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The Things That Make Me Give In

Written by Charlotte Stein

Published by Black Lace

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The Things That Make Me Give In

Charlotte Stein



This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and consensual sex.

First Published by Black Lace 2009

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Because I Made You So

Nobody knows why Professor Clenham teaches Romantic Literature. She supposes it shouldn't really be odd that a man teaches things like how to recognise romance archetypes, or the history of Mills and Boon. But it sort of is, nonetheless.

She finds it odd. She finds him odd. He is very reserved and still-seeming, as though any excess of movement or words costs him. When he looks at you, she thinks, it's as though he doesn't really see you. He's always in his head – his reserved, weird head.

He's also phenomenally tall, which only adds to his oddness. She guesses six foot four, but that doesn't seem quite as phenomenal as he sometimes appears. He stands out; he stands over others. When the lift door is closing on a group of people, it is him you see.

She really sees him, even if he doesn't see her. She sees the covered and mysterious and many humps of his inner life, though she cannot guess what that life contains. But unlike the other whispering, giggly girls who think he is cold and dull, she at least knows it is there – that place behind his strange, still, liquid blue eyes.

They all say: 'His eyes are *blue*?' when she mentions it, and then she feels like rolling her own at them. Of course his eyes are blue! How could you miss them? He has very drab brown hair and wears very drab clothes, and so his eyes are like electric sparks sewn into a hessian sack.

She likes that idea so much she writes it in the margins of her class notes – the class notes she has taken down from his

lecture, 'Male Archetypes In Romance Fiction'. *His eyes are like, his face is like, he is like . . .*

Not that she really knows what he is like. He's probably not at all what he seems – likely he bonks all his students who think he's 'intellectual' and 'Byronic' or something, even if he never seems like the latter and never flaunts the former.

He just seems, he just is, he just looks out at her from beneath his odd, quizzical brow with his odd, bone-melting eyes and makes her write in the margins. *His eyebrows are strangely mobile, in an impassive face. As though they're trying – along with his eyes – to do all of the talking for him.*

His mouth never does any of the talking. Of course words come out, but his lips are always pulled down into a tight moue, and sometimes he bares his lower teeth in a strange way, as though he's trying to cage his words in.

She finds she likes his queer, contradictory face. She likes his classes, too. They're dry and detailed about blowsy, gushy material. They're like reading intense objective accounts of a blow job – dissecting every little part of it in a way that probably should be uninteresting and deadening, but somehow isn't. Instead it's fascinating, instructional, like seeing the inner parts of a well-put-together clock, and liking the clock more for knowing its intricate innards.

The other girls don't seem to find it interesting at all. They seem to want to know where all the reading of flowery books and writing about heaving bosoms is. They squirm and look bored when he tells them that the genre has gone through many phases that reflect societal issues and concerns of the time. Post-modern 1970s-era feminism gave rise to the resurgence of the alpha male, and to rape or semi-consensual sex as a self-subjugating, subliminal punishment for feminist 'crimes'.

She enjoys how he says 'crimes'. With a sneer.

But then again, maybe she is only seeing what she wants to see.

* * *

By the time the class is on to 'Romance Through The Ages', he is starring in the heaving-bosomed novel she can't seem to stop writing. It started with hessian sacks and quizzical brows, and now it's spilling out of the margins and on to its own bits of paper.

Lord Clemmings is the hero. Miss Havershore is the heroine. He is cold, and she is giddy and silly and in need of a firm hand. Of course he also has many terrible secret habits, such as rogering the maids in pantries and stables and so forth, some of which the heroine is bound to catch and be incited by.

Most of it is much more explicit than she had intended, and forces her to squirm far too much in class. But, if she doesn't write the thing in class, where is her inspiration? Professor Clenham raises one eyebrow and her pen sallies on without her permission:

Lord Clemmings raised one stern eyebrow to see the girl before him. She was a coquettish thing without quite knowing it, and silly besides. But, by God, how she incited a raging passion in his previously cold breast. Naturally, he could never let her know how –

'Miss . . . Shore? Are you with us?'

