

MAKING THE GRADE!

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK

Getting good grades
doesn't always mean
studying **HARD...**



Chapter 1

MAKING THE GRADE

A STORY OF POWER AND SEX

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 1

I stared at the clock, willing it to move faster, but it didn't, of course. My eyelids were beginning to droop, but I did my best to stay awake. The professor was ranting and raving about something he found interesting in his lecture, but I couldn't focus on him. Despite being utterly bored, I was glad to have a distraction – something to keep my mind from thinking about last night...again.

My eyes roamed around the room, looking at the dull off-white walls, the speckled white tile floors, the endless rows of red molded plastic chairs, the other students that were slouching in their seats...I was trying to think about nothing in particular.

My eyes snapped back to the front of the classroom, and I watched as Professor Michael Bradley began heatedly scribbling on his chalkboard again, unaware that no one was even listening to him. He swung his body around animatedly, grabbing his textbook off of his polished wooden desk, not missing a beat in his lecture. How much information did he think one brain could possibly absorb in an hour?

This was one class that I couldn't wait to be done with. Most of my other classes this semester were going great, but I couldn't say the same for this one. It probably had less to do with the material we were covering, and more to do with the person that was teaching it.

I had been warned by many students before I scheduled this class that Professor Bradley was a pompous windbag, and that I should steer clear of his class. Unfortunately, I needed the credits and had to take it. At first, I thought it might actually be pretty interesting, but I quickly realized how full of himself he was. Not to mention that he always found it amusing to pile on the homework assignments. I would be lucky to walk out of this class with a "C." That thought pissed me off, considering this one stupid class was going to bring my GPA down significantly.

I glared towards Bradley with disgust as he waved his hands around in the air. He couldn't lecture us without the

vigorous use of his hands. I wondered if someone tied them up if he'd even be able to talk...

As it often did in this class, my mind began to wander. I couldn't help but wonder what Bradley's home life was like. He had a wedding ring on, so I assumed he was married. I couldn't imagine having to be his wife...poor woman.

Maybe he had been handsome back in the day, and some might even find him to be good looking even now...if they didn't know him. His personality was enough to make anyone loathe him. Bradley was probably close to six feet tall, and was surprisingly slender for his age. I guessed he had to be in his mid-fifties. His short jet black hair had a few gray streaks in it, but not much. He had deep, probing brown eyes that might have been beautiful if he weren't always glaring at you like you were too stupid to live.

I'd never seen him with a single facial hair, unlike a lot of our other teachers that sported goatees and beards. Bradley was always clean shaven and had only a few slight wrinkles around his eyes. I imagined those wrinkles were caused from his constant scowling, since I'd never seen him smile.

He was also solidly built. If it weren't for his obvious hatred of the jocks at our school, I might have thought he had been a football player back in college. His arms looked like they could crush you in half, which is probably why no one ever gave him any flack in class.

And then there were his clothes. He dressed like an old-school professor. He was usually wearing a sweater of some sort over dark slacks and shiny black dress shoes or loafers. I didn't know anyone else besides Bradley that even wore loafers anymore. During the summertime, he would swap his sweater out for a button-up dress shirt or sometimes an expensive looking polo.

Yet, despite his attire, he didn't look like a professor. If I had run across him on the street, I would have never pegged him for a college teacher. It just didn't seem to suit him.

I shook my head, pushing all thoughts of Professor Bradley away. I wasn't sure why I constantly sized him up in my head, or always found myself thinking about him and his life outside of the university.

My daydreaming wasn't going to help me with the material that had been covered, but at least it had taken up some time, and kept me from replaying the previous night over and over again in my head. I glanced up at the clock again and realized that class was coming to an end. I tapped my foot impatiently against the floor, ignoring my neighboring classmate as she glared at me.

Finally, the bell rang at last. I wasn't the only one who seemed relieved that class was over. I grabbed my notebook and my textbook, shoving them quickly into my backpack. I intended to make a hasty escape, but we were all stopped on our way out the door.

"Hold on!" Professor Bradley boomed.

The whole class groaned in unison. We all knew what was coming next.

"Just because finals are next week does not excuse all of you from homework!" he declared. Great...just what I needed on top off all of the studying I had to do...more homework.

"Now, I want all of you to read the next four chapters in your textbook, complete all of the discussion questions at the end of each chapter, and prepare for a pop quiz on those chapters. In addition, you will need to compile a six page essay on social stratification – I want you all to come up with your own working definition as well as prepare and explain some likely scenarios in real life that one might find. You all know the essay layout that I prefer. I want these papers first thing on Monday, students!" he commanded.

Everyone was standing, mouths hanging open and glaring at him. I was frozen in place. Was he serious? A six page essay by Monday morning? With final exams on Tuesday and Wednesday? In addition to all of the textbook reading and discussion questions? Surely he was joking...no teacher would be that cruel to assign so much work during the last week of school.

Professor Bradley turned his back on us, and began gathering his papers at his desk. Obviously, he was not kidding around. I heard several of the other students muttering under their breath as they stormed out of the

room. I grabbed my backpack and stomped towards the door, not caring that I probably looked like a tantruming child.

There was no way in hell I was going to be able to get all of that work done, plus study for all five of my finals AND work this weekend. Not if I wanted to sleep.

I walked back to my apartment in a daze, trying to figure out how in the world to get everything done by Monday. I almost got ran over by a speeding car as I crossed the street without looking. I didn't even flinch as the driver blasted their horn at me. I was too tired to care at the moment.

Last night was still playing over and over in my mind, even though I was trying hard to think of nothing. I didn't have any more classes today to distract me, and I still had four hours before work started. I knew I needed to study, but I wasn't convinced I was going to be able to concentrate on my books right now. And it was all I could do today to keep from bursting into tears every five minutes.

"Amber! Wait up!" I heard coming from behind me. I knew who it was before I even turned around to look. It was Julie calling for me. Julie was my roommate, and my best friend. She was a lot like me, and not just personality wise. People always thought we were sisters. She looked very similar to me, except that she had darker hair than I did, was slightly taller, and had baby blue eyes. I loved her dearly.

I should have been relieved to see my best friend in the whole world running to catch up with me, but I wasn't. I knew I was going to have to tell her what happened last night, and it wasn't going to be easy.

"Hey," Julie said breathlessly when she finally caught up to me. "How was class?"

"Awful, as usual. Bradley gave us a fucking ton of homework plus an essay that's due on Monday. And we're going to have a pop quiz, plus finals to study for. He's such a jerk! I think he literally gets off on torturing his students," I complained.

