

The Professor's Girl

By

Renee Rose

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Chapter One

Lucy sat across from her graduate thesis advisor, growing more and more frustrated.

“I don’t see how any of these studies connect to your hypothesis,” he said, his nose raised. “It’s like you just thought up experiments because they sounded nifty, but you have no idea how the data will help you explain your postulate.”

She seriously hated the man.

“I’m really wondering if you have what it takes to stay in this Ph.D. program. You passed your comps, but I see no evidence in your proposed thesis that you even enjoy pushing around thoughts—doing the sort of research and deep analysis necessary to excel in biochemistry. I know you enjoy lab work, and Dr. Daniels just hired you to work on his grant study. Maybe that’s where you belong. You could simply take your masters degree and work as an investigator professionally. In or out of academia.” He beamed at her as if he had just solved her life’s problem, instead of attempted to crush her entire career.

Her fingernails bit into her palms as she tried to keep from screaming at him, or worse, giving into tears of rage right there in his office.

“I don’t think you understood what I was trying to say,” she said.

He waved a dismissive hand. “Oh yes, I understood.”

Her face grew hot. “No. You didn’t,” she said through clenched teeth, but her rational mind had left completely. She had no brilliant words to explain to him her thoughts behind her thesis proposal, or even to tell him that his arrogant attitude was sexist and offensive.

He sat back, looking satisfied. “Now, now. I know it’s upsetting. Women are so emotional about these things. Go home, have a good cry and think about my advice.”

Cry?

As if on command, the tears of anger she’d been holding back sprang into her eyes. She stood up and stormed out before giving him the satisfaction of seeing them.

Damn him. She hated the man more than she had ever hated anyone in her life. And worse, she hated herself for turning into an emotional wreck. She was horrible at expressing herself in person, and even worse when put on the spot or defensive. Her mind went blank and she just ended up looking like an idiot.

She wiped at her tears and went into Dr. Daniels' lab. God, if only Daniels was her advisor instead of the horrid Snelling. Dr. Todd, as they called him, was worship-worthy for his brilliant scientific mind alone. Add to it his rumpled good looks, complete with five o'clock shadow, shaggy hair that fell over his blue eyes and a dimple on his chin and he made Greek god status. To top it off, he was hip and funny, when he actually paid attention to her, which wasn't often, because he usually walked around in an absent-minded distraction.

He had hired her that semester to oversee his experiments for a study funded by a prestigious National Institute of Health grant for cancer research. He had two other part-time lab workers, also graduate students, but she was full time, which meant in charge, checking their work in a loose supervisory role. The job meant she had committed to obscene hours, unless she arranged with the other students to cover for her, as some of the experiments required processing several times a day, seven days a week. Not that she minded. Especially because Dr. Hot was usually there with her.

She had moved to Tucson two years earlier to get her Ph.D. in biochemistry at the University of Arizona, and had received her Master's degree the previous spring. Now all she had to do was write her thesis and teach one class per semester, so the lab work would not interfere. Besides, it was fascinating work and the opportunity to publish with Dr. Todd could be huge for her career.

She wiped down the cell culture hood and everything in it with 70 percent ethanol to sterilize things and slipped on disposable gloves. Taking a cell culture dish from the incubator, she set it on the counter and removed cells with a pipette. She put the sample on a slide and put it in under the microscope. The cells looked great, with no signs of degradation.

She checked the cells from each dish and marked her results on the chart with the date and time.

"How do they look?" The deep rumble of Dr. Daniels' voice sounded behind her, making her jump.

"Oh! Great. Want to see?" She stepped out of the way to let the professor look through the lens.

"Beautiful," he murmured. "Thanks, Lucy."

She watched as he walked back to his office and sat down at his desk.

Taking a deep breath, she followed.

“Dr. Daniels?”

“Todd,” he corrected, looking surprised at her emergence in his office.

“Dr. Todd? May I have a word with you?”