Some of the other girls titter, but not for long. His attention turns to them and they fall silent, but unfortunately she isn't lucky enough to have things stay that way. His gaze flicks back to her soon enough, metallic and bitter, as most romance heroes are not. More often there's a flicker of passion beneath the iron, a certain something that gets the heroine a pass. Some promise of a happy ever after, always, even if we're only talking secondary characters.

Which she's sure she is. He's the main, and she's the pretty girl's best friend. Or maybe even less than that – maybe she just features as a cautionary tale to the heroine, who is sitting in the audience, watching her getting told off.

Pay attention to the hero at all times, heroine. Or maybe don't pay attention, and he'll spank you later.

'Yes,' she says, and thinks, my part will *definitely* be over, now.

'So can you tell me what trope was most popular in 1985?'

Her mind flashes back to school briefly. Things were oh so different, then. Back when no teacher ever cared if she was there or not, because she could always be relied on to get As.

But apparently Professor Clenham cares. He should, really. So far he's given her only a C and a B. Heart not in it, and all that. Not very interested in silly romances.

Unless they have a lot of sex in them, and he never does the sexy ones.

'No,' she says, and feels her face buckle under the hot pressure of that word. Now her face is red, to match the hair of the woman on the cover of the romance novel he has stuck up on Powerpoint. She has absolutely huge bosoms, and seems to be flying off into the distance, right out of the arms of Beef McLunkheart.

'Is paying attention not your strong point, Miss Shore?'

Oh, that wonderful kind of question all teachers ask, which has no answer. Unless you want to look like an idiot or a time-waster, or both. She hates Professor Clenham. And hates her hero. And hates all men who are like him – God, girls are such idiots, aren't they, Professor!

'Don't write other people's essays in my class, Miss Shore. Understood?'

She almost says it. She almost shouts out, 'You think I'm writing *essays*?!' But instead she just burns, and bites her lip, and hates hates hates him for being such a pompous, horrible arse.

At the close of the class, she punches his desk with her neatly typed answer to the question: 'Why Are Alpha Males So Prevalent In Romance Fiction?'

It takes her until she gets back to the flat she shares with one of the tittering girls to realise what she has done. But it takes

her another hour to accept it, and a further five to stop her gut from churning and foaming and reminding her.

*You handed in part of your stupid stupid story along with your essay. Bra-*vo.

She spends the better part of the night planning her quitting of university and her move to Brazil. Brazil is best, really. Because even if he doesn't guess that it's based on him in some minute way, it's still a stonking great heap of porn in her handwriting.

No one should ever want someone like massive, stern Professor Clenham to read their porn. She knows he teaches a creative writing class, too, but she can't imagine anyone ever reading anything to him – and even if they do, there's bound to be zero sex in it. Just *thinking* of saying 'cock' to him is enough to douse her in cold water. And then hot. And then cold again.

God, how awful. How nightmarish. How her legs are filled with slick liquid as she walks to class the next day, instead of moving to Brazil.

Sleep makes her reason with herself: *oh, he won't say anything! He won't do anything! He won't humiliate me in front of everyone! He's a teacher; I'm a student! He has responsibilities. He probably* can't *read out sex stuff in class – that's why he's never ventured into the Scorch or Sizzling territory of the big publishers.*

Plus he's likely asexual.

Still, relief zings her when she walks into the pit of the lecture hall and climbs the stairs to take a seat as far away as possible from his raised desk, and he doesn't say a word. He doesn't even look up from what he's doing – score!

Still, her heart continues to beat three steps faster than usual. He'll put up Powerpoint and it will be her story, she knows. Assess this, class. See how Miss Shore falls into all the old patterns and stereotypes.

She even prepares a shouted retort: *I know I fucking do but there's a fucking reason why it endures!*

Because it's fucking hot, you dried-up, boring, old cold fish.

Somehow it's even worse that nothing happens at all. He doesn't say anything, he doesn't do anything; he only hands back work at the end of class and everything's there, scrawled handwritten pages pushed hastily behind the slick plastic of the binder, hiding.

