
**CONFESSIONS OF A BAD BOY
PROFESSOR**

CATHRYN FOX



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(Formerly published by Cathryn Fox writing as Sloan Kincaid)

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Another weekend. Another party.

I need to give this shit up.

I swirl the amber liquid in my glass and glance around the bar to take in the group of loud girls partying around me. I try to find the one I'd just danced for in a private party room off the main bar. I'm not really sure why I'm looking for her. She's just another girl in a sea of women I dance for once in a while.

My gaze lands on her, sitting at the other end of the bar, uncomfortable, nervous and so goddamn beautiful my dick swells.

Okay, maybe I do know why I'm looking for her. I've been doing this gig for a long fucking time, and none of the girls I danced for were ever like her. The guys and I started dancing at parties to for cash when we were in college, and well, maybe my reasons had more to do with rebellion than money. The business flourished and spread to other states, and even though none of us need the money, we now dance when we have to fill in, or for kicks. But I'm tired of flying around, putting on a mask and shaking my cock in some drunk girl's

face. But this girl, well, she's been nursing a drink for the last hour, and doesn't seem at all like the kind who would enjoy a half naked guy shaking his junk at her.

I catch her gaze, and hold it for a minute. She quickly turns away and my cock swells at her shyness. Shit. She's way too young and innocent for me. I have no idea what her story is or why her friends would hire me to dance for her twenty-first birthday, and I should leave it at that. If I knew what would good for me, I would.

But, fuck it. I rarely go with what's good for me, which is why I'm sitting on a goddamn bar stool in Virginia sipping on a scotch when I should be back at Penn State, grading papers. I'm bored with that job, too. But dear old dad is the dean, and while I had different career aspirations, both he and mom pushed me into education—hence my rebellious stage.

I swallow the rest of the liquid, let it burn its way down my throat. I don't normally stay for a drink after a gig, but tonight, I don't know, there's something about the birthday girl that's throwing me off. I pick up the backpack at my feet, the one stuffed with my dance clothes and mask, a necessity for me now. I'm a fucking psych professor, for Christ's sakes. Ever hear of a code of conduct? Yeah, well, I'm violating every rule I promised to uphold.

I really need to give this shit up.

I toss the bag over one shoulder and stand. The heat in the room, as well as the mixed scent of alcohol and perfume, washes over me. I'm anxious to get the hell out of here. Looks like the recipient of my dance is, too.

I push through the lively crowd, and slide in beside her at the bar. Her body goes stiff, and shit, I'm pretty sure I'd do anything to help her relax.

"Hey," I say.

She nibbles her bottom lip. Sexy as hell.

Fuck me.

I shift, and lean on the bar so she can't see my swelling cock.

"Hi," she says.

"Not really your scene, is it?"

She crinkles her nose. "Am I that obvious?"

"Yeah, a little bit." I take a glance around. "Want to get out of here? Walk the beach?"

Her back stiffens, and her chest juts out, her lovely nipples pressing against the silk of her blouse. "I don't even know you."

It's true. She doesn't. I was in costume when I danced for her, so no way can she know I'm the guy her friends hired to shake it in her face. I take in her wide blue eyes. So fucking innocent she's killing me.

Desperate to put her at ease, I shrug. "I don't know you either. How do I know once we're outside you won't try to get me out of my clothes and have your way with me?"

She smiles, and it rocks my fucking world. "I really could use some fresh air..."

I pick up on her hesitation. "Pass me your phone."

What the fuck am I doing?

Breaking all kinds of rules tonight, that's what I'm fucking doing.

"Why do you want my phone?" she asks as she slides it across the sticky bar top.

I hold it up, and take a selfie. "There, now you have my picture. If I try anything you don't like, you'll have my mug shot for the police."

She looks at me like I'm a bit insane. Maybe I am, because I should really leave this alone. She reaches for her purse, and I say, "Do you need to tell a friend?"

Her gaze flickers to the dance floor, but none of her friends are paying any attention to her. Girls are supposed to look out for one another when partying—come together and

go together. But it doesn't look like she's made that pact with any of these drunk party girls. She frowns, a hint of loneliness ghosting her eyes, and my heart squeezes. At least she's in good hands with me. She's sweet and innocent and I don't—okay I do, but won't—want anything more from her than a conversation.

“Yeah, let's get out of here,” she says.

