

**Dirty Daughter**  
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## Chapter 1

### Emily

"You look cheap."

My mother eyed me up and down as I entered the dimly lit kitchen. It was two o'clock in the morning and I hadn't expected her to be awake. Given her habits, she was usually out cold by eleven, but tonight she sat hunched over at the kitchen table, a cigarette hanging from her lips, her right hand wrapped around a half-empty highball glass filled with what must have been straight vodka. The way she slurred her words made it obvious that the clear liquid wasn't water.

"How are you even awake?" I mumbled. I wasn't in the mood to fight. I had only been home from school for two days, and had gone out earlier so that I didn't have to be there. Anything to keep me out of that house and away from her. Unfortunately, since I had been sent away to a boarding school in another state when I was twelve, I didn't have a single friend in the area. I didn't even know how many of my grade school friends lived in the neighborhood anymore.

So I ended up just driving around on back roads for hours, listening to the radio and thinking about what I was going to do now that I was back in *her* house. But now I was tired and ready for bed, and of course my drunken bitch of a mother wanted to start a fight with me.

This was, in fact, the house I grew up in, but it didn't feel like a home to me anymore. Not after everything that had happened in it. After the way she treated me. I didn't know how I was going to survive in this house with her now that I was graduated from school and had nowhere to go.

I hadn't applied to college at all. I knew it was stupid but I really didn't see the point. I didn't have the money for tuition and I knew she wasn't going to pay for my school anymore. The only reason she paid for the boarding school was because she wanted me out of the house, and now that I was eighteen I'm sure she didn't see me as her responsibility anymore.

My plan for now was just to try and avoid the house as much as possible until I figured something out, which is what I had attempted to do tonight. Only now the crazy bitch was awake when she shouldn't have been. Sometimes I wished she would just keel over, but I knew that wasn't likely to happen anytime soon. She'd had me when she was really young — barely eighteen — so she was still considered young. Some people even said we looked like sisters, which pretty much made me want to vomit.

"What did you say?" She slurred at me, and then rose unsteadily to her feet. She ambled toward me and I looked at her with disgust, trying unsuccessfully to avoid her nasty alcohol-saturated breath.

"Don't look at me like that you little bitch." She threw her drink in my face with an ugly sneer. "And get rid of that cheap, slutty dress. You embarrass me, you fucking little whore."

She stumbled back to the table and fell into her chair, then filled her glass up again, spilling more on the table than she got into the wide mouthed tumbler. When she finally lifted her head up again she stared right at me with bloodshot eyes and heavily drooping lids. I noticed an open bottle of sleeping pills beside her. When she saw what I was looking at she smiled at me lazily, almost daring me to stand up to her.

"What the fuck are you looking at?"

"Not much," I said, looking down at the drips of vodka on the floor that had accumulated around my feet.

When I was a kid my friends all told me how beautiful my mother was. Everyone did. She was always the center of attention at any gathering and was the life of every party. They all thought she was perfect. But that's because they didn't know her like I did.

My mother was incredibly beautiful, or at least she would be if she weren't so awful. She had thick blond hair, green eyes, and a full mouth—which I also had. People always said that I looked just like her. As much as I hated to admit it, I knew I was a spitting image of my mother—at least physically. But when I looked in the mirror I didn't see it. I didn't think we looked alike at all because what I saw when I looked at her was a wretched bitch who had turned her back on her only daughter. What I saw was a pathetic, addicted mess.

Alcohol and tranquilizers had taken over her life in the last eight years or so, and I could see that her age was slowly but surely making itself known. She was incredibly vain, though, and even though she took the compliments about us looking almost identical, I could tell she didn't like it. She didn't like the idea that I was beautiful too and was almost twenty years younger than her.

Ever since I had blossomed after puberty, some of my mother's friends would even say that her daughter's beauty had surpassed hers. Even my father would say it to her face, which was something that caused long, screaming matches behind the closed door of their bedroom that went on until the early hours of the morning.

But when I had gone to my mother, crying and unable to bear the pain after my father had let it be known to me just how much he preferred me to his own

wife, she had flown into a rage. But not at him — at *me*. She slapped me across the face and dragged me by my hair to my room and told me I was a filthy slut and a liar before locking me inside. The next day, she had my bags packed and I was sent away to an all-girls school across the country.

They divorced not long after that, but from that point forward she always seemed to view me as her competition. Every time I came home for the holidays, she made sure to have noisy, boisterous sex with whoever she had her claws dug into at that particular time.

I always regretted having come home for Christmas and summer breaks, but seeing her now in her drunken stupor, I loathed being in the same room with her.

"Then why don't you get out of here and leave me alone." She downed her drink in one swallow and threw her head back in some kind of mock victory.

I narrowed my eyes into slits and glared at her. I could feel myself losing it, hatred bubbling out of every pore. "Fuck you!" I screamed. I felt the heat of rage rushing to my face. "I fucking hate you!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, glaring at my mother with disgust.

"Feeling's mutual, little girl," she cackled, putting out her cigarette on a plate of barely touched food. "Oh wait, you're not a little girl anymore, are you? Last I checked, I gave birth to you eighteen years ago. You're an adult now, so how about you get the fuck out of my house? Maybe you can find a man to sponge off of, because I am done supporting you."

"Supporting me?" I spat. "You have never fucking supported me! You call being a jealous bitch and shipping me off to boarding school support? You call bringing home random men and fucking them in front of me support? You're a fucking joke. An old, haggard fucking joke. Even with me gone, you still couldn't keep a man happy. You're here all alone in this huge, depressing house with no one but yourself to drink with." I was on a roll now, unable to control the words that were coming out of my mouth even though I knew that this was going to end very badly. It always did.

She looked almost hurt for a moment but then her eyes narrowed again and her mouth tightened up into a smirk. "You don't know what you are talking about, and you'd best watch your pretty little mouth," she snarled. "I have given up so much for you, and this is how you treat me? I don't need to justify anything to you, but I'll have you know that there are plenty of men who spend time here with me. *Plenty*."

"Oh, do you mean the doctor you bribe with sex so he will prescribe your damned drugs?" I asked incredulously. "The man you fuck so that you can get

your fix? And you call *me* a manipulative slut? You're the one who's taking advantage of someone to get exactly what you want out of him when it's convenient for you."

She stared at me for a moment but then looked down at the floor without saying anything.

"You didn't think I knew about that, did you, *Mommy*? I've known about you taking advantage of Dr. Max for a long time."

I couldn't help but know. I'd secretly been in love with him since the first time I saw them together. It was years after I'd been sent away to school and my father left. My mother had no idea, but I saw the two of them together, and I'll never forget it.

Max was really the only one I wanted to see when I came home for visits, but she rarely let me into the same room as him. I was sure she was afraid that I would steal him away from her. I hated her for keeping him from me and I hated the way she treated him. But I especially hated her for possessing the one man that I would practically kill for.