That he's marked everything already is unusual, but surely not indicative of anything. He probably just thought they were her class notes, and didn't give them a second –

Apart from the red A he has marked, at the bottom of the last handwritten page.

It's doubly hard to look up from her hastily rifled-through work. Doubly because then she might have to look at him, and also because everyone else has filed out. There's only her, sitting at the top of the pyramid of desk-chair combos, wishing she were in Brazil. Or 19th-century England. Oh, times were so much simpler then.

When she does look up, he is standing beside his desk, one hand steepling against its surface. He leans ever so slightly against that steeple, but it doesn't make him look any less of a giant. Just pretend it's nothing, she thinks, pretend it's nothing. But it's very hard when he's staring at you.

She can't read his expression at all. It seems stern, but not cross exactly. And there's no amusement there, as she had expected. She thought he would at least try to mock. Perhaps, without mocking, she can get away with just putting her head down and walking out.

She is almost past him and his desk – holding her breath all the while – when he says, 'Wait a moment, Miss Shore.'

She almost tells him that he must be having a laugh. But he's Professor Clenham, and he's much meaner and more important and colder than her hero will ever be. Sometimes she lets her heroine know what Lord Edward is thinking.

She herself can never know what the Professor is thinking.

She steps back slowly and stands before him for judgement.

'You wrote something else for me – how kind of you.'

Judgement is very cruel. She tries not to let her swallowing be audible.

'I –' she starts, but the rest won't come. Her face isn't just the colour of that red hair now. It's beyond that, more like the puce dress worn by the woman on the cover of *The Lady and the Bastard*. It gets worse when he leaves the side of his desk – very properly, very brusquely – and seats himself behind it. Now it's like an interview. Now it's as if she has been arrested, and it's time for a confession.

'Perhaps you might explain yourself,' he says, after an agonising moment of nothing but handcuffs and jail time. He sits back in his chair – still straight-backed, however – and assesses her with his cold lizard eyes. Electric sparks! They're reptilian, plain and simple.

Of course, she cannot explain herself. She clutches her work to her chest and hopes her abject fear will force him to have mercy. Surely he can see fear like this? It must look as though she is melting.

'No?' he says, and raises one ever-mobile eyebrow. 'Then read some of that lovely work out for me, Miss Shore. Let's have some entertainment, to pass the time.'

She flicks her wavering gaze up to the door of the lecture hall. Someone is bound to come in and save her – this can't be allowed. Maybe *he'll* be arrested.

'No, I –'

'*No?*' He laughs, and it's a bizarrely bright thing on his closed-down face. 'But both of us are quite aware of what it contains, are we not? How can you have any objections?'

'Because . . .'

Because it's *humiliating*. It's roasting her insides alive with its levels of humiliation. She wants to cry just to give the heat some outlet, but the tears won't come. God, what a rotten, evil bastard he is.

'Come now. Start at the beginning of the excerpt – I assume it's an excerpt from a longer work? No matter. How did it go? He parted her velvet thighs . . .'

Her eyes want to close but if she lets them she knows she might miss him doing something even more awful than this. He might come towards her. Look right down on her, so small and weak and feeble. And then maybe she would swoon in his –

Words snap to her tongue, quite suddenly. She hadn't known they were boiling and scorching down there inside her with all the rest of it, but it seems they are and they want out. Not even her suddenly gritted teeth can stop them.

'He *parted* her *velvet* thighs and *gazed* at the centre of her *womanhood*.'

She saws out every second word or so as though cutting through bone.

He doesn't respond, however. She imagines laughter from him that would then let her storm out, but he doesn't give it. He just sits there – long enough that she can at last realise what he's doing.

Waiting for her to continue.

It takes an interminable amount of time for her to do so, and at no point does she reflect that she could just leave, now. Instead she starts reading, because it seems like something to fill up the silence, the waiting, his strange, patient gaze.

Of course she still expects the mocking to come, and squirms to think of it – and indeed it does come. But it's not in the form she expects.

'Clara could scarcely believe what the man in front of her was bidding her do. His rampant manhood reared –'

'Cock.'

