow my independent streak and press my lips together firmly.

Once I'm settled across her lap, she pulls the panties to the side and gently inserts two fingers into my wet pussy. She finger fucks me rapidly with one hand while spanking me with the other. The wet pussy sounds and skin smacks make me shiver. I recover and stifle a giggle. With her awkwardness, I'm surprised she can manage both movements at once. I squirm against her legs at the exhilarating combination of pain and pleasure extremes. Panting, I'm charging so hard towards an orgasm, getting damn close to coming already.

Her hands work me swiftly as she's pumping what feels like three fingers into my pussy while slapping my ass. I'm waiting for four. My face is rubbing my hand that's flat against the ground because I didn't want my

cheek to touch the gross floor where countless students have walked today, and probably all week. I'm sure it doesn't get washed often with the ever-present brown sheen it maintains, but it should be, what with our messy Iowan winters.

I moan as she is now spanking my clit with something other than her hand. It's rather wimpy but, regardless, I'm mounting to an orgasm and raging fast. It's riding me high and hard as the world around me flickers into unimportance. It travels through my clit, swelling it like a water balloon as the arc of the orgasm ravages my genitals, then I come. My body goes rigid, then jerks. My legs and toes curl, as does my abdomen, which forces my ass higher over her lap as the climax travels my whole body, like I'm possessed.

"Good, good girl, kitten," she coos, giving a soft giggle.

There's something so delicious about her giggle. It's soothing, exciting, a bit innocent, with an underlying naughty as fuck evil.

She keeps pumping and I whimper as she puts her thumb hard on my super sensitive clit. It almost hurts as she grazes it, but in a good way, which also gets me to yell out, "Oh Gawd, fuck."

She chuckles and then hums, stops clit spanking me, but still gently plunges her fingers into my vagina, milking my cum out with each stab and withdraw of her fingers. I hear something clatter lightly to the floor.

She says, "Good girl for coming for me. You're such a good girl." She strokes my back and plants a series of kisses, trails her hands lovingly down my hair, cupping my shoulder.

I sigh, my eyes half-closed, and twist slightly to look up at her face. "You watch some more porn today or something?" I ask sleepily. I spy a little wooden tongue depressor stick on the ground next to her, the kind we use for experiments. I smirk. How resourceful she is.

She gives me a cajoling expression, then lifts her legs so my ass raises closer to her face. She kisses both of my ass cheeks ever so lightly over my reddened skin, her touch so light and tender it makes me want to curl my body around her and never move. She turns her face towards me, her eyes

shining with mischief. She's got that irresistible sly giant shitty grin on her face.

She laughs. "A little bit. I needed to study up, so I knew more of what to do to you. And say to you. You know me. I'm a studier. Planner. Control freak." She sighs. "I need to satisfy you right."

I laugh as she helps me to sit. "Well, you sure figured it all out. That was hot. You had me wet as fuck in no time."

She chuckles. "Oh, I know exactly what makes you wet, kitten. And I'm not done. That was round one, sweet girlie pet. Now take all your clothes off, including that damn useless restrictive bra. But leave my panties on you. Only the panties. Then you can put the lab coat on and let's get to work." We both stand. "I want to see those titties swinging as you work. I want a nip slip or two." She nods. "Then we fuck."

My eyes dart back and forth as my mouth drops open. I glance at the classroom door.

She pulls me close, and I get to have her hard nipples pressed against me. I glance down at them. "Later, pet." She sucks my lower drooping lip into her mouth, then all-out French kisses me, her clumsiness all but disappears.

She lightly touches my ass. "And no more spanking. That ass needs a break, I made it broke." She nods and presses her lips firmly together.

I scoff. "Geez, ya think?" I roll my eyes.

She hugs me close like something precious, the scent of her cinnamon tea wafting off her breath.

She raises an eyebrow with a frown, then points to my shirt. "Sass me and I might change my mind, missy. Now. Off. And strip, buttercup." She crosses her arms across her perky breasts. "I need to see your tits. Right now." She taps her right forefinger on her left bicep, eyes wide. With a "Hmpf" she licks her lips then pinches both nipples.

I obey and strip everything off but her panties, glancing towards the door every few seconds. My heart is racing. I'm basically naked in a public

college classroom. I wince. This is a good way to get kicked out of school. My parents would roast me.

She nods, purses her lips, walks over to the lab door, tripping over nothing but air again, clumsiness back in full force. Then she glances back at me, her face set in a look of surprise. She locks the classroom door, then returns to me. Fuck, it was unlocked! Damn, that's just too hot! And out of character for her, no doubt.

She grabs my hand and pulls me across the lab to where her coat is hanging on the coat rack. My tits swing and jiggle as I walk. "You wear mine and I'll wear yours. I want your tits rubbing against the inside of my lab coat as you work." She drops my hand. "You all good? Or do you need more cuddling?"

I shake my head with a little smile. I slip the lab coat on as she puts mine on. She gropes my breasts and pinches then pulls each of my nipples, her eyes packed with lust. She grabs her phone and then says, "I need pictures of you like this. Fuck, you have the best nipples. I'll never get tired of seeing them, kitten. So big and luscious."

She takes a few steps back and begins taking pictures of me. I do sexy poses for her with my nakedness covered, then bare my hard, erect nipples. I slip down her panties for bare pussy pics, leaving the panties encircling my knees like a restraint. Then I turn and flip up the lab coat to show her my bare red ass, my ass cheeks that she made this way. My heart races and I want to suck her tits so bad, nuzzle her pussy with my face. She bends down to try and take an undershot of my pussy, so I put my foot up on the stool, giving her full visual access to me. The idea of all my naughty pics on her phone thrills the fuck out of me. I let out a long slow breath with a shiver.

She sighs and shakes her head. "So beautiful. Best damn pussy I ever saw. I won't get tired of ever saying that either, kitten." She licks her lips. "Mmm. No. Better save it for later. Work now, play later. Now stand and pull up my panties so I can get a camel toe shot first, though. Need to add some new pics to my kitten folder."

I cooperate and swell with joy. The kitten calling started last week after a particularly hard fuck in her office after a long day in the lab.

She grins at me and licks her lips. “Fuck, you are unbelievably hot as fuck.” She pulls her nerdy glasses down her nose and peers at me over the lenses. “You know this, right? You are most undoubtedly, indubitably, the sexiest woman I’ve ever met.” She almost goes cross-eyed behind those thick lenses. “Ever seen.” She pauses. “And tasted. And now you’re mine.”

“You’ve mentioned it once or twice.” I smirk. How the tables have turned! Give the woman some porn and she turns into a fierce, lusty lioness. I guess I’ve awoken some dormant part of her. I mean, I saw signs of this earlier on, but, wow, I mean . . . just wow. She’s taking everything to a new level daily. I shake my head and blink way too many times.

She taps the lab table with her finger as she says, “It was an enjoyable afternoon watching all the porn and thinking about doing it to you. I have so many plans for scenes for us.” She turns to the table to start setting up our experiment. “Oh, by the way, I ordered some sex toys for us too. Gonna do that pegging stuff to you.”

I freeze in place. My jaw drops. My eyes widen. Of course, Ms. Smarty Pants would go and study up on sex. I shouldn’t be surprised. Ms. Ph.D. Nerdy-as-Fuck-Brainiac is going full-blown Dominatrix on me. I chuckle nervously hoping she aims to peg my pussy instead of my ass.

She drops the notepad on the floor and manages to spill the jar of pencils, the pile of plastic trays, pipettes, and even knocks over the stool, all while barely managing to not drop her glasses. She mutters and clumsily cleans it all up.

My jaw is still slightly ajar as I watch her pick up everything, then saunter back over to her desk as if she didn’t just create a mini-tornado. I smirk. My nerdy as fuck doctor. Shit. I just legit thought that. Oh, my fuck.

She trips on nothing but air again, a serious trend today, even more than usual, and says, “I left all the instructions on the lab table next to the cabinet for you to start on.” She clears her throat. “Better button up that

jacket to protect your lovely titties, tummy, and luscious pussy. Those chemicals are harsh to the skin.”

I nod. I’m shocked to even hear her say those words to me, Ms. Prim Professor. I still can’t get used to it all. I feel myself slipping into being her pet long-term, though she’s been calling me that for a while. First came ‘pet’, then came ‘kitten’. I shake my head and try to focus on reading her instructions, but my brain is flip-flopping all over the place.

The word ‘my’ worms around my brain. So, we’re practically dating now?

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Chapter Three

I button up my lab coat as instructed and read the note for the fourth time. I shake my head to unfreeze my brain and start on the first step she listed.

We work in silence for the next two hours and I'm able to focus well enough to complete the tasks of the experiment. Any time I've glanced at her, her eyes have been glued on me. I can only imagine what she is thinking. I sincerely hope she's done smacking my ass for the day. I smirk at the note in my hand. Finally, I'm on the last step of the instructions. And then I get to be pampered. I can't fucking wait! If it's anything like her pampering on Monday, I'm so in.

She comes up behind me so quickly I can only assume she was standing behind me, watching me for a few minutes.

“Almost done?” Her voice is so sweet, so innocent, so full of hope that it leaves me a bit confused as her usual smacking hand rubs my right shoulder. I get a whiff of coffee as I turn and see a new big brown stain down the front of her lab coat, right above her left boob and down to her belly. She ignores my staring at it.

“Yeah, last step.”

She runs her finger along my temple and tucks a lock of my hair behind my ear. The gesture is so tender it makes my eyes go big. She cups my cheeks with her hands, tips my head forward, and plants a kiss on my forehead, followed by one for my nose, then my chin, and lastly a kiss to each of my closed eyelids. It all makes my heart glow.

I glance up at her with my widened eyes and she smiles at me. She says, “I really want to eat you out. Show you what I learned today about how to pleasure you. I learned great new techniques for you.” She whistles, then nods her head, her tongue sticking out. She wiggles it like a kid.

I let my jaw fall open right in front of her. How is this the same Professor who was wailing on my ass earlier?

She touches me with her bent index finger and does a slow stroke down my cheek. “I want to make you come. Hard. Again, and again. I love to watch your body twitch. You’re my drug.” She grins. “And I’m addicted.”

Since my mouth is still open, she inserts her finger. I close my mouth around it and suck, which seems yucky being in the lab, but I’ve never been a germaphobe. She pets my hair as I suck, and she kisses me on the forehead once more.

She grins really big. “I want you to feel amazing, baby.” She tilts her head to the right. Her nicknames for me are racking up. “Like how you make me feel. I was … just no good at it earlier. But. Now I know. I’m learning how to please you.”

I pop my mouth off her finger. “Oh, you’ve been doing an amazing job, really.” I nod vehemently when she looks skeptical. “No, really, you did great, Dr. Lillian. It felt really good. Every time.”

She says with a twinkle in her eye before her gaze turns serious, “Good, I’m glad. But I want to do better than really good.” Her clumsiness returns as she reaches for my hand but misses, almost falling down. She smirks and rights herself. “And let’s reserve Dr. Lillian for when I’m wailing on that butt.”

I giggle and she laughs.

She plants her feet a few feet apart. “I’m a bit clumsy, right?”

I laugh harder. “Yeah, but that’s okay. I know.” I pause, tilt my head. “Maddie.”

She chuckles again and pulls me into a hug. “Yes. Maddie, please.” She does some weird thing that looks like a sneeze, but it’s not. She claps her hands. “Okay, now let me make you come like a garden hose.”

I sigh with pure delight. “Well, I’m certainly not going to complain about tenaciousness in this area.”

She pulls me to her, our bodies smashing together hard. We French kiss deeply, her hands massaging my scalp.

She runs a hand down my back to just above my ass and rests it there. “I’ll be over on the couch by the window waiting for you.” She raises her eyebrows at me like she’s trying to be suggestive, but it’s adorably nerdy as all heck.

I just grin at her, and she blows me a kiss. I smirk and try not to let my expression look like I’m laughing at her but, damn, she’s adorably goofy. And yet, she’s tugging on my lust something fierce. I want her.

I finish what I’m doing for the experiment and wash the tools and glassware, fully aware that her eyes are on me the entire time I work. I set it all in the drying rack and turn around, ready to join Dr. Lillian over at the couch. “Maddie,” I whisper to myself. A little grin sneaks across my face.

She is sitting on the couch in her sheer top with nipples hard as little pointed stones stabbing out from her shirt in delicious peaks. My lust rages further. Her legs are crossed and she’s holding two glasses of red wine. The picture of her could be worth money with how nerdy hot she looks with that intense look of lust on her face, a look rivaling my own. She looks like a damn meme sitting there with her wild crazy scientist hair, her horny wanton look, and a stern peak of determination set like stone in her eyes. I can’t wait to sniff her skin and see if that coffee stain imparted any aroma there. I want to lick it up. I pull out my phone and take a pic as she smiles at me. Her eyes tell me she aims to seduce me to a pile of cum, and then ravage me further to come like a torrential rain.

My pussy has been wet all afternoon, and now, seeing her with this horny expression makes my pussy let loose more of my juice. I’m so wet I can almost hear my pussy squish when I walk. “I’m a bit slippery.” I can’t quite figure out how she makes me wetter than any other lover I’ve ever had.

She raises a wine glass to me as I approach. She lifts an eyebrow with a naughty grin. “In that case, time to wet the whistle too. Thirsty?” She holds hers up indicating we should clink glasses in cheers.

We tap our glasses together and she gives a seriously geeky giggle. “Cheers,” she says.

I smirk and say, “Cheers.”

We both take a sip while holding each other’s gazes.

She pats the cushion next to her, indicating I should sit down. But she holds her hand up. “Wait, take off the lab coat. I wanna watch you walk over there and hang up the coat while naked, then walk back.” She holds up her free hand, motions for me to hand her my wine glass.

I slip off the coat and walk over to the coat rack. She makes yummy sounds like “Mmmmmm” and “ahhhh” as I walk, my tits jiggling. I chuckle as I hang up the lab coat, then spin around, making my big tits jiggle more. I do a little shimmy for her to make them bounce extra.

She sighs and smacks her lips. “Goddamn. Aww, yeah. Yesssssss.”

My boobs bob as I walk, and I watch her jaw drop and stay down as I sway, shaking my hips.

She says, “You … you are a goddess.” She takes a giant swallow of wine.

I walk slow, sashaying my hips from side to side as I walk, so she can follow, undulating her eyes to my moving curves. Her tits are hard as pebbles under her shirt. I take the wine glass from her and sit my butt, still in her panties, on her couch. I’m beginning to feel deliciously owned. Never thought that would feel so good. I don’t know how to be a sub any more than she knows how to domme. But fuck the rules. This is our show.

She stares at me like she’s starved and I’m a damn steak. “I … um … love my panties on you.”

I bite my lip and give her my best fuck me eyes.

She’s suddenly fully fallen back into nerdy professor mode, dumbfounded and just adorable, her facial expression unsure, confused, yet determined.

I smile at her and touch her thigh. She jerks and almost spills her wine. “I think it’s hot I’m wearing your panties.” I laugh. “Though my ass is wider than yours, so they are a little tight.” I snap the elastic against my skin.

She visibly relaxes, shoulders slump and her eyes go half-closed. She sighs, then says, “Your ass is just perfect. Curvy. Round. Supple. Tight, heavenly firm, butt cheeks.” Her spanking hand twitches, causing me to startle.

I bring my hand up to cover my mouth as I swallow a sip and of wine before I giggle. “Wow. You make my ass sound so hot.”

She sits up straight and almost spills her wine. “It is hot. It’s way hot. Major hot … hot. Like hot as fuck hot.” She fidgets with her glasses, pushing them down to the tip of her nose and then back up. “You are hot all over yourself. And …in.”

I give her flirty fuck me eyes once more, enticing her inner Domme to come back out. She might be awkward as fuck, but she’s a natural. “Thanks. Why don’t you soak your lips in wine so I can suck it off them?”

She flares her eyes wide and immediately takes a sip of wine, then another, and another.

I stifle my guffaw. I’d love to see her drunk.

She grips her wine glass with both hands and just chugs the whole thing.

I bite my lower lip to keep from cracking up, but my eyes give away my amusement.

She shifts her eyes back and forth before fixating them on me. She says, “What? It was good. Plus, I’m ready to kiss. Just was making wine-soaked lips for you.”

I chuckle and take another sip of my wine, then set the wine glass on the windowsill behind me. I scoot closer to her and say, “Oh, I’m ready.”

Her hands go immediately to my tits. She grabs both and squeezes them, rubs her thumbs over my hardening nipples, then she pinches each

nipple. She leans towards me, and our hot mouths collide. We kiss like mad women, her hands still fondling my tits. I fondle hers through her sheer shirt and she moans into my mouth.

She pulls me over to straddle her lap. I climb on and our thighs smash together. Immediately she is squeezing my ass cheeks. I cringe at her hard grip but bounce slightly against her hands as she fondles my butt cheeks, her hands full of my ass. Our mouths are open, tongues caressing each other. I rub my hands on her upper back as I suck her lower lip between my lips, then her top lip. She copies me and then our tongues are on each other again.

I run my fingers along her scalp then fondle her hair between my fingers. Her fingertips travel from my lower butt cheeks towards my sopping wet pussy. She snakes her fingers under the panties. She groans into my mouth as two of her fingers enter my pussy. She places her thumb right on my clit and rubs up and down.

She lets out a loud animalistic groan that rattles my clit into a twitch.

I moan into her mouth as she fingers me. I pinch her nipples as we continue to kiss. She removes her fingers from my pussy and presses the underwear to my wet cunt. After she's soaked her underwear with my juices, she pushes me off her lap. She gets off the couch and kneels in front of me.

She points to the back of the couch and says, "Lean back and give me your pussy, little girl."

"Yes, Maddie." I obey and lean back against the soft cushion, slide my butt near the edge of the couch. She slides her hands under my thighs, scoops my bottom to her, and brings her mouth right up to my covered pussy. She opens her mouth wide and crashes it onto me. She inhales deeply and licks the crotch of the panties while her upper lip stays on the fabric above my clit. The barrier of the panties is teasing me something fierce. Her hands are squeezing my thighs, her fingernails digging into my skin. I gasp and moan, writhe on the couch, desperately grasping at the cushions, then her hair.

She pulls a hunk of the fabric of the panties into her mouth and sucks it. “Mmmmm,” she says, then lets it slip out of her mouth. She reaches under my butt and grips the panties. I lift my bottom and she slips them off.

I gasp loudly the second her mouth hits my labia, her tongue wiggling all over, pressing, rubbing.

She licks up my labia lips to my clit and flicks her tongue over it several times. I grab her hair and squeeze her head between my hands. Her licks are strong and forceful, which makes me moan like I’m being murdered. She seals her mouth over my pussy and clit and sucks hard.

I yell out and moan. Thoughts of the homework I have waiting for me in my room die when her mouth is on my pussy. I buck and writhe, wondering how I will ever look at this couch the same way again.

She keeps sucking but pushes two fingers into my vagina, pumping at a fast rate. I’m squirming wildly as I’m riding up my orgasm. While still licking, tongue-tickling, and kissing my clit, she paws at my hips. Then she seals her mouth fully around my clit and sucks it hard. I yell out my pleasure and dig my nails into her scalp. She grunts as she sucks, her fingers still going in and out of my pussy at a rapid pace. Her glasses are askew, her mouth and cheeks are wet.

My eyes are rolling back in my head as I moan. “Dr. Lillian, Maddie,” I say like a moan. My emotions rage out as a scream, so she sucks harder, fingers me harder until my legs are drawing up back against the couch. My toes are curling into the hard ground, then they bend up, flanking her head between my thighs. I grip her head harder as I groan into a huge orgasm that hurls me into the full body curl and twitching of climaxing.

She comes off my clit but continues to finger me as I pant. My screams taper down to satisfied sighs.

She says with a very satisfied voice and a proud grin, “Ahh … baby girl. That’s right, come just like that for me.” She tosses her glasses to the couch and then licks all the wetness off my labia lips while still fingering me, milking the cum out of my pussy. “You are deliciously sweet.” She sits up and scoots closer to my crotch. Her thumb goes on my clit and she

inserts what feels like two fingers into my pussy. The lust in her eyes is still raging like the sun.

She pumps her fingers in a few times, then curls her fingers to press on my g spot. She squeezes her inserted fingers against her thumb on the outside of me. It sends a wave of pleasure through me, causing my body to lurch forward off the back cushion of the couch. She squeezes and massages me between her fingers and thumb. My eyes are rolling back and then I close them as my head falls to my shoulder. I rage into another orgasm, back-to-back, this is gonna be big.

She hums, “Mmmmm … yes, baby, yes. Just like that.” She continues to pleasure me with one hand while reaching up to my chin to straighten my head towards her. “Look at me baby, come for me. I want to see your eyes when you come.”

I force my eyes open. It’s a challenge to focus on her, my eyes keep fluttering between closed and open, migrating up to roll.

She nods. “Yes. Yes. Yes. That’s it. You are close, I can tell.”

She keeps working my pussy with vigor, milking my moans out of me. The pressure builds inside me near my belly as my body starts to curl.

I cannot open my eyes as I say, “Oh … my … fuck!” I pause. “Fuck fuck fuck fuck.” I’m desperately panting, I let out a low growl. “Oh, my Gawd!” My eyes flare open as I crash into the peaking of the climax.

I touch that spot on my belly as an orgasm mounts me and I’m hurled into it. My legs leave the floor and levitate as they shake, my whole body stiff yet twitching.

I whimper moan as the release happens. I can’t count the many contractions as they stream out into one very long solid one. My body relaxes, but intentional moving is way too hard. I pant as my moans slow to more like soft sighs while still holding her gaze.

She releases the pressure of her thumb over my clit and I’m thankful because the pressure is almost too much for me to tolerate. She pets my

cheek with one hand while still slowly pumping her fingers into my pussy with the other.

She murmurs, “Oh sweet Alicia, that was beautiful. Thank you for giving me your eyes during that. I feel like I saw into your beautiful soul.”

I’m still whimpering as I nuzzle against her hand. I can’t speak yet. I’m almost in shock. That’s the strongest orgasm I’ve ever had in my entire life.

I open my mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

She laughs. “That good, huh?” she asks. A trickle of liquid slips out the corner of her mouth.

I can manage a nod, but still no actual words. She leans in and lays her head on my tummy. She lays kisses all over my stomach. Her hands migrate to my right tit. She fingers my nipple, then moves her mouth over it and she begins to suck. I moan and squirm against her hard sucking my fully erect nipple.

She moves to my other nipple and sucks it, moans as she does. “Mmmmm,” she says with my tit as much inside her mouth as possible. My hands migrate her hair and scalp. “I want to make you dinner. I want to make you breakfast. I want to make you stain my sheets with your juices,” she murmurs. A low cackle peels out of her mouth. “I want to spank you on my deck for all the world to see.”

That brings a chuckle out of me.

She pinches and fondles my other nipple as she sucks me. I finally can whisper, not sure quite what to say to all of that, “Let me eat you, Maddie. Make you come.” I’ll call her Maddie now, but I seriously love the feeling of authority I award her by calling her Dr. Lillian.

Her mouth is working my left tit over. Her tongue rolls about its hardness, over and under and all over my saliva-slicked nipple. She grins, her mouth still on my tit as a drip of spit drips out of her mouth. She shakes her head slightly and keeps sucking. She takes her hand off my nipple and does the no-no movement, shaking her finger back and forth.

“Stay.”

Okay, then. I grin and sigh, fully enjoying her mouth molesting my nipple. She sucks me for a few more minutes, then stands up. She walks over to her desk and rummages in a drawer. She points at me, indicating I must stay still on the couch. When she stands up, she has a folded clear plastic sheet in her hands.

Oh, fuck, what is this? My eyes flare open wide as thoughts of that serial killer show rage in my brain, with the plastic sheet-covered walls to hide his maniacal schemes. She fits the bill of his good boy/bad boy vigilante character. Devious and well-intentioned, with a lacing of conflicted evil, but smart and knowledgeable about science, a true battle of Jekyll and Hyde vibe going on inside her head.

I watch her, so curious as to what the fuck she’s up to now. She meticulously unfolds the plastic sheet and spreads it flat on the ground. She takes off all her clothes and leaves them in a pile next to the sheet. Then she walks back over to me at the couch and grabs our wine glasses and a pillow from the couch. She hands me mine and raises hers to her lips. I copy and we both take a sip.

She downs hers and then quickly gives herself a refill, so I keep sipping while I wait. She smiles and tops my glass off with more wine, to the brim. She takes my glass and motions for me to follow her.

She sets both glasses on the plastic sheet, then lays down, placing the pillow securely under her head.

She motions her hand towards the wine glasses, and says, “I want you to drink yours off of me. Pour it on my tits, my pussy, anywhere, and lick it off. Then I’ll do you.”

The thrill of this idea sends a wet gush out of my pussy. Fuck, this is erotic. I kneel on the floor, a giant satisfied naughty grin on my face as I pick up my wine glass. She has succeeded in surprising me again. I pour some wine over her nipples, fully coating them. The red wine runs down the sides of her boobs to the plastic sheet below like bloody rivers. I can’t help

but hope we get to do this again someday. Perhaps by a fire at her home. Dare I wish for such a thing?

I set my glass down and begin to lick all over her the mounds of her breasts, her side boobs, and her under boobs, before devouring each of her perfect little round brown nipples. She moans as I suck and kiss her breasts.

I pour some wine on her lips. It makes a mess. I pour more and watch the red drip into her lips as she parts them, and then down her cheeks as she grins. I lick her lips, take a sip from my wine glass, swallow it, and then we French kiss. The berry flavor of the rich wine is delicious off her tongue.

I murmur as we kiss. “Mmmmmm mmmmmm mmmmn.” The taste of her mouth, the wine, the slipperiness of her tongue, is intoxicating. Her naked wine-soaked body rages me wild. We kiss hungrily for another minute before I pull back to sit up. “I want you, Maddie. I want you so bad.”

She undulates her body against my kisses and caresses, her expression a mixture of bliss and apprehension.

I pour some wine on her abdomen, fill her belly button with wine. I watch the red wine trail down her belly to the sheet below. I proceed to lick her entire abdomen and her belly. I suck wine out of her belly button and lick her all along on my way towards her pussy.

I murmur, “I’m coming to get you, Dr. Lillian.”

She twitches, awkwardly grasping at her brown hair, twisting her head back and forth. The look of confusion on her face flickers more towards utter loss of control. A burst of helplessness crosses her eyes, but I’m not stopping for anything.

I drench her pussy in wine. It falls down and pools at the edge of her round little butt cheeks. I flatten my tongue and lick her pussy in long, full lick strokes. I suck up all the wine pooled at her ass cheeks on the plastic beneath her, making loud mouth sounds, just slurping it right off the sheet. I return to her pussy and spread her lips with my tongue, wiggle my tongue in there good and deep, alternating full mouth sucking of her clitoris and pussy lips. I grasp her hips with both hands as I eat her out, coating my face with

all of her juices and the wine off her skin. Her musky smell drives me insane with lust.

She moans and grasps the plastic sheet at her sides with both her hands. I grab her hips and tip her to the side, then roll her on her belly. I pour wine over her asshole and she quivers, shakes as it drips down her crack. I'm sure she is very unsure what I'm about to do. I won't push her too far, but I lick her wine-soaked asshole, swirl my tongue over it as she twitches and moans. Then run my tongue down her crack towards her pussy, collecting any drips of wine that I can. I'm pretty sure she's never had that done.

I roll her onto her back and re-soak her pussy with more wine. I eat her out, savoring her pussy and the wine as she moans and grabs my hair. She pushes my face into her pussy as I tongue fuck her, my lower face just getting more coated in her juices and wine.

She groans out a long sound and says, "Oh ... my ... Oh ... my ... Oh ..." She sounds more like a woman getting an unwanted massage than a woman in the sheer rapture of pleasure.

Her body curves up and begins to shake as I take her clit into my mouth. Her clit is so much bigger than mine, like a little appendage, a mini she-penis. I've only seen these types of clits in porn. I suck it hard, running my tongue all over it, caressing it between the roof of my mouth and my tongue. I push two fingers inside her and pump them fast in and out against her wet lips.

She jerks and twitches, then grunts out, "Uh, uh, uh ..." She pauses, then says, "Yesssssss." She looks shocked, in serious agony, then her face relaxes, and she purrs.

I lap at her creamy cum, I suck it all up in a slurp. She rocks her body slightly back and forth, and since my head is between her legs, my head moves with her, my ass shaking in the air.

She says, "Alicia, that was ... a-a-a-a-amazing. Never. Never before." Her body is still jerking a bit. She gives me an intense look and after about

thirty seconds, she says, “My turn.” Not to be topped, she’s ready to push me further.

I grin as we trade places. The sheet feels cold on my back, and very wet in some places, yet sticky where it has dried already. I giggle as I touch it and then suck wine drips off my fingers. She gives me a sip of her wine in response. I smile to convey my enjoyment to her as her wetness on my face dries.

She spreads my legs and kneels between them. She soaks my breasts in wine, licking it off my breasts, my nipples, and down my side boobs to the sheet. She repeats what I did to her by coating my abdomen, belly, belly button, and lower body with wine. Her tongue travels all of my skin. I’m moaning my pleasure while my hands play with her crazy hair.

She pours wine on my pussy and attacks me with her mouth. My body recoils, then stills. I feel a little guilty that she’s making me come again when I only made her come once. I almost protest, but then I see how voracious she’s eating me out and I realize I should shut up because she’s having fun. And, fuck, it feels so good.