She took a step forward and slapped me hard across the face, her open palm leaving a stinging sensation that lasted long after the physical contact had ceased. But I was used to that feeling. The memory of the day that I ran to her, needing my mother's love and protection and getting nothing but pain in return was what I had come to expect from her.

It all came flooding back into my mind, as if I were reliving that day all over again. The day that my mother betrayed me, the day that she not only didn't stand up for me, but stood against me, making it clear that she viewed me as her competition rather than her child.

I had no idea what I was expecting from her now, though. She had never been a mother to me. And even though it stung, her blow didn't even faze me. I went on, "You think hitting me makes you a better person? Really? Do you realize that everyone leaves you because you're just a filthy fucking liar. Your whole life is a lie. This act you put on for them? It isn't you! You don't show the real you to anyone but me! You're a narcissist and a fucking sociopath! And you're going to die a lonely, ugly old woman! Go ahead and kick me out! I'm not about to stay under the same roof as you anyway! You're nothing to me. Fucking nothing!" I could hear the words that came screaming out of me. I could hear how childish they sounded, and I knew she couldn't care less. But it felt almost cathartic, finally telling her how I felt. These were words that I had wanted to say to her for years, but had kept mostly bottled up inside.

I wanted her to know that I knew all about the manipulative little games that

she played with everyone in her life. All the bullshit she always thought she had gotten away with. Maybe they all did believe her lies, but I knew who she was. She called *me* a liar and a manipulator, but if I was, I had learned everything I knew from from the expert.

She stared at me, stunned. "I don't need this!" She screamed at me, completely irrational now. "Does seeing me like this make you fucking happy?" She grabbed a little brown bottle from the table and poured a few pills into her hand, popping them into her mouth and washing them down with a swig straight from the vodka bottle. "I should have had a goddamned abortion."

She steadied herself, shaking the pill bottle in my face like a mad woman. "I love that man and he loves me and there's nothing you can do to take that away from me! I'm not going to let you take him away from me!" she screeched. She pointed her finger right in my face. "You're just jealous that you couldn't steal him from me, too." Her face took on an even darker look, as the drugs and alcohol that were swimming around in her blood stream kicked in.

The fact that I was standing in the kitchen at 2 a.m. —soaked in the booze she had thrown on me, a stinging handprint across my face and having to listen to threats she screamed at me like a mad woman —made my blood boil. In that moment, I felt like I was someone else. I was no longer the helpless child, the little girl that wanted mommy to love her. In that moment, I was overtaken by sheer rage.

A flood of memories came rushing back into my mind. The awful things she had said and done to me over the years all happening again —simultaneously in my mind, like images piling on top of each other —until all I could see was the pain and the loneliness and the never-ending manipulation and lies that were the only legacy she was capable of giving me. Even though I was right there in the kitchen —my physical body standing there locked in hell with this woman who had given me a life that I now wanted so desperately out of—in my mind I went somewhere else. I wanted to throw her down onto the ground and kick the shit out of her. I wanted to make her hurt every bit as much as she had made me hurt all my life.

But I didn't. I sucked it all up once again. I turned and walked away from her, making my way through the dark living room until I found the smoothly carved bannister of the stairway. Although I didn't quite know what I was going to do, I couldn't stand to be in her presence any longer. When we got like this, there was no calming down for days. Besides, she had just kicked me out of the house. I wasn't wanted there. I didn't know where I was going to go but I had to get out.

*Anywhere but here*, I thought. I threw open my bedroom door, picked up the suitcase that was still half packed with school uniforms, and dumped them onto the floor. I furiously kicked the heap of clothes out of my way, pulling the few normal outfits that I owned off of their hangers and shoving them into the suitcase. The panic that I had nowhere to actually go—the fact that I didn't have many friends nearby and hadn't for years—was dawning on me, but I had no choice at this point. My chest felt like it was going to cave in on me, making it difficult to even breathe.

When I got everything into my suitcase I threw open my bedroom door, and there stood my mother wearing her classy silk robe—the wrinkles on her face suddenly accentuated by the shadows in the poorly lit hall outside my room. I pushed past her, no energy left for another screaming match.

As I passed her she actually called after me, her voice hoarse from all the yelling we had done downstairs. For a split second, I thought maybe she was going to apologize, that the time had finally come when she realized what a shitty mother she was, and was ready to make amends.

"Emily, dear ..." she said quietly to my back. I didn't turn around at first, I just kept walking toward the stairs.

I heard her footsteps behind me. She was following me. A part of my mind conjured a fantasy, a world where when I reached the top of the stairs I would turn around and I would have a real mom. One that would wrap me in her arms and tell me she was sorry, and that I was beautiful, and that she would always protect me. She would beg me not to venture out into an unfamiliar world in the middle of the night, but to stay here where I had a home, where I was loved.

Tears welled in my eyes. I wanted so badly for her to stop me. To put her arms around me and ask me to stay. When I reached the top of the stairs, she was right behind me. I could feel her presence and hear her breath in my ear as we both stood at the top of the stairwell—me with my hastily packed suitcase in one hand and her with that damned glass of vodka in hers.

"Emily ..." she said again, quietly.

"What?" I asked, more exasperated than anything. I turned to look at her, hoping for just a shred of decency. I was willing to give her one last chance.

"Give me your house key," she said sweetly, flashing me a smug, boozy grin. "I don't want to see your face in my house again."

I set down my suitcase, and stared her in the eye. "Fuck you," I nearly whispered, calmly and quietly with tears streaming down my cheeks.

## Chapter 2

Max

I walked toward a small group, men and women dressed in black, who were surrounding a young lady with her back to me. I knew who it was the minute I walked in the door and made my way across the room through the crowd of mourners.

"Emily, please let us know if there's anything we can do for you," said one of the women in the group. "I can't stand the thought of you in this big, dark house all alone now."

I waited until there was a pause in the condolences, then moved up behind her. The scent of her hair and her perfume reminded me so much of her mother it made my head spin. But there was an essence underneath those man-made fragrances that was all her own, and it filled me with lust.

"Emily," I said as I gently touched her back. She turned around and I was rendered speechless by her beauty, and by how much she looked like her mother. She had every quality I had ever been dazzled by in Amelia, but Emily was much more striking. Everything about Amelia's daughter had matured in the three years since I had seen her last; her eyes had brightened and seemed larger, her cheeks had lost the fullness of youth and hollowed below the cheekbones, and her lips were much fuller than I had remembered. And now that she was on the verge of womanhood her curves were much more apparent.

When I saw her eyes light up at the sight of me I leaned in and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. But I had to stop myself from running my hand around the back of her head, removing the pin that held her hair in a perfect twist and pulling her lips to mine. I could feel blood pulsate through my body as Emily's breath lingered on my ear and her scent surrounded me.