"I can't believe that! What a douche! Well, actually, I *can* believe it...everyone said he was a terrible teacher. I wish you didn't have to take his class."

“Yeah, me too.”

“So, do you have work tonight?” Julie asked as we walked. I was glad we were only a block away from the apartment now. I didn’t think I was going to be able to walk for much longer. I was really beginning to feel my sleepless night.

“Of course. It’s Friday...I don’t think I’ve ever had a Friday or Saturday off since I started there,” I grumbled.

“What’s wrong? You seem more agitated than usual today,” Julie noted.

She had always been perceptive. But, it might also have something to do with the fact that we had been friends since Kindergarten. She knew me better than anyone.

I sighed out loud, and stared at my feet as we walked. I really wanted to pretend like nothing was wrong, but I knew she was going to eventually beat it out of me, so there was no point in hiding it.

We had finally reached the apartment complex, and I quickly pulled my keys out and unlocked the door. As soon as we were inside, I dumped my bag on the floor and stumbled to the living room, collapsing onto the couch.

Julie was trying her best to be patient, but I could definitely tell it was hard for her. She stood ramrod straight, with her arms crossed over her chest, staring down at me on the couch.

“Aaron came over last night when you left. I had called him because I didn’t want to spend the night alone.”

“Okay...and? He’s spent the night before,” Julie said hesitantly, trying to figure out where the conversation was headed.

“He didn’t stay over,” I told her flatly.

She didn’t respond. She just waited for me to continue. I took a deep breath and spilled my guts.

“Aaron broke up with me. I really thought he was joking when he said that to me. We’ve been together for almost four years now,” I said in disbelief. It still hadn’t really sunk in yet, and it was clear that my mind was still rejecting the words, even as I said them.

“Amber, be serious. That’s not funny!” Julie scolded,

obviously thinking I was joking.

"I'm being serious, Julie. He said that he wanted the 'full college experience' before he graduated. I found out today exactly what that meant. I saw him sniffing around Jacqueline Yates this morning on my way to class."

"Are you fucking kidding me?! He dumped you so he could try to weasel into Jackie Yates' pants? That is twisted and sick! I thought Aaron was different. I really thought...that you two were serious. I thought you were going to marry the guy, Amber. I'm so sorry! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I haven't seen you since it happened, Jules. Besides, I'm still trying to process it all, you know? I just wish he would have at least waited until finals were over. It's going to be brutal next week."

Julie reached out and gave me a hug. I was suddenly so exhausted that I could barely keep my eyes open.

"Thanks, Julie. At least I still have you, unless you've found a new best friend," I said with a weak laugh.

"Nope. You're never going to get rid of me!" she assured me.

"Good. Now...I need to get some sleep before my shift starts. I didn't get much sleep last night and I'm dead on my feet. I'll see you tonight, okay?"

"Sure thing. I'll be here if you need to talk."

I stumbled into the bedroom and climbed in the bed. I was out within a minute, if it even took that long. I don't remember dreaming anything, which was good. My mental unconscious had the potential to be very cruel to me right now if it wanted to...dredging up memories and conversations that I didn't want to remember.

The next thing I knew, I was slowly waking up, feeling very groggy. I also had the sense that I had been asleep for quite a while. I sat straight up in the bed, sudden panicked. I had forgotten to set the alarm clock on my phone for work. Surely Julie wouldn't have let me sleep so long and let me miss work!

I flung the sheets off and sprinted out of the room. I realized that it was dark outside. Holy shit, I was going to be in so much trouble!

“Hey, you’re up,” Julie noted. She was sprawled out on the couch, her schoolwork laid out in front of her.

“Julie! Why didn’t you wake me up! I have to work tonight, and now I’m late!” I nearly shouted. It wasn’t her fault for not waking me up...it wasn’t like she was responsible for me, but I still felt a little aggravated with her.

“Calm down, Amber! I called in for you...talked to Ms. Cindy. I told her what was going on and she said not to worry about coming in tonight. She said with finals and everything going on, it was probably going to be a slow night anyway, and that they could handle it.” Julie smiled at me and waited for me to respond.

“Oh, well...I guess that’s cool then. Never even thought about calling in. I don’t think I’ve even missed a day of work...not that I can remember anyway. Thanks Jules. I needed a break. What would I do without you?”

“You wouldn’t be able to function without me!” Julie said with a laugh. “But, you aren’t off the hook for the night. We are going out tonight...so go get ready.”

“I don’t know about that. I don’t think I’m quite ready for celebrating. Besides, I have a ton of homework to do.”

“Nope, nope, nope. You aren’t getting out of this, missy. So go get dressed! You need a drink or two or three!”

I tried to stare her down, but I knew it was pointless. Julie was relentless when she wanted something. Besides, drinking sounded much more fun than studying or writing an essay. I smiled and then skipped back to the bedroom to get dressed.

After binge drinking Friday night, and not recalling much of it at all, the rest of the weekend passed in a blur. Work, studying and school projects kept me plenty busy. I didn’t have much time to think about Aaron, and that was good. I was surprised on Saturday afternoon when he called my cell phone. I didn’t answer, and I deleted his message without listening to it. I didn’t want anything to do with him.

He kept calling all weekend...several times. Julie thought I should answer it to see what he wanted, but I honestly didn’t care. I didn’t want to talk to him or hear his voice right now. I

just kept letting the voicemail pick up, and deleting the messages. He texted a few times, too, but I deleted those as well. It was probably juvenile, but so is dumping your girlfriend of four years because you think you have a shot at something better.

I wasn't vain in the slightest, but I was a little miffed at Aaron for being such a jerk. I had always been told that I was out of his league and that I was too good for him. I was tall, slender, slightly tanned (not grossly tanned like some of the other girls around here), and had long, light brown hair with natural blonde highlights. My hair had the slightest curl to it, and everyone always thought I used a curling iron on it every morning. I also had an amazing rack that had appeared sophomore year in high school. My size D boobs had definitely gotten the attention of all of the guys in high school. I had also inherited my eyes from my mother...they were the strangest shade of light gray, and they also got me quite a bit of attention.

Aaron, on the other hand, was an average guy. Five and three quarter feet tall (only an inch or so taller than I was), short dark brown hair, brown eyes...nothing that really stood out. He was handsome, or at least he had been to me. Maybe it was the anger from the breakup, but at the moment, I couldn't find anything redeeming about him.

I had plenty of boyfriends during high school before I finally hooked up with Aaron. I stayed with him because he was different than all of the other guys. He wasn't totally self-centered, and it didn't seem like he was only after sex with me. I really thought what we had was going to last...