She almost drops the open file. He remains as impassive as ever. He might as well have said 'Tuesday'.

'What?'

'Use "cock". Use "cunt". There's more power in words like

those, don't you find? More straightforward. Less silly. And you're not really a silly sort of girl, are you, Clara?'

'I feel pretty silly now.'

'Then use "cock", and feel less silly.'

'Can I stop reading now? There's only more of the silly stuff.'

'Don't be defensive. You must want me to hear it, or you wouldn't still be here.'

'Oh, it's that old argument, is it?'

She's pretty sure a smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. But he's quick to close it down.

'Is it a bigger cliché for me to say you want it really, or for a student to hand in the wrong thing by accident and have her teacher *catch her at it*?'

It was the hot water before. Now it's cold. It soon goes back to hot, however.

'Silly, Clara. To give them names so close to real life, too. I'm *very* disappointed. Your essays showed such promise.'

'You gave my essays C and B grades!'

'And I'm sure that made you very angry, very angry at cold, horrible me.'

'You're not –' she starts to say, but, oh, thank God, she stops herself. Clearly, however, she hasn't been thanking God hard enough, because he knows anyway.

'Not *really* cold? Warm on the inside? Passionate somewhere deep in my tortured soul?'

'I hate you.'

'I know you do. Read on.'

She hates him even more for knowing she will.

'– like a beast and she turned her face away, shamed by her own burning ... pussy ... more than by the sight of his ... jutting ... erection.'

'Better. Fewer adjectives.'

'"You will love this," he breathed, and though she could not admit it in any part of her, she knew it to be true. A hot slick throbbing had begun in that secret place between her legs, and

the dastardly Lord Clemmings knew how to take full advantage.'

'Dastardly? Is he, by any chance, a rake? And she's a virgin, of course. But she has a hidden harlot's heart and he really loves small children and little puppies and –'

'Just stop it, all right. I'm fully aware of how ridiculous this is.'

'I see.'

'If you find it all so stupid, why teach this course?'

He doesn't answer. She has to guess, just as with everything about him.

'She gasped as he parted the lips of her sex, spreading her liquid over every secret fold, exploring her more thoroughly than she ever thought anyone could. Her own hands had never reached such hidden places, because, oh, how wrong it was, how wicked!

'And yet she could not stop him defiling her thus.'

His eyes gleam at her, on the word 'defiling'.

'Gently he stroked her, belying the debased nature of this act. She occasionally allowed herself to plead with him to stop, but her own will – so strong and strange – and his dominated her completely. It was something remarkable, to be so helpless in his arms, to be a slave to her own mounting pleasure.'

Of course there is more. But it's worse than the parts she has just read out, and it's one thing to know he's read them but quite another to speak them aloud. So she waits, and stares at the words, and wills him to tell her to leave.

'Go to the board behind me,' he says finally. His voice seems to . . . deepen when he does, but it's hard to tell. Harder yet to understand what that deepening might mean. That he realises he's doing something wrong?

He's about to do something worse, she knows. It's obvious, even before he tells her to pick up the pen. Though maybe it's just worse because she obeys, file now closed and pinned back to her chest.

'Write fifty times: "I must write less ridiculous love scenes".'

'Is that what you think they are? Love scenes?'

'I don't know, Clara. Do you feel like you're in love?'

'Just shut up, all right. I'm not doing this, you know.'

'Fifty times. "I must write less ridiculous love scenes".'

'Don't you mean *fuck*? Fuck scenes.'

There is a pause between her putting the pen to the board and his replying. It's the heaviest one yet and she feels it pressing on her back – though maybe it's just his presence that's pressing, as he stands up behind her. Her legs are trembling and buckling under the pressure, she knows, but God, at least she hasn't cried in front of him.

'Yes, I mean fuck,' he says, and then – too alarming to bear – he puts his hand over the curving top swell of her bottom.

The pen slides up on its own and makes a scything smile of green that isn't meant to be there. The word *scene* in her first line is now ruined – she can't reach most of the shaking mistake to rub it out.