"Dr. Devereaux, I'm so glad you could make it today. I know my mother would be very touched that you came."

She looked up at me with so much adoration in her eyes I almost had to

loosen my tie.

"Please, Emily ... call me Max," I said with a smile as I gazed down into her deep green eyes.

"Okay, Dr. Max," she said with a playful smile. She quickly looked down but I caught a glimpse of her flushed face and the almost imperceptible twist of one foot back and forth underneath her. When she looked back up I saw a flash of her age and inexperience, but she was careful to hide it well. She was putting on the grown woman act, but that's what made her so irresistible to me.

Her eyes were almost screaming *take care of me* under all of the formal clothing and the makeup and hairdo; superficial things that were all adding a good ten years to her appearance right now. But underneath it all I knew she was just a scared little girl, and the thought of what that could mean filled me with another surge of craving that almost had me packing her over my shoulder and into the nearest empty room.

"How are you doing, Emily? I was so sorry to hear about your mother's death."

She looked up at me with a hint of sadness—and maybe even a little bit of fear—before her eyes fell to the ground again.

"I'm doing ok. I'd only been back from school for a week before ... well, before it happened. It was so sudden, and so horrible." A look of sadness swept over her face again and it was all I could do to keep my hands at my sides.

"I can only imagine. Are you managing okay?"

"This house *is* so big. It's been a little overwhelming being in charge of such a massive property even though it's only been mine for a little over a week. If something were to go wrong I'm not sure who I would even call."

"Yes, I know how big this house is. I've been here many times." I looked around at the mahogany trim and grand staircase that swept up to the second floor, and the banister that ran along the second floor landing. I remembered so many moments behind those closed doors. One in particular filled my mind's eye as I gazed down at Emily.

"Yes, I remember." A knowing look crept into her eyes and I had the feeling

that she was picturing the exact same moment as I was. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, but I wanted to think that we had shared something special that night—all those years ago.

I couldn't breathe for a moment, so I looked away and cleared my throat, pretending to take in the art on the walls. I was surprised at the effect she was having on me, especially so soon after Amelia's death. I hadn't come here to flirt with Emily at all, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't looking forward to seeing her.

"I told your mother many times that she should downsize now that it was just her rambling around all these empty rooms while you were away at school."

The downstairs living area was enormous and was just one of many rooms that haunted my memories on the main floor. Its grand size suited the funeral reception well, since it was clear that Amelia Newhart had been a well-loved woman. Many of her personal and business acquaintances were in attendance, but I worried that Emily would be here all alone after the guests were gone.

"Do you have anyone staying here with you?"

"No, it's just me. The housekeeper comes a few times a week, but I rarely see her."

"Don't you have any nearby friends? Surely you're not too old for slumber parties." I grinned, letting her know I was joking. I said to myself that I was trying to lighten the mood a little and make her more comfortable, but I was starting to feel like the one that needed to relax. What I needed was a drink. I looked around the room and spotted the bar.

"Not anymore. None of the girls from my school live anywhere near here. I had some friends when I was younger but I haven't really kept in touch lately. I've been meaning to but since everything that happened ... well. Anyway, I don't know why my mother chose a private school in another state but it didn't do much for my social life."

"I hear Miss Potter's is one of the best. It has an excellent reputation for college acceptance. I'm sure your mother wanted to make sure you had every advantage possible."

"I'm not so sure that was the reason she sent me away." A smile slowly curled

up at the corners of her perfect lips, but it didn't quite reach her eyes. After they darted around the room a bit, Emily's eyes met mine and I saw that same lost look that had stirred something inside me earlier. I took her arm and steered her across the room over to the bar.

I had an impulse to ask about a boyfriend, but I wasn't sure if that would come off as creepy. I hadn't noticed anyone hanging around her at the funeral. Surely, if she were seeing anyone that was worth a damn, he'd be here supporting her at a time like this. But after I thought about it for a moment I really didn't care if she were seeing anyone. If she was, it wasn't going to last for long. I would see to that.

I honestly couldn't see how a girl like Emily didn't have an army of boys following her around at all times. Maybe she really was just that sheltered at the school. I had to admit, the thought that Emily was an untouched woman made my cock involuntarily twitch in my trousers, and I had to adjust my posture in such a way to make sure my arousal was imperceptible.

We made our way over to the corner of the room where an enormous amount of food was laid out on a long table. I left Emily there for a moment while I walked to the bar and grabbed two glasses of wine. As I approached her I noticed that she was staring down at the table of trays of cold cuts interspersed with wedges of cheese and piles of bite sized fruit, but hadn't touched a thing.

"Would you like something to eat?" I asked as I handed her a glass.

"No, I'm fine, Dr ... I mean ... Max. I haven't been very hungry."

"Are you sure you're okay? Would you like to sit down?"

"No, really, Max, I'm fine. I was just listening to what those women over there were saying. Is it true? Do *you* think I look just like her?" she asked, looking up into my eyes with furrowed brows and a sincerity that melted my heart. She seemed so lost and sad and all I wanted to do at that moment was wrap my arms around her and bury my face in her soft hair, but this was definitely not the place. There would be time enough for that later. I would make sure of it.

"Yes, you do. There are slight differences, of course, but it is astounding how

much you look like your mother. Especially when she was closer to your age."

"How long did you know her, Max?"

"Your mother became a patient of mine about eight years ago, when you were just a little girl."

"But she was more than a patient to you, wasn't she?" Emily asked with a faraway stare that was still focused on a spot just over the food on the table in front of her.

As I gently pulled her arm to an empty corner of the room I couldn't help playing that moment over in my head. I will never forget that image of a young girl standing in the shadowy hall outside of Amelia's bedroom, with long blonde hair hanging loose around shoulders that were bare underneath a sleeveless white nightgown. That was a couple years ago, when she had just started to blossom into early womanhood, and if my calculations were correct that made Emily eighteen years old now.

"Yes, Emily, your mother meant a lot to me." I reached up and moved a strand of hair out of her eye. She looked up at me, her face almost close enough for me to kiss without moving a muscle. I hovered over her for a moment, staring into her dark eyes, then took a step backward, and quickly looked around the room to see if anyone was watching us. As I tilted the wine glass and emptied it in one swallow, I watched her catch her breath out of the corner of my eye. Her gaze was fixed on mine and her lips were parted, silently asking me to fill the space between them with my tongue.

"Did you love her?" her eyes widened and her brow lifted as she waited for the answer.

I looked around the room and noticed a few people within earshot, then set down my wine glass, adjusted my tie slightly, and turned back to Emily.

"I'm not sure if this is the place to discuss your mother's and my relationship. We can make arrangements to meet later and talk, if you'd like. In fact, I would love for you to come see me, Emily. If you need to talk about anything at all—your mother's death, the estate, *anything*—please call me," I said, taking her hand and placing my card into it. She smiled as she looked down at the small piece of

paper in her hand.