I did my best to forget about Aaron, and before I knew it, the weekend was over. Monday morning came way too early, and suddenly I was back in Bradley's class, taking a pop quiz minutes after turning in my hastily written essay. Class flew by, and all of us were cringing when the bell rang, wondering if Bradley was going to assign more homework even though our final exam was on Wednesday.

"No assignments this time, guys. I'll see all of you on Wednesday. I have study guides posted online if you'd like to give them a look, and I will have final grades posted by

Friday,” Bradley said morosely.

I hadn’t noticed, but the Professor was kind of down in the dumps today. He wasn’t his usual verbose self. The other students filed out of the classroom excitedly, and I wasn’t far behind them. I was just glad to not have any extra work to do. I still had finals to study for.

“Miss Hunt? Could I speak with you for a moment?”

Professor Bradley called to me as I passed his desk. I paused, curious as to what he would want with me.

“Sure, Professor Bradley.”

“Please, call me Michael,” he said with a chuckle.

I don’t think I’d ever heard anyone call him Michael. He had made it perfectly clear to all of us when class started that we were to address him as Professor Bradley.

“Okay, Michael,” I said hesitantly.

“Amber, I read and graded a few of the essays during class, and I noticed that yours wasn’t up to your normal standards.”

“Oh, well...really?” I said. I was turning bright red, and I was a little embarrassed that he had singled me out just to tell me that my essay was especially crappy.

“I was a little surprised, honestly. I’ve come to expect more from you. It seems that you didn’t put very much thought into the project at all,” he said, almost sternly.

I was on the verge of being mad. Embarrassment was winning out at the moment, but it wouldn’t be long before my temper flared. I tried to remind myself that telling Bradley to shove my essay up his ass if he didn’t like it wasn’t going to help my GPA out at all.

“I was hoping I would be able to curve your grade to give you a B, but with this essay, it’s going to definitely be a C. If you are fine with that, then you can go. Of course, you still have the final, but I doubt you’ll be able to get an A on it and pull your grade up on your own.”

I was glaring at him now. I wanted to fly across the desk and punch him in his stupid face.

“So what is my other option?” I asked through my teeth. I couldn’t keep the anger out of my voice.

“Well, I don’t let just any student in on this deal, but I do

occasionally offer extra credit. Would you be interested?"

"It depends on what the extra credit is," I nearly snapped at him.

"Well, are you free tonight? Between six and nine? I am going to need some help grading all of these pop quizzes in addition to all of the essays if I'm going to get grades turned in by Friday, so if you'd like to help me with grading, I'd be happy to have you. And, you could get extra credit for the class which will significantly help your final grade," he explained.

"Yes, I am free tonight. I don't have to work, but I was going to study for my finals that I have tomorrow."

"I could see where that might cause you issues. It's up to you, then. I'll be here tonight if you'd like to join me," Bradley said as he stood up and began gathering stacks of papers off of his desk.

I turned and walked out of the classroom without another word. I was still furious at him, but at the same time, I was weighing my options. What was more important now? Studying for finals or getting extra credit in Bradley's class? I knew I was probably going to do well in all of my other classes no matter what, but did I really want to spend three hours with him, alone?

I was stomping down the hall, eyes on the ground, cheeks still red from my embarrassment. I wasn't paying any attention to anyone around me, so I was surprised when I heard Aaron's voice calling me. I looked up at the sound of my name automatically, and then instantly regretted it.

Aaron was approaching me, with Jackie Yates in tow a few feet behind him. She looked uncomfortable and annoyed. Mostly annoyed...probably wondering what in the hell Aaron was doing chasing down his ex, as was I.

"Hey, I've been waiting on you," he snipped rudely.

"Okay, and?" I replied snidely.

"I need to talk to you, and I've been trying to call all weekend. Why haven't you answered my phone calls? And class ended ten minutes ago, so what were you doing in there with Professor Bradley? You already move on to the professors?" he demanded.

I was still pissed off from my interaction with Bradley, and now my jerk of an ex had the nerve to confront me in the hall, dragging his new bitch along with him. And he had the balls to insinuate that I was sexually involved with my teachers...that was crossing the line. He was always a jealous asshole. My fury bubbled over and it was all I could do to not sling my backpack straight into his face.

"What the FUCK does it matter to you, Aaron? We aren't dating anymore, so just leave me alone. Got play with your new girlfriend and quit bothering me," I screamed at him. I noted that several students had paused in the hallway to look at me, but I couldn't care less.

Aaron looked like he was about to bust a vein in his forehead. I apparently wasn't supposed to be talking back to him. Tough shit, though...I didn't really care what he thought or what he wanted anymore. He wasn't my concern. I turned around and walked away from him.

I almost fell flat on my ass when Aaron grabbed my backpack and yanked on it, stopping me from walking away. I wheeled around to face him, suddenly livid. He grabbed the top of my arm roughly, and I shook him free.

"Don't you dare ever touch me again, you asshole!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

That stopped him dead in his tracks; he backed up a couple of inches and glared at me.

"Don't walk away from me when I'm talking to you," he said coldly.

"Last I checked, you don't fucking own me you jerk!" I was on the verge of tears, and I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of thinking I was crying over him in any way.

"What's going on here?" I heard Professor Bradley boom as he stormed down the hallway. "Miss Hunt is there a problem?" he asked as I looked at me.

"No problem at all," Aaron snapped at Professor Bradley.

"I don't believe I was talking to you," Bradley shot back at him. "Amber?" he asked again, returning his attention to me.

"My ex-boyfriend here was just leaving," I said.

Bradley turned to glare at Aaron, and waited until Aaron turned around and walked away. I was nearly shaking from

the confrontation. I had never seen Aaron so angry before.

"Come with me," Bradley said as he led me back to his classroom.

I followed behind him silently, trying not to process the fact that students were still staring at me. I had apparently made more of a scene than I realized.

"Are you okay," Bradley asked when we got back to his classroom.

"I'm fine," I assured him. I was trying desperately to get control of myself before the tears could come, since that probably wouldn't help the situation any at all.

"You don't look fine," he said as he shut his door and went to sit down behind his desk. "How long have you two been broken up?"

"Since Thursday night," I informed him. I wasn't really comfortable discussing my personal life with him.

"Well, that explains your essay," he concluded.

"Yeah, I guess it does," I agreed.

"I wish I could help you out in some other way, but I can't. Against the rules, you know. The offer for extra credit still stands," he said.

"Thanks, Professor Bradley," I replied.

"Michael," he corrected me.