“Wait.” I pull out my phone and take a picture of her. “There, now if you try anything I don't like, I'll have your mug shot.”

She blinks, surprised and I put my hand on the small of her back and guide her out the door. The night air is warm, sticky, but it's a break from the heat and bodies inside. I breathe deeply as the waves laps against the sand in the distance.

“I'm Justin, by the way.”

“Violet.”

Pretty, just like her.

The music becomes faint as we remove our shoes and step onto the sand. She exhales and runs the warm grains between her painted toes. *Painted toes*. Fuck, that's sexy, too.

Don't go there, dude.

“Can I ask a question?”

Her long curls bounce around her face and she purses her pouty, heart-shaped mouth as her big blue eyes meet mine. “You can ask, but it doesn't mean I'll answer.”

Beautiful and funny.

A dangerous combination.

She doesn't know I'm the guy who danced for her, so I need to word my question carefully. “What were you doing at the bar? It doesn't seem like it's your kind of scene.”

“It's not really. I work with those girls. We're not close, so I guess that's how they thought I should celebrate my twenty-first birthday.”

“I’ve only known you for five minutes and I would never throw you a party like that.”

“No? Then what would you do?” she asks.

I take in her skirt, the sleeveless silk blouse she has tucked into the hem, and say, “Quiet dinner, walk on the beach.”

“You can tell all that from looking at me.”

“Gut feeling.” I’m not about to tell her I’m a psychology professor and study behavior and mind. Her behavior tonight told me everything I needed to know. She’s a good girl, and I need to stay away.

She arches a brow. “You’re pretty intuitive.”

“You’re beautiful.” Shit. I hadn’t meant to say that. Fucking just slipped out. I don’t want her to think I’m coming on to her. She turns from me, and looks at the water. I’m pretty sure she’s about to run the other way. I’m a stranger, eight years older than her, and I’m probably coming off like a stalker.

“Race you to the water,” she says, and takes off. “Last one there has to go skinny dipping.”

Skinny dipping?

I stand still for a moment, processing that as her skirt flies around her backside and she darts to the waves. She’s not the kind of girl to go skinny-dipping, of that I’m certain. My brain kicks in and I chase after her. When I catch her, she’s laughing and breathless.

Jesus fuck, the sound goes straight through me, and zaps what little control I seem to have around her. I touch her face, my thumb sweeping across her cheek. Her laugh dies and her eyes go wide as they latch onto mine.

“Violet.”

“Yeah?”

“I really want to kiss you.”

A moment of hesitation, then, “Okay.”

I step into her, meshing my hardness with her softness. Sweet fuck, my cock grows another inch, and she gives a little gasp when she feels it. "Sorry," I say, but somehow I'm not. I actually want her to know she's beautiful, see what she does to me. I dip my head, and softly, lightly brush my lips over hers, not wanting to hurry the moment I might never have again.

A moan escapes her throat and I slide my hand to the back of her neck as I increase the pressure. I push my tongue in and we tangle. I catch the taste of the syrupy drink she'd been nursing, but it's not nearly as sweet as her. I close my eyes, savor, enjoy, drown in her flowery scent and taste. I'm only half aware as her hands snake around my back, her questing fingers splaying, touching, exploring my body.

I want to do the same.

Using slow movements so as not to scare her, I sweep my hands lower, run my fingers along her vertebrae until I'm at the small of her back. The sweet curve of her ass calls out to me. I dare to go lower and cup her roundness, and massage lightly as I pull her against my cock.

A sound lodges in her throat as she breaks from the kiss. I pull my hands away, and take in the flush on her cheeks as wide eyes stare up at me. Okay, now I've gone to far. She's going to run.

"You lost," she says on a breathless whisper.

Her words are a jumbled mess in my lust-filled brain. "Lost?"

"The race."

It only takes a second for my thoughts to catch up. Holy fuck. Is she serious?

Here I thought she was going to bolt, only for her to be staring at me, waiting for me to shed my clothes.

Fine, I'll play it her way. For now.

What the hell am I doing?
Justin steps back from me, his hands going to the buttons on his shirt. I don't need for him to remove it to know he's got a freaking killer body. He's all lean muscle and broad shoulders, so different than the boys my age.

"I don't think this is all that fair," he says, his grin sexy, mischievous.