I grin and bite my lip. I’m loving how she’s rubbing her whole face all over my pussy, just fully coating herself with my juices and the wine. She licks and sucks and slicks her tongue all over my wet pussy, taking my clit into her mouth, rolling her tongue all over it.

“Aww … Fuck!” I mutter between moans.

She copies me again and licks up the pooled wine near my ass cheeks, licking my ass humps while she’s there. She returns to my pussy and sucks my clit. Her fingers invade my pussy and pump me. She face and finger rides me at once until I’m gripped by another impending orgasm.

I moan as I feel the rise of the orgasm as it switches to a full-blown one and my legs bend up, my toes curl, as she continues to eat me out as my body scrunches up. I moan my way through it like a banshee.

She lays her head on my belly and hugs me. We lay like that for what feels like at least two full minutes.

I stroke her hair. “Thank you. I fear you’ve pleasured me far more than I’ve pleasured you.”

She shakes her head, her cheek still on my belly. “Nope,” she says. “I thoroughly enjoyed doing all of that to you. You first. Always. I’m not coming until you do first.” She sits up, her little titties bouncing as she plops down roughly beside my legs. “I wanted to practice what I learned today on you.” She grins the nerdiest grin and asks, “Did I do good?”

I laugh. “Are you kidding me? That one was the biggest orgasm I’ve ever had in my life. You must have studied good this afternoon.”

She grins, shakes her head. “I did not work at all.”

I’m loving seeing her without the glasses on; it’s like it somehow gives me another view into the multiple layers that make her up. I laugh at her dismissal of work all day and put my hand over my lips. I sit up, crossing my legs on the plastic sheet. I let my hand fall before I say, “We clearly both need a shower.”

Her eyes follow my every movement. She raises her eyebrows. “Shower? Now that we should do too.”

I chuckle at her, her goofy nerdy grin is just priceless.

She stands up and holds out her hand to help me up. “You are a gift to me,” she says.

Once I’m standing, she pulls me into a hug. Her skin is sticky and warm and scented lovely with wine. We stand still, hugging in the lab for a full minute before she takes a step back from me. She takes my face into her hands, one on each of my cheeks, and says, “You are a gift I shall cherish forever, no matter how long this lasts. Thank you.”

I nod. “I’m enjoying you as well, good Dr.”

She releases my face and walks over to her clothes. “Now, about that shower ...“

I giggle, run my hands through my curls to smooth the just-fucked look out of them. “Yep, I’m in.”

She grabs her phone. “Can you come over tonight? Then we can do this shower thing.”

I hug my breasts and nod, even though she’s not looking at me.

She looks up when I don’t respond.

I do a silent chuckle and say, “Oh, yes, I just nodded but forgot to speak.”

A look of relief floods her face. “I know I can’t have you for long, but I’m gonna fuck you hard while I have you. Got that?”

I smirk and simply nod and turn my eyes soft and sweet, biting my lip. Then I add, “Yes, Ma’am.”

She says without looking up from her phone, “See you soon.”

I drop my arms to my sides, touch my wine-soaked and saliva-soaked skin on my hips. I most desperately need a shower and I wonder how I will wait until tonight to take one. Determined to fulfill her fantasy, I say, “Soon.”

I get dressed and wave to her as I head toward the door of the lab. “Bye, for now.”

“Bye, Sweetie. You are my sunshine.”

I walk out into the hall, the stale air of the hallway hitting my nose in a rush, waking me up from the all-out fuck-fest fantasy I just experienced. I smile the whole way down the hall, a dirty grin adorning my face that tells the world everything I just did.

I just fucked a teacher in a classroom, and I’m not a bit ashamed.

Chapter Four

I squeeze my arm tighter to my side to keep the loaf of French bread from falling while juggling the wine, block of cheese, Raisinets box, and my overnight bag. I click my key fob to lock my car doors and glance up. Maddie is standing in the door and rushes out, her usual crazy hair flyaway in the wind as she rushes, her feet bare, toenails unpainted. The sight of her padding quickly along the ice-and-snow-speckled concrete makes me shiver. Dirty toes. But I want those toes in my mouth later. I grin. It will be a good reason to get her in the shower.

“Brr, bare feet? Aren’t you freezing?” I ask with another shudder.

“Oh, let me help, Alicia.” She plucks the bread from under my arm. Her eyes go to the Raisinets box in my hand as she dances back and forth on her feet. She smiles as she snatches it in her other hand. An ‘aha’ expression flits briefly across her face.

Little gold stud earrings adorn her earlobes and I want them in my mouth too, want to roll my tongue around. Geez. I’m getting as obsessed with her as she is with me.

“Mmmm. My favorite,” she says shyly. “How did you know?” The sheepish look on her face is delicious.

I scoff. “Well. How can I not? I only see an empty box in your garbage can by your desk about three to four times a week.” I laugh with delight. “I’m not a detective, but that’s pretty damn obvious.”

I might as well have just bought her a Porsche for the look on her face. It makes me smile so big my gum almost falls out of my mouth, and I range nowhere near her level of clumsiness, for fuck’s sake!

She hugs me, then taps my bag. “You brought a bag. Good.” She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a key hanging on a blue giraffe key chain that looks like it belongs to a toddler. “Yours. Come anytime you want. Come and go.” She waves her right hand back and forth as if giving

me a key to her home is no big deal. “Get yourself out of the dorms for a break. And if you need quiet to study, just come here. I promise I won’t bother you. Much.” She runs her hand down to my ass and squeezes my right butt cheek. “And I’ll never complain if I find you in my bed by surprise.” She gasps. “I mean, you can fall asleep here.”

I stifle my look of shock too late and come in quick with a smile. “You are so generous, Maddie. I love this.” I smile wider. “I will be using it.” The level of trust she has just instilled in me freezes my brain.

She sighs, her shoulders relaxing. “Oh, it’s nothing. Really. But, wow! Wine, bread, cheese, and Raisinets. All I need is you, and this is the icing on the best cake ever.” She turns and trips over the plastic edging trim on the side of the sidewalk, which is crazy because it’s practically flush with the ground. She falls halfway down before she recovers. She laughs an impossibly nerdy laugh and covers her mouth with her hand. “Good thing I didn’t take the wine bottle.”

I smile at her and successfully suppress my guffaw into a slight giggle. “No doubt, right?”

“Come in. We have so much to do.” She stops and jumps up and down three times singing, “It came, it came, it came. So now you can come.” She claps her hands while trying not to drop the bread and Raisinets shoved in her armpits. Max, her little chocolate toy poodle, comes zooming out the open front door in a wild rush of pants.

Max is hysterical and jumps up my shin over and over again as he is breathing fast like he ran a mile. “Hi, Max! It’s so good to see you again. You are cuter than ever today.”

He does a little whine and a full-body wiggle as he complains about me not petting him.

“I’ll pet you. I’ll pet you. I promise, Max. Let’s get inside first so I can set this stuff down.”

The air in her entryway is cinnamon-scented again so she must have run her diffuser right before I arrived. I follow her into the kitchen where I’m bathed in the delicious aromas of something yummy.

“I made gnocchi,” Maddie says with a swipe of her hand, tucking her hair behind her ear. “From scratch. And hey. I might get a tongue ring so I can give you better head.”

Her random declarations make me giggle, as usual. “You are?”

She nods, her eyes wide. “It’s important to me that you are satisfied.” She clears her throat. “You need to come. Lots.”

“Oh, Maddie. You always satisfy me. Amazingly so.”

She stands up straight like someone poked her butt with a hot stick. “I can do better.” She unwraps the bread and pulls out a cutting board, a knife, and something that looks like a dildo, but it doesn’t fit in the kitchen category of usual tools, so it must be something else. She waves it at me. “Got the pegging set.”

Nope, it’s a dildo. My shoulders shake as I laugh. “Dildos on the island with the cutlery, huh?” I can’t stop laughing as she frantically cuts the crusty end of the bread loaf off.

“It came just an hour ago. I was nervous it wouldn’t make it in time.” She runs a hand through her wild hair, but it does nothing to calm it.

“I think we would have made do,” I say as I set everything down on the table and scoop up Max in my arms.

He gives me about fifty face licks in twenty seconds. I squeal.

“Been practicing for twenty minutes.” She saws the bread, creating slices way too thick.

I cock my head. “Practicing? Cutting bread?” I smirk. She needs more practice, I suppress a giggle.

“No, silly. Thrusting.” Her eyes never leave the bread as she makes her thick jagged slices.

I bite my tongue to keep from bursting out with monstrous laughter. A giggle slips out. “Thrusting into what?”

“The air.” She raises both hands in the air, sharp knife in one.

I flinch at the raised knife. But I can't stop the laugh that charges out of my mouth. "No. No way. You weren't."

"Oh, yes. I need a good thrust to get you off." She keeps hacking away at the bread. I could have done a better job of cutting it using my forefinger. "Maybe I need one of those fake pussies to practice on." She stops desecrating the bread and writes something down on a post-it note. "Fake pussy."

I nuzzle my face into Max's back as I squash my laughter down. All I can see in my mind is her standing in her living room, thrusting into the air, hair flopping back and forth, her hands on her hips, looking as awkward as a vegan at a butcher shop, chopping the air with a fake dick. With Max watching her, tongue out, panting, wondering what the fuck she is doing. And I adore her for it.

She hands me the dildo. "Do you like this one? It came with three sizes of dildos, so you get to pick. I mean, but still, I'll use all of them on you, of course. Plus, I got a little bullet vibrator for me to slip in the crotch part." She scrunches up her shoulders and giggles. "It has this nifty neat little pocket for a me-toy."

A swirl of butterflies attack my gut. "I'm so excited for you to peg me." My heart has been racing all day. A layer of sweat breaks out at my hairline and I pant. "And. If I'm honest. I'm a bit nervous."

"Oh, we're both pegging virgins so it will be fine. I'm practiced up." She nods with a rare confidence, licks her lips, and does some weird Irish-looking jig dance. The knife falls from her hands and stabs into her hardwood floor. "Oh shit!"

"Oh!" I rush over to make sure it didn't stab her toes. "You okay?"

"Yep. Missed myself. Unlike the other day, but that just was a butter knife." She shifts her head back and forth as if she's searching for something.

She plucks the knife out of the floor and tosses it in her sink. "New knife." She withdraws a huge knife from the woodblock, and I fight the urge to pry it from her fingers.

“It might be enough bread now.”

Her timer goes off and she drops the knife onto the island granite countertop. It lands with a clang. “Oh, it’s done.”

“You ever broken any bones, Maddie?”

“Yup. Six times in my life.” She lifts the lid to the pot on the stovetop and scoops out a few of the steaming filled noodles. She lays them on the counter to cool.

I wrap up the rest of the loaf she didn’t hack to bits and open the bottle of wine. I set up quickly to cut the cheese so she can’t destroy that too. A mouth too full of cheese is not pleasant.

“I’m going to let it sit in the crockpot so we can eat cheese, bread, and have the wine to enjoy and eat that later.” She scuttles over to the fridge and drags a barstool over from the island and begins to climb onto it.

I rush over and grab it as she climbs on. “Let me hold this for you. You are going to fall.” I catch it in time as it starts to move on her.

The scent of lavender wafts off her legs. I lick her shin, then plant a kiss.

“Oh shit!” Her body jerks.

I glance up in time to see the crockpot tumbling out of her hands. I throw my arms up and catch it before it smashes onto my head. “Got it. Sorry, my fault.”

She climbs down as I back up. “Don’t ever apologize for licking me.” Her face spreads into a smile. “I’d be sad.”

I plug in the crockpot, and she comes up behind me, wraps her arms around my middle. She feels me up and down, from tummy to breasts. “Want some wine?” she whispers in my ear.

I nod and hand her a piece of cheese. “It’s the good stuff. Aged cheddar.”

I swivel in time to see her roll her eyes, one hand raised in the air. “This. Is. So. Good.” She reaches behind me and grabs a thin slice and

presents it to my lips. “For you.”

I allow her to slip it between my lips. The taste of aged cheddar bursts on my tongue as I chew.

“I have flavored oil we can dip this bread in.” She releases me and I immediately miss her arms around me.

“That sounds delicious,” I say as I watch her little butt wiggle to the pantry. My fingers twitch as my lust rages.

“You are delicious,” she mutters as she slips off her glasses. “I got oil on these.”

“Here, let me wash them for you.” I snatch them from her and swipe them under the sink faucet. Her towel rack is empty, so I lean down and open her bottom drawer that has the nice no-lint towels for drying.

As I’m bent over, her hand smooths along my ass cheeks. She groans. “I’m gonna fuck this pussy hard from behind. Pretty much think that needs to happen now.”

She presses her pussy mound to my ass and sways us both.

I slowly rise and turn to face her. She spins me back around and gives me one swat on the ass.

“My butt.”

“Yes, doctor, it’s your butt.” I grin a sexy sly grin. “All yours.” My heart races as her hands meander around my hips. She hooks her fingers under the elastic band of my skirt and pushes it to my ankles.

As she spins me back to face her, our mouths collide. We kiss deeply, our hands in each other’s hair, down each other’s backs, both of us making our way to ass cheek squeezes. She pulls my tank top off and unhooks my bra. My breasts swing free and she mouths each one, chewing a bit longer on my right.

We are both moaning as we kiss when she pulls back with a screech. “Oh! Shit nuggets! I need to drain the gnocchi before they get mushy.”

“Right.” I’m panting as I watch her rush to pour the steaming pot into the strainer. I hurry to set up the crockpot by taking the lid off and selecting the controls to keep things warm.

“I’ll heat the sauce later.” She turns and smacks her head on the open cupboard door. “Oh, fudge!” She rubs her forehead. “That hurt like a motherfuck.”

I stifle a giggle at her use of “motherfuck” without the -er. “You okay?”

“No, I need your pussy in my mouth, then I will be okay.”

I smirk as she gives her stern professor face while rubbing the red mark on her forehead. She smacks the counter. “Your fine round ass right here. Eating should happen in the kitchen.”

I hop up on the counter and lay back, carefully sliding beneath the cabinets, so I don’t hit my head. She rubs my legs all over, first kissing the tops of my feet, then sucking each of my toes. She watches my face intently as she has my toes in her mouth. The tip of her tongue plays with the toe rings on my middle two toes.

I sigh and drop my head back as I moan, glancing her way now and then.

She grunts, nods, and goes back to sucking. She leaves me and grabs our full glasses of red wine, then goes back for bread, dips two pieces in oil, and grabs two pieces of cheese.

“Sit up,” she commands.

I sit, dangling my legs off the counter as I take the glass of wine from her.

“Sip.”

I bring the glass to my lips with a little smile as she smashes the cheese on the bread and raises it to my mouth. After I take a draw of the full-bodied red, I open my jaw for her.

She presses the food into my mouth, and I close my lips around her finger, so she has to pull it out through my tightened lips as I swirl my oil-coated tongue around her finger.

“Mmm,” she says as she pushes her fingers into her own mouth. “Yummy. That oil from your mouth is delicious.” She presses the other one into my mouth slowly. She takes a long pull from her wine glass, then smiles at me. “I’ve got an idea.”

I giggle while trying to finish chewing the bread. “When don’t you?”

She digs in her large utensil drawer until she finds a quarter cup measuring cup. She holds it up in the air. “Perfect!” She pours a little of the oil into the cup, the herbs swirling in it as she sets it on the counter, almost spilling it out. “Oil for your pussy.” She grins. “Get my oil from your pussy lips.”

She tilts her wine glass to me, and we clink glasses. “To our first pegging and your acceptance of my house key.”

We both drink while holding each other’s gazes. I still can’t believe she gave me a key. “It’s all my pleasure and my excitement.”

“No, it’s all mine. I’ve dreamt of this since the first day I met you.” She bites her lip and darts her eyes about, which makes her look a little bit like a cartoon character. “You look beautiful by the way. Your hair is gorgeous, love it straight too. Your tits look like heaven, your lips delicious. You are my wet dream.”

My insides flood with warmth as the wine drains down my throat. My pussy begs for her touch, throbbing, my clit thickening with want. I take one more sip of wine before she takes it from me and sets it to the side.

“Lay back.”

I obey.

I close my eyes but pop them back open as the oil drips down my clit to my labia lips. It’s warm and I can smell the savory aroma of it immediately. Her tongue laps at my pussy, her fingers digging into the flesh of my thighs. She flattens her tongue and licks my slit like she’s scraping

the dripping juice off a wide popsicle, sending the delicious scent of the rosemary and basil scented oil up even more heftily towards my nose. The first poke of her tongue prying my pussy lips open elicits a gasp from me, and then I moan. Her grunt gives me a clit twitch. I groan out as she snakes her tongue into my slit.

I grab for something to squeeze but only find plants, which I can't squeeze, so I grab at my own tits instead, my nipples pointed stiffly up towards the ceiling. "Oh, please," I murmur as my eyes fall closed.

"Mmmmm, fucks," she says with a slurp.

She pushes her tongue into my pussy and swirls it around as she presses between my cleft with her thumb. I writhe and moan as she speeds up tongue fucking my pussy. The firm grip she has on my clit makes me gasp. My hands wind up her short hair in tight puffs between my fingers as I squeeze. I shudder, falling straight away into body curls that roll me into massive twitching as I come. I yell out then go silent as the full climax takes over my body.

She runs to the island and is back in two seconds flat. She presses something solid into my pussy, a toy I have not felt yet. It's sleek and smooth.

"New glass dildo," she mutters as I wonder in which drawer she had that hidden. "Want you to have back-to-back orgasms. At least a double. If not a triple whammy." She pumps the dildo into me while working my clit.

I squirm, feeling a climax bubble up to my surface again. "Mmmmm fuckkkk." I moan and pant, approaching that high orgasmic plateau. I whimper and whine as she presses her body against my left leg, so I am more secure on the counter.

"Yes, yes, yes, fuckyess," she chants as my body begins to bend again.

My body twitches, jerks as my legs go stiff and my body gyrates on the counter.

I whimper hard and then go silent, ending with a loud gasp as the orgasm rages through me. I can't move but just remain still on the counter, my eyes half-closed. The sounds of her sucking me off the glass dildo make me smile in my sleepy stupor.

"Yum. Your cum and tasty oil with a splash of wine. Gourmet fuckjuice appetizer."

She wildly licks the entire dildo and even shoves it a bit into the back of her throat as she rubs her clit. "Mmmm fuckkkk."

I slide off the counter, but she stops me.

"Lay down, need to wash you."

I smirk. "Yes, mama." I give her a silly face.

She smiles at me and swats my knee. "Hold still, little girl."

She grabs for a rag and runs it under the warm water, drops a dab of liquid soap on it, and wipes it across my pussy.

"Awww, fuck that feels amazing." I writhe against her rubbing.

"What? Oh, gee. I never thought of this before. Why didn't I think of this before?"

The rough warm wet cloth rides my pussy and clit and I gasp and moan. "I-sa-pa, I-jus-I, oh-I, jus-yah, oh-ma-my-ummm-fuckkk," I mutter as the nonsense words spill from my mouth.

She presses her fingers into my pussy and pumps while she rubs my clit vigorously with the warm wet cloth.

I moan and yell and scream as another orgasm shoves me into euphoria.

"Oh, fuckyess, babe," she mutters as she plants kisses on the tops of my thighs.

After I float back down from the orgasm, I glance down at her and giggle, I can't stop.

"What?" she asks with a confused look.

I spill laughter again. “Your hair is all sticking up in oiled clumps,” I say through a guffaw. “And your face is all shiny with oil.”

She gives me an awkward look and uses the washcloth to wipe her face.

It makes me laugh hard. She makes a goofy facial expression and rubs her skin harder.

“Smells amazing,” she mutters. “It smells like soap, and you.”

“A washcloth orgasm. That’s a new one.”

“I know, right? It makes sense though. Wet, a bit rough, warm. Cheap sex toy.”

“Damn straight. It’s fucking amazing.” I smirk. “It makes sense for me with how strong I like clit pressure.”

“Dah,” she says.

I giggle. “Dah?” I lay back with a sigh.

“Dah.”

“Kinda sleepy now.” I roll on my side so my legs can rest on the counter.

“Can you walk? Or shall I carry you?” She cocks her head to the side.

I laugh. “You? Carry me? I’m bigger than you, Maddie.”

“So.” She attempts to smooth her hair down. “I wanna peg you. In the living room.”

I gasp. “How about I make you cum? Let’s switch places.”

“No.” She snatches the strap-on from the island and then holds up all three dildos. “Pick.”

“Mmm. Wow. What a choice! I’ll take the medium one.” I point to the one in the middle that looks about seven inches long with average dick-sized thickness.

She presses her lips together as she grabs the biggest black one that looks about nine inches long and three inches thick.

I drop my jaw. “Really? First time?”

She nods, grabs my arm, and drags me to the living room.

I stumble along, my cum draining down both my thighs as I walk.

She raises her shoulders, straightens her back, and sticks out her boobs. With hard eyes and lips pressed firmly together, she loads the dildo into the strap-on as I watch with my eyes open wide. She remains dressed, which I am about to complain about, but forget to say as her face transforms into her super stern professor demeanor. After she secures the strap-on, she drops in the buzzing bullet dildo. She grabs my arm and whips me around, pushes my face into the crack of the couch, and gives my ass a hard slap.

Oh shit. I pant as she slaps my ass cheeks over and over again. I moan and whimper as her pounds send vibrations along my clit and pussy, jiggling my asshole with each slap.

“You’re my bitch,” she mutters as she rubs lube all over my pussy and clit, then swipes a finger across my asshole.

I clench up as she rubs my butthole.

I’m ready to scream “pussy” when she rubs the head of the giant dildo along my labia lips. I tense. It’s the biggest cock, fake or real, I will have ever taken. I’m not complaining, just a bit terrified, yet still intrigued.

“Your pussy gonna eat my dick.” She sounds like she’s from New York all of sudden, an accent coming out of left field somewhere, her Midwestern accent now gone. I can only imagine she must be emulating a lesbian pegging porno she saw.

She pushes a small dildo into my pussy and pumps.

“Get you ready for this monster cock,” she mutters.

She fucks me with the dildo much harder than she did with the glass one in the kitchen. “Oh, my Gawwwwd, that feels amazing,” I stutter out in between pants.

“I know, babe. Gonna fuck you hard and good. Gonna fuck you the fuck right.” Her soft giggles gone, her voice a bit gruff, and her nerdiness

all but disappears. “Hard.” She rams the strap-on cock against my thigh several times. “Fuck yes hard hard hard.” She gives my ass another slap.

I’m weak as water and I fall flat fully onto the couch. She grips my hips hard and gives my ass two hard swats, harder than she ever has.

“Keep that ass up.”

The room starts to spin so I close my eyes. I ride my orgasm up. She slows down, successfully edging me. “Please,” I plead in a whisper. “I need.”

“Don’t come.” She gives me yet another ass smack. “Hear me?” Her voice is so stern it makes me shiver. “Answer, Alicia.”

“Y-y-yes.” My whole body is quivering as I hold off my orgasm.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Madame Professor Lillian.”

She takes a step back from me, pulling the dildo out of my pussy. “That’s right. You show me respect.”

All I can manage is a whimper.

“Going to … take you.” Her voice sounds more like a drill sergeant than my sweet nerdy lover, but the role play wets me further as the fear of her fills me.

I let out a mewling whine ending in a gasp as she presses the big dildo tip into my pussy. I groan as the wide head fully enters me, stretching my pussy walls. My eyes widen, but once the dildo head passes my G spot, I’m in ecstasy. My eyes roll back in my head as I press my hands into the soft couch cushion. “Oh fuck,” I whisper. “Oh, my Gawd, oh my fuck. Oh shit.” I moan and whimper and plead as she pushes it further in me. “It’s h-huge!”

“Mmmmm, babe, yes, Take this cock.”

She pushes the dildo slowly into me and I take each inch easily, being so wet from coming so many times. My legs wiggle like worms as I struggle to stand, and she speeds up her pumping. The barrage of the large

head of the dildo across my G spot feels better than any dick or cock I've ever had in me. My vision flickers as blackness flits across my eyes as she bottoms out the dildo deep in my pussy, deep in the back that has never been touched before by anything or anyone. This monster dildo! I cry out because it hurts, she doesn't stop. I groan and moan as she slams it deep into my pussy over and over again. The pain disappears as she rams the toy into the back wall of my vagina. The pain is replaced with an amazing euphoric high I've never had the pleasure of having ever in my life.

Her grunts and moans verge on animalistic as she digs her fingernails into my hips and pounds me.

I shudder as the shiver of a massive climax looms. I gasp and sputter, but she doesn't stop ramming into me. I don't want to say my safe word, this feels too amazing, but my fear is rearing its head as I fall into a massive orgasm building.

"Who's your Domme?" she demands as she pounds me harder and faster.

I can't even form words, the rush of being fucked with the biggest dildo of my life has stunned me mute.

"My bitch, baby girl, who's your Domme? Answer me." She gives my ass several smacks.

I reach the tippy top of the orgasm and am about to lose my grip as she screams, "Answer me bitch!" A few more ass smacks before she all out rams into me harder than she ever has in all our times together.

I shudder, cringe, try to keep my eyes from fluttering. "Y-y-y," is all I can manage. Then, "ooo ... "

"Good girl." She clears her throat. "Now come."

I'm whimpering, practically sobbing as she fucks me so hard, I can't imagine how her little frame is mustering such power. I moan and scream, feel like I might faint, then fall hard into the orgasm as my body curls into the couch. My body stiffens as I twitch, my eyes flutter as they roll, and I grow silent as the intense wave of the climax completely controls my entire

body. The vaginal contractions start as distinct contractions, then they meld into one long one as my vaginal walls squeeze the dildo. It's a double orgasm as I start to go down from the high only to be projected back up and over another one as she rams me. She slows her pumping and lays on me and twitches as she moans and climaxes herself. My orgasm keeps going intensely and I slump into the couch as I continue to full-body twitch.

She groans and her body lurches against mine three more times before she stills.

My pussy sends after-shocks every few seconds.

My breaths are coming ragged and rapid, I literally cannot speak.

Maddie rolls off of me and lays beside my limp body. She rubs my back. My panting slows down, and she pulls me up to lay my head on her lap. She pets my hair and hooks it behind my ear.

"That looked really good, babe. How was that?"

I open my mouth a little to try and speak but only a squeak comes out. I swallow the thick saliva in my throat and hoarsely say, "Huge. Biggest ever." I make a weird croak sound as exhaustion claims my whole body.

"Yeah. I bet you've never been spread that deep in your pussy before."

I shake my head, my mouth still slightly ajar.

She pats my upper back. "It was good, right?"

I gasp. "It was amazing. Never felt that before ever. It touched me so deep inside where I've never been touched before."

She traces my lips. "You. You ... are so beautiful when you come." Her voice is practically dripping with the verge of tears. "I just ... I just love it. Love to make you feel that way. It's a gift." She sighs, then croaks out, "It's a gift to me to bring you to that point."

I nuzzle my face into her thighs and place my hand on her knee. "You were so good. I just never ... never ever expected that. It was mind-blowing."

“Good. I loved it too.” She plays with the dildo, and bobs above my head. She presses it down to rest on my head and she giggles.

I giggle.

“Cock head,” she says as she presses the monster cock to my head once more.

I laugh again and sigh. The smell of my cum is wafting off the fake cock.

She brings it to my mouth.

“Taste yourself,” she commands with a jerk back of her head. “I read about this. Knew it would be that way for you.”

I lick the toy. “Sweet,” I mutter. “Slightly salty. I ate lots of mangos yesterday.”

“You are very sweet today.” She brings the dildo to her mouth and licks it as I roll on my back to watch.

The little buzz of the toy still nestles in the strap-on vibrates against my head. “You gonna come again with that toy in? I’d like to make you cum.”

“Later. I’m so hungry. Aren’t you?”

“I am. I thought I had heard your stomach growl. Fuck. That was so intense, I didn’t even notice my hunger but now I’m starving too.”

“Me too. All that thrusting has me starved.”

I sit up and notice for the first time that she has a beautiful lacy red robe laying on her mustard yellow rocker near the fireplace.

She follows my gaze. “For you. When you stay here.”

“Oh, Maddie. It’s beautiful.” My face flushes.

“Will look better on your body than that chair. Let’s go eat.”

I slip the lace robe over my body. “Oh my gosh, I thought it would be rough, but it’s so soft.” I tie the belt. “I love it. Thank you.”

"I bought spanking paddles and a new clit sucker too. We aren't done trying new stuff today." She turns and falls back on the couch. "Oops."

I laugh. "Dr. Lillian. You are just delightful."

"I'm a pain in the ass and you know it. Now let's go eat and get fat on gnocchi and wine."

#

"Dinner was amazing," I say as she takes my plate. "You really are a good cook, Doctor."

"I'm alright," she says. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. My grandma taught me when I was about eight to make these. It's her recipe. She was the best damn cook." Her eyes are warm as she recalls.

"Well, you executed her recipe to perfection. I was quite impressed and satisfied. You have me so orgasm and food drunk I may slip into a coma. Not to mention the multiple glasses of wine." I swirl the last bit of wine in my glass and down it. I rise and carry the leftover pasta to the counter. "Got a lid for this?"

"Yep, in the cupboard by the fridge. Time for you to learn my kitchen."