I didn't respond other than smiling at him before I waved and walked out. I was ready to get out of there. I checked both ways, expecting Aaron to be waiting on me, but he wasn't. I dashed out of the building and was so very relieved to see that Julie was perched on one of the outside benches, patiently waiting on me.

"There you are!" she called when she spotted me. "I was about to give up on you," she informed me as I closed the gap between us.

"You will never believe what just happened," I exclaimed before I had even reached her. Her eyes lit up with curiosity instantly.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

We started walking towards our apartment, and I filled her in on the incident with Aaron and my discussion with Bradley. She was wide-eyed the whole time, but never

interrupted other than an occasional gasp.

When I was finally done, she shook her head in disbelief. We were almost back to the apartment already.

"I didn't think Aaron was like that. What the hell is wrong with him? And what in the world was going through his mind, treating you like that? Ugh! That makes me want to kick him square in the balls," Julie huffed.

"That makes two of us," I agreed with a laugh. Thank God for Julie...she always knew how to make me feel better.

"Stay away from him...get a new phone, and if he bothers you again, go to the campus police. I'm serious, Amber. I don't trust him."

"Yes, mom...I'll be extra careful!"

"I'm serious! He's a creep!"

"I know. Thanks for looking out for me. Come on...I gotta get home and cram before tonight. I have to go meet Bradley at six if I want to get my grade up in his class," I informed her with a grumble. I wasn't looking forward to tonight, but it was necessary, I supposed.

The afternoon went by slowly as I crammed for the two finals I had the next day. My phone rang once, and of course it was Aaron. I ignored it, as well as the voicemail he left, and the text message he sent me. I was going to take Julie's advice and get a new phone...soon.

When it was a quarter to six, I got ready to head back to the school, and I was chicken enough to ask Julie enough to walk with me. She could have campus police escort her back to the apartment since we were only a couple of blocks from campus. Luckily, she didn't think I was overreacting, and agreed to walk with me.

We got there promptly at six, and she said goodbye to me at the main entrance. I told her I would probably be here until after nine, and that I would ask Professor Bradley to give me a ride home so I wouldn't have to walk again.

I slowly drifted towards his classroom, not looking forward to grading quizzes, but trying to remind myself that it was for my GPA. Besides, it could be worse...I could be having to deal with Aaron right now.

Bradley was behind his desk, intently reading an essay, when I walked in.

"Amber! I wasn't sure you were going to show up tonight," he claimed.

"I'm here, Professor Bradley...put me to work," I said as enthusiastically as possible.

"I'm going to fail you if you don't start calling me Michael," he scolded jokingly.

It was apparent that he wasn't going to drop it, so I gave in.

"Okay, Michael it is then. What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I have all the quizzes from today...five classes worth. Here's the answer key, and the student registry to record their grades down. They are all sorted by class and in alphabetical order already, so it shouldn't be too much trouble," he instructed as he showed me all of the paperwork.

I began picking up the papers to take to one of the student desks, but he shook his head.

"You can sit on the other side of the desk...it will give you more room to work. I brought you a chair," he said as he waved his hand towards a leather office chair on the other side of his desk.

"Oh, uh, thanks," I stammered as I pulled the chair around to the other side of his desk. Now he wants only a couple of feet from me, and I was secretly wishing that he had another desk, and desk, that I could sit at right now.

I straightened all of the material out, and got to work. He returned to his essays, and for a couple of hours, we didn't even speak. The only sound in the room was of rustling papers.

I finally got through the stack, even though it felt like the quizzes were multiplying every time I graded one. When I had recorded the last grade, I leaned back in my chair, stretched, and yawned.

When I sat back up, I realized Michael was staring at me, and it made me a little uncomfortable.

I straightened up in my chair and cleared my throat.

“Well, they’re all done. Is there anything else you need me to do?” I asked.

“Nope, that was it. Thanks for your help. I’ll give you some extra credit, and you can leave if you want to.”

“Actually, I was wondering if you might give me a ride to my apartment. It’s only a couple of blocks from here. I don’t want to walk home this late.”

“I’d be glad to, but I have to assemble the exams for tomorrow. I guess...if you wanted to stay for a little while longer and help, it wouldn’t take very long,” he suggested.

I looked up at the clock on the wall, and realized it was only a little after eight. I repressed a sigh, but reminded myself that I had agreed to help from six to nine, and that he didn’t have to give me any extra credit at all, so I should be grateful that I was the student he chose to help out.

“Sure, I can help with that...if you don’t mind me handling the exams,” I said.

“You’ll be on the honor system,” he replied with a smile.

I helped him assemble a couple hundred exams, and was surprised to realize that it really hadn’t taken long at all. It was barely after nine when we got done.

“You’re a lifesaver. I would have been here all night without your help,” he said with a chuckle.

“I’m happy to help.” I helped stack up the exams and clear off his desk. Then, I thought about something belatedly and the question was out of my mouth before I had a chance to stop it.

“So, does your wife get disturbed when you have to work so late? She must be pretty understanding, especially when you have students help you,” I blurted out.

I froze, noticing that he stiffened almost instantly. I felt like kicking my own ass. It was no business of mine what was going on in his personal life...even if he had been snooping in mine earlier.

“Well, Amber, my wife is pretty understanding. Or, she used to be. We split up a couple of months ago,” he admitted quietly.

I felt like such a tool. “Oh, I’m so sorry Professor, er, Michael. I had no idea,” I said, trying to comfort him.

"It's okay. You didn't know. I guess I should probably stop wearing my wedding ring at some point. I was hoping we were going to reconcile, but it doesn't look like that's where it's headed." He stopped talking for a moment, but I could tell he wanted to say something more. I just waited.

"Honestly, I'm thinking about leaving the university and moving out of the state. I'm sure I could find a job somewhere else. I just don't feel like being here anymore. I don't know...I still haven't decided yet."

I was floored. I didn't know what to say to him. He was obviously in pain, and I had no clue how to help. I just said the first thing that came to mind.

"Well, we're quite a pair, aren't we?" I said with a laugh, trying to lighten the mood. He arched his brows at me, not understanding. I tried to clarify, hoping I wouldn't offend him.

"We're both having some relationship issues at the moment. I just got dumped a few days ago...though I'm sure it's nothing compared to what you and your wife had. And she's probably not stalking you around campus for unknown reasons," I rattled, remembering this afternoon and shivering. I still didn't know what I was going to do about Aaron. I didn't want to face him again.

To my relief, Michael smiled at me. At least I hadn't upset him.

"That's true...we are both having some rough times right now. So, just being curious here, but what was all that about this afternoon? I heard your voice all the way in here."