"No?" I take in his the hard planes of his face, the light dusting of a beard. How will that feel against my skin? He is by far the hottest guy I've ever seen, and he's no college boy. My eyes drop to his big hands. No, he's no college boy at all, fumbling around with my body and having no idea how to please me. A guy like Justin can please just from his words alone.

"You had a big head start." He cocks his head. "By rights, I think you should remove your clothes too."

"Really, you think?"

"Yeah, I do."

I toy with the button on my blouse. This game is

completely out of character for me. But Jesus, I'm twenty-one, practically a virgin. I've only been with one guy and I don't classify that horrible experience as having sex. No, what we did was sloppy and unsatisfying. In three days I go off to college. I'm older to be starting, I know, but I've had to work and save and scrimp before I could afford it. I certainly couldn't count on my folks to help. They're too busy fighting and drinking to care about their only daughter. But I saved, determined to make something of myself, and just once I want to let go, do something just for me before I buckle down to study for the next four years.

"*Yeah, I do*, isn't convincing me that I should strip," I say, and wonder who *this* Violet is. I guess it's sort of freeing to know I'll be leaving here on a bus tomorrow, and can say and do whatever I want with this guy that I'll never see again.

Justin's dark eyes dim, looking at me with a hunger I've never known before. "Okay, how about this. If you take your clothes off with me, I promise you a birthday you won't forget."

Confident. I like that in a man. "When you put it that way."

I pop the first button as he sheds his shirt to expose the hottest body I've ever set eyes on. My mouth waters, and my hands itch to touch him. This is all so new to me and I should feel embarrassed and awkward, but I don't. We have an instant connection, and there is something about him that has me feeling needy, desired. I want to go wild, do something crazy before I hop on a bus and turn my back on Virginia for good.

His big fingers go to the button on his jeans and he pops it. I suck in a breath as his zipper hisses in the quiet of the night. I steal a quick glance around. We're alone but it does occur to me that we could get caught. So what? I'm leaving this place and don't ever plan to return.

I slip from my shirt and his gaze latches onto my breasts as I reach behind my back, putting my hands over the clasp. I pause.

He sheds his pants and his cock presses hard against his shorts. It's quite the turn on that this older guy is so hot for me. Most guys don't pay me too much attention. Then again, I keep my head down, work two jobs, and don't give off any signals.

I free my breasts and his quick intake of air fuels the need inside me.

"You are so beautiful, Violet."

Does he say that to all the girls? I don't know, and I don't care. The way he's currently looking at me screams want, and tonight I just want to be wanted.

"Your turn," I say, and point at his shorts.

He tugs them down, and his big, magnificent cock springs free. Now it's my turn to suck in a quick breath. He takes his shaft into his hands and rubs. My body moistens, never having been so turned on in my entire life.

"Your turn," he says, his voice deeper than moments before. I wiggle my hips, and he groans as I shimmy out of my skirt. "Keep going."

As I admire the perfect male specimen before me, hotter and more cut than any boy I know, I tug the elastic on my panties and bend forward to remove them. Once we're both completely naked, he steps up to me, runs the back of his knuckles down my arm. I shiver.

"Cold."

"No. Hot."

He smiles. "I'll say." His hands slides around my body, and cups my ass. "Happy twenty-first birthday, beautiful." He pulls his hand back and gives me a firm slap.

I gasp at the spanking, and run into the water, which feels so cold against my heated skin.

“Twenty spankings to go, Violet, and you’re not getting off that easy.”

“I never said I wanted to get off easy,” I say.

“Fuck, girl. You shouldn’t say things like that to me.” He follows me in, splashing behind me. I swim, but he catches up to me pretty quickly, his strong arms and legs cutting through the water easily.

“Why not?” I ask.

“Because giving it to you hard is all I’ve been able to think about, and I’m not sure you’re ready for that from me.”

My entire body quakes as I snake my arms around his neck, and push against his body. It’s amazing how hot he feels despite the cold water. His hard cock slides between my legs and I clamp them together. He groans against my ear, his breath caressing the outer shell and eliciting a shiver from me.

“Hard,” I whisper against his skin. “That’s what I want for my birthday.”

He cups the back of my head and his lips find mine again, only this time the kiss is firm, deeper, more demanding. Good. I’m not looking for a gentleman tonight. I kiss him back, tasting the scotch on his tongue, and lightly drag along his skin with my nails as I explore his muscles.