"Are you going to be *my* shrink now, Dr. Max?" she asked, looking up at me with a mischievous smile, then biting her lower lip. Oh, she was good. I wasn't about to play my hand yet, though. I wanted to keep her guessing a little while longer.

"You can call my office and make an appointment with my receptionist, or we can meet after hours, it's up to you. I know how hard a loss like this can be, and I'd like to help you in any way I can."

"Emily! Darling, how are you?" An older woman with a black veil covering her eyes pushed in between the two of us and kissing the air on either side of Emily's face. "I'm so sorry for your loss, dear. Is there anything I can do for you? I've arranged for a food basket to be sent over from one of those specialty markets that Amelia loved so much. But I'd be more than happy to have one of your cousins come over and stay with you for a while. I just abhor the thought of you here all alone, darling."

"Thank you Aunt Leona, but I'm fine, really. I don't mind being here alone. It's my home and I'm comfortable here. I appreciate your concern though. Do you know Dr. Devereaux?"

The woman turned her attention to me and held out her hand. "Doctor?" she asked with a smile curling up in the corner of her mouth.

"Maximilian Devereaux," I said, taking her limp hand and attempting to shake it. "I was Amelia's psychiatrist."

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm sure you had your hands full." She eyed me up and down, then looked back at Emily. "Call me if you need anything, darling." She looked at me one more time, then Emily and I watched her as she drifted off into a group of chatting women, leaving a cloud of powdery sweetness in the air.

"Is that one of your mother's sisters?" I asked. I had never seen or heard of her before.

"No, that's my father's sister. She lives a few hours from here."

It suddenly struck me that Richard wasn't at the reception. "Is your father here?"

"No." That was all she said, and with no additional information offered I thought it best to leave it at that.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay here all by yourself? This place really is too big for one person. You could get lost in here," I said as I moved in a little closer to Emily again. She ran her finger around the rim of her wine glass and smiled as she glanced behind me up to the second floor landing.

"I've never gotten lost in this house, Max. Not even when I was a young girl. I always knew exactly where I was, even when my mother didn't."

Her eyes fixed on mine as she set her wine glass down. I was speechless. She had to be referring to that night. My attention was completely focused on the gap between those perfect lips of hers. All I wanted to do in that moment was pull her body to mine and devour them.

"So do you only see patients at your office? Or do you see them at your house as well?" Her eyes darted away when she tacked on that last part of the question, obviously making an effort to appear casual but not succeeding. I could read her like a book. I wanted to devour her right then and there. I knew she was playing a game with me, and that she'd been playing it for years.

In the few times I had seen her since she had disappeared to that private school, I knew exactly what her eyes were telling me. Those sexy, dark eyes that drew me in and grew darker and blacker the longer she stared at me. Eyes that knew exactly what they wanted and how to get it, but were tinged with a faraway look that bordered on fear. The combination was irresistible to me and made me want to hold her and protect her from her own fears. But it also made me want to be everything that she feared. What I wanted was to own her. I wanted her to belong to me. But this was going to have to go my way.

"I do see patients in my home from time to time, but it would be better if we had some sessions in my office first, so we could get a bit more acquainted. I'd like to get to know more about you—your past and the things that might be issues for you right now. Is that something that you'd be interested in? Of course I wouldn't charge you. You're like a part of the family to me and I'd be more than happy to see you for as long as you feel is necessary."

Emily looked a little disappointed as she stared off into the distance behind me. When she turned her eyes back to me to respond, she didn't seem as open, as flirty and friendly as she had moments before. Apparently, I had put her off by giving her the full doctor persona. That was the way it needed to be right now, though. I was in charge, and I intended to remain in charge of how things progressed between us.

"What things in my past do you think I need to discuss with you, Max?" she moved her faraway gaze back to me and focused intently on my eyes. "Is there something you already know about? Did my mother tell you something about me?"

I smiled slightly as I thought about all of the things her mother had told me. How the more she talked about her daughter and her apparent issues with the men who surrounded her—as she went through the awkward stage of not a girl anymore to not quite a woman—made her more and more intriguing to me. Emily was a puzzle I wanted to immerse myself in until I figured out every last thing about her.

"Your mother told me many things, Emily. We saw each other at least once a week for eight years. There were times when she was very worried about you, and times when she just needed some advice. Raising a teenage girl isn't my field of expertise, but I believe I did manage to help her make some good decisions."

"Decisions regarding what? Why on earth would she need your advice with me?" she moved closer to me and I could feel the energy coming off of her in waves. She was getting uncomfortably close to attracting the attention of everyone in the room and even though her behavior concerned me—as I had no interest in the people in this room knowing my business—it also made me crazy with desire. I wanted to throw her over my lap and spank the living daylights out of her while plunging my fingers deep inside her wet pussy.

"Emily. I am much more interested in what you have to tell me. And I would much rather do that in the privacy of my office than in front of all these people. I would love to talk to you about anything that's on your mind, but I prefer to keep my conversations confidential, and I don't see any way of achieving that in

this room."

It was a fine line I was walking, but I knew how to handle a girl like her. She would do what I said and would be putty in my hands by the end of the week.

"You're right Max. I'm sorry if I'm embarrassing you. I think I'm just going through a lot right now and I'm not quite myself, you know? But as a matter of fact, I would like someone to talk to. I would very much like to come see you," she said with an air of finality as she looked up at me, a sweet smile lighting up her eyes.

"Don't worry about a thing. You're not embarrassing me at all. I look forward to hearing from you, and in the meantime, if there is anything I can do for you ... *anything* ... please call me."

## Chapter 3

### Emily

A cool breeze blew across my bare legs, almost flipping my short, summer skirt up, as I walked along the downtown streets on my way to Max's office. I held my hands down over my hips to keep my clothing intact, as I hadn't worn anything underneath. This was a bold move, even for me, but lately I just didn't have the same inhibitions that I used to have. Especially where Max was concerned.

I was by law an adult, I was done with school—which had kept me from having any fun at all—and I had recently inherited a massive estate that I could do with as I pleased. All I needed now was the man—*that* man. The one that I was going to see now and that I would make sure was mine before long. I didn't care what he had with my mother. He would soon see that what he could have with me was better than anything he'd imagined in his wildest dreams.

I had been waiting for this day for years and my stomach was filled with a mixture of excitement and anxiety. As I walked, I couldn't help slipping into a sexual reverie—imagining what his warm hands would feel like running over my breasts, what his smooth cock would taste like. Before I knew it, I was at the steps to his office building—already feeling the hot wetness seep between my legs—and I hadn't even seen him yet.