I was internally cussing myself for bringing it up. Of course he would want to know what the deal was. Fuck it...what did it matter? I only had one stupid day left in his class and I probably wouldn't see Michael again.

"You probably know about as much as I do. I have no clue what was up with Aaron. We've been dating since senior year in high school, and have been going steady all throughout college. I thought he was...the one, as cheesy as that sounds. And last week, he just dumps me and starts going out with someone else right away.

"I've been ignoring his phone calls all weekend, and that apparently pissed him off, so he came to find me. I really

don't know what his problem was, though. He's never been like that before, but I'm going to steer clear of him from now on."

"I'm so sorry, Amber. That's terrible."

"Oh well, like I said...probably nothing compared to what you're having to deal with. Sorry I brought it up," I said sheepishly.

"It's fine," he assured me with a laugh. "It's actually kind of nice to talk to someone about it. None of my co-workers know about it. In fact, I don't think I've even told anyone else yet."

That was almost kind of sad. But, it seemed like he was ready to stop talking about it, so I dropped the subject.

"Well, would it be wrong of me to ask if I could borrow one of these exams for the night?" I asked, laughing.

"Haha...sure, why not?" he replied.

I finished clearing his desk and then stood up. I was tired and ready to get home.

"Thanks again for the help. You ready to go?" he asked.

"Yes. I think my brain has had enough for one day."

I waited for him in the hall while he turned out the lights and locked his classroom up. He went out the back entrance to where the faculty parking lot was, and his was one of only five cars left in the lot.

I was surprised when he led me to the nicest car...it was a sleek, black, and fast-looking BMW. He must have noticed my ogling.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Um, yeah...it's pretty nice," I admitted.

"I like fast cars. I don't care about much else, but I am very picky about my cars. It was never practical enough for my wife. She would rather I drive a minivan or a station wagon," he said, disgust plain in his voice.

"Well, for what it's worth, I am thoroughly impressed with it!" I exclaimed.

"Thanks," he laughed.

I climbed into the passenger seat, and the smell of the leather interior hit me at once. I was suddenly disappointed that we only had to go a couple of blocks. I was immediately

curious as to how fast this car could go.

“So, is it fast, then?” I asked, not bothering to hide my intense curiosity.

He turned and grinned a wicked smile at me. “Yes, it is VERY fast. Would you like to take a scenic route to your apartment?” he asked nonchalantly.

I weighed my options for a moment. Sure, it was weird that I was cruising around with a professor, seeing as how I was his student, but then again...who cares? And I did love a fast car.

“Sure!”

My answer seemed to please him, and he turned the key in the ignition. I was startled when the car roared to life. It sounded amazing.

He sped out of the parking lot, careful to drive slowly past the campus police building. Once we were out on the main road, he headed toward the interstate.

On the interstate, he really floored it. I know there was no way we were driving the legal speed limit, but I didn't even care. Even with the excess speed, the car didn't seem like it was having to exert any effort at all. I found myself smiling, wishing I had a car exactly like this...so I could outrun all my problems.

“I know this may be overstepping some boundaries here, and feel free to say no, but would you like to have dinner with me? I haven't had any company at home in so long. It would be nice to have someone to talk to for a change.”

My mood was still high from racing down the interstate, so I quickly agreed.

“Sure, that sounds great.”

I was probably going to regret it later, but for now, at least, Michael was keeping me distracted from Aaron. For the first time in days, I wasn't on the verge of tears or thinking about how chaotic my life was.

We drove another ten minutes before we took an exit and turned onto a quiet little road. Another few minutes passed, and we turned into a neighborhood that made me feel out of my league. The houses here had to be worth at least a half million apiece, easily.

I tried to remain calm as Michael wove through the quiet streets. All of the homes here were absolutely breathtaking. Michael slowed to a crawl and pulled up into a cul-de-sac before hitting a button on his visor. I looked out the window and saw the garage door opening on the house in the corner. It was a brick three story home. The bricks were a dark, rich red color that I hadn't really seen before. The front of the home had a deep porch that extended the length of the house, and there were thick, ornate white columns supporting the upper levels that overhung the first floor. The front door was a wide set of French doors that looked too expensive to touch. The whole house was lit up by outside lighting that was nestled into the grass.

The yard was manicured to perfection and had thick, dark green privacy hedges all the way around the home. Multiple flower beds scattered throughout the front yard, and they were overflowing with colorful flowers.

The garage door finally opened all the way up, revealing a space big enough for at least three cars. Michael pulled up inside, and hit the button again, shutting the garage door behind us.

I was stunned into silence. I had never in a million years pictured Professor Bradley – Michael – living in a place like this.

"Come on in," he said as he turned the engine off and climbed out of the car. I watched as he headed to one of three doors in the garage and unlocked it. He turned around and had his head cocked to one side, looking at me. Probably wondering why I was still sitting in the car like an idiot. I unbuckled my seat belt and scrambled out of the front seat.

He opened the door and went into the house, turning on the lights. I followed timidly behind him, still feeling very much out of my element.

"Come on to the kitchen, and I'll get dinner started. I'm a pretty good cook, if I say so myself," he informed me.

I followed behind him, taking in the enormity of the house. It was beautiful inside...more so than the outside, and I didn't think that was possible. I saw photos hanging on the

wall of a woman I assumed to be his wife. She was very good-looking...nothing at all like I had imagined. She seemed to be quite a bit younger than Michael.

I tore my eyes away from the photos, not wanting to be rude, and followed him to the kitchen. When I walked through an arched doorway, I was speechless. The kitchen was like something from a magazine...something that didn't exist in real life. It looked like it belonged in a huge restaurant instead of a home. The appliances were all stainless steel, and obviously very expensive. There were three ovens in the wall, and two separate ranges. In addition, there were two huge refrigerators side by side, and two professional-looking dishwashers lined up beside the deep stainless steel sink.

The counters were marble...not the cheesy fake kind you find in most houses, but the real deal. It was a dark brown color swirled with shades of cream and tan, and the real tile floors were a stunning shade of brown that matched the counters perfectly.

There was also a high bar area on one of the counters that was lined with six ornately carved mahogany barstools. Michael motioned for me to sit at one of the barstools while he began washing his hands.

I was too stunned to talk. I couldn't believe how *expensive* this place looked.

"You have a very beautiful home," I finally managed to choke out. That was the understatement of the century.

"Thank you, Amber. I designed the whole thing myself. We bought the lot when the subdivision was being developed about ten years ago, and we had a builder come in and design our dream home. Of course, I think this was more my dream than hers. She told me I could keep the house in the divorce."