He hisses, and backs up until we’re ankle in the water. He sits, and settles me on top of him. His lips curl around one of my nipples and I arch against his mouth, wanting, needing for him to devour me. I hold his head, rake my nails through his hair, and hand myself over, his to do with as he pleases.

He licks my nipples, sucks until hollows form in his cheeks, then bites down until pain mingles with pleasure.

“Yes,” I whisper, my words fluttering away in the breeze.

Catching me by surprise, he flips me over, and falls over me. I sink into the sandy bottom as water laps at my body. But I can’t think about that right now, not when Justin is

settling himself between my legs, and dragging his hand down my body, running it over my breasts, my stomach, and stopping when he reaches the apex between my legs.

“It might be your birthday,” he says, his voice hoarse, “But fuck, if I’m the guy getting the cake and eating it, too.”

I spread my legs for him. “Eat away,” I say, and he groans as he repositions himself and buries his face between my thighs. That first sweet touch of his tongue to my clit has my hips coming off the ground.

“Justin...” I whimper, never having felt anything so erotic against my body. The one guy I’d been with wanted his cock in my mouth, but didn’t return the favor. Not that I’d want him fumbling around down there anyway.

But Justin, he’s doing anything but fumbling. His expert tongue swirls over my clit, lashing at me with erotic precision, taking me higher and higher, until I feel like I’m free falling without a net.

He softens his tongue, and goes lower, until he’s probing my opening. Desperate to see him, I go up on my elbows, and he inserts a finger.

“Jesus, Violet, are you really this innocent?” I nod, and he briefly closes his eyes like he’s battling with himself.

“I want this, Justin. I want you.”

“My cock is going to destroy you.”

“I know.”

“You want that? Tell me you fucking want that, or I’m stopping right now.”

I love the gentleman side of him, but tonight I want the savage he’s holding back, keeping under tight wraps. I knew from the second I met him he was a man who took without asking, a man who would own his lover’s body completely. Perhaps that was what attracted him to me in the first place. I’ve spent my whole life governing my actions, working, studying, eager to get out of this place. I’m tired of making all

the choices, and just want to let go, give the control to someone else. Justin is all power, dominant strength tethered in some cage, but I want to free him, unleash the part he's afraid to show me because he thinks I'm some delicate flower.

Tonight I don't want to be that delicate flower. I want to be taken, owned, used and abused by this man's hard cock until I can't breathe or think. All I want is to feel. I at least deserve that on my twenty-first birthday, right?

"I want that," I say, having a hard time finding the words as he keeps fingering me. "I want your cock in my tight pussy. I want you to hold me down and give it to me hard." As soon as the words spill from my mouth, a change comes over him. His nostrils flare, the savage in him tearing through the cage and catching me in its crosshairs, like a predator stalking its prey.

He pushes another thick finger inside me, stretching me in preparation for his big cock. I cry out, feeling so gloriously full. He dips his head again, and eats at me, a man starved for nourishment. I lift my hips, push against him and he places his hand over my stomach to hold me in place.

"Don't move," he commands in a voice that sends a thrill racing through me. I go still, obediently following his orders, and he says, "Good girl."

He drags his hot tongue over my clit, and crooks a finger inside me, brushing over the hot bundle of nerves I discovered years ago when I first began masturbating. But his skilled touch is so much better than mine. It takes me higher than I've ever been before.

"I want your cum," he murmurs. "I want every fucking drop of it in my mouth. I want it to pour out of you, and land on my tongue. Don't even think about holding back."

I quake under his dirty words, and he forcefully inserts

another finger, widening me, pushing me beyond my limits, but I love every second of it.

“Please...” I beg, my body burning up, heating the water around us. I’m so wet his fingers are soaked, sliding in and out easily.

“When I’m done eating you, I want to put my cock in the sweet mouth of yours. Want to see how much of me you can take.”

Yes!

“You’re going to let me destroy that pretty mouth too, Violet,” he says, a statement not a question. Fire licks through my veins as I visualize him shoving his cock down my throat. Choking me, just a little. God, I want that. It’s crazy just how much I do. I have no idea what’s come over me, or how this man was able to strip away the layers and turn me inside out so fast, but I don’t care. I just want...