"Oh, are you actually strict about where things go?" I laugh. With how messy she is at work, I'd never have expected perfect cupboards.

"Yup. Everything has its place." She busts open the box of Raisinets and dumps a mound on the counter. "Want some?"

I shake my head. "I'm too stuffed. Might need to roll me to the bed as it is."

"You want to come to Florida with me?" she blurts out. "I rented a beach house for spring break. Will you? Please?"

I stare at her with my mouth ajar.

"Never mind. Never mind. Was stupid of me." She clumsily piles the dishes in the dishwasher haphazardly, her face a mix of wanting to cry and anger.

“Wait. Maddie, I’d love to. I just,” I pause. “I didn’t expect that. But honestly, I’d love to go with you. I will have to check my budget though.”

She grips my shoulders and stares into my eyes. “I already bought you a ticket.” She drags her hands down my arms, all the way to my hands. She picks up both of my hands and holds them in hers. “Please. Let me do this for you. It’s for me. I want you with me for this.”

She pushes my hands up and touches her fingertips to mine, all ten, and leans in to press her forehead to mine. “Please.”

I smile as we hold each other’s gazes. I nod against her head and we both giggle because her head bobs with mine. “Okay. Yes.” I give her my sexiest smile. “I’d love to.”

She jumps up and squeals, claps her hands. “Oh, I’ve been fantasizing about that yes for a good week now.” She twirls and misses smacking into the counter corner by a mere inch.

I reach out and catch her in my arms.

“Whoa! Now I’m super dizzy as fuck!”

I pull her close and kiss her lightly on the lips. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

“Phfish. You are the amazing one.” She gives me a wry smile. “I’m just me.” She sighs. “Old. Nerdy. A clutz.”

“Sexy. Smart. Determined. Seductive. Kind. Generous. An amazing cook. And one hell of a commanding presence as an instructor.”

“Oh?” She raises an eyebrow.

“Have I ever told you that before we got involved, your voice and presence used to make me wet in class?” I bite my lip. “Why do you think my first fantasies involved you spanking me in your office?”

Her jaw drops. “No way.”

“Yes. Maddie. You are sexy as fuck. And you don’t even know it. That seriously makes you even sexier.” I rub my palm along her right

nipple, down her tummy, and hook my hand under her pussy. I push a finger upwards, pressing the fabric into her lips.

Her head does a short recoil. “Seriously?”

“Seriously.” I nod with a raise of my eyebrows as I continue to work her pussy lips with my fingers. I grin devilishly, bend my knees, and scoot quickly to the side of her. I scoop her up and carry her towards the bedroom.

“Whoa!” she squeals.

We connect our gazes and she smiles.

“Guess you are the seductress now.”

I lay her on the bed, hook my fingers into the elastic, and bare her half-naked bottom.

“Yep. I’m making you come first this time. I want to make your screams bounce off the ceiling.”

“All you have to do is look at me with those eyes and I’m almost coming already.”

Chapter Five

The morning light streams into the crack in the curtains and lands on Maddie, highlighting her right arm and cheek. A freckle I never noticed before on her shoulder calls to my tongue, so I lean over and lightly lick it. She squirms slightly but remains asleep. This woman could be my mother. But that doesn't change the fact that I want to fuck her day and night. I want to eat gnocchi with her every day and talk about fucking in Florida on the regular. I sigh and slip out of the bed carefully so as not to disturb her.

I plop down on the toilet and let my pee stream out. It's so loud I peer out the door, wondering if the loud splashing of my peeing is waking her. I grab for my phone on the counter and check my texts. Two from my mom asking about dates I'm coming home over the break. One from my friend Lexie. Two from Oliver. And one from Logan.

Why the fuck is he texting me now?

"Well, that's a mad face if I've ever seen one." Her hair is set up high in a proper bedhead style.

I startle, almost dropping my phone. I set it on the corner of the counter and reach for toilet paper.

"It's nothing."

She smooths her hair in the mirror, which is a total fail, then grabs for her toothbrush. "You alright?"

I stand and turn to flush the toilet. "My ex."

"Oh. He still texts you?" She loads a strip of toothpaste on the brush.

"Yeah. He wants me back, but I want nothing to do with him. He's so damn jealous. I couldn't stand being with him."

She nods solemnly. "Duly noted."

"I mean, seriously, he'd get jealous if I even talked to another man. Then, when he found out I'm bi, he'd get jealous when I talked to women."

So ... there was no one I could talk to without his jealousy flaring up. I don't want that shit in my life. No thank you." I snort. "Total control freak."

"Yeah. That sounds miserable. And unrealistic."

"Right? Like I can't even have a thought without him policing me. Felt like a prison." I shrug as I dry my hands. "He was about to ask me to marry him." I laugh. "What a fucking mistake that would have been. But, of course, my mom and dad are pissed at me for dumping him. He's pre-law. Smart as a whip. He will do well in his career." I smirk sadly. "They want that for me."

She smiles nicely, like a sales clerk who is forced to be polite. "I can imagine."

I shake my head. "But enough of him. I don't want him. Over and done. Good riddance." I smile big at her as she vigorously brushes her teeth. "What's today hold?"

Her lips are foamy with toothpaste. She reminds me of how my six-year-old niece brushes her teeth – messy and careless. I stifle a giggle as she spits out the toothpaste. I search in my bag for my toothbrush.

She swishes water in her mouth and spits it back out before saying, "I have a plan for us today, if you are interested."

"Oh, I'm definitely interested."

"I'm making us omelets. You shower up and come out and I will have a homemade breakfast all ready for you."

I drop my jaw aghast. "Oh, Maddie. I can help." I raise my hands. "I'm good in the kitchen."

"Nope. I'm pampering my babe. You take a nice long shower, or bath, and shave those gorgeous legs and luscious pussy. If you wanna get off before you come out, you know where the sex toys are. Help yourself." She tips her head to the side while raising an eyebrow. "I expect you to."

I grin. "Wow. You are simply amazing."

“But if I hear buzzing, I might come running back in here. Fuck the eggs. We’ll order in!”

I giggle as she throws a pale blue robe over her slim body. This woman owns a lot of robes.

“I will deliver your coffee here in a few minutes. Would love to see you wet and naked.”

I mirror her happy look as she waves walking out the door.

I respond to all the texts but Logan’s, then start up the bathwater. Maddie has five bottles of bubble bath and two bath bombs in a basket beside the tub. For someone so thoughtless, rash, preoccupied at work, she’s like a different person outside of it. Though her intense, incessant drive is one of the things I admire about her. I’ve only told Oliver about my affair with her. Affair seems like the wrong word; I like fun better. He’s super supportive of me doing what I want, whatever I do. He’s such a good friend.

I dip my toe into the warm steaming bath water with a sigh. “Mmm. So good,” I mutter.

After a good five minutes of soaking, Maddie comes in with a steamy cup of coffee.

“Here, babe. Coffee for you. Enjoying?”

“Oh, it’s heaven. The aroma of this lavender one, it’s just amazing!” I close my eyes for a moment savoring it all.

“Yeah, one of my favorites. Give me a titty peek?”

I raise my upper body out of the suds with a sexy smile.

“Aww, fuck yes.” She reaches over the edge of the tub and strokes my right nipple. “I just love your tits.” She bites her lower lip. “Next time I’m joining you in that tub.”

I’m loving how relaxed she is at home. I never realized some of her dorkiness is almost out of pure nervousness.

She smacks into the doorframe while looking back at me. “Oof!” she groans out. “Ouch!”

I chuckle at her as she brings her hand to her forehead. “Damn. Guess I need to look forward when I walk. I’m on the omelets!” She points forward and follows her own point out of the bathroom.

I breathe in the lovely lavender scent and sigh. I’m not tired, but I could almost fall asleep. I sip the coffee and she’s added the right amount of creamer. I’m not surprised. The rich creamy taste makes my bath even better. My phone buzzes. I dry my hand on the towel on the side of the tub and pick up my phone.

Mom: Where are you?

Me: At a friend’s house

Mom: Oh

Mom: so you aren’t coming home for break? Your dad and I wanted to take all of us on a cruise. We already bought it.

Me: Nope. I’m going with a friend to Florida.

Mom: Logan?

Me: No. I told you he and I are over

Mom: don’t mess up your life over one incident Alicia

Me: it’s not just that and you know it

Mom: he’s a good man he will give you a good life

Me: I don’t want that life

Mom: this is a mistake

Me: then it’s mine to make. I’m busy

Dropping my phone safely on the side of the tub, I roll my eyes and sink further down in the bath.

#

The breakfast nook is bathed in sunshine and my nerdy, careless, scatter-brained professor has made a quaint table that looks like it was set up for a home magazine shoot. It’s complete with tiny glasses filled with bright orange juice, sliced kiwis, and strawberries arranged in a triangle on

a plate rimmed with pineapple chunks. She even has a flower in a vase in the middle of the table.

“What a gorgeous table!” I widen my eyes in delight.

“Sit. Let’s eat. How was your bath?”

“Oh, it was amazing. Unmatched. And the coffee was such a nice touch. Thank you.”

She pulls out my chair. “I’m always the gentleman.”

I huff a guffaw. “You have the wrong parts for that.”

She raises her eyebrow. “I beg to differ. I fucked you with my cock good and hard yesterday.”

I crack up. “True. That’s true. That you did.”

“And after breakfast, I’m doing it again.”

“Step one of our day?” My pussy wets at the thought of her ramming that dildo into my pussy again.

“Well, technically this is step one. Or I guess two. Stage one was your bath.”

I stab my fork into a strawberry and pop it into my mouth. “Mmmm.” It’s perfection. “Wow. This strawberry is so good.”

“Yup. They are the best. I shop only at the organic store for my produce.”

I’m not surprised anymore by such things. “Well, they have good stuff.”

We eat in silence for a few minutes, it’s so good I don’t want to talk, just eat. I watch her devour her food, wondering how we’ve gotten to this point. My phone buzzes but I ignore it. It’s probably mom anyway to chastise me more. The only ones I want to respond to are Lexie and Oliver. And Oliver knows I’m here, so it’s not going to be him. And if it’s Logan, I’m so not responding. I roll my eyes.

“Okay?”

Damn. She caught me. “Oh. Just my mom is driving me nuts is all.”

“Ah.”

“She wants to me come home and go on vacation with her and Dad.” I twist my face in distaste.

Her mouth drops open. “Over the break?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh,” she says as she shoves a huge forkful of omelet in her mouth.

“Maddie. I’m going with you. Not them.”

Her shoulders relax a little. “You sure?” She keeps her eyes downward.

“Look at me.” I reach across the table and touch her hand. “Yes. One hundred percent with you.”

Her shoulders fully relax, and she smiles. “Good.” She takes a sip of her coffee. “I’m not going to be upset if you don’t. I know your parents come first.”

“I’m not sure they do. Not anymore.” I make eye contact with her, and it makes her grin huge.

“So. For dinner. I have plans to take us out to eat. You going to be okay seen out in public with an old-timer like me?”

I almost spit out my juice and splatter it across my fruit. I hadn’t even thought about that … potential peers seeing me out on a date with her, potentially being seen by other professors from the university. Not that I’m embarrassed, but I just never even let my brain go there yet. “Oops. That caught me by surprise.” I gaze at her directly in the eyes. “It doesn’t bother me.”

The look on her face is like she doesn’t believe me. “I don’t care if my peers see me. I mean, I will just say we are friends. They don’t need to know it’s with sex.”

“Right. That’s true.” Though everyone who sees us will know it is, but whatever, I don’t give a fuck. “I’m twenty-one, not a minor by any

means.”

“Do you like shopping? I want to buy you lingerie.”

“You do?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I love shopping and I love lingerie.” I shift my eyes around the table. Now that’s risky. Being seen in a lingerie shop with your professor at your side, pulling bodysuits and lacy bras off racks, laying sheer stockings over shoulders. Mostly I don’t care, but I don’t want her to get fired over me.

“Good. I can’t wait to spoil you. Then we can come home, and you can do a modeling show for me before I fuck your brains out.”

I almost spit out my omelet. Even though I’ve heard her talk this way many times, it sometimes still jars me. “Maddie, you don’t need to buy me anything.” I grab for a croissant, but she hands me one first.

“Alicia, I’ve never had anyone like you in my life.” She sighs and stares directly at me. “Look, I’m having so much fun with you. And I’ve never had … well … anyone. Not much anyway. Please. Let me do this. It’s one of my fantasies.”

I shake my damp curls out of my face. “Well. Okay then. I get it. And thank you for your generosity in advance.” I smear raspberry jelly across my croissant. “Then let me clean this up, at least, while you go shower.”

She hesitates, cocks her head at me as if she’s about to refuse, but then nods. “Deal.”

She heads off down the hall, humming some song I have no clue about as I package up the leftovers. Her fridge is perfectly organized, and I shake my head, marveling again at how unorganized she is at work and how opposite her home is. It’s all rather mind-boggling. My small dorm fridge is like a guessing game and hers is like a damn picture in a magazine. Must be her analytical brain can handle organizing like this at home, but not at work, where there are a million distractions. I glance at my phone. Logan has

texted me twice more, and my mom has three more times. I shove my phone in my pocket and drop the pans into the hot soapy water.

I stop cold when I hear a voice singing. Surely, she must have the radio on. That can't be her singing. But I hear no music, just a voice. Whoa. I must know. I leave the dishes to soak in the sink and creep along the hallway. The singing is so beautiful, pure, as if in tune with a noiseless song, like she's a professional singer. It's got to be the radio or from an app. The closer I get the more it seems like it's ... no, it couldn't be. I enter the bathroom and there she is singing in the shower.

"Maddie!" I say throwing my arms in the air.

She screams and drops the bar of soap. It clunks loudly on the tub floor. "Fudge! You scared the crap out of me!"

"Holy shit! You can sing!"

She chuckles and proceeds to drop the razor too. It clatters on the fiberglass. "Yes. I can sing. I've been singing my whole life, just never for others."

"Why not? You're amazing! I thought you were the radio. But then I didn't hear any instrumental part to the music."

She laughs and pokes her head out of the shower curtain. "Nope. It's just me."

"Wow. I'm going to need you to sing for me more often. You are fantastic!"

She pops back behind the curtain as if she's embarrassed. "Thank you," she says meekly.

I walk back to the kitchen, dumbfounded. This woman is utterly amazing. How is she still single?

#

The mall parking lot is pretty full, being it's a Saturday. Though I still don't mind being seen with Maddie, the whole lingerie store thing has me a bit nervous, and I don't get nervous about such things. I'm more worried she could get in trouble for dating a student than one of my peers seeing me

at such a store with her. Most everyone I know has age gap fantasies. But I'm on edge, especially if we are caught by someone we know, with me trying things on and showing her. That would be seen as we are a couple, no doubt. It crosses a line some would surely frown upon.

I grin at her as we stride across the mall. We each have a warm chai tea in our hands. She winks at me and kisses the air towards me. I bite my lip as I realize I just thought of us as a couple. We haven't called each other girlfriend yet, but I have a key to her house and she's taking me to Florida, which pretty much makes me her girlfriend.

"I'm excited to get some new pieces of lingerie. Can never have too many, just like sex toys."

"Touché." Her gaze is soaked with lust. She purses her lips and narrows her eyes. "I need to order more."

"Oh, I'm not complaining."

We enter the store and I scan it for any familiar faces. I don't see anyone I recognize, so I breathe a little easier. I shimmy my hips at Maddie. "This is gonna be fun!"

"Hells yes, it is," she murmurs, already eyeing up a black bodysuit that laces up the front. She digs through the hangers and pulls one out and strings it over her arm. She doesn't even look at me as she goes to the next rack. She's on a mission.

I trail behind her, glancing around, looking for something to catch my eye. A red, two-piece lacy number tickles me and I grab it. Though the breast cups are totally wimpy for my huge tits, I know I won't be wearing it for long, so who cares? I grab the biggest size to accommodate my large breasts the best, but the bottoms might be too big. No matter if they are, I will just use different panties, if she likes this top that is.

I gasp because she already has a multi-colored, multi-textured pile of lingerie strewn on her arm. It sort of looks like a rainbow. I silently chuckle at her stash. This will be quite the lingerie show with that many to go through. "I can't wait," I squeal.

A slow, naughty, sly grin spreads across her face. “I’m wet just thinking about it.” She runs her tongue over her lower lip, then circles her top with it. She holds up the lace-up bodysuit. “This one has crotch snaps, perfect for eating you out.”

I squint my eyes with delight, then glance around to see if anyone was in earshot of her saying that. Nope. All is good.

She marches up to a saleswoman. “We need a changing room please.”

The woman is in her fifties, with jet black hair and a kind smile with crow’s feet. “Sure thing.” She motions for Maddie to follow her.

“Be right there,” I call as I pick up a little pink baby doll nightie with a matching thong. Probably would not sleep in the thong, but I wouldn’t mind sleeping in the top. I flop it over my arm and turn when I hear a sound behind me.

A clearing of a throat is followed by a female voice saying, “Alicia, hey girl, how’s it going?” It’s Miesha. A girl from my statistics class. Her dark braids are collected into a thick ponytail that she has over her shoulder and going down the front of her ample chest. The braids look like a broom laying on her breast. “Shopping for some goodies?” Her pink eye shadow makes a gorgeous contrast to her dark skin.

“Oh, hi, Miesha. Yep. Just shopping for some fun stuff. You?” My heart flutters as I glance around for Maddie. We’ve been caught.

“Yeah, it’s my anniversary with Jack, and I want to surprise him with a hot bodysuit. Seen any sexy ones? I want one that will make him drop his jaw.”

I scoff. “Well, love, with your figure, you could wear a paper bag and he’d probably drop his jaw.” My breathing speeds up because I can’t see Maddie.

She snickers. “Look who’s talking! Your rack practically is poking my eyes out. And that sweet ass of yours. Whew!” she says, followed by a whistle and a hand wave.

“Wow. Well, thank you for that. Have fun shopping,” I say, needing to cut off this conversation before Maddie comes up to me. I raise my eyebrows at her before I turn around and head towards a table stacked high with thongs of every different size, color, and fabric imaginable. Of course, I’m just stalling until Miesha moves on before joining Maddie in the dressing room. I finally catch sight of her conversing with the saleswoman. When it seems like Miesha has moved to the front of the store, I quickly sneak back to the dressing room area.

“I saw. Close one, huh?” Maddie asks, though she doesn’t look too worried.

“Yeah,” I say as I glance back towards the front of the store. Miesha is busy digging through a rack.

I turn to Maddie and grab her hand. “You are coming in with me.”

Maddie shifts to the right as I pull her to the left. “Whoa,” she mutters, but allows me to yank her into the dressing room.

“Well, I am loving this idea,” she huffs.

“I’m a genius, right? Now, you can tell me your favorites in real-time.” I drop my skirt to the floor and whip off my top. I slip off my boots as Maddie comes at me with her hands raised.

“I got this.” She unhooks my bra and yanks it off, tossing it to the floor.

I cringe, wondering how many feet have graced the floor, but her low growl makes me forget it.

Our eyes meet, and the lust we each emit could spark its own fire. Her mouth is on mine before I take my next breath. She pushes her tongue into my mouth as I moan, caressing hers with mine passionately. Her hands are mauling my back and traveling swiftly down to my ass. I press my hands on her back, so our bodies are fully flush, tits rubbing together. She squeezes my ass cheeks with both hands, and I let out a soft sigh into her mouth.

She grunts as her kissing becomes even more aggressive. My pussy is sloshy wet as I shift my thighs. For a brief second, I remember someone

might be watching us, because stores are always on the lookout for shoplifters. Most likely it's a woman, so this thought of us being watched rages my lust even higher.

"I want you," I murmur in a moan-like voice.

"I want you," she mirrors back hoarsely.

She runs her hand to my front, grabs my right breast for a squeeze, and follows it with kisses down my neck to my nipple, which she suckles lightly at first, then devours in a strong suckle.

I moan and tip my head back, which presses my boob more into her face.

She's got her hands supporting my back as she pushes me a few steps backward.

I glance to the right and watch our bodies writhing against each other in the mirror. I release a euphoric sound. Fuck. What a turn on to watch us tangle ourselves together, to watch her chow down on my tit. I love watching her mouth move and the muscles in her face tense as she mouths my nipple.

She pushes me back to sit on the little seat attached to the wall. My ass crashes on a pile of lingerie no one bothered to hang up on the wall hook. I lean back and my head hits the wall with a bang, which makes me giggle.

Maddie is so transfixed with sucking my boob she doesn't look up or even flinch at the loud sound. She brings her right hand to my pussy while holding my breast with her other. She drags her finger down my clitoris to my slit, then back up again. She pumps two fingers into my slit, then alternates with rubbing my pussy juice up and all over my clit. The combined action of clit and tit always gets me wild.

I thrash and spill sounds, still getting hotter yet by imagining some woman watching us on a camera. I imagine she slips a hand in her pants and starts to masturbate.

"Mmmm, fuck," I whisper between moans.

I want to tell Maddie my idea of a woman watching us right now and touching herself but talking is too difficult.

She migrates her tongue along my cleavage to fasten her mouth on my other nipple while shoving four fingers into my pussy on repeat. The wet sounds of her fingers on my vagina are intoxicating, but not nearly as much as the feel of her finger fucking me hard and fast. She pulls out her fingers and gives my clit a slap.

I gasp and recoil from the hit as shards of pleasure emanate out from my little bundle of sex nerves. She slaps me three more times and then kisses down my belly. I shudder from her warm sensual mouth on my skin. She stops when her mouth is even with my pussy.

Her warm breath bathes my wet crotch as my eyelids half close. “Gonna make you come, kitten.” The puffs from her words blast my folds in the warm air of her breaths.

“Mmm, please do.” I thread my hands into her hair as she lands her mouth on my cleft.

She wiggles her tongue down my loose skin and into my vagina. She dips her tongue inside me with a lusty wanton bemoan.

“Yum,” she whispers.

She leans back slightly and our eyes meet. Her hot breath flooding between my thighs alone is a magical aphrodisiac. She holds my gaze as she fully covers my clit and my opening with as big of an O she can make with her mouth. She full-on sucks my lips and clit, then raises her mouth to fully suck my bean, hard.

I moan out, realizing I’m way too loud for a dressing room in a store, but who would dare to knock and tell us to shut up? So I let my groans rip as Maddie eats me out. My legs are in constant motion as I writhe against her sucking. She knows just how to get me up that hill of an orgasm and she’s got me raging up it fast. I throw my head back as the wave of the rise starts. Gripped and helpless, I fall down the hill of the climax and quietly shriek and gasp my way fully down the delicious dive of it. I’m honestly trying to be a little quiet.

It's then that I notice how loud Maddie's slurping sounds are and it makes me want to laugh, but I can't because my mouth is full of orgasming declarations. As I settle back down and she slurps at my cum, I sigh and mewl like a kitten as I massage her scalp.

After a minute of recovery, I can finally say, "Oh, my Gawd, Maddie, that was just epic."

She has her head resting on my thigh. "You're Goddam right it was."

I glance at my pussy and see either my cum or her drool has coated the lingerie I'm sitting on.

"Oh, shit, we messed on the lingerie!" I attempt to stand, but she keeps me pinned to the seat with her head on my thigh and her hands holding my shins.

"Don't move. I don't care about that, I care about you having afterglow time. I'll buy them all and you can try them on with strings of cum decorating them."

"Wow," I say. "There's an idea. But what if they don't fit me? We can't return them."

"Then I'll wear them if they don't. I'm sure they will fit me if they don't fit you. Your curvy tits and ass deserve all of these anyways. Plus, I want to see you in every single one of them." She sniffs towards my pussy. "I just love your scent after you come." She takes another lick of me.

I stroke her cheek, then her hair, as she plants kisses all along my thighs with a final one over my wet warm slit.

"You have such a beautiful pussy." She sighs as she smacks her lips. "A beautiful every part, all of you."

"Thank you for making me feel this way." My shoulders slump as I fully relax. "You know what I thought about during you eating me out?"

"What?" She sits up quickly, straightening her back while she is perched on her knees. "Tell me. I want to know." Her eyes are eager, her mood attentive.

“I kept thinking about how I’ve heard people watch dressing rooms from a video camera to make sure no one is shoplifting. Do you think that’s true?”

“Could be. It would have to be a woman.” The look on her face tells me she thinks this is a delicious thought too.

I snicker with the raise of my eyebrow. “Exactly. And I imagined she was touching herself and getting off to us. Isn’t that hot as fuck?”

“Oh,” she mutters with a crazed look on her face. “Oof. That’s very hot and wow. Just wow.”

“The thought of being watched while we did that got me really hot.”

She grins. “Next time tell me these thoughts. I would have liked to know that during.”

I scoff. “You were eating me out so hard at the time, I couldn’t speak, only moan.”

“Ah, yes.” She stands up and extends a hand to me to help me rise. “Now let’s go buy all of these. Next, I want to buy you a swimsuit to wear in Florida. The smallest bikini I can find.” She gives me her most effective salacious look as she gathers up all the lingerie in her arms. “Let’s go.”

“I’d better get dressed first,” I say with a laugh.

She shrugs, almost drops all the lingerie. “I guess, if you must.”

I absolutely love that she doesn’t want me to get dressed, but I do dress with a snigger, and we get ready to go face all the sales staff who most definitely had to know what we were doing.

And I’m loving it.

Chapter Six

Maddie looks proud of what we've shared. I rub her back as we walk past the food court, giving her a small smile as a 'thank you'. She pats the lingerie store bag and grunts. I quickly scan the food court to see if I recognize any people from school. A few seem familiar, but I'm not sure where I saw them before. It makes me feel a bit skittish being out in the open and not tucked away in a store. I squash that feeling, wipe that anxiety away because the future is unknown, and not necessarily negative.

"I'm thinking a red bikini or pink. What do you think?" She licks her lips, followed by a throaty clearing of her voice.

"Oh, I do love those colors too."

She sticks out her lips as she thinks. "Or perhaps black to offset your light hair and creamy, milky skin."

We enter the department store and head straight to the swimsuit section, which is very full, practically bursting with options for suits right now because of the looming spring break season. A man who looks to be about somewhere in his mid-forties, which is a turn-on, complete with a sexy smile and tattooed arms, winks at me. It strikes me that he probably thinks Maddie is my mom. I glance back and, yep, he's checking out my ass. His vigorous gaze rages up my lust, feeding me for Maddie's benefit, not his own. Sorry, dude.

When I spot her, Maddie is already in the racks digging, and my first thought is to wonder if she saw the man checking me out. She shows no indication she saw. With this being our first time out in public, I have no idea if she's the jealous type or not. I'm hoping not. That's such a turn-off for me. I roll my eyes as Logan pops into my head.

"Perfect!" She holds up a tiny hot pink bikini with a g string bottom.

I scoff. "No cover for my ass at all, huh?"

"Nope. Not in this one." She lays it across her arm, like a treasure.

After ten minutes she looks like a pack mule with the lingerie bag and so many bikinis and coverups that she's struggling to keep from dropping them.

"Let me help, Maddie."

"Nope. I'm the perfect gentleman."

I giggle. "Yes, yes you are, Maddie." Why she doesn't call herself a gentlewoman is beyond me. She's not trans by any means, but I honestly wouldn't care if she was that way. She's way too petite to be butch. "Hey, Maddie, have you ever slept with a man?"

"Yep." No elaboration at all.

"Oh. Okay, I was just curious. You don't have to tell me more. I was just wondering."

She grabs my hand and drags me to the dressing room. It's so bright in here, it almost hurts my eyes. No mood lighting in this establishment. She leads me to the biggest dressing room at the end.

Her mood has changed to a very serious aura. Maybe she did see the man hitting on me. She plops all the swimsuits on the little bench and half of them tumble to the floor. She doesn't bother to pick them up.

"Strip," she commands in a delicious tone that makes my yearning to fuck fire back up.

No flowery language this time around.

"I love having you in here with me, Maddie. It really makes me wet." I quickly remove my clothes to please her.

"Same."

One-word answers tell me she might be slipping into Domme mode.

"Bend over."

Hmmm. Yep. No use resisting that tone of hers.

I bend over and my tits swing down.

"Press hands to the wall." More cryptic script for her speech.

Oh shit. What's she planning to do here? Eat me from behind? Her nose in my ass crack? A bit raunchy if someone is watching us from a security camera, but oh well. The thought again turns me on.

I hear her unzip her purse. Then she presses something long and flat against my ass before she pulls it away. I'm left wondering how she hid something so big inside her purse all day.

My eyes widen as an unnamed shade of panic seizes me.

Smack. The sound of the long flat instrument cracking against my skin is almost deafening in the small space of the dressing room.

She brought the paddle! Oh, fuck me.

Smack. The second hit sends a shockwave through my body. It hurts like a motherfucker.

She does it again and I whimper. I'm still perplexed at how pain can pair with pleasure, how it can shove me into some euphoric state that I can't quite fathom, but love. In truth, my clitoris always rages when she hits my butt, betraying my confusion. Though I want her to stop, I just want more.

The next one makes my eyes sting but sends a hefty jolt through my clit. My pussy slit flares a bit. I clench my ass cheeks together.

“Relax your butt,” she commands. Her voice is steely and no-nonsense. I know I must comply or get it worse.

I relax my buns and she slaps the paddle against my reddened skin three times, fast, the smacks echoing off the bare dressing room walls.