"That's awful," I announced, not caring if it was rude. "This place is amazing. How in the world could *anyone* not fall in love with this place?" I was saying nothing but the truth. I would literally die if I got to live in a house like this, and his ungrateful wife was throwing it away like it was trash.

"Thank you...that means a lot to me. I've always loved it

here. I'm pretty much a recluse when I'm not at the school. I have everything I need right here."

"I don't blame you. If this were my house, I'd never leave either," I said, unable to hide the admiration in my voice.

I watched as Michael started pulling things out of the cabinets and the refrigerators. He was obviously pretty skilled in the kitchen. I could barely make macaroni out of the box...how sad. Maybe he could give me lessons.

I continued to watch as he cooked dinner, and was surprised to find myself actually having a good time. We talked about more trivial things now. We never brought up anything to do with relationships, and I was grateful for that. How odd that earlier in the day, I thought of Michael as a jerk college professor, and now I was having dinner with him at his home. Strange shit...

It was beginning to smell amazing. He told me it was chicken scaloppini, which I had never had before, but it smelled great and looked even better. He toasted some delicious smelling French bread with some crushed garlic and olive oil, and made a huge green salad to go with it.

I offered to help him set the table, wherever the dining room was, but he declined.

"We can eat at the bar. I like it better in here anyway," he informed me.

When the food was ready, I helped him serve it. He disappeared into a pantry in the corner that looked like it might have been bigger than my whole apartment. He came out with a bag of croutons and a sheepish grin on his face.

"I can't help it...they are my weakness. I can't eat a salad without croutons."

I just laughed at him...like I was going to be offended that he ate store-bought croutons on his salad. The thought almost made me laugh again. He went over by the refrigerators and popped open a door under one of the cabinets. I hadn't even noticed it before, but I watched in amazement as he pulled out a large bottle of wine.

He saw the confusion on my face. "It was easier to buy a wine cooler than build a wine cellar," he explained. "Do you mind? Or would you prefer something else?" he asked.

“No, wine is fine with me.”

He grabbed two very large wine glasses from a cabinet and expertly opened the bottle of wine. He poured some in both glasses, and then helped carry the food and wine around to the bar.

I wasted no time digging in, even if it was rude. I was starving and the smells coming from the plate were driving me insane. I thought I was in heaven when I took the first bite. After I swallowed the first bite, I reached over unthinkingly and put my hand on Michael’s shoulder.

“This is...remarkable. That doesn’t even begin to cover it, Michael,” I said shyly, still new at using his first name.

“Well, thank you. It’s nice to have someone here that appreciates my cooking. My wife never did care for my recipes much.”

I was beginning to hate her a little bit more by the minute. I wish I had a man that would cook for me. Aaron couldn’t even microwave a burrito without burning it, for crying out loud.

We continued to talk and laugh throughout dinner, and when we were done, he grabbed the bottle of wine and our glasses and motioned for me to follow him. I trailed behind as he led me to his study. The walls were dark brown wood, and there was a huge fireplace taking up one whole wall. The floor was a plush cream color and in the center of the room was a magnificent oriental rug that I was too scared to walk across.

There was an elaborate desk in the center of the room, and several leather sofas placed throughout. There was also a large sitting area with at least ten huge leather recliners that were circling a gigantic plasma TV that was hanging on the wall in one corner.

There were also bookcases...tons and tons of bookcases that were built into the walls, and they were all jam packed with books.

Michael led me to one of the large leather sofas and plopped down on one end. I sat down on the other end, and took my glass of wine when he offered it back to me. He reached over and filled my glass up before placing the bottle

of wine on the side table.

"Thank you for tonight. It's been nice having someone to talk to, and share a meal with. I didn't realize how lonely it would be here by myself."

"I had a really great time tonight. Thank you for inviting me. Anytime you want to cook for me and drive me around in your car, just let me know and I'll be here," I teased.

"It's a deal."

I drank the rest of my wine – my fourth glass, if I was remembering correctly – and relaxed against the couch. I had no idea what time it was, but I was starting to feel sleepy. It had to be getting close to midnight.

I let my eyes slip shut for just a moment, but they snapped back open when I felt Michael move on the couch beside me.

"Are you ready to go home?" he asked.

"Yes, I better get back. I have class in the morning, and my roommate will be wondering where I am," I explained. I hadn't even bothered to check my phone to see if Julie had called. I had put the phone on silent while I was grading quizzes and I never turned the ringer back on. She was probably freaked out and still trying to reach me.

"I'll take you home whenever you're ready," he assured me.

"Let me just call my roommate real quick...I completely forgot about her."

I pulled my phone out of my pocket, and was not surprised to find a ton of missed calls. I scrolled through the numbers, and most of them were from Julie. A few were from Aaron, but I pushed his name out of my head. I dialed Julie's cell phone, and she answered on the first ring.

"Amber?" she asked impatiently.

"Hey, Jules. It's me. I'm so sorry I haven't been getting your calls. I forgot I had turned my phone off earlier. I'm on my way home soon. I'm still with Professor Bradley."

"Thank God! I was so worried about you! I'm gonna kick your ass when you get back here for stressing me out!"

"And I'll let you, if it will make you feel better. I'll be home soon. Sorry for making you worry."

“Yeah, yeah...I’m used to being mistreated,” she said with a shaky laugh. I must have really worried her.

“Bye,” I said and hung up the phone. I turned the ringer up on high, and slid the phone back in my pocket. I turned around to tell Michael that I was ready to go home, but I was startled to find that he was standing right behind me. I didn’t have time to react before he planted his lips on mine. I resisted at first, but then I quit. I had some of the strangest sensations pulsing through my body, and suddenly I was hungry...and not for food.

I kissed him back passionately, and he seemed to be thrilled that I was responding to his advances.

He grasped at me almost desperately, and he stumbled backwards toward the couch. I didn’t let go of him as he pulled me with him.

My head was screaming at me that this was wrong, wrong, wrong...and on so many different levels, but I just didn’t care. I don’t know if I had too much wine, or if I was just too tired to resist, or if all the shit with Aaron had left me too vulnerable. It didn’t matter to me at the moment.

I crawled onto Michael’s lap and wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling myself closer to him. His tongue probed deeper into my mouth, and it was driving me wild. I couldn’t remember the last time Aaron had kissed me that way. He was a five-minute man...get his and get out.

We sat there for a long time, kissing and pawing at each other. He ran his hands up and down my back, grabbing my ass and lifting me up even higher on him.