My body heats up, blood pooling between my legs, and when he sucks on my clit, I let go, the entire world closing in on me as an orgasm wracks my body. I quake, violently, my hot flow of release dripping into his waiting mouth.

“Fuck, you are so sweet.” He laps at me, and dips to catch the dribbles on my thighs. I have never been so wet before, never come so hard. I throb, clenching around his thick fingers, an instant addiction, and I want more.

I’m still shaking, my body lost in the aftershock, as he sits me up. He strokes his cock, and I reach for it, taking his long hard length between my small hands. So big. He’s definitely going to destroy me, but I want to feel.

He climbs to his feet, and grips my hair. “Open your mouth,” he growls. I open. “Wider.”

I relax my jaw and expand my lips, but he’s still going to stretch me. He feeds me his crown, and I lick the pre-cum dripping from his slit. I moan in appreciation and at the tangy, manly taste of him, and he tightens his hold on my hair,

like he's ready to reach his breaking point. It's crazy to think a quiet, bookish girl like me can make this hot alpha male so stiff.

My lips burn as he enters, a hot melee of sensations rocketing through me. I take him deeper, and work to relax my throat, ever determined to swallow all of him, even though it's impossible.

He rocks his hips, and fucks my mouth. I'd smile at his hot, heated curses if I didn't have his cock in my mouth.

I change angles to open my throat, and plunge forward until he's halfway down my throat. "Fuck, Violet," he curses. "You're killing me."

He eases back, and I cup his balls and suck on his crown, pushing my tongue into his slit. He swells, and his veins fill with blood. "Stop," he orders, and pulls from my mouth. I look up and find him shaking, and to know I've done this to him, is the hottest thing I've ever experienced.

He races his hands through his hair, tugging like he's in total agony. Maybe he is. I know I am. "I need to fuck you."

I widen my legs. "I'm yours to fuck."

He curses again, and glances at the shore, where our clothes are. "Don't. Fucking. Move."

He hurries to his bag, grabs a condom and sheathes himself. When he comes back and finds me stroking my clit, he drops to his knees and watches. He presses his palm to his temple, and takes quick, short breaths. "Your innocence is killing me."

"Should I not be doing this?" I ask. I never touched myself in front of the one guy I had sex with, and really I had no idea it would this kind of effect on Justin.

He shakes his head. "I'm going to fuck you until you can't walk," he says.

I reach lower and widen my lips, opening my pussy up to him.

“Sweet fuck,” he grumbles as he falls over me. His mouth finds mine for a hard kiss as his cock breaches my small opening. I wrap my leg around him, and brace myself for the pain and pleasure he’s about to give me.

“Take a deep breath,” he says. I do as he asks and once I fill my lungs, he powers his hips forward, ruining me for another other man as he drives deep into my tight hole.

“Oh, my God,” I cry out and scratch at his back as he seats himself high.

He pauses, giving me a minute to catch my breath. “You still with me?” he asks, inching back until our eyes meet. He smooths my hair from my face, his animal temporarily leashed as he checks in with me.

My heart wobbles. “Yes,” I say and move my hips.

He slides out, and drives in again, creating friction and need inside me. “You feel so good. My cock is throbbing.” He pulls out, and I tighten my legs over his ass, and draw him in to me. He groans and sinks back in. When he pulls almost all the way out again I go up on my elbows.

“You want to see? You want to see the way you take my big cock?” he asks.

“Yes.” He shifts his body slightly, and I grow hotter, wetter as I watch his beautiful, engorged cock sink in and pull out of my sex. That, by far, is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

“You have the tightest, hottest, prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen.” I open my mouth to respond but my words dissolve when he changes the speed, driving into me with a fierceness that steals the air from my lungs. Moisture breaks out on his hard body, and I struggle to take in air as he reaches a fevered, punishable pace. His groin crashes against my clit with each thrust, and once again I’m reaching the precipice, standing there arms spread, not a care in the world as I topple over. A rumble sounds in Justin’s throat, and it vibrates through me until I’m clenching around his gorgeous cock.

“Jesus,” he bites out. “Your cum is so hot, I’m not going to be able to last.”

“Don’t try. Just come for me,” I say, wishing we didn’t have to use a condom. I want his cum, every last drop of it inside me, but that wouldn’t be wise. Maybe next time. Wait, there isn’t going to be a next time. That thought flies out of my brain when he throws his head back and shoots into the condom.