The dress I was wearing was not only light and flimsy, so that the air blew it around with ease, but it was also almost completely see through in the right light. No panties, no bra—just the thinnest fabric separating my nakedness from Max's eyes. I smiled at the thought of straddling his lap and burying my breasts in Max's face as he sat behind his desk and tried to be professional.

I was not planning on giving him a chance to turn me down. It might take a couple visits to his office to get him to let down his guard—and his pants—but I knew the minute I had my lips wrapped around his cock he was going to be mine.

I was so thrilled to see Max when he showed up at my mother's funeral. The moment I caught a glimpse of him walking in to the reception, I knew that it was all meant to be. That everything had been leading up to this. He was going to be mine, and I was going to make him forget that I had ever even had a mother.

Max was absolutely gorgeous. He had the perfect dark allure—everything that I had ever dreamed about in a man—and everyone at the reception could see it too. None of the women there could take their eyes off of him. Every time I glanced around the room there was some woman staring or a group of women whispering. And it wasn't just the chatter about how much I looked like my mother that I had been listening to. I had overheard them talking about him—about *us*. Speculating on who in this boring, uptight town he was seeing. I wanted to shout out to the entire room that he was mine. That they might as well look elsewhere because nothing would stop me from making him mine.

I thought I was in love with him a couple years ago, but what I felt for him now was much more. My feelings for him had grown along with my body over the last two years, and by the way he looked me over with his dark eyes at the funeral, I knew that I wasn't going to have to do much in order to completely enchant him. He was a man, after all, and while I didn't have a lot of experience with the opposite sex, I knew enough to know that they couldn't resist a nice pair of tits and ass—and that is exactly what I was going to present him with today at his office.

I stopped at a convenience store just outside the lobby of Max's office building and bought a cold bottle of water, then made my way to the elevator. Even though it was a cool day and I was wearing my skimpiest summer dress, I wanted to provide Max with a little more to look at. I wanted to make him drool the minute I walked into his office. The bottle of water was ice cold and I unbuttoned my top enough to run it over my breasts. My nipples popped up and became rock hard bumps the size of raisins. I knew that would get his attention.

When I entered his suite, the receptionist looked me up and down disdainfully. She didn't even say anything, just stared at me as if I had no right to be there.

"I have an appointment with Dr. Devereux." I said somewhat haughtily, barely looking at her, checking my phone instead as if she didn't even warrant a glance from me. I was not about to be judged by some secretary. If she was fucking him, that was about to be over.

She buzzed Max using the phone on her desk, then rudely motioned for me to have a seat. I glanced at one of the overstuffed lobby chairs, but before I could sit down she hung up the phone and said curtly, "Dr. Devereux will see you now. Last door on the right."

She didn't bother to get up and show me the way, and I was glad. I didn't need the secretary's presence taking away from my grand entrance.

I smoothed the wrinkles out of my skirt and headed down the empty hallway. Once I rounded the corner and was out of her sight, I took a quick glance at myself using the reflection in my phone and fluffed up my hair. I arrived at the last door on the right, and looked at the hall plate that stated Max's full name and credentials in gold lettering. I discreetly pinched my nipples one last time to get them extra hard before rapping lightly on the door and then slowly turning it without waiting for an answer.

I pushed the door open and stepped through. Max looked up casually, and when his eyes focused on me they widened and his mouth opened slightly. I stood before him, putting myself on display and letting him gaze at me a few moments before attempting to move or speak. I wanted him to take it all in—the neckline that revealed a generous amount of cleavage, my hard nipples poking through the sheer fabric, and the skirt of the dress that barely came down past my ass. I wanted him to see what could be his. He was obviously having a hard time keeping his eyes off my breasts, but by the time he made it down to my bare legs I could see that he had to force himself to look back up into my eyes.

He sat motionless in his chair for a beat too long, taking in the sight of me before he finally found his voice. He cleared his throat, not because of a cough, but as a gesture to buy time and regain composure. I pretended not to notice and looked at him shyly, as if I were just a lost little girl coming in for a routine checkup, but inside I was flying. The feeling of power over someone like Max

was just about the most intoxicating thing on the planet and I wanted it to go on forever.

"Hello, Emily. Please have a seat." He did that insanely sexy thing where he loosened his tie a bit and looked away from me, as if he had a million things on his mind. But I knew there was just one thing—me. I didn't know if he knew how obvious he was with that gesture. It wasn't obvious like boys my age were, though. Max was sexy in ways that those boys wouldn't be able to come close to for years—if ever. I wanted to kneel down in front of him where he sat behind his desk and undo his belt right then—taking him deep into my mouth and milking his seed right out of him. I wanted to make him mine.

"Where would you like me to sit, Dr. Devereaux?" I batted my eyelashes, looking around the room bashfully. If he only knew of all the dirty things that were going through my mind, he may not think me to be so innocent.

He smiled slightly as he sat in his high-backed leather chair, only the top half of his body visible.

"Wherever you're comfortable, the chair or the couch." He gestured to the leather chair with arms in front of his desk and a brown leather couch against the wall to my left. "And please, Emily, call me Max."

"Okay, Max," I said with a smile, then looked around the room at my options. What I really wanted to do was walk right up to him and sit on his lap, but I couldn't bring myself to be that bold yet. Maybe I'd try that on the next visit.

I walked over to the couch and set my purse down, keeping my back to him so that I could get a chance to show him my tight, barely covered ass as I walked. I turned to walk the short distance back over to the chair and noticed his eyes following me. As I sat down in the chair I bent forward and squeezed my arms into my breasts so the cleavage was more pronounced. Then I settled against the smooth leather, feeling the cool surface on my bare pussy. As I pushed myself back I let the skirt of my dress hike up to the tops of my thighs, then crossed my legs in what appeared on the surface to be a demure gesture, but in reality was my way of letting him see up my skirt just ever so slightly—enough to make him wonder throughout our session if he really had just gotten a

glimpse of my shaved, nubile pussy. I would smile throughout our session because I knew the answer to that question was yes.

"How are you doing, Emily? I was very glad to see that you'd made an appointment to come in."

I answered slowly, looking at the floor as I spoke. "I'm doing ok." I answered, trailing off. I didn't say anything else, instead waiting for him to press me for more information. I wanted to know specifically what he wanted to know about me. I wanted him to pry, and then I wanted to spill my most intimate desires to him. I wanted him to know it all.

"But?" Max pressed. I glanced up to meet his eyes for a moment, noticing them boring into mine, and I quickly looked away.

"But ... I have to admit you were right. It is a little too quiet in that big house sometimes. I don't really have anyone here in town, well, except you, of course," I looked up and offered him a sweet smile before continuing. "And it would be nice to have some company every now and again."

*Your company*, I thought to myself. I didn't want anyone else's.

"Have you thought of getting a job? Taking some classes maybe?" Max queried.

I laughed. "I was left a large inheritance, the thought of menial labor as entertainment doesn't interest me."