When I was having trouble breathing, I broke free of his grasp so I could catch my breath. He seemed to be having a little difficulty as well.

“I’m so sorry,” he panted. “That was way out of line.”

Obviously he thought I had come to my senses and was trying to stop him. He was dead wrong.

“I don’t know what I was—” he started to say, but I cut him off with another kiss that was even more fierce and needy than the first.

He pushed me off of his lap after just a minute or two, and this confused me at first. He made his intentions clear right

away though as he literally picked me up and flung me over his shoulder. I knew he had muscles, but I never thought he'd be capable of carrying a person around with such ease.

He headed for the stairs, and I was giggling too much to ask him to let me walk. He climbed up the stairs without any difficulty. He headed down a long hallway to a set of double doors at the end that opened up into a grand bedroom. I didn't have much time to take in the room before he was flinging me on the huge bed. I didn't even try to stop him when he climbed on top of me and began to pull my shirt up, revealing my tits that were on the verge of spilling out of my bra.

He got my shirt up over my head and tossed it to the floor. I unsnapped my bra in the front, letting my boobs flop free, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head. That was the reaction I was used to seeing whenever any guy got a look at my naked rack.

He leaned forward and buried his face in my cleavage, and I moaned out loud. This seemed to excite him quite a bit, as he was now even more impatient than before. He started tugging on my jeans, but I started unzipping them myself.

He slid off of the bed, and began undressing. I wiggled out of my jeans, but left my silky pink panties on. I was too busy watching as he stripped out of his clothes.

He yanked his shirt off first, and I was breathless. He had a broad chest and huge muscles. His arms were enormous, and I knew that he must work out a LOT to keep himself so fit. I was certain that he probably had an elaborate gym set up somewhere in the house.

He was hurrying to undo his pants, and my jaw nearly fell off when he was fully naked. Underneath all of his clothes...all this time...had been the most massive dick I had ever seen in real life. It had to be at least eight or nine inches long, and it was so thick that I wasn't sure it was going to fit inside of me. Aaron was looking like a puny little punk in comparison. His dick was barely over five inches long, on a good day.

I was not surprised to find that Michael was already half

erect. I must have excited him more than I had originally thought. He saw me gawking at him, and he smiled.

He walked back over to the bed, and then hesitated.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked, completely unsure of himself. What did his wife do to him?

A good looking man with a great job, outrageous pay, a gorgeous car, a dream home, that knew how to cook and *liked* it, and had a huge dick on top of it all...she had to be a lesbian. That was the only explanation I could come up with.

"Yes, I'm sure," I said hastily. My crotch was pulsing in anticipation. It had been at least two weeks since I'd had sex with Aaron, and I was feeling a bit deprived.

Michael nodded his head briefly, and then climbed back on the bed, straddling me. He reached down and slid my panties off, and I noticed that his dick was completely hard and ready.

He reached down and pulled my legs up with his arms, and pulled them apart. He grabbed his cock and slid it into me carefully.

It was painful at first. I'd never been plowed with such a monster before, but after the first few thrusts, it started to feel good.

I wrapped my arms around his neck again, and quivered beneath him as I felt the muscles in his neck tense up. He was so strong...and it was almost too much for me. He started to speed up now, ramming his dick in me faster and faster.

After a few minutes, he straightened up and pulled my legs up onto his shoulders, pushing them together. He grabbed my thighs and held on as he continued to pump me.

I was in pure ecstasy at this point, and found myself wishing that this moment could last forever.

Michael released my legs so he could lean down and kiss my neck. The moans of delight were flowing out of me, and there was no way to stop them.

"God, you are so fucking TIGHT," he said in my ear, grazing my earlobe with his teeth. I felt another shudder of desire ripple through me as his hot breath blew into my ear.

"I'm not tight...your dick is just too fucking big," I

responded, gasping.

"That's true," he agreed with a laugh.

He suddenly pulled out of me and got up on his knees. I looked up at him, confused.

"Why did you stop?" I demanded angrily.

"Don't worry...I'm not done. Roll over," he commanded.

I had no problem obeying his commands. There was nothing I liked more than doing it doggy-style. The penetration was amazing...although I wasn't sure that was going to be a good thing with Michael's huge dick.

I flipped over quickly and spread my legs wide, sticking my ass up in the air. Michael got right behind me and eased his cock into me again. Once he had it inside, he grabbed my hips and began pounding me. I grabbed the headboard for support, trying not to claw it up with my nails. I felt like biting a pillow to keep the screams in, but figured it would probably turn him on even more if I *did* scream and moan out loud.

"Fuck yeah!" I shouted, and I noticed that he grabbed my hips even tighter. "Harder! Fuck me harder!"

He responded perfectly, pounding me even harder than before, his breathing speeding up.

"OHHH! Professor Bradley, I've been a BAD student! I think you should punish me..." I moaned.

I heard him grunting behind me, and it was nice to know that I was turning him on.

He released me suddenly, collapsing onto his back. I spun my head around, worried that maybe I had excited him too much, but he was just waiting with eager anticipation.

"Get on top," he snapped.

I scrambled on top of him, grabbing his dick and stuffing it up in me. He immediately reached for my boobs, and I figured that was what he was after. I enjoyed being on top...maybe not as much as doggy-style, but it was still pretty good.

I began bouncing up and down on his rod as hard and as fast as I could manage while he twisted and probed my nipples greedily.

I leaned forward, pulling his arms up over his head, and

holding them down with my hands. It wasn't like he couldn't break free if he wanted to. I started bouncing up and down on his dick while swinging forward, allowing my gigantic tits to smack him in the face with each thrust. He managed to get one of my erect nipples in his mouth and began sucking on it. It was pure pleasure.

I kept grinding down on his dick as hard as I could, and I felt myself on the verge of an orgasm, which surprised me. I rarely had orgasms during sex...it was usually only oral stimulation that could push me over the edge.

He felt my pussy tensing up around his dick, and he freed one of his arms from my grasp. He reached his hand down between my legs and began to vigorously rub my clit, which was already swollen with desire.

It didn't take long at all...I felt the shudders rippling through my body and the heat began to build in my crotch. My eyes rolled back into my head, and I looked up at the ceiling, allowing the grunts and groans to slip out.

"Oh, fuck...don't stop. Don't stop! Oh yeah...keep rubbing...keep rubbing it. Oh shit! So close! Ungh! I'm so fucking close! DON'T STOP! OH! DON'T STOP! FUUUUUUCK!" I screamed at the top of my lungs as my orgasm took over. I felt the heat flash through my body, tensing all of my muscles at once, causing me to clamp down even harder on his dick.