My heart crashes against my chest as he falls over me, pinning me with his heavy body. I ease my legs out from around him, and lay there, sated, exhausted, never, ever having felt so gloriously contented in my entire life.

“Violet,” He murmurs against my throat. “What the hell?” He lifts his head, and I touch his face. “That was un-fucking-believable.”

I smile. “Yeah, it was.”

“I...never...Jesus...I... just...”

I laugh, never having reduces a man to one-syllable words before. I lift my head, and press my lips to his. He cups my head and kisses me back. When he breaks, it we’re both left shaken. He rolls, and I gasp a little as he slips out of me. Cum drips down my thighs, tickling my flesh. I should get up and wash off, but my legs aren’t working.

He discards his condom, then looks at my quivering body, his eyes full of tenderness. “Let me warm you up.” He helps me up, spreads out our clothes and lays me over top of them. With unhurried movements, he falls in beside me, his eyes and hands roaming my body, touching like he wants more. I absorb the warmth in his touch, and while one part of me can’t believe I just had sex with this stranger, there is another part of me that can. I wanted this. I wanted him. One night. Tomorrow life goes back to normal.

I stare at the stars overhead, the sliver of the moon, and sleep pulls at me.

“I didn’t forget about those twenty spankings,” he murmurs, his voice drowsy.

I chuckle, and snuggle against his chest, his strong heartbeat lulling me to sleep. It’s funny how close I feel to this stranger, how comfortable I am with him. He puts his arm over me, dragging me closer. I stay like that a moment longer, even though it’s getting late and I need to get going. In no time at all, Justin falls asleep, and I take one last look at his beautiful body. Should I wake him, leave a note? No, better to just leave things the way they are. He lives here and I’ll be on a bus in a few hours, ready to begin a new life. I gather my clothes and climb into them. Once dressed, I carefully cover him with his clothes and cast him one last glance.

“Happy birthday to me,” I whisper.

I sit at the front of the lecture hall and work on my book as the fresh-faced students file in for Psych 101, a course they all take thinking it's an easy A—which of course it is if you study. I close my laptop, and I'm about to power down my phone when I stop and slide my finger across the screen. I shouldn't be thinking about sweet Violet, not when I have to stand before a class, but dammit, why did she run away on me? I hadn't even given her the rest of her spankings.

My cock swells as my mind trips back to the way she took me in her throat. I tighten with the memory. Fuck, I'd never needed to be that deep in a woman's throat before, but Violet, Jesus, I just did. I can't explain it. Then again, I am a psych prof and probably can. Sweet little Violet, all innocent and submissive, did one fuck of a number on me. I lick my lips and if I try really hard I can still taste her on my tongue, still smell her floral scent.

Two boys roughhousing as they enter the class draws my attention, and I look up.

“Have a seat,” I say in my best authoritative voice. I glance at the clock and when no more students enter, I walk to the door ready to shut it.

“Wait,” I hear, and my heart jumps into my throat. That voice.

No. Fucking. Way.

“Sorry, I’m late. I got lost and—”

Violet stops talking, her mouth still open, when her gaze clashes with mine, and it’s all I can do not to pull her in my arms, kiss that beautiful heart-shaped mouth again. My heart crashes so hard, my mind buzzing as I stare at her, unable to believe she’s here, in my class. Shit, she’s in my class! I struggle to wrap my brain around the idea that she’s now my student.

She’s my fucking student!

I want to touch her, show her how much I’ve been thinking of her, but that kind of behavior will get me kicked out of here. Plus, there is a classroom of kids watching, and I need to pull my shit together. Now.

Her cheeks grow warm, those beautiful blue eyes widen. “You’re—”

“Please have a seat,” I say, cutting her off before she does or says something that we could both regret later.

Her body goes stiff, and she nods. “Right.”

As she walks past me, the two assholes who were roughhousing with each other both give a low slow whistle.

I point to them. “Out, now.”

“But—”

“Now,” I say. No fucking way will I tolerate that kind of behavior in my class.

Cursing under their breath, they both stand and make their way toward me. “You can come back when you learn some respect.”

I close the door, make my way to the front of the class, and scan the students. My gaze lingers on Violet in the front row. Her eyes are still wide with confusion.