Max pursed his lips in a little smile, as if he were amused by my response. "I see."

"I may look into some college courses after a while, you know, after my mind settles down a little bit."

"I think that would be great for you to do Emily. You know your mother was quite the scholar herself."

I laughed airily. "Yes, I suppose she did very well in her day. But that was some time ago. I wouldn't say she died a scholarly woman." I hadn't meant to sound so bitter, it just slipped out. This isn't the direction I had especially wanted our conversation to go. I didn't need him getting suspicious of why I may be trash-talking my dead mother.

Max got a more serious look on his face, but remained neutral. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know." His tone invited me to go on if I had wanted, but after a long silence he continued. "Perhaps you could take a class with a friend."

"I told you I don't have many friends here." I wanted to make sure he understood that he could come over anytime, especially any of the cold, lonely nights. "And it's mostly the nights that seem to go on forever."

I lowered my eyes and shifted in my seat, letting my skirt ride up a teensy bit further and parting my legs ever so slightly while stealing a peek at him through my lashes.

His gaze was directed to the gap in my thighs, and I was positive that he had caught an illicit glimpse of my exposed slit this time. I could feel the heat from his eyes on me, and my heart beat a little quicker. I settled into my chair again and looked up at him.

Max averted his gaze and looked me in the face. "So, this means no boyfriends, I take it?"

A wide grin spread across my face and I asked playfully, "Are you asking if I'm single, doctor?"

Max smirked a little but he didn't say a word. Instead he stared into my eyes, his dark pools making me feel smaller and weaker the longer they held mine. Almost like a rabbit caught by a wolf.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend." I sighed, pushing a lock of hair behind my ear and glancing away. I decided to try a new angle. "Actually, there is something that I wanted to discuss. I've never been prone to anxiety or insomnia, but lately all I can do at night is lay awake and stare at the ceiling. My heart races at every tiny little noise."

Max looked at me sympathetically. "That's normal for a woman in your situation. The feelings of anxiety will pass, especially if you continue to see me."

My heart sped up when he called me a woman, and I felt my face heat up. I hoped I wasn't blushing too obviously. The fact that he was acknowledging my femininity, and not treating me like a little girl was a good sign. He was definitely acknowledging my feminine physique, letting his eyes drift to my chest

whenever he thought that he could get away with it without me noticing.

"You live alone, don't you?" I asked quizzically.

"I do." He replied.

"Well, what do you do to pass the nights?" I asked innocently. "Surely even a man like you longs for company sometimes?"

"I keep myself quite busy." He replied evenly.

"Too busy for a girlfriend?"

"We aren't here to discuss my love life, Em—"

"But you did say that you wanted to offer a friendly ear to me, so I am asking you a friendly question. How are we going to be friends if we don't share things with each other?" I countered.

Max pursed his lips and gave a half smile. "You're right about that. We are friends, Emily. But that still doesn't make my love life any of your business."

"Fine," I said pleasantly. "Just wondered, that's all. But you're right, it's not my business." I leaned forward to grab the water bottle that I had set down on the side table. I carefully unscrewed the cap and took a sip, letting a little bit dribble down the front of my top and down my chest, the water soaking my breast and causing the fabric to cling to my hardened nipple.

"Oh!" I gasped as the cold water drizzled down my chest. I giggled. "I'm so graceful, aren't I?"

"It happens to the best of us," Max smiled as he handed me a handkerchief from his drawer.

I made a show of dabbing at my breasts, looking down carefully so that he would have a chance to stare without thinking that I could see him. When I looked up, he was definitely staring, and it was obvious to him that he had been caught. I smiled sweetly, letting him know that I didn't mind one bit.

## Chapter 4

Max

I watched Emily as she squirmed around in the chair in front of my desk, pressing her breasts together so that they all but popped out of the top of her dress. And not to mention her nipples jutting out through that thin fabric. I knew what she was trying to do to me, but I wasn't going to play the game her way. She didn't know who she was dealing with and if she thought she was going to play me she had another thing coming.

She was incredibly cute—and insanely sexy—as she went through the motions of her little game, though. With her skirt pulled up and her constant lip biting. Don't get me wrong, I was on the verge of busting through my pants behind that desk, but I wasn't going to let her know. I'd just play along for a while and see where she was going to go with all of this, all the while imagining her legs splayed out on the arms of that chair she was sitting in.

I wanted to ask her about her father. That was a relationship I was intrigued by, not because I wanted to know about him specifically, but because I wanted to know if he'd ever touched her. I'd had a lot of experience with girls whose fathers or older male relatives had sexually abused them. I knew generally what that type of relationship resulted in for the girls later in life. I wanted to know about the relationship from her perspective, especially since she fit the mold of an abused child.

Most of the girls I had been involved with had serious daddy issues that stemmed from anything from inappropriate behavior from an older male family member to full-on molestation or rape. I wanted to help these girls. I'd always seen myself as a guide to them—helping them with their feelings and molding them into women that experienced their sexual natures as fully as they could. But it didn't always work out the way I wanted it to. Not in the end, anyway.

I could see glimpses of those types of needs every time she looked up and her eyes lingered on mine. She wanted me to teach her and tell her what to do. She

wanted the approval that she had never gotten from her father, or her mother for that matter.

I knew that Amelia was jealous of her own daughter. And I knew that's why she sent Emily away to a private school. I knew that woman was incredibly insecure and that she was terrified that her daughter would come between us. But there was so much more going on in our relationship that I couldn't say no to her. She was the only woman I'd ever loved, but she was also the only woman I'd been with who called the shots—some of them, anyway. But I could see that it would be so different with Emily.

*"Roll over onto your belly," I commanded. She rolled over, pushing her plump ass up in the air for me. I spit into my hand and rubbed it over my cock, then plunged into her hot, waiting pussy. She mewled and squirmed as I fucked her, her face buried in the pillows. I paused a moment, hearing rustling outside the door. My eyes rose and there she was—standing in the doorway—her slight frame barely illuminated from the dim light coming from the hall. Her soft white nightgown clung to her wispy body, and her hair hung partially over her eyes. She was so beautiful and I wanted her desperately.*

I shook my head, trying to clear it and focus. I adjusted my tie and ran my hand through my hair, bringing myself back to reality. My senses were overwhelmed, and now was not the time to turn into a blithering idiot. I needed to remain in charge of this situation. Emily had just waltzed through my door—practically fucking naked—and I had to keep my wits about me.

She was wandering around my office, looking for a place to put her bag, glancing at the furniture and pretending she was trying to figure out where to sit—and she was driving me insane. She was babbling about the weather being a little chillier than she had anticipated, but she didn't need to say any of that. The way her pert little nipples were standing on end made it obvious. I had tuned out her words—every ounce of my energy focused on her body—and the sight of her movements and the way her dress just barely covered her sent my mind spinning out of control. My thoughts were running rampant with every sexual position imaginable.