“Hello?” a meek, concerned, female voice wafts through the dressing room door.

“Yes,” Maddie says matter of factly and unarguably commanding, which makes me wonder why this demure woman doesn’t just run away just from the tone of her voice.

“Everything okay in there?” She sounds like she might be about five, with a high squeaky voice, but her shoes under the door say otherwise. “I hear what sounds like smacks on skin.”

“I’m just giving my girlfriend her first public spanking.” Maddie’s tone is putting the girl in her place, like how she is when she lectures.

I stifle my shock with a giggle as my face flushes. My shoulders shake as I continue to silently crack up.

“Spanking?” The woman sounds even more confused.

“Yeah. You know. Smacking her ass.” Maddie’s voice is so resolute, yet hilarious, with the manner of accusing the woman of being stupid. “Punishment, you know?” She didn’t need to add the word idiot, but it was in her delivery, nonetheless.

“Oh,” she says, and then there’s a long pause. “You can’t do that here, Ma’am.” She almost sounds scared, like she might cry.

“Oh, ok.”

I glance back at Maddie and she’s making silly faces and pretending to smack my ass with the paddle but not making contact.

“I’ll just pretend then.” Maddie keeps making goofy faces and pretending to smack my ass.

I can’t help it; I crack up loudly.

Maddie keeps doing it for a few minutes, then lays a real spank on my ass. Hard. Really hard. No more laughter from me as I wince.

“Alicia. Watch in the mirror as I spank you. I want to see your eyes.”

I shift my head so I can see her. My ass is red. Her face is set, so stern and grim it looks like I could touch it and she’d crack. She raises the paddle and smashes it on my ass. I cry out. The fat of my ass cheeks ripple and the pain sears through my body. I let out a second wail as my eyes water.

“Fuck,” I mutter.

She drops the paddle on the ground. It lands with a muffled thud on the carpet. My heart is pounding as if I just ran fifty yards. I pant as I cringe, waiting for the next smack. It’s her hand this time, and her other one plays with my pussy lips.

“Mmm. That made you so wet, kitten.” She purrs. “Excellent.”

My mind races. How will I try on suits with such a sore ass? With a dripping wet pussy?

She smacks my ass again with her open palm and I yell out way too loudly. She fondles my clit and rubs it before shoving three fingers in my pussy to finger-fuck me from behind. Flashbacks to my youth flood my brain. I try to shove the image of my dad spanking me to the way back crevices of my mind and let Maddie fill those voids. Heal me, Maddie. Do it.

I pant as she spanks and finger-rams my wet core on repeat. I let piercing moans slip out on accident as I am losing all composure. I imagine the scared sales clerk listening to us on the other side of the door, shivering. That rages up my lust and I let moans rip again.

“Yes, baby girl. Let’s get you off.” She stops the spanks and kisses both my red buns as she continues to manipulate my folds. Maddie is on the floor behind me, shoving her fingers in me so hard that her thumb slaps my clit with each shove. The smell of my pussy is strong as I climb that familiar hill of my orgasm. She’s doing it, she’s gonna get me off after a public spanking. I’m in awe of her skills as I curl into my climaxing spasm. My eyelids flutter and I involuntarily let out a small grunt. My pussy contracts around her fingers as I lose control of my twitching body. The orgasm is so strong I start to fall towards the carpet. Maddie wraps her free arm around me and shoves her knees into the hollows of my knee to steady me.

I’m panting so hard I can’t speak. I swallow hard to try and reset my control over my own body. “Big,” I finally whisper.

“I know,” she says as she cradles me from behind. “You did amazing. I’m so proud of you.”

I gasp for more air to try and get rid of the dizzy feeling. “I need to sit.”

Maddie pulls me backward and lowers herself to the ground, pulling me along to sit in her lap. She holds me like a naked baby, and the fact that my ass cheeks are on fire finally registers as searing pain. She kisses my

forehead as she rocks me. I expect her to hum or sing, but she's silent. My hair is plastered to my neck, full of sweat. My eyes flutter and sleep threatens to claim me.

#

"Shit," I mutter as I try to sit up. I'm still naked in Maddie's lap and she's still rocking me. I try to roll away and she shushes me.

"Shhhh," she purrs. "It's okay. It was a really big orgasm, you just fell asleep for a bit."

I sit up, my breasts rise nearer to her face. "Oh, my Gawd. That was so intense. I've never ... "

"I know." She strokes my cheek and kisses the breast that is closest to her.

"How did you know how to do that?"

She smirks. "You do know I'm a study freak, right?"

I grin sheepishly. "Yeah, I guess I did. But, seriously, that was crazy insane." A nerd is a nerd, even when it's about sex.

She grins sheepishly. "I combined your lust for exhibitionism, your desire for voyeurism, and your hidden wants to be dominated with the crafty pressure points of spanking and clit play, compounded by finger-fucking."

I roll my eyes with a chuckle. "You make it all sound so scientific."

"Oh, it is. It's brain chemicals mixed with emotions and forces exerted on the body in the right pressure point places." After a slight chuckle, she says, "Impact play causes sensations and triggers, plain and simple."

"Oh, damn. I forget how much of a genius you are."

"Can you stand yet?" She plants a kiss on my nose. "We have lots of suits to try on."

I crawl off her lap and attempt to stand, but I need her raised arm to steady me. "I don't know if my ass can handle suits touching it." I'm still shaky as I stand upright.

“I brought spank balm. Bend over.”

I scoff. “The last time you said that ... “

She makes some weird sound that sounds like an Ewok. “Come on,” she urges.

I bend at the waist, wincing as I wait.

She digs in her bag and unscrews a lid off what sounds like a glass jar.

I cringe as she spreads it across my red ass skin. It immediately feels cooling, though, and my body relaxes.

“Did you make this concoction, Maddie?”

“Yep. It has menthol and lavender, jojoba oil, and some other stuff, essential oils.”

I release a sigh as the balm continues to cool and soothe my skin. “You should market this stuff. It’s amazing.”

“Hmpf. That’s not a bad idea, Alicia. I am a scientist, after all, and this is just more science.”

“Spanky Butt Balm, by Maddie the Domme Scientist.” I chuckle as I raise my body to stand up fully once more.

“Not a bad idea at all. I’ll look into this.”

“I’m not joking. You could sell this stuff at a sex toy shop online, or to an in-person sex toy store. Make loads of money.”

She nods as she hands me the first bikini. “Put it on.”

I slip it on, worrying about getting it all greasy from the balm, and wet from my cum. Its tiny triangles barely cover my large nipples, the patch of fabric barely covers my pussy, and my ass cheeks are hanging out, blaze red, from the g string up my crack.

“Perfect. We’ll take it.” She picks up a red one that doesn’t look much bigger. “Strip. Next suit.”

I try on three more suits and Maddie wants to buy them all, especially this one that gives peeks of my areolas. “Maybe we should stop. You want

them all, and we don't need to drain your bank account today.”

She glares at me. “I. Want. To. Do. This.” Her face contorts into a mad ape face. “One for each day. So. Seven suits. Or more. We continue. And this nip slip one is an absolute must.” She waggles her finger up and down my body.

I've never been pampered like this before. I grin like a little spoiled brat as she offers me a bright pink and yellow bikini.

“A suit to decorate the sunset with you, white sand at your feet, that smile I love on your face.”

I shiver. “Oh, so romantic, Maddie.” I drop the suit to the ground and take the one from her hands. “I do love this color combo. It's so vibrant.”

“Just like you.”

Her continual sexy compliments make me beam from the inside.

#

Maddie and I pile into the car and we both toss the shopping bags in the back. I had to fight her to carry the swimsuit bag, but she looked ridiculous carrying both through the mall. I was forced to yell, “I'm not a diva!” near the pretzel selling counter to get her to give it to me. She finally caved with a sheepish grin as she agreed with me.

“I'm ravished. Who would have thought that much trying on would make me so hungry?”

“It's the coming that does it to you, ya know. You always are so hungry after we fuck.”

How is it that she knows me so well, better than I know myself?

“Geez, you are smart.” I fasten the seatbelt as my phone buzzes.

“I know I am.” She sticks out her tongue at me. “And don't you forget it.”

“Well, you are a professor, I guess. How many degrees do you have?”

“Seven.”

“Seven?” I give her an incredulous look. “Holy shit, Maddie!”

She just nods as she glances behind her, backing the car out of the spot. “I had three before I turned twenty-eight.”

“Holy fuck me.”

“Yes, I will. Later.” She jerks her head back and forth in a silent exaggerated guffaw.

We chat about what we will do in Florida, and she spills all the details of the restaurant we are headed to, complete with detailed meal descriptions of the ones she thinks I will like.

“Did you memorize that?”

“I have a photographic memory. I forget nothing.”

“No wonder then.” Though she is a constant wonder to me.

Her hair is sticking up like wires, so I smooth it down. At the stoplight, she nuzzles against my arm, a very demure move that is not like her at all.

Our eyes meet and there’s something magical about the way they are twinkling.

“I had such a wonderful time with you today, and it’s not even over yet.” She sucks her lower lip into her mouth and lets it out with a smack.

I want that lip in my mouth all of sudden, so I lean over and grab her chin so I can suck it in, even though she’s driving through the intersection.

She jerks the steering wheel and veers into the next lane.

“Oops, sorry,” I say with my mouth stretching into a look of concern.

“Don’t ever be sorry for kissing me.”

I rest my hand on her thigh. “Later, I owe you several rounds of orgasms.”

“I’ll let you. But you are coming first.”

I shake my head with a smile. “You really are the gentleman.”

We gush more about our excitement to travel together as she drives us to the restaurant. When she pulls into the parking lot, I clap with glee.

“I’m so hungry! I can’t even think right anymore.”

“Wine and appetizers then.”

I recognize the hostess, which immediately makes me nervous. Why would I be having dinner with my professor? My boss? I just hope I’m wrong and I don’t recognize her. But then she smiles sweetly at us, so maybe she’s not who I thought she was.

“Thank you,” I say because Maddie sucks at social graces.

She settles into her seat with a serious look as if she’s reading one of her scientific journals. “We want a bottle of the Cabernet Sauvignon, Cat’s Craw, and an order of stuffed mushrooms and Italian Dunkers. Ice water with lemon.”

“Your waitress will visit you soon,” the hostess says with humor.

“Oh.”

I adjust myself against the seat. “You are tenacious, aren’t you?”

She looks flustered, and I’m reminded of her nervousness in public, which she didn’t show at all in the mall. Maybe it’s being on the spot that drives it for her. She shifts her eyes back and forth like she’s plagued with some problem and needs an immediate fix.

I touch her hand from across the table and her shoulders visibly relax. “Don’t worry, I won’t melt here.”

She taps her finger on the table as she looks around. “She should come now.”

Her impish impatience is adorable. I smirk, knowing she’d hate that thought.

The waitress appears and I’m super thankful I don’t know her.

“I’m Amber. What can I get you two to start off? Cocktails? Appetizers?” She has short red hair that just reaches the middle of her neck, and it moves like a perfect curtain as she tips her head with a smile.

“Red wine. Cat’s Craw. Water. Lemons. Lobster Stuffed Mushrooms. Italian Dunkers.”

I smile at the waitress. “Please.”

Amber scoffs, bemused. She raises an eyebrow and says, “My pleasure. Coming right up.”

“That sounds delicious. You picked exactly what I’d want.”

“Yep.” She lets out a full happy sigh. “I know my girl.”

I don’t want to say it out loud, because that might make it stop, but Maddie makes me feel so special, more than anyone ever has in my life, including my parents. Of course, the sex makes that different.

“Whatcha thinking?” she asks.

I gaze into her eyes. “I’m just having such an amazing and fun day with you.”

“Oh, me too. And we aren’t even close to done with this day yet.”

Quicker than I expect, the waitress brings up the wine and waters with a quick smile and a wink. “Be right back.”

“Thank you,” I call after her. She looks about my age, and I wonder if she goes to the college too. Nerves creep in but nope, not letting them ruin this dinner.

“Cheers to the most beautiful and sexy woman in the world. You.”

I grin sheepishly but let it turn seductive. “That’s because you make me feel that way.”

“Nope. You just are.” She takes a sip after we clink glasses. “Well, I’m sure I help a bit, I guess.” She raises an eyebrow at me.

“Um, yeah, you definitely do.”

The waitress returns with both appetizers loaded on her arms. “Here you two go. I’ll be back in a bit to take your dinner order.”

“I like how they stretch things out here rather than rush you,” I say as I grab for a mushroom.

“Yeah. I haven’t been here before, but I researched it and found reviews that praised their giving an experience, rather than shoving people out the door on a rotating schedule.”

The juicy cheesy mushroom bursts in my mouth. “Mmmmm. This is delicious.”

“Yeah. I’ve had delivery from here before, but never been inside. So, I’ve had them before.”

“Why didn’t you come in to eat?”

“Never had anyone to come in with, until you.”

I’m on to the Italian Dunkers. “Fuck, I love these things. Had them at school all the time when I was a kid.”

She gets a forlorn look that I want to wipe off her face. A distracted expression replaces the forlorn, and I don’t like that one either. “Not me. Never had them at my school.”

I extend my foot her way and rub the top of hers. This elicits a smile from her, and I instantly relax.

“What are you going to order?” I ask, wiping red sauce off my lips with the cloth napkin.

“I’m leaning towards the shrimp scampi.” She has a normal, relaxed, resting Maddie expression now. “I can’t wait to feed you seafood in Florida. Fresh catches are the best.”

“Have you gone there recently?”

“Yeah, I usually go somewhere every spring break. Usually by myself. My cousin has gone with me a few times, but I go to unwind. I read a ton, or I’ve written while away. I just love to be near the ocean.”

“Oh, me too. I love the ocean so much. It’s really my favorite vacation spot. Anywhere on the ocean. Or a lake can be nice too. My parents had a cabin in Minnesota while I was growing up, well they still have it, but now they rent it out most of the time and go south or on cruises.”

“Oh, that must have been nice to have while growing up.” She stabs an Italian Dunker in the sauce and brings it to her mouth but drops it on her lap. “Aw shit!”

“Oh, no,” I exclaim handing her my napkin.

“Damnit. Sometimes I wish I wasn’t so freaking clumsy.” She tosses the red sauced bread onto her little plate and begins to dab the napkin at her crotch.

“If that were on your skin, I’d just lick it all off your pussy.”

Maddie grimaces, but purses her lips and raises both eyebrows with a yummy look. “Oh, we might have to try that at home. More food play. Or dessert play, later, after your fashion show.”

My pussy throbs at the idea. I shift in my seat because every way I sit, my ass screams at me.

“Oh, and I won’t be using the other paddles on you tonight. I went a little too far today, I think. We will save them for another day.”

I left out a breath. “Thank goodness.”

“You know, you can always say the safe word, any time, and I will immediately stop.”

“Yes, I know, Maddie. I’m trying to learn my limits and boundaries in all of this too. But honestly, if I had said the safe word today, I wouldn’t have reached that massive height that I did.”

“Tell me the truth. Were you tempted to say it today?” She throws the napkin in her lap like she’s given up on trying to clean it off.

“Yes. I was quite tempted, honestly.” I sniff and rub my nose because the urge to itch it won’t go away. “In fact, I almost uttered it, but I was so overwhelmed, I couldn’t speak. But at the same time, I’m glad I was pushed. That was seriously one of the most intense orgasms of my life.”

“Ah. I was afraid of that. We need a wordless safeword too. Your backup. Let’s think about what would work.” She pulls out her phone and types something for a minute.

“Your research list?”

She nods. “You got it.”

“Do you have a lot on it?”

“Yes, baby, I do.” She blinks her eyes at me several times. “And I’ll share each with you as I get enough research done on them.”

We order our food. I order stuffed shells and Italian salad and she orders shrimp scampi and Caesar salad. Neither of us orders dessert because that will be back at her house. We make eyes at each other all through dinner. I play more footsie and manage to keep any worry or forlorn looks from reappearing on her face. When I glance around, no suspicious eyes ever peer back so I’m feeling safe.

Maybe we can be a normal couple. I mean, it’s not like love is reserved for a certain age gap.

Shit. I just thought that word.

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Chapter Seven

“I love tiramisu!” I squeal as Maddie sets the cake on the table. I clap my hands and almost smack my wine glass over in my exuberance. “Oh, shit. That would have been bad.”

“I made it.” Her face beams proud like a mama, though not my crab shack of a one.

“I can’t wait to try it. It’s a definite favorite of mine. I’ve never tried to make it. It seems like it’d be hard to do.”

“It’s not bad.” She swings out a knife and I flinch, but she doesn’t even notice my wince, or gives no such indication that she does. “Show me those double D’s bare and I’ll give you a slice, little girl.”

I chuckle as I begin to slip out of my shirt with my eyes afire. “Naked dessert, huh?”

“Nope. Just you. And no bra. Leave your pants on. Bare tits only.”

“Damn. Alright.” I won’t lie. Sitting at the table with a bare chest in the candlelight is turning me on big time. It’s kind of like I’m being naughty somehow and that rages my lust to flaming. I still get a thrill from the taboo nature of being my professor’s fuck toy.

My nipples harden immediately, as they always do whenever I remove my bra. The sudden exposure to air always makes them super erect.

“Oh, Gawd yes,” she mumbles with a once over of my chest as she hands me a slice of cake. She scoops a forkful off my piece and presents it to my mouth. “For you, princess kitten, my fuck doll to use and please every single day.”

I smile at her with my eyes while licking my lips before I open my mouth. I let her place the bite of cake on my tongue as we hold our gazes tight. I close my lips hard as she pulls the fork from between my hard-pressed lips. Next, she scoops up a dollop of frosting on her finger and smears it on my right nipple. Her mouth is on me instantly to slurp it off

and I moan against her strong suckle. The rich flavor of the cake on my tongue and the aggression with which she's mouthing my tit sends my senses soaring into overdrive. She chews my nipple lightly, which elicits a gasp from me.

"Fuck," I mutter as she presses her teeth into my flesh a bit more. I need to grab the reins here or she will have me in a sensuous stupor in no time. "Let me eat it off your pussy. You need to come."

She comes off my breast with a mouth smack. "No." She scoops more frosting and paints my other nipple with it. "You are doing the show. Then we fuck. This is just dessert."

"I see I've lost say in this plan."

"That's right. I bought all those outfits. I'm in charge."

"You always are, Maddie." I lean back against the soft cushion of the chair, my head tipping as she molests my nipple with her hangry mouth. She's ravaging me so robustly I am approaching orgasm. "I've heard of women orgasming from nipple play, but that's never happened to me." My sentence comes out dreamy, almost as a moan itself.

She lets my nipple out of her mouth with a pop. "I accept the challenge. But that's for another day. Now. More cake." She gives herself a bite, then brings a fresh morsel to my lips.

"Mmmmm. This is so good. I can't believe you made it."

She drops the fork. It slips off the table and clatters to the ground.

"Oh, pooh," she says. A devilish grin takes over her face, and her eyes match. "I'll just have to switch to my fingers." She grabs a hunk of cake with her bare fingers and brings it to my lips. If she weren't so clumsy, I'd think she did that on purpose just to feed me with her fingers.

The taste of the cake off her skin is even more incredible than off the fork. I suck the crumbs off her warm skin and lavish my tongue around, collecting all the frosting as she withdraws her fingers from my mouth.

"Every speck, kitten. Get it all." She shoves her fingers back into my mouth and I suckle her long enough to be sure I've gotten it all. Our eyes

never leave our joint gaze.

“You taste amazing. Want your clit in my mouth, Maddie. Please?”

She shakes her finger at me. “Want another spanking? I said later.”

I chuckle at her. “Yes, ma’am.” I gasp. “And no ma’am. My ass is still on fire.”

She sighs. “I said no more spanking today and I meant it.”

She rises and saunters over to the counter. As she glances back at me, she trips over nothing but catches herself by smacking her hand on the granite countertop to steady her body. She shakes it off and continues on. She pulls out a washcloth and wets it in the steamy water streaming out of the facet. The sound of the water is soothing, so I allow my eyes to fall closed for a split second. When I open them, she is right in front of me. The kitchen light catches the salt in her hair and makes it sparkle like strands of a halo. Her expression is a bit maternal as she swipes the warm wet cloth across my breasts. “Sticky,” she murmurs softly. “Clean you up.”

Her touch is gentle, yet firm. Her downcast eyes focused on the job of cleaning me up is something I’ve rarely felt from a lover. It’s arousing and comforting at once. She takes tender care of me as none of my other partners ever have bothered themselves to do. It’s intoxicating. Our gazes meet and her eyes shine with a glow that I can’t quite place but want every day because it makes me feel so special.

“Thank you,” I whisper. It’s just unexplainable, but something nags at me, it’s like I don’t mind being vulnerable in front of her. I crave it.

“My pleasure,” she says. I believe her. It’s in her eyes.

The music she has playing is soft and sensual. She’s lit candles throughout the house, which she didn’t let me see as she prepped for our dessert. She made me stay in her office until she had lit them all. I was not to touch myself sexually. It damn near took thirty minutes and I was a mess the whole time, but I read my textbook, absent-minded as my effort was. I got through the imperative section. My pussy throbbed and ached for her the whole excruciating time.

“Let’s move to the living room.” She takes the remainder of the cake and places it under the plastic cake container cover on the island, next to a lit large three-wick candle.

“I never knew you had so many candles. They are beautiful. Love the glow they make throughout the house.”

“I went through a candle fetish for self-care a few years ago. Kinda went berserk.”

I chuckle. “Oh, knowing you, that is not surprising.”

She mock glares at me then raises an eyebrow. “Oh, really?”

I crack up. “It’s what you do, Maddie. But I love it.”

“Humpf,” she says in mock anger with a flutter of her eyelids. “I research everything I do to the letter.” She fusses with her glasses but doesn’t bother to wipe off the smear of frosting in the right corner of her right lense.

“Absolutely you do,” I say as I stand, the movement making my tits bounce.

“Fuck, I love watching you walk around naked.”

“I’m not naked,” I say with a seductive grin pointing to my pants.

“Not yet you aren’t,” she says with a gasp. “Jiggle them for me.” She pauses. “Please.”

I bounce and my breasts gyrate up and down across my chest; I shake, and they dance back and forth.

“Fuck me, you could have been a porn star with your body, you know.”

“I’m your porn star,” I say with a twinkle in my eyes.

She clears her throat and whistles. “Damn fucking straight you are.”

I cock my head at her. “Oh, I’m anything but straight.”

We both laugh as we meander into the living room. I pull her hand as I walk, turning back towards her exaggeratedly to give my body extra

motion that sets my tits oscillating, my ass cheeks bouncing.

“Those things are driving me mad,” she mutters in a wanton voice.

“Good.” I nod at her. “My deep dark secret plan is working.”

“It ain’t so secret!” She heckles me as she plops down on the couch so hard it makes her feet flop up.

“Get comfy for the show,” I call as I scan all the lingerie and bikinis she has lined up. My mouth gapes open wide as I fully span the perimeter of the room. “Fuck. We bought a lot today, didn’t we?” I scoff with a hand over my mouth. I suddenly feel very guilty that she dropped such a humongous wad of cash on me. “These are in a specific order, aren’t they?”

She nods with a smirk. “Fuck yes they are.”

I gaze at the first one, and it’s the lace-up bodysuit with snaps at the bottom of the crotch that she picked up first in the store.

She clears her throat. “That one you try on first, then it gets placed in the lineup again. Wherever I place it, that’s where I think I will be ravaging your body, so this is a fluid game to see how far I can last before I fuck your brains out.”

I guffaw. “It might be a short show!”

She gives me a high and mighty haughty expression with a fluttering of her eyelids, a firm purse of her lips, and a gaze toward the ceiling. “I plan on edging my lust for many minutes tonight, thank you.”

I’m loving this game. The crotch of my leggings feels damp as I bend over to pick up the black bodysuit. The acknowledgment that she’s full-on staring at my ass as I’m bent over is such a turn-on. Her breathing is heavy as I shift my hips before I straighten up. I swivel with the bodysuit in my hands and drop it on the floor. Hooking my fingers under the waistband of my leggings, I shimmy out of them, exaggerating the swing of my hips as I work them off and down my legs. I bend over so my heavy tits fall forward as I remove the leggings from my ankles. The move wets me further.

“Fuck,” she mutters as she adjusts herself on the couch as if she’s uncomfortable.

I imagine she's thinking of fucking me from behind with her strap on as I stay in this position. With a grin, I start vigorously shaking my boobs back and forth.

"Well, fuck. I'm gonna go find my strap on if you keep that pose for much longer. Fuck. Me."

Knew it. I giggle and touch my full lips, shove my index finger in my mouth and suck it, pull it out slowly, while remaining bent over.

She sighs and throws her hands in the air. "I might lose this contest." She looks pissed, but she loses that look as a smirk appears.

I raise one eyebrow at her, my desire to drive her wild raging further inside me, from deep in my torso. "I didn't know it was a contest."

"It is now. Whoever takes the first step for actual physical contact is the loser. The other one, the winner, gets to pick what we do first in tonight's fuck session."

I will win. Of this, I have no doubt. "You are on." She's going down.

"I am challenging myself, and you to self-restraint." She nods and folds her slender legs beneath her. She pushes her glasses back up her nose. "Let's edge our lust."

"We need to go glasses shopping, you know. You need an update on those." I rise to stand and shift my body to make my tits sway. "Ever considered contacts?"

She furrows her eyebrows at me with a quizzical look. "What do you mean? They work great. I can see just fine."

I chuckle. "Maddie, a new style and a pair that aren't constantly traveling down your nose."

She rolls her eyes at me. "These are just fine."

"Aw, come on. It will be fun."

"Maybe." She raises her chin at me. "I want to see you in that bodysuit. Quit stalling. Your masterful seduction is going to make me lose before you even get one damn piece on."

I send her a hot and horny look that causes her to slump on the couch. “Damnit,” she mutters, closing her eyes. She drops her head back and whispers, “Earthworms. Snakes. Rotten meat. A skunk’s stink.”

“It won’t work, Maddie. Once you open your eyes, you will be right back in the same spot. Or further along.” I’m winning already.

“Puke. E. coli. Feces. Maggots.”

“Ugh! Now you’re just grossing me out! And making it so I will win and not you,” I say, laughing.

“Hmmm. True. I’ll say them in my head. I don’t need to give you any advantage here.”

“Maddie, that’s one thing I love about you, you don’t do anything half-ass.”

She lets out an exasperated sigh. “You. Said. Ass. Stop it!”

In a sing-song voice, I say, “Ass. Ass. Ass. My ass. My naked ass. Ass. Ass. Ass.” I turn around and point my ass at her and shake my buns, dance around, then bend over. “Come get my ass, Professor Lillian,” I taunt like a brat. “Smack my ass.”

I glance back and she’s trying to not look at me, but one eyelid is open.

“This isn’t fair. I take it back. No contest.”

“Nope. Too late. You can’t. I won’t let you.”

“Fuck me,” she mutters under her breath. “I’m supposed to be in charge.”

I snicker as I turn around exaggeratedly. “Are you?” I bend over to pick up the bodysuit. I balance and slip one foot in without a problem, my yoga practices coming in handy as I gracefully maneuver my leg through the leg hole. “Such a nice set of easy pussy snaps on this piece.” I tug at the crotch.

She snorts, throws her arms wide, and rolls her eyes. “I’m gonna fucking lose, aren’t I?”

“Yessssss,” I say with the longest ‘s’ sound I can muster.

“You sexy ass snake.”

I slip my other leg in and drag the bodysuit up my legs. “You said ass,” I tease. “I know what I’m going to make us do too.”

Her eyes pop open and she straightens up her head to gaze directly at me. “What?”

“You will have to wait and see.” I secure the bodice over my breasts, which barely fit inside the tight suit. I tighten the laces as much as I can, but my full cleavage and two inches of each breast show through the laces, even though I’ve tightened it as much as possible.

“Gawd. Just look at your body in that. Holy fucking shit. I knew it the moment I saw it that it would be just killer on you.” She drags a hand across her mouth as if she’s wiping away drool.

“You don’t like the idea of not being in charge, do you, Doctor?”

She snarls. “Oh, being sassy like that will get you over my knee after we are done, though.”

I chuckle and turn, shaking my ass at her. “Gonna spank my ass in this outfit?” I snug the string up between my cheeks. In the poutiest voice I can muster, I say, “But you said no more spanking today, good Doctor.”

She makes some weird sound that gives me the impression of a pissed-off donkey.

I strut around the living room, loving that every second she’s fighting the urge to rush me and tackle me to the ground. I prance, pretending to look at all the lingerie while trying to sneak peeks of her gazing at me. Her lusty leering rages up my desire as usual. I end my jaunt at the next lingerie item. I’m sideways to her and bend over to pick up the red sheer nightie with an open back and matching panties.

I straighten up and peel down the right side of the bodysuit. It’s so tight my breast pops out as I force the fabric down. She gasps and growls. I grasp my breast and pull it up towards my mouth. Shoving my nipple in my mouth, I suck, and she groans out.

“Fuck, oh fuck me. I didn’t know you could do that!” Her jaw drops and remains there as a jealous look steals over her face. “I want.”

I pop my mouth as I come off my tit. “You will.” I yank out my other breast and suckle it to her groans.

“Not fair. You are taking advantage of this contest situation.”

“I’m just having fun, Professor.” I bite my lip. “Fun with your game.”