He never stopped rubbing...he massaged even faster and harder with his fingers until my orgasm slowly began to fade. I had to pull his hand free, unable to stand the sensation of him rubbing my clit any longer.

I was done, and I suddenly felt bad about it. I was utterly worn out...especially now after my intense orgasm.

"Sorry about that," I apologized.

"What's there to be sorry about? I haven't been able to do that to a woman in years...so don't apologize for it," he said with a smile.

He pushed me off of him, and got off of the bed.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To, um...finish up...in the bathroom."

"Why are you doing that?" I asked, stupefied.

“What do you mean?” he asked, truly confused.

“Well, can’t I take care of that for you?” I inquired, feeling devious.

He stood there staring at me, perplexed. I figured I needed to give him a hint, so I slid off the bed and went to my knees in front of him. I went straight for his dick, but he stopped me at the last second before I could get it in my mouth.

“No, Amber. You don’t have to do that, honestly,” he assured me.

“Um, maybe I *want* to...did you ever think about that?” I asked, enjoying the look that was on his face as my words sunk in.

I went for it while he was stunned, and once I got his cock in my mouth, he didn’t resist me any further. I barely got his whole dick in my mouth, but I did my best. I hated to admit it, but I was a pretty good dick sucker. Even Aaron’s stupid ass had to admit that.

I licked the head of his penis with my tongue ever so gently, watching him as his eyes rolled back slightly. Then, I teased him by only sucking on the end of it. He was getting impatient, trying to shove the whole thing in my mouth again, but I just shook my head slightly at him.

Slowly, I eased my mouth down on...little by little with each bob of my head. His dick had a wonderful taste to it...or maybe I was still drunk on wine and didn’t know any better.

I wrapped one hand around his shaft and stroked it hard every time I pulled him out of my mouth. I started out slowly, but began to pick up speed. After a minute of teasing him, I got down to business and began sucking and stroking him even harder. He grabbed my hair roughly and was forcing my head down on him as far as it would go.

I heard him begin to breathe faster, and he was grunting quietly. I felt his cock tense up in my mouth, and I knew it wouldn’t be much longer before he was ready.

“Oh shit, Amber. I want to cum on your face. I’ve never wanted anything so bad before in all of my life!” he admitted swiftly.

When I felt the liquid begin to ooze out of his dick, I slid him out of my mouth and backed up a foot. He was ready and waiting with his hand, which immediately began to pump his cock. Only a few seconds passed, and I watched in amazement as his cum exploded out of his dick onto my face. I was probably a whore for thinking it, but I rather enjoying having his load shot onto my face. He continued to stroke his cock even harder now, and his goo was still spilling out of him. How much could one guy have?

Finally, he relaxed and stopped jerking on his dick. I felt like I had a face full of semen, and by the look on Michael's face, I must have.

"That was...incredible. The best sex I've ever had, truly," he complimented.

I had to admit that I was flattered. And I also had to admit that I felt the same way. I'd never been with anyone quite like him before.

"Thanks," I said. "I feel the same way about you. That was awesome!"

"Come on...let's get you cleaned up," he said with a laugh. He offered me his hand, which I took. He helped me up off of the floor and I followed him to the bathroom. I took a full shower, and by the time I got out, I was so tired I didn't think I'd be able to walk down to the car without passing out.

"You look tired," he noted. "You know, you can stay here tonight if you'd like. I don't mind. It's up to you, though. If you want, I'll drive you home."

I thought it over briefly, but staring at his huge, comfortable bed was too much for my mind to take at the moment. Exhaustion was setting in.

"I'll stay here...if you really don't mind." I stifled a yawn as I toweled off and stumbled out of the bathroom.

Michael handed me an oversized t-shirt from the closet...I grabbed it and slipped it on over my head, and crawled back into the bed. He dressed quietly behind me, and then slid under the covers.

Considering all that had occurred between us tonight, I didn't feel the least bit awkward when I rolled over and wrapped my arm around him and putting my head on his

chest. If I was bugging him, he didn't say anything.
I feel into a deep, dreamless sleep.

I was annoyed at the phone that kept ringing. I wasn't ready to wake up yet. Why wasn't someone answering that damn phone? My eyelids were fluttering, but I was fighting them, trying to stay asleep. I hadn't been asleep long enough yet, and I was in no way ready to get up.

Finally, the damn phone stopped ringing, and I was relieved. I tried to find sleep again, but was instantly annoyed when the phone started to ring again.

"Julie! Answer your phone!" I grumbled, still half asleep.

The phone kept ringing, shrill and demanding. I forced myself to wake up. Anything to make the noise stop.

"Julie!" I said a little more loudly this time.

I wrenched my eyes open with a little effort, and realized at once that I was not at home. I recognized that it was my phone that was ringing.

I sat up in the bed, my head was spinning and throbbing. I was confused for a moment, until I looked around the room, and was aware of where I was. I sucked in a sharp breath, looking around the semi-dark room. I heard my phone going off again, and I crawled out of bed, looking for my jeans.

I found them on the floor, and yanked my phone out of the pocket. I recognized Julie's number, and that it was after seven in the morning. I immediately pressed the talk button, unsure what in the world I was going to tell her.

"Julie?" I asked.

"AMBER! WHERE IN THE HELL ARE YOU? I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU ALL MORNING!" she yelled into the phone.

"Sorry, Julie! I'm okay! I'll be home soon, and I'll explain everything then. I'm so sorry! I'll see you soon!" I promised her. I hung up on her, knowing that it would probably piss her off, but at the moment I had more pressing issues.

I looked down, and noticed that I was wearing Professor Bradley's shirt. The memories from the previous night came flooding back.

I looked around the empty room, and thought that surely I was still dreaming. There was no way that all of that really

happened. No fucking way.

At that precise moment, Professor Bradley came walking into the room. He was already dressed and ready for work, and he was carrying a tray with breakfast...presumably for me.

"Good morning," he called. "I'm glad you are already awake. We have to get going soon if we're going to be on time."

He put the tray down on the tall dresser across from the bed.

"I made you some breakfast. And if you need some clothes, I can probably find you something," he offered.

"No, that's okay. I can wear my old clothes," I said, sounding strangled.

"Okay. You better hurry. We have to leave in fifteen minutes."

He walked towards me, and kissed me on the lips briefly. He shot me a smile and then headed off to the bathroom, whistling.

What in the world had I done last night? And what was I going to do now? There was no way to take it back. What was I going to tell Julie?

This was not going to end well for me...not going to end well at all.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**