“Sure,” he said, waving a hand to the seat opposite his desk and looking up for the first time since she entered.

“I...uh...I just met with Snelling about my thesis. I sent you a copy?”

Dr. Daniels had agreed to serve on her thesis committee, so he received a copy of all her drafts.

“Yes?”

She drew in a breath. “I was wondering if you would consider being my thesis advisor, instead of Snelling?”

He shook his head immediately, not even considering her question. “I can’t. Snelling is department chair. I don’t interfere with his student relations. You switch and he knows it’s because you have a conflict with him, and then he accuses me of coddling students and then he goes out of his way to make your life a living hell. No. I’m sorry.”

She stared at him, shocked at how decided he seemed about it.

“I’ve tried this before. It did not turn out well.” He did not appear sympathetic, even though her tears had started again. He did not look particularly unsympathetic, either. More like her tears didn’t surprise him. As if he’d expected this exact scene to happen. “I’m sorry, Lucy. I am willing to meet with you about your thesis proposal or to advise you on working with Snelling, but I’m not going to swoop in and save you from him.”

Her resentment turned on him, too.

Damn these pompous professors who think they own the world just because they happened to get tenure and a few lousy grants. Well, let them build their petty little empires. She didn’t need a Ph.D. to know that one little lab wasn’t the whole world.

She stood and walked toward the door. “Thanks a lot,” she said, unable to keep the sarcasm from her voice, even though her better instincts told her not to create conflict with Daniels, too. He was her employer, after all. And working on his project was a huge honor. She stopped in the doorway. “I’m sorry,” she said, shaking her head. “I’m just upset. Of course it’s not your fault.”

He gave her a look that made her belly drop to her shoes. His eyebrows raised as if in warning, a clear censuring of her behavior. Surprised to see a stern expression on the easygoing professor, she had a momentary fantasy of him punishing her and her face grew warm. Flustered, she hesitated, trying to think of something else to say, but realizing she had already apologized, she abruptly turned away, hurrying back to the lab.

Hoping he was not truly annoyed or disappointed in her, she spent the rest of the evening making sure everything related to his experiments was done perfectly, impeccably. She checked and re-checked the carbon dioxide tanks, typed up the handwritten logs and set up a filing system for the notes.

His disapproval—whether it was real or imagined—fueled such a frenzy of overcompensation, she almost forgot her horrible meeting with Snelling. And even as it created anxiety, the idea of being...*in trouble* with Daniels sent her home with her head swirling with fantasies of being bent over his desk and paddled.

Because her most closely-guarded secret was a longing to be spanked by stern men.



Todd pulled up at Rebecca Payne’s house and stepped out, his pulse quickening at the thought of what lay inside. He grabbed his bag of implements from the trunk and walked up to ring the bell. Once a month he drove the two hours to Phoenix to attend Ms. Payne’s spanking parties. Tucson had one BDSM group, but even with one million people, the city seemed small, and he would hate for his fetish to be discovered by a student or co-worker. The anonymity offered by Phoenix, as a larger metropolitan area, made it worth the drive.

Rebecca opened the door, dressed in her customary bustier and short skirt. Middle-aged and married, she was a switch, mostly topping at the parties, but a submissive to her husband who kept a relaxed, but watchful eye over the events. She served as hostess extraordinaire, making sure everyone felt comfortable and safe, being vigilant about protecting inexperienced attendees and helping people make the connections needed to get scenes started.

“The professor’s in the house,” she sang out, giving him a broad smile when she opened the door. Because of the need for anonymity and discretion, he simply went by “The Professor” at her parties.

“I’ve been telling some young ladies about you,” she said with a wink.

“You always give me the new ones,” he complained, not that he actually minded. He knew it was a compliment. He was a good dominant—able to read his submissives, careful to check in and make sure they got what they wanted from the spanking. He never took advantage and often had a long queue of bottoms eager to be spanked by him.