She is about to turn and say something sharp, but he then *pats* her bottom. He pats it, and says, 'Keep writing, Clara.'

The face she had half-turned to him seems to want to turn back, but she doesn't know if she can bear that. If she turns back, and keeps writing, what then? What then of flowery words and teachers and students and ridiculousness? This wouldn't happen in her story. It wouldn't happen. It's too sordid.

It feels *heavenly*.

He just strokes her bottom, slowly, ever so slowly and in circles. And when she makes fumbling marks on the board once more, then – oh, *then* – he begins to ruffle her skirt up, inch by inch.

Suddenly his mouth is at her ear, his breath as hot as her own insides feel.

'What do all good romance heroines get, Clara?' he says and for a moment she can't think. She has no idea. Hand-holding? Marriage? A yacht and three mansions and –

'The hero!' she says, and then is embarrassed that she has yelled it out, like a little apple polisher. Ever the A student, ever the good girl, and apparently also slightly more than the second-string character.

Even if he isn't the hero of anything.

'And tell me, what are the heroes usually like, in a romance?'

She can feel herself shaking now. He has his hand on the seat of her knickers, her skirt completely pushed up. As she answers, he strokes just one finger into the split of her buttocks through the material.

'Aggressive. Arrogant. Dominant.'

'And the women?'

'Submissive. Pathetic.'

'Is that what you really think? That they're pathetic?'

His finger strokes further into the crease, straining against the taut material. She gasps, and writes things that are not words.

'Yes. Yes.'

'And you hate arrogant men, cold men, nasty rotten rakes. You don't like to write about them.'

'I . . . find it hard. I find it hard to write about . . . dominant men.'

'Shall I yank your knickers down?'

'Yes! Jesus, yes.'

She tries to find it in her to be embarrassed about the volume of that concession, but all that fills her is the thought of her knickers around her ankles and his big hands on her hips and how wet she is, how utterly wet.

'You like me doing this, don't you?'

'Yes,' she says, but it comes out as three separate words, whined and childish.

'You like me doing exactly what you want.'

'I –'

'Because after all, isn't that what romance novels really are? Women detailing exactly what they'd like men to do and how to be?'

She moans and twists against his hand.

'They're just fantasies.'

He has her knickers pushed to one side now, and is sliding his fingers over one plump aching lip of her sex. She squirms some more, and cannot write at all, and holds her breath for that moment when he will rub his finger inwards and stroke against all the slickness along the seam.

He leans in instead, and whispers hotly in her ear, 'Does this feel like a fantasy? Or did you mean to write about someone else?'

'I don't really know you. You could be like anything – I had other ideas –'

'Let's start with this one,' he says, and such a warm pulse of pleasure goes through her that it forces out a sound. The shame of admitting something like that turns in on itself and she feels her clit swell and the wetness that's about to embarrass her some more spread and trickle into the space he has opened up between her flesh and her knickers.

'How juicy you are,' he says, and, sure enough, that tensing, embarrassed sensation floods her again. The heat, so supple and lovely and unavoidable, tugging at her pussy. 'Do you sit in my class, getting as slick as this? Do you scribble down lots of things about firm fat cocks fucking mouths and cunts and arseholes, spurting their come into every hole, until you're sure you can't debase your character any further? Or is it all just pretty blossoms of her pleasure and stalks of his manhood? Marriage first, of course.'

'You've read what I wrote.'

'I've read what's *underneath* your writing. I'm guessing that's all you wrote – the scene that would be on page 197, though toned down, of course. Do you think they'd let you get away with your hero joyously jacking off all over the heroine's tits, then licking his own spunk from her glistening nipples?'

'There's nothing wrong with keeping things to page 197,' she says but even so she can feel the real words she wants to say

breaking against the waves of such a stupid protestation. *No more teasing*, she thinks. *Don't tease, just fuck me with your hand, your cock, anything.*

'I never said there was. I only wondered what *you* were really like.'

His finger finally finds its way between her over-swollen and aching lips, and eases through her creamy slit without a hindrance. Her clit jumps and demands attention, but he isn't so kind.