When she finally settled into her seat in front of me, I had a clear view of what was underneath that flimsy skirt of hers, and it wasn't covered up. It was

smooth, and I could clearly see her slit cutting through her pale skin. The sight made my mouth water.

Thank god I was sitting at my desk. My cock was hard as a rock and wasn't backing down anytime soon. I was going to be bound to my chair for some time if she didn't quit flashing me her pussy and pushing her luscious tits together like that.

There was no doubt she was toying with me, I'm not naive. What she was doing now was fine, but we were going to continue this on my timeline. If she wanted to be fucked, she was going to be fucked. Hard. But not until I had a little bit more of a handle on her—mentally and physically.

"So, Emily, let's talk. I know you're going through much more than a girl your age typically has to go through. What can I help you with?"

She gazed at the ceiling, contemplating what she wanted to say to me, then heaved a huge sigh and leaned back in her chair. The way she flung her body back reminded me of a child on the verge of having a tantrum. The contrast between her child-like mannerisms and her very womanly body was making my dick positively ache.

Finally she spoke, "The house is just so big and lonely. I thought I could handle it, but I don't know what to do. My mother was such a control freak; she had everything organized down to the letter. But I'm just not that good with keeping things running smoothly. I don't know how she did it, especially with her ... habits." She looked bitter as she said this word. I was well aware of her mother's vices.

I opened my mouth to speak, but she went on, "And all of those empty rooms are starting to take their toll. Too many memories associated with those abandoned rooms."

"What kind of memories?" I asked, my cock growing harder with each word.

She looked at me darkly, but said nothing. She looked even more fuckable with that nasty look on her face.

I took a different approach when she remained silent. "We don't have to

address everything right now, Emily. But I do hope that one day you will trust me with what's bothering you — with your ... memories."

She nodded, her blonde hair falling in front of her face a little. I wanted to reach across the desk and brush it out of her eyes, but if I did that I wouldn't be able to resist putting my tongue into her mouth.

"Have you thought anymore about selling it and moving somewhere a little more manageable?"

Her face returned to normal and she started to come back out of her shell. We could talk about more mundane things this session — that was fine. But I was going to find out what was floating around that mind of hers, and before long, she wouldn't be holding anything back from me at all.

"Well, yes. I've thought about it quite a bit since you mentioned it at the funeral. I just don't even know where to start with selling a house like that. Not to mention all of the antiques my mother collected. None of it is really my style."

"If you'd like any help with that I'd be more than happy to look into it for you."

"Really? That would be so kind of you. I don't have anyone to help really. I mean there are some aunts and uncles and cousins, but I don't have much of a relationship with any of them, and they all live so far away. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't exactly trust my extended family. I'm not sure what my mother may have told you, but there have been a lot of ... rough spots in our family relations. I don't want to speak ill of her, but I know my mother told the rest of the family many things about my behavior, many things which were not true. She had very skewed views of me — like I was some sort of competition."

I raised my eyebrows at this, although not in an incredulous way, but instead with a knowing acceptance. I knew there was tension between Amelia and her daughter. Her mother was a beautiful woman and wasn't used to being upstaged by anyone, but I had no idea she had told anyone but me about her feelings. From what she said to me they were fears that she tried not to dwell on. Fears that embarrassed her and that she didn't want to be judged by.

"Well, I don't doubt what you're telling me. I am aware you and your mother

had a very complex relationship." I waited for her to go on.

A thoughtful look came over her, then she spoke, looking me directly in the eye. "I think I would like you to help me sell the house, though. I have no desire to manage a huge piece of property like that. The thought of it is just too overwhelming. I would much rather liquidate and move on. Would you really be willing to help me with all of that?"

"I certainly would. I told you, Emily, I'll do anything I can to help you."

"How can we get started then? Do you know any realtors you can refer me to?"

"I do. But I'll tell you what. If you're really serious—and you feel like you can trust me—you can just sign the deed over to me and I will take care of the rest. You don't have to lift a finger. As soon as the house sells, I will notify you, and in the meantime I'll help you look for a place that is more suited to your lifestyle. How does that sound?" I truly was happy to help, mostly because this arrangement would bind me to her more solidly than we already were.

She smiled warmly. "I would like that very much. Thank you, Max." Then she blushed, and said with an air of playfulness, "I still think I might feel more comfortable in that big old house if I had some company, though. It gets so cold there at night, and while we're finding me a new place I think it would be good for me to have someone there to curl up with. Someone to keep me warm." She looked straight at me, gauging my reaction. She was a bold little thing.

I chuckled at this, although in my mind I pictured her lying underneath me, sweating and screaming out my name. "How about a dog instead?" I offered with a little smirk, then fidgeted under my desk, adjusting my posture.

"No, I'm allergic. I really do think a man would be better."

She smiled coyly. She was being a lot more direct than I had anticipated. I should have known—having been raised by a woman like Amelia—that she wouldn't be easy to predict. But that's what made this conquest all the more thrilling. She bit her bottom lip again and looked up at me, waiting for my response. At least she was steering this conversation in a good direction for me to find out some things I needed to know.

"So no boyfriend then?" I asked her, with what I hoped was an expressionless tone.

"Is that really any of your business?" she asked, feigning offense.

Contrary to the illusion that she was trying very hard to create, I didn't suspect that she had ever had a boyfriend or very much experience with a man at all. But I imagined she didn't want me to know that. She wanted me to think of her as a worldly woman, one that would rival her mother in every way. But what she didn't understand was it was her innocence—her lissome, nubile body that screamed virgin at every twist and turn—that made my cock stand at attention and practically bust through my pants.

I had a sixth sense for untouched pussy and innocence that was desperate to be sullied. To be honest, I wanted her either way, but the thought of my cock being the first one inside her—ripping her little cherry to shreds—had me going wild. It wasn't just desire now, I fucking *needed* to rip her apart.

"I think it is my business if we are going to have a doctor/patient relationship. If I am going to be able to help you at all, you have to let me in, Emily." I replied, using my best psychiatrist tone with her.

"What about if we were to have a different kind of relationship? Then would it still be your business?" she responded, looking up at me with big eyes. This was obviously all a game to her, and my heart was pounding right along with her through every twist and turn that our discussion took.

"Then it would most certainly be my business," I said sternly, without missing a beat. I looked her dead in the eye, letting my darkness bore into her, and letting her know in no uncertain terms who was in control here. Who would always be in control. Her cheeks visibly flushed when she noticed me staring at her and I openly ogled her tits for a moment, letting her see me stare, then raised my eyes back to meet hers. She should know that I was going to take what was mine, and that her games had consequences.