I can't fucking believe she's here in my class. I do a roll call, and when I say her name, I let it linger on my tongue and my dick swells. Jesus Christ, I need to get it together. I pinch my eyes shut, silently count to three, then begin my lecture.

I spend the next hour going over the topics we'll be studying, and Violet taps away on her keyboard, as diligent in her studies as she was with my cock. I steal another glance at her, and my mind wanders. What I'd do to put her over my desk, and give her the rest of the spankings.

Don't go there.

When the bell finally dings, the students power down their laptops. I notice Violet is taking her time; no doubt she's looking for some sort of explanation. A few students come up to ask me questions, and after they leave, I follow them to the door, close it, and set the lock.

"Violet," I say, and she rises from her front row seat. I let my gaze fall over her, take in her T-shirt, and snug jeans that show off her curvy hips.

"Justin?" She phrases it as a question like she still can't believe it's me.

"Yeah, that's me."

"I...how?"

That same question is going through my mind. I cross the room, stand before her, and while my body is telling me to pull her in for a kiss, my brain is telling me it's wrong. She's my student now, which means she's completely off limits.

Fuck me.

"I started here, today," she says.

"Yeah, this is my second year teaching." I step a bit closer, need urging me on. Our hands touch, knuckles brushing and fire burns through me.

Want.

“But you were in Virginia, I thought—”

“I was visiting a buddy.” It’s not a lie, I was visiting my buddy, and then the dance gig came up. We were short-staffed so I jumped in to take it, but I can’t tell her any of that.

“Why did you take off?” I ask.

“I had to. I didn’t think I was ever going to see you again, and I wanted to leave with good memories. Didn’t want to spoil our night with any awkward good-byes.”

I try to lighten the mood, anything to get my mind off sex. “I woke up bare naked with my ass in the air.”

She puts her hand over her mouth and laughs. The sound massages my cock. “I’m sorry.”

I pull her hand away, and sexual tension arcs between us, so strong and powerful it could light the entire campus in a blackout—for a week.

“I didn’t know you were a professor.”

“I didn’t know you were a student.”

She smiles, and I want so fucking much to kiss her. “That night. I’ve not been able to stop thinking about you,” I admit.

“Same.”

“But we can’t...” I tug on my hair, a desperate ache in my groin. She reaches out, puts one hand on my chest.

“Justin, should I change classes?”

Haring my name on her lips snaps the last vestige of my control. I reach for the belt loop on her jeans and tug her to me. Our bodies collide, and my cock presses hard against her midriff. “One taste,” I whisper. I dip my head, close my mouth over hers, and the walls close in on me as I kiss her, nothing existing but her and me and the need bubbling between us.

When I finally tear my lips away, we’re both breathless, shaken. Fuck, I’ve never wanted anyone like I want her. But I can’t. It’s wrong. I should tell her to change classes, but not

seeing her every day might be more painful than seeing her in my front row.

“No, you don’t need to change classes,” I finally say. “We’re adults, we’ll figure this out.”

“I understand the code of conduct and would never do anything to get you in trouble.”

Jesus, she was so fucking sweet.

I need to let her go, as much as I need to keep her close.

A knock sounds on the door and we both jump back. I scrub my chin, and shift my cock in my pants. Violet holds her laptop close to her chest, to hide nipples my mouth waters to taste again.

“I have to go. I have another class now.”

“Okay,” I say, and we both walk to the door. I open it to find Professor Gallant standing there. Like me, he’s new to the profession, and we’ve grabbed a few beers a time or two.

“Justin,” he says, his knowing gaze flittering back and forth between Violet and me. “I need the room. I have a lecture shortly.”

“Yeah, we’ll just get out of the way.”

Fuck, the last thing I need is for another professor to know I had sex with one of my students. Technically she wasn’t my student when it happened, so I’ve not broken any rules, but still..

“Thanks for the advice, Professor. I’ll be sure to check in with student services.” She walks away and both Dave and I stand there for a moment, watching her go.

When she’s out of ears shot, Dave turns to me. “What the fuck, Justin?”

“What?”

“You tapping that?”

My fingers tighten on my backpack. “Don’t talk about her like that.”

“Jesus Christ, you are.”

“No, I’m not.”

He goes serious. “You better make sure you’re not. If you know what’s good for you.”

See, that’s the thing. I rarely do what’s good for me.