“You’re just being a tease on purpose. Brats get punished.” She folds her arms under her breasts, her face set in a pout.

“Hey, you were the one who said you wanted to edge, remember?”

“Smartass.”

“There’s that ass word again.”

She pretends to get up and charge me as I giggle.

“This is fun. Usually, you get to tease me. I’m enjoying stringing you along while raging up your lust.” I point my finger at the ground and move it up and down. “Sit down. I’m not done here. I’m just getting started.”

“Baloney. Malarkey. Bullshit.” She snugs her arms tighter under her pert breasts, a cross look on her face. I pull the fabric taut. My pussy wets at her hard nipples. So, she’s ditched her bra at some point.

“How you gonna fuck me tonight, Professor Lillian?” I yank down the bodysuit as quickly as I can, which is basically a struggle to peel because I didn’t loosen the laces. Once I have it off, I fling it at her and it lands on her head, partially covering her face. I giggle with extreme glee as she doesn’t move a single muscle to move it.

“Hmpf,” is all I get from her.

Only a tiny patch of her left eye is visible, so I know she can still see me. “Time to go red. Are you seeing red yet, Professor?”

“Fuck yes I’m seeing red, sweet pea.” She grumbles, “This bull is gonna pound your pussy like a moose in heat.”

I chuckle as I slip the top over my head and do a twirl. The nightie swings out as I spin. “Oh, I like it!” She pulls the bodysuit off her head slowly as I slip into the sheer lacy panties. I show her my back and, when I face forward, she has the crotch of the bodysuit at her nose.

“Smells like you.” She licks it and then sucks on the crotch. “It’s like trying to eat an aroma, like getting just a crumb of the cake, but I’ll take it.”

“The pre-crumb is the best.” I laugh at my joke as Maddie, much to her chagrin, laughs with me.

“I have to admit, that’s a pretty good one.”

I make it through two more outfits before Maddie rises and drops the bodysuit in line to be the next one in the lineup.

“Oh, is that so?” I ask with a raised eyebrow above a triumphant look.

“Yes. It is so. And yes, you will win.” She plops back onto the couch with a whimsical expression. She shoves her hands into her armpits like she’s pissed, but her face is anything but. “I’m so curious what you have in mind.”

“Well, I will tell you it involves you coming in my mouth like a hose.”

She scowls.

“That’s not the face you are gonna make when I’m done with you.” I fuss with the stretchy purple mini dress full of many holes. It is a tough one to get on properly, and Maddie takes great joy at watching me struggle to get it situated on my body. I know in mere moments I will just strip off.

“I love that purple thing. Perfect to place a hole over a nipple. I want to take you out in public in that with a trench coat over it. Would you do that for me? It would be so hot.”

“Sure. I’d do it.” I imagine wearing this and flashing her over and over again in public. Mm. The idea is making me hotter. I lean over and gyrate my body, making my tits swing as if she were fucking me from behind.

She lets out a slow breath that she ends with a whistle as I strip the purple dress off. “Killing me,” she says as she shakes her head. “Just killing me.”

I straighten up and slip my right foot into the leg hole of the bodysuit. I can’t get it up over my breasts, so I have to untie the laces to loosen them. She twitches as it takes me a few minutes to loosen it enough to get it up.

She rushes me like a hungry cheesed-off bear the second I slip it over my breasts. I don’t even get to tighten it before her hands are mauling me. Our mouths crash and we kiss passionately for several minutes as our hands grip, squeeze, knead each other’s flesh.

She kisses down my neck and sucks at the base of my throat before trailing her tongue down the mound of my right breast. She nudges the fabric off my breast and, once she gets it down enough, it completely slips off to bare my breast. Her mouth is on my nipple so fast I gasp as she devours it like she’s starving.

“I need you,” I whisper between moans. “Need to fuck you silly.”

When she comes off my breast, she’s panting like she ran. “So, winner, what are we doing?”

“Sixty-nine.” I grin. “I’m gonna make you come so hard, Maddie.”

She grumbles nonsense words but then smiles as I’m jumping up and down clapping. “Can’t get mad watching those tits flop.” She lets out a big sigh. I know this is a challenge for her, but her smile turns into a naughty one as she says, “Let’s do it.”

She begins to remove her shirt. I stop her hand. “May I?”

Her eyes and mouth drop open in a look of utter shock. I’m loving this turn of the tables and I’m using it to full advantage. I give her a teasing look.

She closes her mouth and nods, her eyes looking like she lost something.

I cup her breasts through the fabric and pinch her bare, hard nipples beneath. Taking one in my mouth through the fabric, I chew and moisten

the fabric and suck her tit as hard as I can through her shirt. I glance up at her face. She's wearing her distracted nerdy professor expression, like she's ready to take off on a massive endeavor that she couldn't define to anyone because it's too complex.

I chuckle and slip my hands under her shirt as I kiss her mouth softly, at first, then hungrily as I grope at her breasts with both hands.

"You are so sexy, Maddie. You are always telling me I am, but I don't tell you enough. You are a very sexy woman and I'm gonna make you come so hard your body will twitch with aftershocks for a full minute after you rage your climax."

I kiss down her neck, sucking her skin as I go down. I slip her shirt off and I hug her tight. For once I'm wearing more clothes and she is topless.

"More naked," I whisper as I push her sweatpants to her ankles. I kiss her pussy through her white polka dot panties, taking time to flick the little bow at the elastic band before hooking my fingers into the panties to push them down her legs. I start with kisses on her toes and work my way up to her pussy as she trembles.

"Fuck, I need you," she whispers with so much want in her voice that it makes my clit twitch.

"I need you too."

We embrace desperately and kiss hangry. Her hands slip into my bodysuit, and she swiftly removes it as if it were fog.

"Mmmmm, fuck, you feel amazing. I want to fuck you so bad."

"Mouth fucking first. Mutual," I whisper as I push her towards the couch, nodding. "We are doing this, right here, right now, on this couch. I'm gonna make you so wet you spill and will need to shampoo this couch."

She looks nervous, which is cute, as I push her back onto the couch. She lands awkwardly, like she didn't actually plan on accepting the couch beneath her ass.

I kiss her on the lips, lick the crease between her lips. I quickly rotate my body so my pussy is over her mouth and my face is at her pussy.

She grabs me hard and pulls me down, spoiling my tease. I giggle but moan out when she starts aggressively mouthing my crotch. She takes my full clit into her mouth for a hard suck.

I attack her clit with my mouth, loving the feel of her breasts beneath my pelvis, and every speck of her warm skin that is cradling mine. I encircle each of her thighs with my arms for leverage and lick along her slit. I take each labia lip into my mouth and suck each hard enough to make a hickey. She's sucking me so hard I'm raging toward my climax fast. I come off her pussy and gasp as my body starts to twitch.

I'm losing the battle. "No," I whisper before ravaging her clit hard with my mouth, sucking and using my tongue to move her hard clit around, rolling it around, and pressing it between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. I suck hard as I can and her suction on my pussy wanes. I go full bore and engulf her so hard her moans start to rise, and her body starts to jerk. I squeeze her ass cheeks as I continue as much hard suction as I can.

She falls off my clit and a giant groan rips out of her mouth as she thrashes and twitches beneath me, her body stiff as she climaxes violently beneath me. I'm relentless and I don't let up, even as I let her juices and my saliva creep out the corners of my mouth. I drink all her essence from her pussy. Gonna be a messy one, Doc.

Her body settles but then stiffens again as I shove four fingers into her pussy and pump rapidly. She mounts a second climax like rapid fire. She moans out, then yells, goes silent.

"Damnit," she mutters as she twitches.

Her body goes slack. I come off her clit but kiss it before pressing my tongue to her slit to lap up all her wetness. I lay my cheek between her thighs, her warm pussy on my face like a wet, sweet kiss. I breathe in her delicious aroma and sigh.

After thirty seconds, she says, "Fuck. I came so hard." Her body twitches again beneath me as I smile.

“I know,” I say with my mouth in a full wide grin.

“Was epic. I was so ripe.”

“I know.” I nuzzle my face into her pussy, coating my skin with more of her wetness. It’s oozing out as she runs through all the aftershocks.

An exasperated sigh escapes her. “Seriously, Alicia, that’s one of my biggest orgasms of my life.”

“Good. And I’m thrilled I was the one to give it to you.” I chuckle. “See, I’m not such a bad driver of sex.”

She laughs and squeezes my head between her thighs. Her eyes wide, she says, “True dat.”

Her breath bathes my pussy in rapid puffs.

“You are delicious by the way.”

“Nowhere near as tasty as you. I’ve tasted myself, you are way better tasting.”

I wiggle my hips in front of her face. “Well, have at it then.”

“Oh, my absolute pleasure. And after what you just did to me, you are going down, baby cakes!”

I chuckle as I lick her pussy again.

She starts to rise and I’m not sure how she’s able to lift me off her with my dead weight holding her down but, in some martial arts ninja move I didn’t know she possessed, she flips me to the couch on my back.

“My turn. On your tummy. All fours. I’m going mechanics position on you.” She settles beneath me. “Ride my face, babe.”

“I think that more means it’s my turn.” I shimmy my hips.

“Nope. I get off on pleasing you, this is my turn.”

“Well, I’m more than ready.”

I yelp as she grabs my ass and pulls my hips down to her mouth. I always marvel at how, when she gets aggressive, her klutziness all but

disappears. She forcefully attacks my clit with her mouth as she shifts my hips to encourage me to ride her face.

I gyrate my hips across her sucking mouth as I moan like a freaking banshee. I'm not going to last long here before I spill. That climax is rearing its head already. She's like the Hoover that never was as she somehow keeps good suction as I mash my pussy around her hot mouth. I bleat out nonsense sounds and dig my fingers into the couch cushion. The pressure in my belly flicks on and my body follows into stiffened gyrations as I yell out my climax. I moan until I fall silent at the top peak of the orgasm and my body contorts as I come so hard, I fall on my face. Finally, I can gasp and draw in air as I mewl whimpers.

She doesn't come off my pussy but continues to suck me hard. I never go all the way back to baseline as my climax skyrockets again. I'm moaning and legit scream as she eats me out as I never have been in my life. My body is wrecked as I thrash along the climb and burst into a second round of coming.

I'm panting. I can't even make a sound for a few minutes, but manage to mutter a, "Shit!" as my pussy contracts over and over again. I count to nine convulsions, then give up as they practically run together as one giant long contraction.

My body settles and I expect her to give me a break, but she doesn't come off me. Her arms tighten around me in a vice-grip like a python. She sucks me right back up to that climax hill and I let out a scream. I'm so sensitive it almost hurts and I'm kind of scared as I nosedive into a giant orgasm that makes me yell out, "Fuck!" I go silent, then the gasps come on repeat. "Please, please," I force out through pants. "I ... need ... a ... br—"

She's not having that. I'm lightheaded, like I might pass out as she continues to suck my clit. I can't fight at all. I'm a limp noodle as she shoves four fingers into me to fingerfuck me as I rage into the mother of all orgasms. I'm a useless ragdoll before my body goes rigid. My stomach muscles clench, my head tilts backward. My toes curl and my hands clench into fists as I scream-moan my way up the road to the mountain of the

climax. My eyelids flutter, my moans disappearing as I fall into my usual silence during the peak, and then they close as I begin to gasp.

#

I wake up to the sound of humming. The blanket around me is Maddie's maroon super soft velour blanket she keeps in a basket near her fireplace. I snug it around me as I shift my eyes around the room. I draw in a deep breath.

She stops humming. "Good morning, sunshine."

I gasp. "No, it's not really morning, is it?"

She chuckles. "Yup, it is."

She continues to hum as she folds lingerie, stacking it in a neat pile on her coffee table.

"Holy shit." I rise up on my elbow. "What time is it?"

"It's 6:30."

"I slept that whole time?"

"You did."

"And you didn't wake me to go to the bed?"

"Nope. I wasn't going to bother you in your post-coming coma slumber."

I hiss. "You annihilated me."

"Yes, I did. You passed out and I sucked you softly until I could tell you were asleep."

"Geez, that's the ultimate aftercare, Maddie. You are a sexual genius."

"Well, I can't take credit. I read about it and decided to try it on you. It worked like a charm. How do you feel?"

"Like a million dollars. But I gotta pee like a racehorse." I jump up and race to the bathroom as she chuckles in my wake.

The pee streams out of me so fast. The relief is so huge I can tell I've been stressing out my bladder hardcore, holding it for way too many hours.

I wipe and take a glance in the mirror. I look like a wild woman with my hair spiraled into dreadlocks like beach hair, snarled into coils like old doll hair. My face is shiny with not having been washed last night.

I poke my head into the hallway. “I’m going to shower, I’m a mess.”

“A very hot mess. I’d fuck you right now.”

I chuckle with a hand over my mouth like a little girl. How does she always manage to leave me more satisfied, even when I try to satisfy her more? “Maddie, you are magical,” I whisper.

“Shower,” she calls after me, as if she heard my whisper. “I’ll work on our breakfast.”

I search the room for my phone and find it on Maddie’s dresser, though I don’t even remember putting it there. I have five texts, three from my pissed-off son of a bitch mom.

I roll my eyes. “Ugh.”

I drop my phone without responding and make my way to the shower that’s calling my name hard. I’m sweaty and sticky as fuck.

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Chapter Eight

Maddie is at her desk when I walk into the lab. She has that forlorn, scornful look again that she had the other night at the restaurant. It keeps creeping up on her face lately, and I don't like it at all. She doesn't even look up when I come in, which makes me feel like shit.

Refusing to let her nasty aura color me, I smile as I lightly touch her back and kiss the back of her neck softly. "Hi," I whisper in her ear as seductively as I can muster. Then I suck her earlobe. "Want you in my mouth."

She's silent and unmoving, as if I didn't just kiss and come on to her. I stroke my hands down both her arms in one long, continuous motion, savoring the soft, sheer fabric of her shirt. "Such a sensual shirt you have on today. I love it."

"I've been thinking."

Uh-oh. I'm not liking her ominous tone, but still, I keep rubbing her arms.

"We really aren't a match."

I straighten up, drop my arms straight as boards at my sides, and widen my eyes. "What?" I pause, contemplating what the fuck she could be talking about. That makes zero sense. "What are you talking about, Maddie? We are so great together. Really perfect, in fact."

She drops her head to examine her cluttered desk. "We aren't the same." The tone of her voice is so sad and lost I'm almost tearing up. "We don't match."

"Don't be ridiculous, Maddie. We match up so well. We've proven that time and time again." I'm incredulous. How is this possible when she makes me feel the way she does? Of course, we are a match! I'd argue a perfect match—if such a thing even exists.

She draws in a slow breath and releases it slowly. “You like men.” Her shoulders slump, her head droops. “Men look at you. You look at men. I don’t like men.” She pauses. “Well, sexually anyway. I’m more of a lesbian, I guess, kind of realizing this at my age. I know I’m a late bloomer.” She hangs her head down further towards her chest.

I crack up and double over as I do. Oh, she’s joking! Trying to get a rise out of me.

In my laughing fit, I close my eyes. I mutter, “That’s a good one. You had me going there for a minute. My heart fell to my toes.” Then I open my eyes and dread fills me.

Her mouth and eyes go all big, open, wide. She looks aghast and appalled, sad and pissed off, all at once. Fuck! Are those tears?

After staring at me for a straight minute, not moving, she says, “We aren’t the same. It’s a fact.”

“Maddie, it’s not that black and white.”

Her pitiful expression claws at my skin.

A student comes into the lab in a huge rush, almost spilling the motherload of papers in her hands as she flies towards us. She’s chunky in a good way. I’d fuck her in a heartbeat.

“Dr. Lillian! Oh, thank goodness you are here. I cannot solve these problems and I desperately need your help.” Her blond hair falls across her shoulders and her blue eyes are pleading. “Will you help me? Can you? I mean, like now? Please? Pretty please?”

Maddie’s face goes stern, and it falsely picks up my heart. At least she’s not sad looking anymore. “Yes.” She points at the chair. “Pull it over.” She pulls out a tray from her desk and pats it. She has so much stuff on her desk there would not easily be a spot on it for the student’s papers.

I smirk at how her desk looks even worse than it did yesterday, and back away to let them work, with my heart way heavier than when I entered the lab. I walk over to my station and get started on my work list for the day. Even though I’m worried, I’m silently chuckling at Maddie’s

ridiculous declaration of the facts. What about our feelings? I keep shifting from amusement to worry as she shoots me lost, sad looks.

Now, where on Earth is this shit all coming from?

My brain scans the past few days, trying to figure out where this insecurity is coming from. No one in my life has ever come close to making me feel the ways Maddie does, and that's not something I'm going to easily let go of. I'm having way too much fun, way too many orgasms, and feeling things way deeper than I have with any other lover. The panic of losing her seeps in and I crush it. My eyebrows furrow and I clench my fists. I'm not letting her do this. I refuse.

The student stays for a half hour and each minute is pure torture. I so want to reassure Maddie and tell her she's wrong, but now I have to leave for another class.

"I'll be back," I call as I exit the lab.

Her eyes look so sad, my heart sinks further.

#

The hour crawls by so slowly and I can't concentrate worth shit. The professor is spewing about shit I am not interested in, so that doesn't help. I'm fighting every cell in my body to not rush out of his lecture in the middle of it and race back to Maddie.

Breathe.

I need to breathe and not panic. This is fixable. I just need to reason with her. And show her she is wrong. Her words are worming around in my brain, and I want them out. I want to replace them with happy words, sexy words, her commanding things of me, her smile, and her teasing.

Finally, class is over, and I fight the urge to all-out run from the room. When I reach the hall, I stop and text her.

Me: Where are you? We need to talk.

Maddie: I'm in my office.

Me: Okay. Stay there.

Every step feels like forever. My heart is racing. I know I'm panicking, being irrational. I rush around students, almost bump into a big man I probably would have bounced off of and hit the ground, but luckily narrowly miss. I'm panting out of rushing and worry. It just saddens my heart to know she feels this way. We fit. We more than fit. I shake my head as I speed up, yet try to not run. We are a puzzle that we never knew could be filled in, a void we saw only once it was filled. A home we didn't know our hearts had in each other. A knitting together we didn't know had fallen apart in our lives, but now we know each other is exactly what we each need. I stop for a moment. Might we be ...I gasp.

When I reach her door, I just rush in. She stands, her face unreadable, and we embrace like magnets.

Fuck. I start to cry. Something I laughed off is now somehow crushing me.

She pets my hair; I grab at her back as tears stream down my face.

We remain silent. The office door is still wide open. We don't move for a full minute.

“It's okay.”

I curl my head down and sob against the comfort her shirt offers.

In a shaky voice, she replies, “We don't fit, but we've had so much fun.”

My anger flares. She's giving up? I release her and step back. My hands ball into fists. “What are you talking about?” I say it too loud and too angry ... but damn it.

She moves to shut her office door. “I'll not trap you. You don't deserve that.” With her head down, she reminds of old, flustered Maddie.

I throw my arms in the air and huff out an exasperated sigh. “How can you say we don't fit? Look how amazing we've become! I'm bi, you are a lesbian. So what? Who fucking cares? The common denominator here is female-female.” I point back and forth between us. “So, who cares if we aren't exactly the same. We aren't meant to be fucking clones.”

She sits down and puts her hand on her head. Leaning forward, she cradles her head in her hands. I just want to pry them off, sneak my body between them instead.

“This is all so new to me.” She raises her head, but closes her eyes before saying, “You might be happier with a dick in your life.”

I smirk. She’s kinda cute with that. My heart melts as I sink to the floor and place my hands on her knees. “Maddie. Look at me. Am I attracted to men? Yes. Am I attracted to women? Yes.” I pause, but it’s highly pregnant. “Hell. Am I attracted to trans people? Yes. Would I fuck a man? Yes. Have many times. Has any of that changed since we started our thing? No. I’m still attracted to them and still will be. What we have won’t ever change that. The difference is I *choose* you.”

I pull her hands off her face, because they somehow found their way back, and kiss each finger.

“I’m too old.” She shrugs, huffs off the threat of tears.

“Maddie, how can you possibly say all this after our epic weekend together?”

“I’m ruining your life. I won’t do it. We need to end things.” A sniffle slips out at the end of her stupid declaration. Her shoulders recoil as a silent sob overcomes her.

My heart plummets. “Stop it,” I command. I choke back more tears.

“I am. I’m too inexperienced. I’m just winging this Domme thing. I’m ...”

I scoff, my sadness turning to anger. “Come on! Inexperienced? Shit. All your research and your hardcore determination, you do better than I do with sex, and I’ve had multiple partners, Maddie.” I grab her chin and force her to look at me, raising both eyebrows as I gaze into her eyes. “There are no rules on how to do this. Okay, maybe there are for the normal of this type of relationship, but not any that matter to me. It’s what happens to end up working for us, ya know?” I resist the urge to stomp. “It’s about us.”

She shrugs. “I see men watch you. You watch them. I see women watch you. You watch them.” She throws her head back and stares at the ceiling. “Men watch you walk out of the lecture hall. Every day.” She lets out a small wail. “You need a real Dom. I’m just a faker.”

I shake my head as I rub her shins. “Maddie, I’m still human. I notice people. I’m not going to have blinders on. Will I see others I want to fuck? Yes. As will you. The difference is we choose each other.” Something in me still fights every time she hints at me being a sub and needing a dominant.

“I’m just bad at this relationship thing, I guess.” She allows her eyes to meet mine briefly before she shifts them to the window.

“You are doing just fine. Hell, not just fine, you are doing amazing. Just hear what I say. It’s all the truth.”

A little smile flits across her face. “Are you sure?”

I nod emphatically with a happy grin. An appreciative one. A relieved one. She let the sunshine back into us.

Her eyes light up to her usual mischief when she eyes me up.

I nod and kiss her knees. More of that look, Maddie. “Yes. All truth. I’m not lying. And I will see others who turn my head, but that’s pretty much normal. Being in a relationship doesn’t mean you go blind. We don’t decide each other’s sexuality, we share it.” I press her knees together, then I spread her thighs apart. “Action is what matters. Dedication to one another, or whatever we both mutually want, is what matters.” I lean forward and kiss her pussy mound through her jeans with each word. “Fuck. The Rules.”

A shudder runs through her as I press my lips harder to her groin. “Damn. You are smart. And you know how to get me too.”

“Oh, I know.” My grin turns devilish.

“Now, to get you out of those restrictive pants and horrid bra.”

There’s a knock at the door.

She gasps. “Shit. It’s Dr. Locken. She said she was stopping by. We have to discuss our collaborative paper.”

I rise to stand. She does as well.

“Later,” I whisper as I give her a peck on the mouth. “All good now? You done with all of the silly stupid thoughts, right?”

She nods, her Domme face returning in full force, to my delight. “Yes. Your pussy is mine later. I’m planning steaks for dinner. Can you pick up more red wine?”

I nod. “Perfect,” I say as I open the door, thankful this momentary lapse of crazy is over.

Dr. Locken smiles. “Oh, hi, Alicia. How are you?”

“I’m good, Dr. Locken. How are you?”

“Good. I didn’t interrupt a student session, did I?”

“Nope. And we’re done.” Maddie waves at me as I leave the two women. The air in the hallway is much fresher now. I can’t wait to get done with the day and grill steaks with my woman. If only all would stay this way. But only fools think they live in an impenetrable bubble.

#

I stop at my dorm room to get some clothes. My roommate is not there, as usual. I think she actually lives in the library. The other day when we met up, both live and in-person in our dorm room, such a rare occurrence. I broke down and admitted I had a girlfriend, but I didn’t divulge that my girlfriend is a professor here at school. Not that I think she’d tell, but why feed a potential rumor mill? Though Maddie and I have never even called each other that word yet. We more than act like it, but the word seems like a more serious step. But I like the idea of it. A lot.

I dig through my drawers in search of some warm socks when I get another text from Mom.

Mom: I need to talk to you. Call me. Immediately. Now. I’m serious.

Me: I can’t now. Busy. But can later.

Mom: It's urgent. You can't ignore me forever.

Me: Okay.

I roll my eyes. To mom, what I wanted for dinner was urgent. "Right," I whisper at my phone rolling my eyes.

My neighbor Jenna stops by. "Hey, you, I never see you anymore. Where you been hiding?" Her blond hair is pinned back in a ponytail. "Miss ya." She reaches out and rubs my arm. She's wearing workout clothes, which barely contain her svelte curves, the kind that you want your hands running over and grabbing non-stop.

"Well, I'm kinda seeing someone." I toss leggings and a t-shirt into my bag.

"Oh, do tell!" She sits on my bed with bounces that make her tits rocket up and down. "Tell me the juice."

I let out a sigh as I shift my eyes to the wall. "It's a woman."

"Oh, really? No shit. That's hot as fuck." She leans back, pressing her breasts up towards the ceiling.

She catches that she's caught my interest, and her eyes tell me she likes it a lot.

I nod. "Yup. She's quite the woman."

"Never knew you were bi." She grins. "I woulda hit on ya, had I known."

"Oy, you too, huh?" My face flushes as I imagine how amazing of a fuck she'd be.

"Yep, known since I was thirteen. I even had a girlfriend for a year in high school until I decided to go back to dick."

"Yeah, dicks are nice. I can't disagree with that. But she's got a strap on that she's damn good at wielding."

"Oh fuck. Seriously? Hey, if you two ever want to fuck around, I'd do a threesome in a heartbeat." She twirls her hair around her finger before releasing it. It's sexy as hell. "I wanna. Just text me. I'm there."

I look at my phone, checking for a text from Maddie before I glance at her quickly. “Oh? Really? Damn. That’d be killer.” I shift my eyes away from the lust in hers. Nope. Can’t happen with a professor, but wow, would that be hot or what?

“Yes. It would.” She spreads her legs and licks her lips. “I’m not shy in the bedroom. You can pull my pony.” She shakes her ponytail, then lays back on my bed. “If you weren’t taken, I’d pull you here right now.” She points to her crotch, her eyes charged up with lust.

I snicker. “You are hot as fuck, Jenna. I’d do you in a heartbeat. It’s too bad we didn’t talk about this before. You heading to work out?”

“Yes, wanna come?” She sits upright on the bed and places her hands on her thighs. “Now all I’m gonna think of is you and I in this bed, fucking each other’s brains out.”

I snivel, then release a giggle. “Nah. Wish I could work out. But she’s waiting for me. I have to pick up the wine on my way.”

“Damn. Seriously jealous, girl. Seriously.” She shakes her phone in the air as she gives me fuck me eyes before she stands up. “And text me if she’s down with a threesome. I’ll drop what I’m doing and fly there like a horny banshee.” Her nipples are hugely erect under her tight top.

She touches my arm and gives me a smoldering look that jars my clit.

“Oh, I will.” I can’t keep my eyes off her hard nipples poking through her shirt.

“See ya.”

“Bye.” She sends me a hopeful look before turning away.

I watch her curvy tight perfect ass leave my door room. “Whew, shit. If only,” I say under my breath.

I shove a tank top and sleep shorts in my bag, knowing I won’t be wearing them. I stuff a textbook in too so I can read if I wake early tomorrow. I smile as I zip it up. Tonight will be an interesting night. I’m thinking make-up sex with intense passion after having felt like a chasm

was between us today. And there's no way in hell I'm mentioning the potential of a threesome with Jenna to Maddie. It would send us back.

The air outside is warm, with a hint of spring, which usually fools us into thinking it's coming. Always we get choked and yanked back to winter, over and over again, until we almost can't stand it and want to move. The sun beats on my face and my thoughts go to Florida. Maddie and me in swimsuits. I scoff. Bikinis, our bodies cradled by towels covering sand mounds. Us frolicking in the waves as we kiss with the water crashing our shins. Sipping wine on a balcony with the Floridian sun sinking as we make fuck me eyes at each other over our plates. Oh, the fucking we will do! And I'm not asking, but insisting we have sex on the beach at night, every night, with the stars lighting the black sky above and the waves crashing on our shore.

#

Maddie is sprinkling seasonings over the meat and mumbling as she keeps checking the recipe on her phone. I'm torn about bringing up how we are real girlfriends now and keeping my trap shut so as not to offset the progress we made earlier today. I know. I'm supposed to openly communicate.

"You sure you don't need help? I can read the recipe while you do."

She shakes her head, her lips firmly together. "I got this. It's not hard. You keep studying."

She had insisted I study right now. Not sure where that is coming from. Probably it's because she saw the textbook in my bag. It's no secret that she values all things academic. And I'm betting it's also coming from earlier, when she said she doesn't want to hold me back in any way. Which is utterly moronic. She makes me soar.

I sigh and release it slowly. "Okay, Professor Lillian. I will."

She gives me a 'told you so' look.

The minutes drag as I read the boring textbook, but I'm honestly thankful to get the reading out of the way. I will be able to enjoy our evening

much better now. Maddie continues to prep the meal and I glance up every now and then, really just wanting to rush her. Maul her.

“Quit looking at my ass and read, woman,” she snickers over her shoulder with a teasing, scolding look.

I scoff. “I need breathers every now and then, so my brain doesn’t go into overload with this crap.”

She nods. “I do get that.” She shakes her ass at me. “Then have your sneak peeks whenever you need a brain break. I’ll strip if that helps.”

I laugh. “No, that will send my brain further toward thoughts of fucking, so not a good idea.”