'Tell the truth now – do you work up all this slipperiness in my class? Is it my voice or your own fantasies that do it? Tell me what you do when you go home. Do you make it home? Or do you go the bathroom and lock yourself into one of the stalls, frig yourself off with just one hand in your knickers, the other in your mouth while you think about me shafting that tight little cunt?'

The words she wants to say win, at last. There's going to be a tidal wave, she's sure.

'I want you to fuck me. Oh, God, please fuck me, Professor.'

He breaks too, then, she thinks. He breathes a sound against her neck, at least, and she isn't sure it's because she asked him to fuck her. Really, she thinks, it's because she called him Professor.

Like Lord. Like King. Like Sir.

He rips her knickers down, hard enough to make the elastic scrape and roll against her flexing thighs. She glances up at the lecture-hall door, but no one's there, and the hallway seems dark beyond. Still, the image of ten people suddenly being there, staring down at them ... cocks and pussies in hands, maybe, some of them fucking as they watch ... oh, that's nice, too. Almost as nice as his idea of how far her characters could go – a cock in every hole, fucking and spurting and making a mess of her.

She hears him dealing in his usual brusque fashion with a condom – the twang and snap of rubber – and can't stop

wondering why he has one on him. Does he keep them in his drawer, just waiting for wicked students to cross some line? Or were they in the pocket of those dusty cords – the kind of trousers you would never imagine condoms being inside?

The contrast is jarring, exciting. He grabs her hips too roughly, before pushing in – easing in, really. It isn't the force of him that makes her smack her hands flat on the board, but the tension of his cock inching into her clenching hole. Her pussy wants to force out the too-thick invader, she wants to push and squeeze until he is no longer jabbing into her, but really that's bullshit because more than anything it feels delicious to shimmy and tighten around him.

'Ah, yes, that's gorgeous,' he says, and it's worth it just for that. 'Do you like –'

'I like to hear you talk. I like to hear you talk in class all the time. Say things to me.'

'And once he'd driven his hot prong into her creamy depths . . .'

'No – no, please – say what you like. Say what you want. Don't tell me about what I've written, just tell me what you want.'

'I want to fuck your snatch until you cream all over my cock.'

'Oh, God, yes.'

'And then I'm going to lick your clit for hours and hours without letting you come.'

'Fuck – you bastard, you bastard.'

'Tell me you like me shafting you.'

'I do – fuck my tight cunt! Ream my little pussy, you fucker.'

'Oh Christ, more of that, more.'

He has hold of her hips more tightly now, and is jerking her almost off the ground with every thrust. It's not difficult to give him more. It's not difficult because of course he's right, he's right, God, she's always wanted to change pulsating love blossom to cock and cunt and clit and pussy and tits and, oh, it's even better than she could imagine hearing his clipped, posh voice using all of the words she never dared to.

She presses her face against the board and probably smears herself with green ink but cannot care. Someone will come in and see them – him hunched over her, fucking into her while her skirt slops around her hips. How small she must look! And how much like she's being pleasured so thoroughly that it's hard to breathe.

When his hand suddenly reaches around her thigh and then down, and he presses two fingers roughly against her clit – just a press, nothing more – she gags on the sounds her own body wants to make, and jolts against his touch. Her pussy swells and tries to choke his jerking cock, but she doesn't climax until he says, 'I'm coming, I'm coming – fuck.'

And then she has no more words. Just groans and gasps and sighs that mingle together and make a story: the story of her own passion. She wants to write on the board a thousand times: *and then she came, and then she came, and then she came.*

'Turn around,' he says, and once he is gone from her she does. She realises, uncaring, that she is lost in him, and so does what he tells her. Skirt still around her hips, knickers hobbling her. Pussy wet and glistening and completely exposed. Her clit twinges looking at him, as uncovered as she is. Lewd and ruffled with his trousers open and his still stiff and latex-covered cock poking out at her.

'What would your heroine say if she didn't come?'

Her mind blanks – there's a reason he's asking, but she can't think what it is. Everything is a lesson, but this is a different one.

'What would your heroine say?'