She looked down at her hands, seeming to lose some of her confidence, and nearly whispered, "No, then, I haven't." She looked down at the floor, suddenly being bashful, and I couldn't tell whether this was a part of her act, or not. She

looked like nothing but a scared little girl to me.

After unsuccessfully trying to pry information about my own love life out of me, she started biting her nails and I knew that scared little girl I saw a minute ago wasn't an act. It was a habit of hers I'd seen before, and her obvious nervousness made her even sexier. This newly formed woman, sitting in my office chair flashing me her pussy and pointing her nipples at me had now reverted back to a nail-biting little girl. I couldn't have wanted her more.

I leaned across my desk and grabbed her wrist firmly, its dainty size and smoothness feeling absolutely perfect under my firm grasp. I wanted to grab the other one and hold them both above her head while I fucked her senseless.

She looked up with a start, but kept her eyes on her hand as I pulled it away from her mouth. She was so close I could smell her fruity lip gloss. I wanted to suck those pouty lips into my mouth and lick every last bit off of them. We both paused for just a beat, my strong hand wrapped firmly around her thin, delicate wrist. I let her feel the power that was present in this simple, seemingly non-sexual act of dominance, that made my desire for her soar.

She let out an audible gasp and her eyes rose to meet mine. "Don't bite your nails. Your hands are far too beautiful to be chewed on," I said to her in a deep voice that had taken on an air of sensuality. I didn't sound like a doctor any longer, I sounded like a man who was about to explode all over a set of perfect pink lips. I slowly brought her hand to my lips and wrapped my lips around her finger, looking into her eyes as I did.

My movements were slow and measured, but I had to hold myself back from jumping across the desk, my cock was aching so badly. I didn't know how much longer I could take this. I needed to own her.

I released her hand and watched her cheeks flush as she looked down. She brought her hands up to her breasts and unbuttoned the top two buttons of her dress, revealing a dangerous amount of cleavage. Her nipples were still covered but everything down the center of her chest was visible. I watched her with interest.

"Do you think I'm beautiful, Dr. Max?" she asked, her voice taking on a

sultry tone of its own, one that I didn't even know she was capable of.

I let out a low chuckle, leaning back in my chair now, repositioning myself and cocking my head to the side. I waited a moment before speaking, somehow forcing myself to say the words. "I think you should button your shirt, Emily."

She smiled her sweet, sexy little smile. "It's a little hot in here, don't you think? This feels much better."

She undid another button, and her nipples threatened to pop out entirely. Her light pink areola teased my vision ever so slightly, and I let out a deep sigh.

"As you wish. Now, where were we?" I said, trying to ignore the distraction. I would show her that I wasn't a man to be toyed with. I would fuck her when I said it was time, and the build up was assuring that it was going to be spectacular.

"You were asking if I was a virgin, and I was telling you that yes, I am. But I'm ready to not be, Max. I'm a lonely woman in a big, empty house."

"That's not exactly what I asked," I started, but she cut me off.

"It's what you wanted to know, though," she retorted. Her bratty side was only egging me on.

She scooted forward and leaned toward me over the desk. "You told me yourself, if I needed anything at all, that you'd be happy to help me."

"I think we should wrap things up for the day. Why don't you come back and see me again next week, and we can start over?" I said evenly, avoiding eye contact.

Emily huffed, and looked at me sternly. I sincerely hoped she wasn't going to throw a tantrum in here. I wanted her to wait until she was tied to my bedposts. Then she could huff and puff all she wanted, and I would spank the fuck out of her until she screamed.

She licked her lips, not rising from her chair, and undid another button of her top, her eyes locked on mine.

"Still want me to go?" She asked innocently, as she shrugged out of her blouse. The sheer fabric slipped down her arms and revealed her perfectly round breasts with nipples so erect that I wanted to bite them off.

"That's enough, Emily." I stood, walking around to the other side of my desk where she sat topless before me, her untouched breasts begging for my attention, her pussy undoubtedly leaking all over my office chair—the very same one that her mother had occupied many times before.

When I rounded my desk, she was immediately made aware of the imposing tent in my expensive trousers. My manhood strained at the fabric, and when I stopped next to her, my cock was parked at her eye level. I did nothing to cover myself, instead letting her gaze on my massive cock. I wanted her see the magnitude of what she was playing with.

Her eyes widened as she stared at my erection, her lips parted slightly. She looked like a deer in headlights now, unsure what to do with herself.

I grabbed her by the wrist again, gently but powerfully, just as I had before when I had chastised her for her childish habit. I guided her hand to my crotch and she opened her palm as I placed it squarely on my rock hard cock.

"Feel that, little girl?" I growled at her. My professional demeanor was gone, and had been replaced by the animal lust that this girl had initiated and magnified in me until it threatened to take over every ounce of decorum I possessed. I could barely breathe with her shaking hand cupping my throbbing member through my pants. I felt the intensity pour out of me as my eyes seared into hers. She trembled and nodded, letting out a little squeak that made my cock buck under her touch.

"Do you really think you can take all of that?" I moved her hand up and down my cock. She licked her lips, letting her teeth catch on the lower one, then she looked up at me with hungry eyes.

"Yes", she whispered, her voice an octave lower than it had been a minute ago.

"Is that what you want? There's no turning back if you say yes." Her eyes were almost terrified now. Filled with a desperation that spelled out just how much she wanted my cock inside her.

"Yes."

"Yes, please," I corrected her sternly, rubbing my bulge, still clothed in my

trousers, against her pale, soft cheek.

"Yes, *please*." Her eyes were begging for me to fill her, but she wasn't getting it today—not yet. Although it took everything I had to not bend her over right there in my office, I held back. Now was not the time.

I pulled her out of her chair and grabbed her ass, holding her body against mine. I cupped her face in my hands and intertwined my fingers in her long, beautiful hair. Then I pulled her face in, almost kissing those plump lips of hers, but instead I hovered over her. My lips were so close to hers I could feel the heat pouring off of her in waves. I stayed there for a long moment, keeping her in my spell while her body squirmed against me, crying out for my cock. I pulled her head back and buried my mouth in her neck, licking and sucking it with a force that was merely a preview of what I would be doing to her virgin pussy before long.

I heard a soft moan escape from her throat as she continued to grind against me, tentatively at first, but with a growing fervor. Her bare tits were pressed against my chest, but I made sure not to touch them with my hands. I wanted her little pussy to ache for me, to be screaming for my touch by the time I finally gave her what she wanted.

I backed away from her, and held her at the waist in front of me. "Make an appointment with the receptionist to come back to me on Wednesday." I said.

She nodded, her blond hair tousled in the back. I crossed the room to pick up her purse and hand it to her while she buttoned her dress. She silently took her purse from my hand, then looked up at me, a fire blazing in her eyes. She looked like she was about to say something, but didn't. I opened the door for her slowly. "Don't forget, Wednesday," I said in a low voice into her ear as she passed me.