“Oh, we will be fucking soon enough.” She opens the fridge and bends over to retrieve items. As she stands up, with a bag of potatoes and a carton of mushrooms in her hand, she says, “If you weren’t studying, you’d be naked, by the way.”

I guffaw. “I believe you.”

She points at my book and slides her glasses down her nose. “Now read. I’m not going to be the reason your grades suffer. School is too important.”

I give her a pouty face. “Yes, Ma’am. You are the disciplinarian.”

She gives me her stern look and it makes my gut lurch. Fuck. I need to focus. I stare at the book as the words blur. I glare harder and they return to focus. Maybe I should move to the living room.

I read for thirty more minutes until she’s ready to put the steaks on the grill. She dons her robe and lifts the plate high in the air like a fancy restaurant waitress. “Off to grill zee steaks!” Her German is awful.

“Great. I’m starving.” I close my textbook and smack it. “I made it through all but two pages.

She freezes before going out the sliding door, swivels her head back so she can look at me. “You better get your nose back in that book and finish or I’m spanking your ass with it.”

Wow! The hot images that paints for me. “What if I want that, Professor?” I say with a haughty chuckle.

“That can still be arranged.” She grimaces. “But it brings up something I need to address with you. But not until you finish your reading, little girl.”

I nod, but my interest is now intrigued.

We are most of the way through dinner and she still hasn’t explained.

“Okay. I can’t take it anymore. What did you mean earlier?”

She sits back in her chair and chews the piece of steak she just put in her mouth. She chews for what seems like forever, takes a sip of wine, then looks directly into my eyes. “I’ve been doing it all wrong. I need a firm list of your hard stops. And we need to talk more. I need to know how you are feeling after everything we do so I can cater it to your needs, as well as my own.”

“Wow. Well, that’s heavy.” I force out a sigh. “And intense.”

She shakes her head. “It’s my fault. We are supposed to be communicating more. It’s part of why I said what I said earlier today.”

“But you are reading my reactions, Maddie, you are doing a great job.” I shake my head. “Sometimes I think you know me better than I know myself.”

“I can appreciate that, but it’s not enough. I’m not going to just take from you.”

“But you aren’t at all just a taker. You give me so much. Every time we have sex, make love, get dirty raunchy hardcore, you give to me, and you give and give and give. And I really love everything we do together.”

She nods like a good nerd. “That. That’s good feedback. But I need more. So, after we eat, I want a list. A list of hard stops for you. And I’m not going to judge you if you pick something we’ve already done as your hard stop. Be honest. Brutally so, because I don’t ever want to harm you.” She points at my plate with her fork. “So, eat. Then write. I’ll clean up.”

“No, Maddie. I want to help. You did all the prep and the cooking.”

She deadpans. “So?”

“I love what you did with the steaks. Melts in my mouth.”

She grins through her chewing before speaking. “I’m gonna make you melt in my mouth, and all over my chin.”

I give her strong flirty eyes. “Oh, I can’t wait.” My phone buzzes in my pocket and I pull it out. It’s from mom again. “Geez, something major is up my mom’s ass right now. She’s practically badgering me. I feel like a damn teenager again.”

“You aren’t responding, perhaps?”

I shake my head, my heart pitter-pattering thinking about coming on Maddie’s chin. “No. Nothing she has to say is urgent, but she acts like it is. She’s just being her usual melodramatic self. She just needs to get over that she’s not the center of my universe. I thought she’d lessen all that shit once I was away, but it’s sadly intensified.”

“She loves you,” she says plainly.

I sigh and slump my shoulders. “Yeah. I know.”

“You are pretty damn awesome, you know.” Maddie gets up from the table and almost loses her balance when she turns too fast. “Whoa.”

I giggle at her. “You are such a whirlwind.”

“Yeah. I’m a damn klutz.” She rolls her eyes. “I know I am. You can say it.”

I crack up, covering my hand over my mouth as I chew so I don’t gross her out laughing with a mouthful.

“I gave up trying to be graceful years ago. It’s just not in me.” She carries the empty plates to the counter and digs around in a drawer. She pulls out a yellow notebook and a purple pen and a red pen. When she returns to the table, she sets it all down next to my plate.

“Our journal. We can each write it in, not that we have to write everything down. I want to talk too, but some things, whatever things we

want, can go in here. So, no rules other than we be honest. Okay?”

“Okay.” I nod. That’s fair.

“Start with your hard stops.” She hands me the red pen. She walks away humming, then breaks out into singing.

I sway to her beautiful voice, beaming as I start my list of hated things.

What I hate:

Anal insertion of anything

Choking and gagging

Bathroom play, golden showers

Baby play with diapers ... really hard no 😞

DP... okay, that fits with anal too, but open to DP vaginal if I don’t scream in pain

Being told what to do, in certain situations, but I love it in others. Too complicated to describe shortly in a list. In short, tell me what to do.

Being prevented from coming for an extended period of time

No chastity paraphernalia

Bleeding is not sexy

I stare at my list, wracking my brain for more. I clench my teeth. “Okay. Done. At least for now.”

Maddie rushes over as if I’m giving away free books. She reads and nods. “Yep. Knew pretty much all of that, but it helps guide me still.”

“Are you going to do this too?”

She nods. “Yes, I will write in here as well. It’s our journal. Duo.”

“Okay, these are the things that come to mind immediately.”

“Perfect, that’s the kind of list I was looking for.” She hands it back to me. “This isn’t a contract. I’m not that kind of person, but more of a

discussion notebook. Now, next, write down what you love that I do. Followed by a list of curiosities.”

I nod. I feel on display, but also comforted and understood. I need this, but hadn’t known it.

What I love: not in any specific order

Being eaten out

Spanking

Tribbing

Kissing

Sex toys

PUSSY pegging

Exhibitionism

Voyeurism

Multiple partners, men and women combos

Cuddling

You singing to me... okay that's not sex but it's romantic

What I’m curious about:

Other BDSM toys and practices, but I’m kinda scared too

Rope, but kinda scared too here because I’m claustrophobic

Blindfolds

Role Play

Being ridiculed and/or used/taken/forced

She glances at me. Her eyes caress me as they’ve come to. “Hey. It’s okay. You look scared.”

I sigh and wipe my face of all emotion. “I just wrote out the curious list.”

“Noted.” She comes over and kneels before me, puts her hands on my thighs, and stares right into my eyes. “Don’t be scared. Ever. If we try something you or I are curious about, it will only be because we both want to try it. And always you have your safe word.” She straightens up with a very serious expression. “And we need a hand signal in case you are overwhelmed or scared and can’t speak.”

I nod slowly as worry creeps back into my face. “Yeah.”

“Please, I hate that look.” Her pained look hurts me back.

“I’m sorry. It’s my own ambivalence at being curious about something that, in reality, is quite disgusting.”

She smiles sweetly and takes my face in her hands. “Oh, my sweet, sweet girl.” She rises and kisses me on the forehead, then nose, then the lips. She whispers, “It’s about getting off, about coming, not about actually hurting or degrading you. It’s about the body’s reacting to certain situations, the neurons firing, the body chemistry that brings you to climax.”

I scoff. “Professor, you just intellectualized fucking to just science.”

She leans back and practically falls, she’s laughing so hard. “Maybe,” she manages, “but there’s a hell of a lot of emotion in there that’s not just biology.”

“Good point. And true.” I relax my shoulders, her laughing making me feel accepted rather than ridiculed. “That’s a really good point. I can guarantee I wouldn’t feel some of the things I feel with you with others because of how I feel about you.” I kneel on the ground in front of her. “Which brings me to something I’ve been thinking about.” Suddenly I’m nervous and my hands shake.

“Oh, babe, what is it?” Maddie scrambles to sit up straight before taking my hands in hers.

“Um … “ My heart pounds. “Can I call you my girlfriend now?”

She throws her head back and laughs a huge belly laugh, so big that even her tiny belly jiggles. When her eyes meet mine, they are chocked full of delicious delight.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

My eyes widen. “Really? Seriously?”

“I’ve considered you my girlfriend since I gave you my house key, but I’ve been waiting for you to say it before I did. My gesture was a non-verbal admission of you as my girlfriend, but I was just waiting on you, babe.”

I grab her face and we kiss deeply for several minutes. I go at her hungrily, until my desire to cry is fully replaced with my desire to fuck her brains out.

“I wanna trib,” I whisper into her open mouth.

“Yes. But only after I bathe you.”

My jaw drops. “You want to bathe me?”

“Yes. It’s one of my wants. But only if you are okay with it.”

“Well, of course, I don’t mind that. It sounds rather sensual.”

She stands up and my lips are left all alone. “We are done?”

“Nope. I’m going to clean up. You are going to go lay down by the fireplace naked until I call you. You can read a romance novel or something. Pick something erotic. Then I’m fully pampering you. We can do it how you want, but I want to bathe you first.”

I’ve never in my life been bathed, at least as an adult. The bare openness of the idea both intrigues and scares me. I strip in front of the fire and glance over at her. She’s singing again and takes peeks at me while she cleans up. I curl up on my side, wondering how she knew this is just what I needed. Hell, I didn’t even know.

Chapter Nine

I realize I'd fallen asleep when she touches me on the shoulder.

"It's ready. Come on."

I roll onto my back and stretch my body. "What's ready?" I mumble.

"Fuck, I love to watch you stretch."

I grin at the satisfaction and lust in her voice and stretch harder. "It feels so good." I sigh. "I didn't know I was asleep."

She snickers. "That's how it works, my dear." She grabs my hand and pulls me through the house. Leaving the fire gives me goosebumps and my areolas pebble.

"Knew that would happen and was looking forward to it," she says as she glances at my chest. "I love you satisfied and sleepy."

I squirm my head to my shoulder in delight. "You know how to make me feel sexy with even the littlest things, Maddie."

"Ah, you make me so happy when you say such things, Alicia."

She so rarely says my name at the house. I'm taken aback when I hear it from her lips.

"And not that you will need it for about what we are about to do, but I have a hand signal for your safe signal. I can't take credit. I heard about it in an interview with a Dom. Clap with one hand, like you are waving, touching your fingers down your thumb and to the base of your thumb. Make sound if you can, if not, just the motion still works." She stops walking and turns to face me. "Like this." She does the hand motion for me. "That work?"

"Absolutely." I do it, but my fingers barely make a sound as I slap them down.

The scent of lavender wafting from the bathroom is heavenly as we enter the attached bedroom. There's a flickering wealth of candlelight

streaming into the bedroom. It's like I'm walking into a dream. My heart is light, as if flying and yet hugged all at once. Tears spring to my eyes. I glance at Maddie and catch her gaze. I'm confused at how this is catching me off guard. I knew her plan. She makes being me acceptable. No, not just acceptable, she makes being me safe and glorious at once, sexy and yet sweet, innocent and sexually ferocious. It's a dangerous feeling, vulnerable, yet I'm comforted by her presence. My heart warms. She celebrates me.

She pulls me to her and we hold each other. Her heart is pounding and she's breathing fast, but nothing about her movements is rushed.

She takes a step back and kisses me on the forehead, on my nose, on each cheek, each earlobe, and finally my lips, only to circle back and kiss my forehead again, her hands holding my cheeks, her thumbs caressing my face.

"I've missed you my whole life."

Her words stop me. I'm gasping for air as her words fill me full. Fuller than I've ever been in my life. All kinds of clichés and song lyrics pop in my head, all the cheesy stuff is sometimes true.

My mouth falls slack as she kisses each of my lips with soft peck kisses.

"Wow," I whisper hoarsely.

She rubs my arms and takes my right hand, pulling me towards the bathtub. It's piled so high with bubbles that I could easily get lost in it. She nudges me forward, her hand gentle on the small of my back.

My brain is trying to process her gentleness, so in contrast to her spanking me that I'm a bit dizzy with it all. I glance at her again and there's something glowing in her eyes that I can't quite name, but I know I like it very much.

I grip the tub and begin to lift my right leg.

She grabs my arm holding the tub and says, "Please. Use me."

My jaw drops again as she holds her arm bent firmly in front of her.

Her arm is so rigid that it makes the perfect bar to hold and I easily enter the tub without losing my balance.

The water is the perfect temperature as I slide my foot in. “Ah, this feels amazing.”

“You are amazing,” she says immediately, as I lower my naked self into the tub.

There isn’t much magic in the world until you’re practically drowning in it.

Maddie grabs a loofah and dips it in the water as she hums. Her humming voice rivals her singing voice in beauty, clarity, and soothing tones.

“Your voice is like butter, Maddie. So smooth.”

She smiles at me as she wrings out the loofah. She lifts my arm and gently rubs the soft, wet, soapy meshed fabric across my skin. She doesn’t miss a single centimeter of my arm and hand before moving onto my neck.

I roll my head on the bath pillow beneath it, writhing against her sensual touch. She rubs it behind my ears and the comforting warmth makes me sigh. If I hadn’t just slept, I’d fall asleep.

“Yes, let it all out.” She begins to sing a song I’ve never heard before, but instantly love as she rides the loofah down my breasts, caressing my underboobs, circling my nipples. They harden as she adds more pressure while circling my areolas. My nipples become even more erect as she scrubs across them.

I sigh and whisper, “Feels amazing.”

She reaches for my other arm and leans over me to wash it.

I want to reach up and touch her.

As if she can read my mind, she looks at me with a scolding look in her eyes. “Don’t. I’m pampering you. I want to do this. This is not only a want of mine, but a need.”

I nod, her declaration making more sense than I imagined such a statement would.

She continues to cleanse my skin, running the loofah down my tummy, tending to my hips and upper thighs, but ignoring my pussy mound.

“Sit up and face the window.” Her voice moves my soul as she softly grinds my back with the soft loofah. She massages my back all the way down to the tops of my ass cheeks as I hold the edge of the tub. “Lay back now. Time for your legs.”

She lifts my leg closest to her first and holds my ankle with one hand while washing my foot. She rinses my foot, then leans over and takes each of my toes in her mouth for a suck. She dips my foot back in the water and proceeds to wash each of my toes in turn. Moving up my shin, her touch coaxes a moan from my lips. I cradle my breasts for a self-hug, then let my arms and body fall slack in the warm vanilla and lavender-scented water. Her fingers on my skin are beyond comforting, it’s like my whole body is sighing. I’m sure I could fall asleep here like this, any and every day. The world is so right that nothing could turn it wrong.

“I’m going to make you come in the bath soon.”

The conviction in her promise sends jolts through my body and startles my brain. “Oh, I’d love that,” I say, barely audible enough to even call a whisper.

I wiggle my body slightly in the water, making the mounds of suds undulate as she continues to rub me all over. Her voice shifts into a lullaby-like tone as the words spell out reams of love and romance. As she moves the loofah to my pussy mound, I draw in a slow deep gasp.

“Mmmmm,” I mutter softly.

She doesn’t stay there, though, but straightens up and moves towards my head.

“I want to massage your scalp. Can you dunk under the water and get your head fully wet, please?”

I nod and, with a giant smile, I dip my head under the water, closing my eyes just before they go under. The image of the piles of bubbles before my eyes gently lulls me into a deep level of delicious comfort, like the kind a bubbling hot tub brings before it's too hot to tolerate. As I rise out of the warm water to the cool refreshing air, I sigh as she wipes my eyes with a dry washcloth. The candlelight flickers off the mounds of bubbles creating a mystical sight.

“Can’t have soap stinging your eyes.” Even in the dim light, her eyes turn me on.

“Thank you.” I don’t lift a finger as she grasps my head and pulls me to lean against the tub wall of the short side of the tub, so I’m facing away from her.

She gently pulls on me to lay my head back.

The yummy smell of Moroccan oil fills my nostrils just before her fingers are on my scalp, massaging. She starts at my temples and moves behind my ears all the way to the base of my skull. Riding her fingers along my scalp with possibly the most perfect pressure I’ve ever had the pleasure of experiencing, she massages my whole head. The euphoria before the promised euphoria of an orgasm has me feeling like a cheesy romance novel. Or, like I’m in heaven. Then it gets even better as she pushes my head forward and kneads my neck down to the base and over the tops of my shoulders.

“Okay. You are ready. Lay back and relax. I’m going to make you come. Not for me this time, but for you.”

As if her words and actions couldn’t get any better, she goes and says that. I’m speechless as she reaches for her double-pronged toy with the clit sucker thumb and big internal g spot vibrating dildo.

“Wow, that’s waterproof?” I ask.

“Yes. Many of the sex toys are.” She straightens up and presses the buttons on the sex toy unit, lighting up the buttons. “I know water can mess with the natural juices and friction of fucking, so if you can’t come, we will get you out and continue on the bed.”

I nod, wondering how she knows all of this, but then remind myself what a researcher she is at heart. It's just another afternoon of study in the life of Maddie. I smirk as she rubs a hand down my cheek, cleansing it as she strokes.

"Babe," she whispers. "You are beautiful."

My heart swells even more in the heat of the water.

She reaches into the bubbles and finds my mound, then meanders her fingers into my cleft to wake my clit. Her fingers travel down to my vulva and tickle along my slit. She pushes a finger inside gently as I moan out, writhing to ride her penetration of my wet core.

The toy disappears under the soap subs and the look on her face is one of utter joy as she presses the toy to my pussy. She leans in and gets a beard of bubbles on her chin. I giggle as she looks at me with chagrin.

"Santa," I say with a giggle.

"I'm here with your gifts," she chuckles. "Gonna ride your chimney to ho-ho town."

I gasp and crack up. "Oh, my God, Maddie! Right?"

She presses the toy fully into my vagina with a raise of her eyebrow.

"Make me your ho, please." It's all I get out before I'm gripped with pleasure emanating from my womanhood. I arch my back as my clit sends pleasure flooding through my entire body. "Oh, fuck," I whisper as I writhe against the toy she's riding my pussy with.

The clit sucker is strong and throws me quickly into the climb of an orgasm. She thrusts it lightly into me, then holds it in place as my moans increase. She pushes one of the buttons and the clit suction gets stronger, as does the hum of it.

I yell out. The strength of it has me in the throes of passion as I twist in the water, making it slosh up and over the sides. I imagine she's getting soaked, and cold, but she doesn't waver. She holds the toy to me as I climb my orgasm. Gasping, my eyes rolling, I charge up that climax hill and round near the top, almost ready to explode down it. I teeter lingering to

edge for a moment to let it build up another notch before I plunge into the full rigid shaking of my climax. My toes curl, my legs grow stiff, yet twitch, as do my arms. My head goes back as my neck arches and I let out the loudest moan of my life before falling into the intensity of it, where I fall silent as it ravages my body. My pussy tugs at the toy as it contracts, yanking it slightly back into me over and over again. I count five times, then they all blend together. I gasp loudly as I begin to bottom out from the orgasm. I'm gasping, panting, begging for more air as I mewl like a kitten.

"Yes, yes, yes, babe, just like that. Yes. Perfect," she coos as I nestle into the warmth of the water.

Euphoria is real.

I'm silent as she withdraws the toy. Out of the corner of my mostly closed eyes, I notice her leave. My sighs taper off and my breathing normalizes as my whole body tingles and heaves as endorphins bathe my brain and body.

Finally, I can say, "Wow."

She chuckles as she returns. "I got a wow. I love a wow from you. And wow is right. That looked epic."

For a woman who comes off as awkward as fuck, her ability to strengthen our intimacy is flooring.

Maddie opens up the big fluffy pink towel in her hands and says, "Let's get you dried off so we can do some tribbing."

"Oh, do tell," I say, as this gets me to stand up quickly. "You know I want that."

She lets out a low, slow whistle. "Fuck me. You are a fucking Goddess, Alicia."

My glistening breasts bounce as I move in the tub. The chilly shock of the air makes my nipples go completely erect fast, almost painfully so.

"Maybe I shouldn't dry you off," she says with a chuckle. "Those hard nips are calling my name."

I pout, but smile as I shiver. “I’m cold. I need that towel. I know you can make them just as hard in a few minutes.”

“True,” she says as she wraps the towel around me in a hug.

I move to grab the towel and she shakes her head.

“This is my show, kitten.”

She removes the towel from around me and dries off my right arm before swiping it under my armpit. She rubs the warm soft towel all over my torso.

“It’s so warm,” I say with a shudder.

“I dried it and wrapped it in another so it would stay warm.”

I shake my head. “You fucking think of everything, don’t you? You are seriously amazing.”

She raises both eyebrows as she dries my breasts, coming down to suckle each of my hard-tipped tits for a few seconds each. “Couldn’t resist,” she says with a devilish grin.

“Please, don’t ever plan to resist.” I smirk as she dries my tummy, hips, the small of my back.

She grabs me and turns me so she’s facing my back. “Bend over. Spread your legs.”

“Good thing you already bought me dinner,” I joke, glancing back at her.

She snivels with a silly expression.

Pressing my ass cheeks apart, she lightly presses the towel to my anus and rubs. It surprises me with how erotic it feels. Pressing the towel further between my legs, she dries my slit with a gentle rub.

“Mmmm, fuck. Towel foreplay.” I roll my hips slightly against her touch.

She kneels on the ground and presses the towel into my cleft against my clit, just enough to elicit some moans before she withdraws it and dries

my thighs and shins. Lifting my right foot, she drags the towel edge between each of my toes. She continues her journey of my skin as she smooths the towel down the sole of my foot, caressing it across the top. She repeats the action for my other foot, then drapes the towel around me. I grab hold of it as she pulls me out of the bathroom by the hand.

On the table next to the bed, her phone is playing music softly. A sensual song that is only instrumental. I'm bad with instruments, but I'm sure it's a saxophone.

She points to the bed. "Get comfy."

It's then that I notice her clothes are indeed completely soaked.

"Oops, I got kinda splashy, huh?"

"You did perfect," she says as she peels her shirt off. With no bra on, her wet nipples go instantly hard upon being bare. She pulls down her fleece pajama bottoms and plucks her socks off.

"I can't wait to make you come," I say as I sit up.

We crash into each other, mouths open, sucking each other like we are ever hangry. Our passion manifests as full grabs and groans as we maul each other, as if someone lit us with a match. We roll and tangle, a mass of moans as we ride each other's dewy skin in a torrent of lust. I break our kiss to mouth her neck. A low, wanton moan peels from her lips as she rolls her head against my kisses.

"Fuck me, Professor. I want you to fuck me," I whisper into her neck.
"Maddie," I say softer.

From below me, she grabs my face and mashes her mouth to mine. We make out, French kissing and mauling each other's backs, hips, only parting our bodies slightly to fondle breasts every so often. She rolls us so I'm now on the bottom. She kisses down my chest, stopping only to take each of my nipples in her mouth in turn. She suckles me as I meander my hands through her dampened hair.

When she comes off my nipples, I dive at hers. Taking her right nipple into my mouth, I roll it with my tongue, moving it back and forth

before I go in for a deep, hard suck.

She lurches against my suction and moans out, her arms flailing, giving a hint of her clumsiness as she flails them about. I drag my tongue from one breast, through her cleavage, to the other. I suckle at her nipple hard to deep throat it until she cries out louder than she usually does. I roll her other nipple between my fingers as I gnaw at her flesh. When I tug at her nipple, she whimpers. A strange sound I've not yet heard her make.

She begins the migration first as she faces my feet and crawls down my body. I part my legs mirroring her parted legs, and we match our warm wet pussies up. She grips my leg as she starts to ride her pussy on mine.

The thought of her pussy smashing against mine is intoxicating, which charges me up. I moan, feeling myself getting wetter and wetter as we gyrate against each other. The world whirls around me, dizzying my sense of everything until nothing occupies my brain but this moment.

She moans and I match her moans as I thrust against her faster and faster. We are both grunting. I grip her leg and thrust rapidly as we collide our hot folds together. My climax is imminent as my sounds increase, but I'm determined to not come before her. It needs to be her turn. I squeeze her between my legs and ride her. It's useless. I lose the battle as I forfeit the grip on stopping my orgasm. My body stiffens against hers, twitching as I fall down the crescendo I just rose.

Delightfully, the jerking of my body sends her over the edge. She jerks with her own climax, muttering grunts and a few nonsense words I'm not sure I could even spell. Our bodies move together in final aftershocks, each of us spilling sighs speckled with whimpers.

After a minute of neither of us moving, I say, "That's the closest we have come to coming together."

She lets out a very satisfied sigh and says, "I know. And it was amazing. Otherworldly in fact."

"Yes." I hug her leg but release it as she swivels to come to lay next to me.

She pulls me close. We hold each other tightly, our warm skin touching every possible inch. "It was beautiful."

"Maddie, no one has ever made me feel the way you do. Do you realize this?"

She moves to kiss the top of my head before settling back into the snuggle with me. "It's the same for me, Alicia."

Is that three times she's called me Alicia?

We drift off to sleep but I wake an hour later, realizing I need to pee like a racehorse. I peel myself from her hug. She shifts in her sleep but does not wake up.

I pee hard and long, staring at the tub still full, but now with waning suds. I flush the toilet, then pull the plug on the tub. The sound of the slow draining of the water is soothing. My phone buzzes on the bathroom counter, jarring me awake from this blissful dream. I reluctantly look at it and roll my eyes. It's another text from my mom. Seriously? Though it's not an angry one this time.

Mom: Can you talk now?

Me: No. But I could soon. I'm not at my dorm.

Mom: Okay. Please make it soon. I really need to talk with you.

#

After a Florida-inspired breakfast of freshly squeezed orange juice, juicy pink grapefruits sections bathed in said juice, and a pile of cinnamon sugar French toast, topped with a juicy kiss from Maddie, I head back to the dorms to get the things I need for classes for the day. The air is chilly, reminding me that winter has not let us out of its grip yet, but I'm so warm from the bath and our sexual encounters that nothing can break my beaming smile. Plus, warm thoughts of our impending trip to Florida cheer my mood. With my inner sexual energy fed, the synergy of life and good sex settles around me just right. I believe I can now thoroughly focus on my classes today, which is a good thing because I certainly need it.

I nod at a few acquaintances as I enter the dorm, but rush past with just a wave because I'm already almost late as it is for class. Soaring on high mode, I rush down the hallway to my room, ignoring the buzz of my text because I just don't have time right now. I have to be in class in seven minutes, just barely enough time for me to grab shit and go. And I'll have to jog a bit to not be entering the class late. I don't want her eye daggers threatening my good mood.

As I approach, I hesitate because our dorm room door is slightly ajar, which is weird because we never leave it open. I push it open and my heart hits the floor so hard I can't breathe.

There sits my mom, on my bed, her arms crossed, and her eyes crosser, madder than when she found out I scratched her car when I drove drunk down a walking path in high school. She's changed her hair color to a lighter shade of blond, but it does nothing to lighten the grim look on her face.

"How about now?" she snaps. Her voice is pure ice. The fury piercing out of her eyes is one I've never seen from her ever.

Oh. Shit. Oh. Fuck. What is this?

"Where have you just come from?" she asks in such an accusatory tone that I can only wonder if she was spying on me, which would be impossible. Wouldn't it be? She's so rigid she looks like a corpse.

"At a friend's house." I avert my gaze from her intent one and busy myself with gathering up what I will need for class. But now I'm guessing I'm going to have to skip class. I'm afraid to speak. "I've been really busy, Mom." I hesitantly meet her gaze.

"Oh yeah?" Her eyes are so mean, their green hue has taken on a new hulk-like feature as, with each passing second, she seems to get madder. I practically expect her head might spin and her arms balloon into a wrestler's build. She releases the death hold she has around herself, ready to unleash some shit on me I don't want. "Were you with her?" The way she says "her" is the devil itself.

Oh. Fuck. I freeze. All the dread of everything I've ever feared rages my heart.

"I know you are having an affair with your professor. That woman." I cringe at how she refers to Maddie. She stands up and comes to within three inches of me, hand raised. I don't dare meet her eyes as her finger is stabbing the air as she says, "And it stops now. Got it."

"I don't know what you are talking about." My breaths are coming so hard I might faint.

She stabs me in the shoulder with that evil raised finger. I don't budge.

"Don't touch me," I belt out, recoiling from her touch as if getting burned.

"You stop this now or I'll turn her into the college." If venom had a voice, that'd be it.

Years of built-up fury rage in me forcing my new anger to boil over. I snap my eyes at her. "You won't do any such thing, Mother." My voice doesn't even sound like me. I square my shoulders higher, jut my chin upwards.

Now it's her turn to cringe. She gives me this look like I slapped her face.

"Your father and I forbid this type of behavior. You will never find a good man if you are off frolicking with a woman twice your age. What the hell are you thinking, Alicia? She's practically my age!"

"She's a year older than you." I smack my lips and stare straight into her eyes. I expect she might hit me with one of those raised hands of hers.

"Don't get smart with me, young lady! We still pay your college bills." Her face is red and she's shaking.

I turn my body to fully face her. "I'm an adult, Mom. I'm not a child. Not a minor. I'm an adult woman and I make my own choices."

Her eyes go googly, like some cartoon maniac, and I almost screw up with a laugh in her face. I make the mistake of letting a little hint of a smile slip at the corner of my mouth, and surely it's also in my eyes because she rolls her hands into fists, presses her lips hard together, her eyes fuming hotter.

"You think this is funny? Why do you think I came all the way here? You won't respond to me. You are ignoring me." When I don't answer, she shifts back and forth on her feet as if she's charging up to assault me. "Let me be perfectly clear. End it. Or your funding from us ends."

An explosion erupts inside my gut and all the fuel I've stored up throughout my childhood combusts to an inferno level. I must look evil because she takes a step back from me.