'Nothing,' she blurts out, and he nods.

'What should she say?'

Let me fuck Professor Clenham instead of you, oaf, she thinks, wildly, but that isn't the right answer. She breathes a lick of cool air into her own hair, twists inside her sweaty clothes. Her nipples are too tight and sensitive against the hot wool of her

jumper; the aftershocks of her orgasm wriggle through her clit over and over.

'Make me come,' she says, and then he gives her that bright, odd smile, that flash of something that is perhaps his true self. Perhaps he thinks she hasn't come already, or maybe he just wanted her to ask. His true self demands that she ask.

He leans in, and ghosts against her what may become a kiss, some time later. For now it is just a whisper over her mouth: 'Always ask for what you want, lovely Clara.'

He sinks to his knees before her, and she leans back against the board. Slow, so slow. She is moving through syrup and everything is alight with its golden glow. When he parts her thighs with his now gentle hands, she sees everything made large: the cuff of his shirt, poking out of his tweedy sleeve. The deepness of his eyes like a well inside herself.

He speaks as though laced with that syrup, a note of humour in his voice – as ever – but deep with it, resonating with it. The ends of the words trail over her, one after another, linked but not quite flowing, and if it were not for his cool, almost smoke-roughened voice, she knows she would giggle. It would probably be all right to giggle, because the corner of his mouth hooks up as he leans forward and says, 'He pressed his lips to the flower of her womanhood.'

Yes, she thinks. *Oh yes, press your lips to my cunt.*

He kisses the slick tip of her clit, first, just barely anything at all. It's a maddening kind of touch. He is even more awful than she could have imagined, and even more lovely.

I'm going to write a story, she thinks, *in which you don't get to have me until the very last page.*

And then when he licks, the story changes all on its own. She wants him to have her again and again and again on every page, licking and teasing and working her clit with his sultry, sinful mouth. She can almost hear that voice of his stirring against this swelling, aching part of her body, making little circles that don't quite touch, until she is mad with it.

She imagines him speaking poetry against her sex, against her slippery, slick slit, against her straining clit. She imagines riding him and being ridden. She imagines nothing at all as he slides two fingers upwards, parting her glistening folds for his tongue. The tongue that presses and flicks and makes her need to sit down. She needs to sit down. She needs to lie down, but instead her begging words come out as: 'Oh, please, please, suck me, fuck me, oh God, please.'

In answer, he pinches her clit between his scissoring fingers, and draws his teeth across its tip.

Her papers fall to the floor. She knows that her legs are spread so widely, so lewdly, and her Professor crouched between. Not even crouched – she is sure he appears like something consuming her, big even when he's on his knees, his face and mouth hungrily at her pussy. He grips her hips – shoving her skirt up to bare it – and yanks her closer, and she almost stumbles over him.

Her clit swells and blooms in his mouth. Fresh honey spills over his fingers. She doesn't even know his first name, and cries out, to her eternal embarrassment: 'Oh Professor, oh, God, I'm coming!'

Her whole body thrums once, twice, her clit pulsing wetly with its own strange beat. She thinks she goes up on tiptoe, but his hand at her hip presses her back, back to safety. Back to nothing like safety. She closes her eyes and tries to hold on to her orgasm even as it dissipates.

All that's left is a red face and Brazil.

She hears him stand up, but keeps her eyes closed. He's moving around now, tidying himself up, most likely, but she keeps her eyes closed still. She'd be happy to never have to open them again, and yet somehow he makes her, when he straightens her own clothes. He tugs at her skirt, quite sharply, and her eyes jerk open.

The expression on his face isn't one she expected. It isn't one she's ever seen there before. It's like a lovely, warm, delicious secret.

He leaves her skirt alone, and fastens a button on his tweed jacket – as brusque as always. Less brusque when he peels a strand of sweat-stuck hair from her cheek and tucks it behind her ear.

'There,' he says. 'Very presentable. Very proper.'

You wouldn't have thought that anything had happened at all. Maybe not even after she has asked, 'What happens now?'

And he has replied, 'I have no idea. Let's see what you write next, shall we?'