I narrow my eyes at her. "Mother. Let me be perfectly clear. I'm an adult, Mom." She flinches when I say it. "And I will do as I please. This is my choice, my life, not yours. I'm not an extension of you and your lost achievements from your youth. It's high time you realize this." I shake my head to get curls out of my right eye. "And I will continue to see her." My fingernails are hurting my thumbs, I'm clenching my fists so hard. "In fact, the reason I'm not going with you and Dad on spring break is that Maddie is bringing me to Florida."

She jumps in the air like the ground itself is hot. She spits, "You are most certainly not!"

"You can't stop me, Mom. And keep your damn money. I don't need it. I'll use up the rest Grandma gave me and then I will take out loans. I don't need your money. I don't need you thinking you get to control me just because you give me money. Your generosity has always been laced with control any way and I'm sick of it!"

That look I used to be scared of as a child takes over her face. "You will leave her or I'm going to the president of this college and telling him about your affair." Her chin rises as a smugness fills her eyes. "And she will lose her job. Because of you."

I laugh. "You won't ever do such a thing. You'd be too afraid of what he would think of you, and me. You are so focused on your image, my image." I scoff. "You care way too much about what others think to ever do such a thing." I crack up as her face mangles into the ugliest I've ever seen her look.

"I'm going there right now." She starts for the door. "And don't think I won't. Because I will."

I glance at my hands and notice my trembling has left. Probably thanks to my laughter. "How did you even find out about us?"

She whips around. "You've been seen, Alicia. People know."

The dread I thought I'd feel knowing this just doesn't manifest. So, I smile. "Good, because I'm in love with a wonderful woman and I want the world to know." It hits me hard that it's true. Joy fills me as I realize how true it is. She can't steal this from me. Nor from Maddie.

She growls like some demon or bear or some shit from a horror movie and stomps out of the room, disappearing from my view.

My heart that was pounding is now calm. Serene almost. How did I not realize this before? Maddie fills all my thoughts. I smile when I think about her. Images of her, her words invade my concentration when I sit in lectures, when I try to do schoolwork. I literally can't stop thinking about her. She's my first thought when I wake, my last before I sleep, and everything in between somehow relates to her. The joy and the horror of unexpected love, one I didn't expect with a woman, let alone an older one, collide at once inside me. My eyes widen. I gasp. This beautiful realization fills up my whole insides like a colorful balloon against a bright blue sky.

Shit.

It's true.

I'm in love.

Bursting, I want nothing more than to go and tell Maddie. I'm dying to say it to her face. Run from my mom and race to my lover. I never in a million years thought I'd feel this for Maddie, not when I accepted the job

to work for her, not way back when I fantasized about her spanking me in her office, not when she pegged me with sex toys. How did I not see this coming? Am I the last to know?

Contemplating skipping class, I pack up my bag. But I need the information for the project that the professor is presenting today so I take up my bag, with a smile on my face and I head to class. Late. The instructor can shoot eye daggers at me all hour and they will just bounce off me. I have a layer of love sunshine around my heart that only one person could break. And she's not gonna do that.

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Chapter Ten

I scrunch down in the chair in the lecture hall. I can't form thoughts well, I can't even remember anything I'm hearing, so listening to the professor is useless. I've texted Maddie three times and nothing. Not gonna panic, though. She might be in a meeting, or lecturing. I can't keep her schedule in my head. I'm itching to talk to you, Maddie! Fuck my dad. Well, fuck that, he's okay. But definitely fuck my mom. My anger again rises to a boil as I exit the lecture hall.

Once I hit the cool outside air, I sit on the cement half wall that the sun has graciously cleared of snow and wetness to check my emails. The breeze lifts my curls and tickles my neck, sending a shiver down my spine. I shake it off as I tap my phone.

Uh oh. Fuck no!

I tap on the email from Professor Lillian with the subject "canceled". There's just one sentence in the email.

Classes canceled today.

Fuck! If my mom ...

I fight the urge to run across campus to Maddie's office. Déjà vu sucks. I glance around, wondering if I'd look like a teenage kid if I suddenly hauled off in a dead sprint. My heart pounds as I jog past the student union, stream past the library, the water fountain that lies winter dormant. I run up the steps to the Science building, getting more and more out of breath. The running is raging my heart to beat faster than the worry had already charged it with. If Mom got Maddie fired, so help me God, I will never, ever forgive her for the rest of my life. In fact, I may never talk to her again.

I zoom past a friend with a head nod and around the corner to Maddie's office. I can see it's closed before I reach it. A white piece of paper is taped to the door.

Fuck! She's canceled office hours too! I pound on the door. Nothing. Pound again.

"Maddie!" I don't care who hears me call her that.

Nothing but silence. I try the knob. It's locked.

"Fuck!" I shake my hands, feeling helpless.

I scramble for my phone in my bag and almost drop it. I call her, muttering under my breath, "Pick up, pick up, pick up, Maddie." Panic is rising in me. I need your voice, Maddie.

I pace as her voicemail comes on.

"Maddie. Call me immediately. This is an emergency."

I start down the stairs before I even hang up.

Mom is dead. Mom is dead to me. Her manipulative restraint on me is over. Here and now and forever. I won't be close enough to her for her to do it ever again. I come to a dead stop before leaving the building and text Maddie.

Me: Maddie! Urgent! Call me! Now! I need you

I rush to my car in the back lot of my dorm building. Once in my car, I grip the steering wheel hard and breathe.

"Slow down, Alicia. Slow the fuck down. Don't need to die in a car crash." I breathe in for a count of three and release the breath slowly to a count of three. I repeat it again before I call Maddie again.

Nothing.

"For fuck's sake, Maddie! What are you doing?"

Feeling like I might die, I back up my car and maneuver it as best as I can without driving like a maniac. My mind races the whole drive to Maddie's. What did Mom do? Did she talk to the president? Did Maddie lose her job? Is Maddie okay? The job she loves and has worked so hard for, the one she's amazing at and was made for. I gasp. Will Maddie hate me? If I'm the cause of her losing her job, and never being able to teach at another college, what will she do? She will hate me for sure.

A sob bubbles from my throat as I gasp it back. Fuck. No. This is not happening.

Maddie's house looks just like it always does, but it's not the same. It's hollow. I have no joy as I normally do running up her sidewalk, no excitement percolating in me, no smile, only dread, hatred, anger, and spite brewing in me like the widowmaker kind of heart attack.

I try the door. Locked. I pound on the door.

"Maddie!" I scream. "Are you home?" I open my palm so I can get the key to open the door. "What? Where the fuck? Where's my key?"

Tears rim my eyelids. "Where'd my key go?" My heart pounds; I can't breathe. I feel dizzy. "What?" I mutter. The whole keyring is gone too. The giraffe? Where the fuck is it? Confused, I shove my free hand in my hair. I don't even hear Max barking. I take a deep breath. Maybe they are on a walk. I'll just wait. I sit on the chair on her front patio. The cold metal of the chair beneath my ass and thighs eats right through my leggings and I shiver. Impatient, I try calling her again.

Nope.

"Damnit, Maddie."

I hop up and wander around to the back. I trudge right through the snow knowing I will regret it. "Maybe you left a door open back here if you are walking." I glance around to see if anyone heard me talk to myself. I try the door, but it too is locked.

Bark. Bark-Bark.

"Max! Hi Max! Oh, how I wish you could let me in!" I knock on the door. He barks more. "Max, go tell Maddie I'm here," I plead through the glass.

Max runs away as if he understood me. "Maddie!" I knock on the glass. The only way Max would leave me is if Maddie is offering a treat. She's here. "Maddie, please let me in. I need to talk to you," I yell into the glass. Tears stream down my face as I realize the awful truth.

Maddie is home.

“Damn it, Maddie! Let me in!” I pace in a tiny circle on the cement pad in front of the back door, hands on my hips, my heart beating so hard it’s tearing my soul to shreds. “What did she do? Maddie? Please! You have to let me in. I’m dying here.” My sobs are coming out full blast now. I’m making a spectacle of myself for her neighbor, who is always home. My desperation explodes. “Please!” Mushroom clouds are smaller than the absolute dread that’s consuming me. “Fine. I’ll go get my key. I forgot it,” I yell, hoping she will just let me in.

Cursing myself for forgetting, or losing, the keys to her house, I trudge back through remnant snow piles in the grass to the front yard. I don’t even try to stick to the snow-free patches in the yard. My shoes are now sopping, and my feet are going numb from the cold and the wet.

With tear-stained cheeks and a strained heart I plead once more, “Maddie, please let me in. Tell me what’s going on. I promise I can help.” The desperation in my voice shocks even me.

Something shifts inside and now I’m convinced, and hurt, that she’s not letting me in. Why wouldn’t she? I pick up a chair and aim it at the lower-left pane of glass on the door. “I’ll break the glass and reach in and unlock this door, Maddie. I’ll do it.” I gasp with a sob as she comes to the door. “Damn it! I love you!” I scream. Just as I’m about to slam the chair leg into the glass, her unlocking of the door stops me.

The door swings wide open, and immediately I want to go back in time and kill my mother. Grab my dental floss from the desk in my dorm and totally strangle her. Dead. Geez. I want to kill my own mother. Squeeze her until her eyes pop as she gasps, arms flailing as her last breath dies in the middle of my dorm room.

As if my heart couldn’t go any lower, it crashes. Maddie’s face is cold. It stabs me. It’s a mask of her that doesn’t even fit. The terror of earlier with my mom deepens. Maddie is a blank slate, a shell of nothingness as she steps back from my attempt to wrap my arms around her. It hurts more than anything ever has in my life. The look in her eyes is the death of something I’m not willing to accept. Not ever.

I lunge for her again and, being up against the wall, she can't get away. I hug her with every ounce of love I have in me. She doesn't even move a single muscle. Nothing of her body softens to accept me. Her non-reaction is worse than her ignoring me, not letting me in.

"I love you," I whisper, as if my screaming of it didn't just happen.

"We're done."

I scream and fall to the floor, sobbing. I want to curl into the fetal position, but I hug her shins instead, shaking my head. "No. No. No. No. No. We are not."

She tries to kick me off her legs, and not gently. "Get your things and get out, Alicia. I'll give you an 'A' but don't come back to class."

An anger wells in me that I didn't think I would ever experience. I stand to stare her in the eyes and, instead of crying, with a wet face I say, "The fuck I won't. I'm not going anywhere. Call the cops if you want. I'm not leaving." One ray of light hits my heart. She hasn't lost her job.

Something gives in her eyes that tells me she's lying. "We are over, Alicia." She closes her eyes so I can't read them anymore. "I'll not ruin your schooling. Your life. I won't date you anymore."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" The tears start again, like I'm a child. "We are so good together, Maddie. We just said this. Remember? We just had an amazing night." I grab her hands and she lets me hold them. "Did you get fired? Is that why you canceled class and office hours? Did my mom go to the president?"

Maddie shakes her head and then softens as she gulps back a sob. "No."

My heart grabs onto a bit of hope. "Okay. Please. Maddie, I beg of you. Talk to me. Please. What's happened?"

"I'm not going to ruin your life, Alicia. You are young. Your whole life is ahead of you."

"So is yours, you dumbass! You aren't eighty!"

She sighs and steels her eyes again, losing all the ground my pleas have made. “I won’t jeopardize your college education.”

“How could you? That makes no sense.” I shift my eyes back and forth, trying to process what she’s saying. “I’m not quitting school, Maddie. My mom can’t manipulate me anymore.”

Her face goes grimmer. “No. But she will pull your money.”

Her words stab me in the gut. “She came here, didn’t she! Mother fucker of a fucking shit biscuit! That bitch!” I ball my hands into fists and narrow my eyes as I pace rapidly in front of Maddie. “Fuck her! She came here, didn’t she? Oh, my Gawd. I will kill her!”

“She did, Alicia. She’s right. I refuse to compromise your schooling. I won’t do it. We need to stop.”

“No!” I fall to her feet and hug her knees while gazing up at her. “No. I will take out loans, I don’t care. I don’t want their corrupt money. She just wants to control me, and I’ve had it. No one gets to decide who I love.” Sobbing uncontrollably, I have her legs in a death grip. I glance up before I say, “And I’m in love with you.”

Her face fully softens when I say “love” and a weepy look comes over her face. “Oh, my kitten, don’t make me hurt you. I refuse to hurt you.” She moves to run her hands over my head, but then she doesn’t, and it makes me cry harder.

I force a halt to my crying, gasp, and draw in a long breath. I have something to say. “Loving me doesn’t hurt me, Maddie. You leaving me ...” my voice cracks and I sob.

She curls her body downward and hugs my head. It rings as normal and I grasp onto it like a leech. “She’s threatened to tell the president, yes. She also told me she won’t give you any more money for school. And, babe, I can’t be the reason you have to quit school. It’s too important to your future.”

I weep against her hug, my heart further ripping in two. “You can’t do this, Maddie.” The anger and sadness bloom in me as my head bobs,

sandwiched between her curved head and her chest, rooted safely in the circle of her arms. After what seems like forever, I break from her embrace and stand up. I look her right in the eyes, and say, “You said you respect me. Respect me now as an adult and know what I say is true. I’m communicating, like you requested. I expect the same from you.”

Her eyes go soft and the hard looks she’s been keeping on her face melt away. She takes my cheeks in her palms, and with tears in her eyes, she says, “Oh, kitten. You are right. I’m not being honest. I’m trying to take care of you, as I promised, but in doing so, I see I’m hurting you further.” She kisses me right on the lips. Her soul is in her eyes. She rubs her thumbs over the tears on my cheeks. More tears fall from her own eyes and a sob wracks her body. “I’m in love with you too, and I shouldn’t be. I want to take care of you, but I can’t ruin you.” Shame clouds her face and I want to slap it off.

A passion rages in me and I smash my lips on hers, kiss her with the tsunami that has saturated my insides. I must get it out before I crumple, or it will destroy me. We kiss, our hands on each other’s heads, before migrating to grip each other’s scalps, tangling into our hair, migrating down to our backs. She pulls me against her so every speck of our bodies that can touch, do.

“Make love to me, Maddie. Professor Lillian. Madam. You own me as much as I own you.”

Through our tears we kiss, my gasp falls into a sob before I accept every piece of her, and the arena of our love crashes, a big wave that rolls not only our bodies into an inseparable tangle, but our hearts and souls. Neither of us will ever be the same.

She separates herself from me, grabs my hand, and pulls me towards her bedroom. She keeps her eyes forward. Our eyes don’t meet again until we are standing next to the bed.

She embraces me and kisses me full on the mouth, open, her tongue sliding against mine.

There is nothing sweeter.

With her hands all over me, caressing, squeezing, I kiss her back, even with every painful stab of the knowledge that she might say this is our last time together. Knowing she refuses to hurt me, that she loves me that much that she can let me go makes me want to give my entire soul to her. With drying cheeks, I savor each second and surrender my full self to her.

She slowly removes my shirt and cups each breast between her hands, kissing the rounded mounds that bulge out of the top of my bra cups. She kisses along the seam of my bra, all the way up the straps, then turns me and kisses all along the straps along my back, across the band. She travels around my body until she has kissed every inch of the fabric edge of my bra.

Our gazes meet, both our eyes still dropping fresh bulbs of tears. She inserts her tongue between my bra and the skin on my right breast and lavishly licks. I meander my hands into her hair as she scoops my breast out of the cup and gently suckles my nipple. It hardens in her mouth, and I moan. She sucks harder and my head falls back. With her other hand on my other breast, I lose all the bad thoughts and open my eyes to this moment. Only this moment.

Her mouth travels my skin, sends rolling sensations throughout my body. Warm, accepting, loving. A warm mouth, the gift of moist internal flesh, a sharing of her core, flips a switch in me now in a way it never has before. The feeling of oneness isn't just our bodies, it's our giving of ourselves to each other. We aren't crossing boundaries, there aren't any.

She removes my bra and tosses it aside because it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but us. She sits on the bed and pulls me to her. She takes my left nipple in her mouth and gently sucks like she's feeding on me. The strength of her suction increases and I release a soft sigh, my lust engorging as she mouths my erect nipple.

I watch her suck me. My pussy wets as I know hers must be too. We both need to come. We need that body flooding feeling that beams from our cores after we've climaxed. We need to be us again.

She comes off my tit. Glancing up at me, she says, “I’m going to make love to you. I need the breath of you inside me, but I’ll never keep that breath. It’s yours to give to whomever you want.” She rises and our breathing bathes each other’s breaths as we kiss, our eyes open for just a few seconds as mine fall closed.

Our kissing deepens and she leans back so we fall as one to the bed. We writhe our bodies against each other, taking and giving as we let our lust, our anger, our frustrations, our love unleash.

“Fuck me, Maddie, cause I’m gonna fuck you.”

We start tearing the rest of each other’s clothes off. She succeeds in making me naked first, being I was already topless. Our mouths travel our skin in ever-moving kisses, sucks, nibbles. My body is on fire.

I kiss down her chest, taking time to suckle each nipple. I straddle her middle and maul her breasts with my mouth, as much of her areola in as I can, as I feast on her. I hold her arms down against the bed as I plant kisses all over her face. A little smirk flits across her face and I know she’s acquiescing to my assertion of leading.

I smile, knowing she’s humoring this little flare of my inner dominance, one I rarely tap into. I will be beneath her guide in no time, but it’s fun to flip the table on her, if only for a few moments. I kiss down her cleavage, making a stop atop each breast to molest her nipples with my mouth, give a tug and twist with my fingers. She writhes against my aggression and grunts but doesn’t stop me. I crawl down her body, kissing her tummy as I travel down.

She massages my scalp as I settle between her legs. I slide off the bed and match my mouth up with her pussy. The aroma of her is so strong. I want that scent permeating my face, sinking into my taste buds.

“Let me love you,” I whisper into her pussy.

I part her lips with the tip of my tongue, which elicits a soft moan from her. I move back and plant kisses along both of her inner thighs, not stopping until I reach her vulva. I lick along her slit before pressing my tongue in. I increase the speed of my tongue fucking her. She groans out

loud when I press my thumb hard against her clit. Her wetness explodes as I play with her pussy. I kiss up her folds until I reach the top of her opening and I suck her full clit hard.

She thrashes against my sucking, but I follow her body, which is a total challenge. My pride swells as I keep my mouth fully suctioned to her still. Gripping her thighs, I smash my full face into her pussy as closely as I can. She rides my suck.

Her moans drive me wild. I sneak my hands up to fondle both her nipples as I suck. She yells out as she gyrates her hips. Her body starts its climax curl, and her moans reach a crescendo. To stop now would be cruel, so I suck harder. I have no intentions of edging her right now. I suck until her body gyrates against me, her torso curled, yet stiff, her legs rigid just as her arms, her hands balled into fists. She throws her head back as she goes silent at the peak of her climax. Her deep gasps after turn me on more as she struggles hard to pull air into her lungs. I stifle my smile because that would pull my mouth from her pussy, break that seal that I want to continue to shove her into an even bigger orgasm.

As her body relaxes, I suck harder, and she tries to push my head off with a whimper. I cling to her fiercely, cupping her clit with my tongue and pulling my mouth into the hardest suck I can. Within seconds, her hips flop up and down. Her body stiffens into another raging climax.

Her moans turn into yells as she then mutters, “Fuck.”

After her silence, her panting, controlling her gasps, she releases a huge sigh.

“Wow,” she says dreamily.

I release her flesh from my mouth and lap my tongue along and in her slit, collecting all her cum to eat. The stringy juices stagnate on my tongue and, before I can ponder any sort of negative texture thoughts, I swallow it down.

“Wow is right,” I whisper as I meet her sleepy gaze.

“That was damn huge, baby girl.”

“I know, right?”

“In just a few seconds, get ready, because I’m gonna make you cum about twelve times.”

I giggle as I snuggle in against her body. “Can’t move yet, huh?”

She scoffs. “Well, you got me good.”

“Yes! Success!”

She pulls my body to hers, warm skin on warm skin. It doesn’t even make sense to be wrong when everything is so right with us. Her cold rejection of earlier a horrible memory, I snuggle into the warmth of her slack post-climax body. This is how we are meant to be. This is how we will be. We hold each other for many minutes, how many, I’m not even sure.

But just when I think I’m good, a sob from nowhere attacks my heart, a wicked flash of harsh reality seizing me. A weird effect the seizing of anxiety has on me that my mom would sneer at, and most likely cheer at. “Maddie,” I gasp. “Are you going to kick me out?”

She pats my hair as she holds my head against her chest. “Shhhh. Don’t worry about all that right now, baby.”

She doesn’t answer me but rolls me to my back and plants kisses everywhere I need and proceeds to make me come thirteen times using her mouth, her fingers, and toys. Flooding my body with so many endorphins, I can’t keep my eyes open.

#

The sun bleeds through the blinds that we never closed. Stripes of sunshine warm my skin, make me squint my eyes. She is still behind me in the spooning position we slept in. Prying myself out to pee will wake her, so I hold it and try not to let my panic rise. Will she end us? Damn her desire to do what’s best for me! Can’t everyone see what’s best for me is her? Most of all, she should see that. How am I the only one to see this?

My body betrays me and twitches as the fear of today plagues me. I dart my eyes around, wondering if Maddie let Max out for potty. I slowly

unpeel myself from her hold and carefully roll off the bed so I don't wake her.

Max is asleep in his dog bed, but his eyes pop open when my feet hit the ground. He pops up and wags his tail. I smile. He never wakes up on the wrong side of the bed, a true dog. He patiently waits as I put on Maddie's thick purple robe. My peeing can wait. He bursts before me out into the hall, not even looking back, because he knows I'm following. I open the back door and he tears outside and flies across the yard before pissing on the stone of the bonfire pit, painting it in wet streaks. Something Maddie hates, but I don't admonish him. He's too sweet and innocent. Just being a dog doesn't make him a sinner. The swell of the sunshine warms me, even though the air is chilly. A hint of spring blooms this morning. I draw in a long slow breath of the fresh air. Maybe I can dare to buy into some hope. I slip on Maddie's clogs.

"I will join you, Max."

I walk across the yard, watching Max sniff every blade of grass peeking through the snow piles, my arms snuggled under my breasts. The cold wraps my bare legs and I shiver. Despite that, it refreshes me. The dread of the impending day is ruining this gift of sunrays, though. I don't want to do today. I want to live in last night. I shake my whole body, trying to shed that doom. I need to make her see my point. I kick a pinecone. Sometimes older does not mean wiser, sometimes it means limited. The wise can be stupid if they don't consider a fresh view. I have the fresh view. I refuse to lie down.

Max zooms to the door and I let him in. He bounds down the hallway, panting excitedly. I approach slowly because Maddie is now in the kitchen, naked, making coffee. Max jumps up her leg and whines. She slips him a treat with a grin. I stand near the table, hands clasped behind my back. She spies me and smiles, then she disappears down the hall to her room without a word, which scares me. When she comes back, she's wearing the robe she gave me.

I flinch, wondering if her smile is the nicety before she gives me the boot. Before she asks for her key back, before she fires me, severs ties with me. Dumps me. Panic wells up in me as I scan her face.

"You look like I stole your phone and stomped it to death." She sets down the mugs on the counter and faces me.

"I'm scared to death, Maddie." Suddenly overcome with the shakes, I sit in the closest chair next to me.

She turns back towards the mugs and calmly pours coffee in both. She carries the steaming cups towards me, and I cower slightly, wondering if she will trip and spill the coffee all over the floor. Normally such a thought would make me smile. She makes it to the table without spilling a drop and sets my mug down next to the bottle of Crème Brûlée creamer.

She sighs and rubs her forehead, ending with a rub through her hair that makes it stand up into bed head mode even more. The stress of this is getting to her too.

I smirk as I notice some crustiness in her hair, no doubt dried leftovers from her eating me out last night.

"Well, that look is at least better." She holds the mug with both hands, the steam rising to dissipate in front of her face.

"You can't let my mom control you too," I blurt out.

She takes a slow sip of her coffee and I want to knock it out of her hands and shake her. She looks serene and I want to scream. What the fuck? How is she so calm right now?

"Being in my forties means I've learned to not care quite as much what people think of me. I don't care what your mom thinks of me. I don't care what the president of the college thinks of me. I don't even care if I lose my job. What I care about is your well-being."

"Good. Well, my well-being is not well without you. It's shit. A shit storm in a toilet drought."

She spits out her coffee, spraying it all over her cup and the table. Wiping her mouth first, then the table with the napkin, she continues to

chuckle silently. “Ah, fuck, that’s funny.”

My brat nature showing full force, I exclaim, “Are you trying to torture me here?”

“A shit storm in a toilet drought. That’s a good one.”

“Maddie,” I yell. “Focus! This isn’t funny!”

Her face turns serious, and she reaches for my hand. “I know it isn’t, baby.”

My panic chokes me further. “I can stand losing my mom. I can’t stand losing you.” I rip my hand from hers and can’t stop my eyebrows from furrowing. I shove my arms under my breasts and glare at the table, spotting the coffee spray she missed when she wiped the table. “I’m not a child.” I pause. “I know what I want and what I don’t want. Stop treating me like I don’t know myself.”

She nods and presses her lips together. “I understand, Alicia. I do. But I also know the real world of loans. We could just cool it for a bit, so you get the money for college, then restart up our relationship when you graduate.”

I throw my arms in the air. “What? What the absolute fuck, Maddie? That’s ridiculous, that’s stupid! Stupid with an E!” I fly to my feet and pace the kitchen floor. “That makes no sense. I may be young, but I know relationships don’t work that way. You can’t hit pause.” I throw my arms in the air again. “We wouldn’t be the same people anymore, being apart for that long. Maddie, that won’t work. The only thing that works is I stand up and be an adult. Tell my parents to fuck off, take out loans, and we stay together.” I rush to her and kneel beside her chair. I place my hands on her thigh and gaze up at her. “Maddie. Yesterday, we both admitted we are in love with each other. Has this hit you yet? That’s not something to ignore. That’s huge! I don’t take that lightly. In fact, our bond is stronger. We can’t sever it over money! I don’t care about money. I’ll get another job, slow down my classes so I can pay for myself. Plus, I have some money from my grandma.”

She pats my head like I'm two. "I know all this, babe. But it goes against me to do something that harms you." She sighs and looks me in the eyes. "That's something I have in common with your parents. We all want what's best for you."

"But you and me splitting harms me the most!" I scream in exasperation.

"You have your whole life ahead of you. If we are meant to be, we still will be in a few years."

"This is bullshit! We can't declare our love for each other and leave! We aren't Romeo and Juliet."

She chuckles. "No, babe, we are not."

"Then don't kill us, Maddie!"

My phone buzzes. I sit on the floor and pull it out of the pocket of the robe. I let out a sound of disgust. "It's my mom," I say in a voice full of loathing that no mom would ever want their child to refer to them in.

Maddie stands up. "Answer it. Talk to her."

I disagree with her command but tap my phone anyway.

"What?"

I stand up and make my way to the living room and plop on the couch.

"Hi, Alicia." Mom sounds neutral. "Your dad and I have been talking and we want you to come home for the weekend so we can all talk."

"No."

"Alicia, please. We all need to connect."

"No."

"Your dad wants you to come home."

"He can call me. He's an adult with a phone."

"Don't be sassy."

“Mom, you can’t talk to me this way anymore. I’m an adult.”

“Then act like one,” she snaps in a nasty voice.

“I am. I’m doing what I want, like every other fucking adult in the world.”

“Are you at her house?” The venom in her voice sounds more like she’s talking about a serial killer than the woman I love.

“Yes.”

I can hear her blood boil, even over the phone. I smirk as I imagine her face reddening. She’s probably doing that eye twitch thing she does when she’s about to blow.

“This is all unacceptable.”

“It’s not your choice, Mom. It’s my life.”

“You are making a big mistake.”

“Then it’s mine to make, isn’t it?” Metal clanging in the kitchen tells me Maddie is getting pans out of the cupboard. “I have to go. Maddie needs my help in the kitchen.”

Maddie is shaking her head, waving her hands back and forth.

“You owe it to us to talk about this.”

“Owe you? Just because you made me doesn’t mean I owe you. When are you going to get that through your damn head, Mom? You sound like my pimp.”

She gasps. “Well, I never ever.”

I laugh. “Wow. That’s it. You think you get to tell me what to do because you supply me with money. Well, I’m done. Keep your damn money. Go on a fucking cruise through Europe, go on a safari, just go away.”

I hang up the phone. “Ooooo she makes me so mad!”

I stand up and pace the living room. My phone buzzes again.

“Alicia, come here.” Maddie has her arms outstretched.

“No. I’m going for a walk to clear my head.”

“In my robe?” Maddie asks, aghast.

“Yes!” I turn towards her but take a step back. “I choose you. You think about what you choose. I’m walking.”

I slip on my shoes at the front door and go out before she can stop me. The air has warmed slightly since I was in the backyard with Max. It’s been the same thing all my life. I don’t know what I’m doing or what I want because I’m young. When did being young have to mean I’m condemned to stupidity? It’s just arrogant.

I speed walk down Maddie’s driveway. I just need to get away from their haughty web. It’s their views that are limiting me, like some invisible fishline net. I’m not living with it, it’s choking the life out of me. I clench my fists and grit my teeth. Well, it’s chaining me to a youth I’ve long since left. How dare they all think I don’t know what I want! What I need! Inexperience just means I’m learning, not that I’m intellectually crippled. Fuck!

Most of the houses are quiet, but a few dogs have greeted me with wagging tails as I stroll through Maddie’s neighborhood. Why can’t people be more like dogs? They love so unconditionally, like the way we are all supposed to love. I walk and walk, past all the homes, past the ones with little kids flooding their driveways on little riding toys, past a dude bringing out his garbage, past silent houses that look unoccupied, but aren’t. No one stares at me with mouths agape as I hike my journey in a bathrobe. All normal shit while my heart both rages and breaks inside my chest. Mom would want this to be my walk of shame, strolling the neighborhood of my cougar professor and simmering in misery. I snicker. Wouldn’t Mom love to know I was the one who came on to Maddie in the first place? I might just have to tell her that. She’s blaming Maddie. Well, I’m the little seductress who set this affair on my roadmap.

My phone buzzes for the fifth time, and I ignore it for the fifth time. “Go fuck yourselves,” I mutter. I walk until the growls in my stomach are so loud that I can’t ignore them. Feeling slightly faint, I head back towards

Maddie's house. I desperately need water. So much crying has left me dehydrated.

When I walk into her house, she's at the table. It's fully set up with two full plates of scrambled eggs, toast, bacon, and hash browns with a side of the grapefruit and oranges mixture.

"Hungry?" Her eyes look red-rimmed, which shoots a guilt pang to strangle my heart.

"Yes," I say softly. I sit across from her and allow my eyes to meet hers. "You know this isn't the same as a punishment. You are just hurting me, not teaching me anything."

She presses her lips together and folds her hands, setting her elbows on the table so her joined hands block her mouth.

"I'm not saying all this to discipline you, Alicia."

"By pushing me away, you are just changing our world. A world I have come to love."

She opens her mouth to speak, but I cut her off.

"And don't give me the 'this is going to hurt you more than it hurts me' shit. This isn't a spanking, Maddie. This is my heart, and my heart wants you. My brain wants you. My body wants you. Fuck. My damn soul wants you." I gasp as tears well up in my eyes again. "Breaking up doesn't do anything but hurt us. I've decided I'm not taking their money anymore, no matter what. So, if you dump me, it won't change anything."

"Alicia, I want you to consider something. If we are meant for a long term anything, we can wait this out."

I pound the table with my fist and glare at her. "I don't want to wait this out! I want to fuck you! I want you to fuck me! I can tell you if we stop, I won't date. I'll sit around and study, getting my only joy from masturbating."

"You don't need loans at the start of your life." She's closed her eyes to her feelings, put up some wall.

I grit my teeth. “Don’t you get it? So, I’ll have loans. Who cares! What American doesn’t have loans?” I ask in a loud exasperated voice. Max skitters away. “Sorry, Max.” I follow to pet him. He allows it and licks me with a wag of his tail. I return to the table, but don’t sit. “Maddie, being debt-free won’t make me come. You do that. Having more money won’t make me eggs and bacon. You do that. Money doesn’t make me smile with surprises of new sex toys. You do. Money can’t thrill my heart like your singing to me does. I don’t care about money. It doesn’t love me. What does money do for me? Let me buy stuff. I don’t give a fuck about money, Maddie.”

“Your parents love you.”

“I thought you loved me. You said it.” I crush my sob so I can say, “Don’t take away my wants because you think you are giving me what I need.”

A cry leaves her lips. She stands and rushes me, taking me in her arms.

We hug in silence. As she sobs against me, tears stream down my cheeks.

“I just don’t want to stifle your life,” she whispers, her eyes a myriad of concern, fear, and love.

I whisper back, “You don’t. You make me soar.”

She takes a step back and takes my face in her hands. Nodding, she says, “You filled a deep void for me. One I didn’t even realize how wide it was until I had you.”

“Maddie, it isn’t had, it’s *have*.”

She gasps another cry and presses her lips to mine.

I pull away from her to hold her gaze with mine. My heart swells as her eyes return to their usual loving selves.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers. “I didn’t mean to make you feel lesser. You are everything.” She chokes, coughs, and recovers her strong voice. “Love

is everything. Your love is everything and I'd never push you away." She bites her lower lip, releases it. "I just don't want to trap you."

"You don't trap me. You make me fly while holding my hand. That's not an easy thing to do."

My stomach growls super loud, so we both laugh.

"You need food. Let's eat." She waves her hand over my plate. "A feast all ready for you."

I nod and take a seat. As she settles into her chair, hope fills the air between us.

My eyes feel bright. "Is this what we will eat in Florida?" I ask with a smile.

"Yes, baby. And French toast, egg sandwiches, omelets, pancakes, a quiche, waffles, and crepes." Relief has claimed her face.

I raise an eyebrow. "Promise?"

Her expression blooms warm as she says, "I promise."

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Chapter Eleven

“I got all the underwear to fit. If you buy me any more, I’ll need another drawer.” I shove down a resistant pink thong that is sticking up. The array of colors looks like a fucked-up rainbow. “Damn, I have a lot of panties.”

Maddie comes up behind me and presses herself into my back. A solid cylindrical rock is sandwiched between my back and her front.

“And you’d better pack twenty-one pairs.” Her voice is low and seductive.

I smile as she hugs me from behind, swaying me back and forth with her body.

“Twenty-one? What the fuck? Why?”

“Because I plan on making you wet at least three times a day, and you’ll need to change. We don’t need you getting a perineal rash from wet undies. That will inhibit our fuck time. Besides, even though the beach house has a washer and dryer, neither of us is doing laundry. Vacation should not be work.”

“Okay, Dr. Skincare!” I give a hearty belly laugh and resist the urge to point out her effervescent nerdiness. “I might need a separate suitcase to fit all those panties and swimsuits in, then.”

Maddie scoffs as she grinds the dildo into the small of my back. “Nah, because you won’t need many clothes, mostly panties, lingerie, and bikinis. All small clothes. You only need two outfits, for the plane ride there and the plane ride home.”

I snicker. “What if we want to go out and do something? Go out to eat? Go to an aquarium? Visit a store? We need to shop for food, right?”

She sighs. “Okay, okay. Right. So, bring three outfits. You won’t be wearing them long, so you can re-wear them. Plus, we need naked time in the beach house, so that will save on dirtying clothes too.”

I shake my head. “Oh, you are a trip, Maddie. And when is that cock going in my pussy, by the way?”

“Oh, it’s ready. It’s going in alright. Just wanted to snuggle you. Some foreplay squeezes, you know?”

“You are a romantic,” I say as I caress her hands, which are snuggled up under my breasts.

“Why aren’t you naked now? I mean, no need for clothes. I keep my house warm enough.”

“That you do. Well, strip me then, Professor,” I say with a raised eyebrow.

She releases me and leans back, pulls down my pants and panties, a rare apparel choice I made this morning while dressing. She gives me a spank.

“You look too pale. You need a rosy glow.”

I guffaw. “Is that so?” I lean towards the dresser to present my ass to her, my tits falling forward, my generous cleavage even catching my own eye.

“You are such a strong woman,” Maddie says before she lays five spanks on my cheeks. “But I’m gonna Domme you, my sweetie bitch.”

I shake my ass cheeks at her as she wallops another smack. It sends a delicious shudder through my pelvis.

She grabs my hips and pushes me towards the bed. Once the front of my thighs hit the mattress, she bends me fully over, so my top half is resting on the bed. Her hands snake into my shirt and she pushes it up my torso and over my head.

“No boob jail,” she says as she unclasps my bra, tosses it to the right.

With my pants and panties pooled at my ankles like a restraint, I wiggle my butt for her.

She runs her hands down my sides, pressing her hands into my skin, grabbing my hips, then goes back up for a boob maul. I lift my body off the

bed to give her hands full access to my breasts. She squeezes and kneads my breasts as I writhe against the circle of her arms around me. Her clothed body against my naked skin makes me feel naughtier. I love being the naked one. It tickles some, dare I say, sub trigger in me that deliciously loves being used by her. Yet I'm never forgotten and always the focus of our pleasure. She's a master at it.

"How many times you going to come for me, slut?"

Her calling me "slut" makes my pussy flare open a touch. I moan and twist against her tight grip on me. "Lots, Madame. Lots and lots."

"That's right." She leans in and purrs into my ear before sucking all down it. I relish her focusing on my earlobe with a long suck.

Her mouth massaging my lobe sends shivers throughout my body. She's the one who taught me it's one of my erogenous zones. I smile, remembering that day. She had said, "I'm going to savor your skin and deep eat your pussy." We had been in the lab, one of our first fuck sessions in the semi-public domain of her lab classroom. She had tangled her hands in my hair, just as she is now. The combination makes me moan, whimper, coo.

"My pretty little slut, you like that, huh?" Her voice lulls me with its demand to command me, to soothe me, to rile me up to euphoric heights. She has trained me well.

My brain follows her trail of kisses down my spine and gets lost as she eats me out from behind. The grip of her hands on my hips keeps me pinned in place as I gyrate.

Her breath puffs warmth at my pussy. She blows a mouthful of air at my crotch and I moan with yearning.

"I want you to fuck me," I mutter into the comforter.

"You want this big cock in you? Huh? You want it rubbing your pussy walls, my thrusts slapping your clit, making you cum over and over again? My cock is gonna feel so good in that sweet, wet, pink pretty pussy of yours." She smacks the dildo on my ass, spanking me with it. She shoves

three fingers into my pussy as she eats my lower lips, making quick teasing tongue trips up and over my clit before she full-on sucks it hard.

I thrash against her sucking and moan my way up to my climax. I yell out and fall into a string of nonsense words before I come hard. I feel a gush, and she groans and slurps at my slit.

“Fuck,” she mutters between slurps. “Love your taste, your scent.”

I squirm with my eyes half-closed, savoring her words. I once had a boyfriend who disliked the musky scent of pussy. He couldn’t get into the tastes and smells of sex. Yeah. That shit makes for a sucky lover. I much prefer Maddie’s smorgasbord of enjoying sex. She’s taught me more about sex when I thought I knew more about it than her. I’ve had way more partners than her, but she’s the expert. I smile with my cheek pressed to the bed.

“Love your post coming smiles,” she says as she leans down and kisses the corner of my mouth, “but I’m nowhere near done with you.” She stands up and the buzz of her bullet starts up.

“Mmmmm, delicious,” I murmur. I grip the blanket before she presses the tip of the dildo to my vaginal entrance.

“Don’t need any lube for this perfect, wet pussy, do we?”

“Mmmmm. No, Ma’am. You’ve got me pretty damn wet.”

“My cock is hungry for you.” She teases the tip along my slit. “Gonna pound you, ram my cock into you until you come all over it like a good girl. Water my cock with your juices, babe, so I can lick you off it.”

“Fuck me, please,” I beg.

She presses the dildo into me, and I gasp. It’s the big one.

“Gonna fuck you so hard, gonna fuck you to sleep, babe.”

My vagina stretches as she slowly presses the full toy into me. Wet as I am, it glides right in. The head is so wide as it presses my walls open further, I groan. As she speeds up her thrusting, I feel the rise of climax begin. Clearly, I’m ripe to be ridden.

“Yes yes yes yes yes yes,” I chant with each pounding of her ramming the fake cock into me.

The buzz of her dildo can still be heard above the skin smacks. Her skin on mine. I love it, and I love that she pulled her pants down so our skin can meet. Her moans and growls and grunts rage me inside. I burst into my orgasm with such force that I yell out, then fall silent as my pussy tugs on the dildo inside of me with contraction after contraction.

“Ah shit,” I whisper as my face contorts into a cringe because my vaginal convulsions are so strong. I gasp and whimper my sighs as my euphoria plateaus, but then rises higher as she gifts me a double-peaked orgasm. I moan and screech as she fucks me harder, responding to my climb up the orgasm like a good lover. I crash as my vaginal walls once again close in around her cock in me, over and over again, like they are strangling it. Feeling spent, I lay still, totally lifeless as my panting and moans stretch out into longer, satisfied sighs.

Her body jerks against my back as she climaxes, grunting her pleasure out as her fingernails dig deeply into my hips. I don’t even flinch. She plops down on my back and we lay there just breathing together.

Finally, I whisper, “Wow. That was epic.”

She nods against my back and whispers, “Every day, babe. Every day.”

After making me come eight more times to her three, we fall asleep because the best afterglow ends with a sex coma nap.

#

Maddie stirs and it wakes me. I snuggle back into her body, savoring the feel of her skin on mine. The whole-body sigh of so many orgasms still has me soaring high.

“Can you believe we leave tomorrow?” Maddie asks as she strokes my hair.

“Nope. I can’t believe it. I’m so excited!” I wiggle in her arms.

She chuckles. “You glad to be done with schoolwork for a week?”

“Oh, yeah. I need a break bad.”

“You ever call your mom back?”

I cringe and make a sour face. I don’t want to think about her in this perfect moment. “Yeah. I did.”

“And?”

“She’s still pissed. But Dad, he actually called me back after our conversation.”

“Oh yeah? And what did he have to say?”

“He said he understands it’s my life. He’s going to try to convince my mom of this, but neither of us has much hope. She’s pretty stubborn. She wants me with a man, first of all, and second of all, she wants me with a man.” I laugh at my own joke.

“Yeah. I get it.” Unspoken questions drip silently off her lips, but she doesn’t go there.

“Dad said if I’m happy, he’s happy. He’s just deciding to be happy for me. He’s always been more open and accepting of everything than she has. Dad’s cousin is gay, so he grew up with that. And my mom’s always been the manipulator, so Dad has been the one I’d talk to about things.”

“I’m glad you had him then.” She kisses my forehead.

“Yup. My saving grace growing up.” I tap her chest with my finger. “You have any laundry you need done? I’m going to do one more load before I finish packing.”

“Yeah, I think I have a few items in the hamper. Not ones I need to take, but if there’s room in the load, I guess why not?”

“I’m excited to share household tasks with you,” I whisper. “That’s lame, isn’t it?”

“Not at all, babe. It’s us doing life together.” The smile in her voice warms my heart.

“Yeah. I like that.”

“Me too.”

“Speaking of, I have some dinner items to prep.” She sits up and shifts her body over to the edge and slips off the bed. “You can keep napping, but I have bread rolls to mix up, so they have time to rise.”

“Oh, I might lay for a few minutes more, but then I’m heading to start the load.”

She slips on her clothes. “Okay. Sounds good.” She leans on the bed, pressing her hands into the mattress. “And hey, I love you.”

I smile because her words send sunshine out from my heart. “And I love you. I’m in love with you. And I want everyone to know.” I bite my lip, before I say, “You know, I could get used to this kind of talk.”

She crawls back onto the bed and kisses me on the lips. “I’ve been in love with you longer, you know.”

“You think so?”

“I know so. I felt it long before we said it. I mean, really long.”

Her words cuddle me, as does her gaze.

“You are the best, Maddie. You amaze me. I’m so lucky to have met you.”

“I’m the lucky one.” She kisses my forehead, then backs off the bed. “I’m setting up Scrabble. I’m gonna smoke you.”

“Okay, word nerd. You’re on!” I snuggle into the blankets as she jabs her finger at me before disappearing into the hallway. I hear Max jumping up on her leg, whining.

“Let’s go potty, Maxie,” she says as their feet both pad down the hallway. I hear the door open and close. She’s gone out with him.

In the silence they leave, I know happiness. The fact that I yearn for more of her, even though she just left, proves it. We don’t need years to matter, we just need to fit. And we do. In ways I never even expected. I chuckle and shake my head. Me as a sub, what would teenager me say? She’d say, “Fuck no, you are the Domme.” Maybe so, but not with Maddie

I'm not, and I love how she cares for me. She gets me. She knows me. She has studied me. She desires to make me come. She tends to my needs, while still fulfilling her own. She guides me and leads me, lets me fly but holds me tight. She's a master of her own plan, one that I relish on a daily basis because I get to.

I stay in bed for a few minutes, my nipples still throbbing from her aggressive sucking earlier. I notice a hickey on my right boob and chuckle. Overcome with an urge to bathe, I slip out of bed and walk slowly to the bathroom because I still feel a bit weak from earlier, but beyond amazing.

Once I'm in the shower, I hear Maddie singing as she brings me a mug of peach tea. "To warm your belly after your warm shower," she says as she sets the cup on the counter.

I peel back the shower curtain and peek at her, covering my breasts.

"Hey, you'd better flash me those wet soapy titties or I'm coming in!" she exclaims with wide eyes and raised arms.

So, I do, with the words, "My pleasure." I shimmy my tits for her, spraying water and soap drops all about the shower curtain and bath rug as my big tits gyrate.

"Nicely done," she says with a nod and a devilish grin. "If I weren't still prepping dinner, I'd join you. Scrabble is set up when you are ready."

I smile as I soap up my tummy. Her full nerd mode is back on, and I love it.

#

In the morning, we both fidget about, adding last-minute items to our suitcases. In a million years I never expected to be going on spring break with my professor, and especially not one I happened to be fucking. The thought is almost laughable. Both Kara and Alexis had begged me to join them in Florida. I didn't tell them I was already going to Florida. They think I'm going home. I sigh. I can't wait until school is done and Maddie and I won't have to hide. I stop in my tracks and stare at my suitcase, realizing I just had a thought of us continuing our relationship indefinitely, a thought I'm not ready to fully admit, or share with her, but still, now I've had it.

I allow myself to smile.

“I see that look, and I like it. What ya thinking, babe?”

“Just about the future and how you will be getting sand in my ass crack and cleavage.” The lie feels okay. I can’t broach a future with her that seems like a mirage at this point.

“Oh, I’m definitely doing that and more.” She swats my ass, a saucy, demanding look on her face. “Going to eat you out under the stars so your lovely ass crack can writhe in the sand and scoop it all up.” She winks. “So, I can wash it back out.”

I guffaw. “Oh, I see you have a grand plan there!”

“Don’t you know it. Hey. Make sure you pack that orange bikini. Can you fit them all in?”

My shoulders shake as I laugh. “I’m trying!”

“Fuck it. I’m getting my other suitcase. You are bringing two, and I don’t care how much it costs. This way we can bring a few more sex toys too.”

“I pity the dudes who go through our suitcases to check!”

“Pity? I hope they don’t steal anything!”

She peers at me over her glasses with a raised eyebrow. I love her new glasses. Her makeover was a struggle, but she let me do it. Though I kinda miss those nerdy ones, she looks so beautiful in these. And her new short hairdo rages up my lust. I’m prepared for mom and daughter comments while we travel, but I’m ready to shock the pants off the people and kiss her on the mouth if anyone dares to comment on our age gap. It will be delicious. I’m almost chomping at the bit for it to happen so I can make them choke on their words.

She disappears into her closet and returns with a monster suitcase.

“Wow! That’s ginormous!”

“Yeah, it barely makes the size requirements. I took it with me to Europe.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you went to Europe.”

“Yep. It was a gift to myself.”

My heart sinks. “You went alone?”

“Yes.”

She’s way too lovely and loving to be alone, a woman so underappreciated. It’s sad.

A look of sadness flashes on her face but fades just as fast. “No matter.” She says it like she means it, but her eyes also say otherwise.

“I’m not a good travel companion.”

“I bet you are great, Maddie.” I hug her from behind and rock her back and forth.

Her body softens against mine and she lets out a big sigh, slowly.

“You are what’s great. You can even have my pretzels.”

I giggle. “You’d give up your only snack on the plane for me?”

She coughs. “Alicia, I’d buy you the whole plane.”

“Awww. Wow! You say the sweetest things.”

“I mean it. I want to give you the world.”

“But I only need you.”

She swivels to face me; I keep my arms encircled around her and pull her close. We touch foreheads and gaze into each other’s eyes. With pleasant expressions, we kiss. I deepen the kiss and she moans. We make out for five minutes.

“Shit.” She pulls away. “I wanna fuck you right now, but we gotta pack and go or we will risk being late. And I’m not fucking up this trip. It means way too much to me.”

“Well, then let’s do it!” I turn back to my suitcase stuffed with lingerie, coverups, bikinis, a sweater, and thongs, and start transferring some items to the big ginormous suitcase. “I think you could fit in this suitcase curled up!”

“I know, right? That’s morbid and creepy.”

“But true!”

I laugh as she backs away from me with her fingers out in front of her in the shape of a cross. “Stay back, evil witch!”

I throw a pair of purple lacy panties at her. She catches them, which is impressive for her, and sniffs them. “Unused. These are useless.”

I shake my head and snatch them from her hands. “You just wait.” I slip them on under my sundress.

“Good girl,” she says with a nod. “Those are my mid-flight snack.”

“Wanna fuck in the airplane bathroom?” I ask with a sly grin.

“Already planned that.” She’s so matter of fact that I can’t stop my heart from beating faster.

“You are the master planner, aren’t you?” I shove another pair of sandals in my suitcase now that I have the room.

“You pack any other sundresses? I want easy access if we are out and about.”

“Yes, Ma’am. I did.” Her ever-present lusty mind spewing sex comments is such a gift. It matches my own. “I packed the one you love, that yellow one with spaghetti straps.”

“Perfect. I’m going to load my suitcase. Bring yours out soon so we can get on the road.”

It seems so weird not having Max here with us. I had cried when we left him at Maddie’s cousin’s house last night. But he was so happy, like he was excited about his visit. Only he doesn’t know how long that visit will be. Meeting a member of Maddie’s family was amazing. I felt so proud, not hidden. And her cousin was so gracious and never once sent me a nasty look.

My phone buzzes. I don’t want to look, but I cringe and do.

Mom: Don’t go.

I sigh and roll my eyes.

Me: Mom. Stop.

Mom: This is a mistake and you know it.

Me: let it go

Mom: no

Me: I'm packing I'm busy

Mom: please

Me: I'm going to block your number if you keep harassing me

Mom: she sends a sad face emoji with a tear

I roll my eyes again. "Really?"

Me: then stop

Mom: Ok

Wow! She agreed? Dad must be next to her.

Me: Tell Dad hi

Mom: I did

Dad texts me.

Dad: Have a safe trip, honey. We love you. Don't block your mom.

Me: Thank you, Dad. I won't. Love you too

I shake my fists at the ceiling but do a dance of joy after. I pile a few extra outfits into the suitcase and zip both up. One at a time, I drag them to the front door.

"Maddie? Did you water the plants?" I call out into the front yard.

She pops up from behind the open trunk with her hand over her mouth. She shakes her head.

"I'm on it!" I holler back.

She nods and gives me a thumbs-up before diving her head back into the back of the car. Only she can max out the time it takes putting a suitcase

in a trunk. For fuck's sake, I'd just plop it in.

I chuckle as I rush into the kitchen to fill up the watering can. As I trickle water into each of her plants, sparingly so to the aloe and other cacti, I wonder how it is that so quickly I felt at home here. Surely, it was Maddie's demeanor, and her willingness to share. But it just feels right and I'm not going to question it. I finish watering all her plants and check to make sure all the lights are off, the back door is locked, and no appliances are left on. I unplug the toaster for good measure and head towards the front door.

As I reach the foyer, I spot an envelope against the wall. It's upside down, so I pick it up and flip it over. It is blank and sealed. I turn it over and over in my hands, wondering what's inside. It's giving off the sensual scent of lavender.

Maddie appears in the doorway, huffing rapid breaths as she enters. "Whoa! That's not for you. Not yet." She snatches it and shoves it into her armpit.

"What is it?"

"It's never you mind. Now get that pretty little ass moving before I swat it. AIC."

"AIC?"

"Yeah. Ass in car."

I scoff before I rush out the door. "Yes, Ma'am."

"You keep ma'amming me and I'm gonna paddle you in the airport bathroom stall."

"Oh, please do," I tease, getting all bothered instantly by the thought.

"Don't tempt me." Her face goes stern and her professor eyes glare at me before she turns to the door and locks it.

I scuttle away, but not before she gets one butt swat in. I squeal and jog to the car.

The ride to the airport is fun. We chat about Florida, dance to songs in our seats, and hold hands when the music urges us to.

#

On the sand, nestled in a low beach chair with my shins coated in the sparkle of white sand, I open the envelope Maddie has finally instructed me to unseal. The waves are crashing on the sunbaked shore and the sound lulls my soul. I take a sip of the Mai Tai that Maddie made me, complete with a little umbrella, and glance out at the pelicans flying by. Two of them are followed by a third who is a bit behind in flight. The sun glazes areas of the water with its reflection, and the constant movement of the water changes where it does its work. A ship way out in the distance still looks huge, even though it's very far away. The ocean does that. It makes me feel tiny but important as it arrests me to live right in the moment like nothing else in nature can do.

With the deepest happy grin, I slide my finger inside the flap of the envelope, prying it up where it was securely glued. It's a folded piece of pink paper. The edges look like they've been torn. I smirk, wondering if she did that to make it more romantic, more memorable. I have no doubts she did.

My Dearest Alicia, whom I never thought I'd call that,

You are my world. I can say that because I've lived longer than you. I'm not harping on our age gap, it's just the truth. I've seen more of the world, so I know you are my world. You have a heart of gold. One that is spun from a quiet, accepting, and wise soul. One that makes you both youthful in the innocence of your pure heart and one that makes you smarter than me. You said not to take away your wants while giving you what I think you need. That was foolish of me. You need to be the one to tell me your wants and needs, not me. I can speculate, observe you, and react to you but, in true communication, I need you to tell me what's in your heart. You did that, unabashedly. And when I was ready to throw away our relationship... and yes, I'm crying right now... you wouldn't have it. You fought for us. You showed me I may be your caretaker, your Domme, your lover, and your friend, but you and only you can tell me your needs and

wants. It was arrogant of me to assume I knew and I'm very sorry for that. Your persistence kept our relationship alive. That stubborn streak I love to try and spank and Domme out of you is one of the very things I love about you. One that has saved me from myself. I can't wait for what our future holds but know that I'm not holding you to any obligations. Way back at the beginning of our relationship, I said I was going to love you for as long as I get you. And that's still true. I will love you in all the ways I can, because I get to love you. And that's all I need.

I love you today, tomorrow, and forever. I've fallen in love with your soul. Yep. This is nerdy me getting sappy... and souls are eternal, so regardless of where life takes us, I get to love you forever.

Don't cry. I'm right behind you.

"And I love you," she whispers.

Speechless, I whip my head around, my tear-stained cheeks streaking the beach breeze. I grip the paper tightly in my hand as I stand so it doesn't get taken by the wind. But no wind would ever take her words from my heart. My hair flaps all around my face as I take a few steps towards her. My feet mold the sand as I walk. She doesn't move, but her arms are open. With tears in her eyes, she smiles.

"Come here, babe. Let me hold you for all the sea to see."

I crash into her arms. We hold each other as the sun beats down on us.

"I'm sorry I almost threw us away." She gasps a sob against me, and it makes me release one too.

"I wouldn't have let you. I would have slept on your front patio in a sleeping bag until you listened."

This makes her laugh and the light airy sound of it makes my heart soar.

"How did we end up here?" I ask as I trace her coverup along her throat with my finger.

"I don't know, but I'm just thankful. To think I'd die without knowing this makes me so very scared." She closes her eyes and I lightly kiss her

closed lids.

“You won’t have to. And I’m not going anywhere. My ass belongs to you, remember?”

Her eyes pop open and her hands migrate down to my butt cheeks. She squeezes both of them in her hands, hard. A fierce look takes over her eyes and a sinister grin rips across her face.

“Oh, and you don’t even know what I have planned yet.”

I gasp and break free from her grasp and run for the ocean, but I stop just before I plunge in because I still have her letter in my hand and I’m not letting anything steal it from me, not the wind, not the sea, and definitely not any person. She’s right on my heels in no time. She catches me and twirls me around, and for all the beachgoers to see, she kisses me as a lover should.

THE END

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About the Author

Ruan Willow is an erotica author, sexuality podcaster at the [Oh F*ck Yeah with Ruan Willow Podcast](#), and an erotic audiobook narrator/voiceover actor. She is also published on Literotica. She loves spending time with family and friends, interacting with fans, cooking, sex, reading, travel, sex, being outdoors, swimming, sex, podcasting, and more sex. Did you catch all the sex? She's giggling right now thinking about you reading all about sex. Yup, she loves to laugh!

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Thank you!

Thank you to all my family and friends who support me. I wouldn't be where I am without you.

To Fans:

Thank you for reading my book! I happily wrote this in response to my own idea combined with a fan's request. It started as a two-part story on my [website](#) and has grown into the novel Magic In Her Kisses. My fans are my main focus, but of course, I want to like what I write too, and I thoroughly enjoyed writing this story. I am where I am because fans have responded to me and my content, so I owe everything to you! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! You are a blessing in my life, and you give me more joy than you will ever know. I love interacting with all of you fans and I will never give that up.

This book is an erotic romance, heavy on the sex because that's what my fans love and I'm happy to oblige. I love to read erotic books like this too! The romance between Alicia and Maddie is lovely and only serves to magnify, intensify, and glorify their sexual relations and intimacy. I thoroughly hope you have enjoyed their journey.

If you'd like more of my work, below are the links (in ebook version) to my sexuality podcast, my books, my website, my Patreon, and my linktree (with all my links).

Thank you for purchasing this book, I'd love to hear your thoughts in an honest review on the site where you purchased the book from. I'd absolutely love it if you shared my book with others. It warms my heart profusely when I see someone who has taken the time to review/share my book. Love you all very much!

All my best, yours truly,

Ruan Willow

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