“Yes, here they are,” she said, ushering him into the kitchen, where several people were gathered around the punch bowl.

“The professor has arrived,” she said.

Two girls turned around, one of them dressed in the proverbial Catholic school-girl outfit, the other stopped him in his tracks.

Lucy.

Her face drained of color, clearly even more shocked than he. She set her drink down and bolted out of the room without a backward glance.

“I think she might be nervous.” Rebecca laughed. “It’s her first time at a party and will be her first spanking, ever. I told her to wait for you because you would take care of her.”

He managed to nod, his mind reeling with the possible repercussions of seeing a female student here. Not just any student—his full time lab assistant.

Within moments, though, several of his regulars had accosted him, begging for spankings, and he was caught up in the game of the evening.

He kept his eyes open for Lucy, even searching the house when he had a free moment, but he didn’t see her again. Maybe she had left, hoping he hadn’t recognized her. He would need to have a private conversation with her before they returned to school on Monday.

At the end of the night, Miss Payne called to him from the entryway. “Professor?”

“Yes?” he answered, walking in.

“Lucy was stranded here by her ride and she’s from Tucson. I told her you might be able to drive her back.”

Lucy turned slowly to face him, cringing.

He frowned. “Who left you?”

“The friend I came with. She took off with a guy.”

He remembered the Catholic school girl, who had looked fairly young. “Who did she leave with? Did she know him?” he asked sharply.

Lucy looked even more uncomfortable, if that were possible. “I don’t know. Listen, don’t worry about it—I’ll figure another ride home,” she mumbled, trying to walk past him.

“Whoa,” he said, catching her with an arm around her waist and pulling her back. He would not have touched her if they were in the lab, but he was in dom mode here, acting on masculine instinct to protect. He held her shoulders. “Of course I will drive you home,” he said softly. “I’m just concerned about your friend. Leaving with someone she just met here isn’t the safest idea.”

She lifted wide green eyes to meet his. Her little pink tongue darted out to lick her lips and his cock grew hard. To distract himself, he looked at her nametag, which was color-coded to show she was a bottom and was looking to be spanked.

He had not released his grasp on her, nor did he want to, the electricity between them practically pulsing. “Did you get spanked tonight, Lucy?” he asked in a low voice.

She did not quite meet his eye. She shook her head.

“Why not? Because you were too busy hiding from me?”

Her face turned a pretty pink, making her eyes appear even brighter. She wore makeup, which she never wore in the lab, and a short skirt with strappy sandals. He had always found her attractive, but now, without the covering of her labcoat and casual clothes, he saw she was a bombshell. The thought of bending her over and lifting her skirt nearly made him groan.

“Are you sure you want to leave without getting spanked?” He shouldn’t suggest it, but he did. To know his student and employee, the woman the men in the lab privately called “the sexy scientist,” shared his fetish was too much to let slide.

He held his breath, watching as the color in her cheeks spread down her neck and across her chest. Her pulse fluttered frantically at her throat, her eyes dilating so wide the green almost disappeared.

The door burst open and the Catholic school girl rushed in, breathless. “Oh, good, you’re right there,” she said to Lucy. “Sorry, I’m back. Let’s go.”

Lucy froze, shooting him a look. Whether she wanted him to offer to drive her instead or just wanted to be sure he would keep her secret, he couldn’t tell. Or maybe she wanted that spanking first.

Either way, he took the interruption as a sign. He should absolutely not be getting spanky with a student. He needed to get out of there before he did something both unethical and unwise.

“Let’s pretend we never saw each other here, okay?” he asked.
She nodded quickly and swallowed. “Right. Absolutely. Thanks.”
Bullet dodged. Except, damn, it would have been a sweet bullet.



Lucy climbed in Zoe’s car, still reeling from seeing Dr. Todd at the spanking party. He’d been right—she had hidden all night, hoping he hadn’t seen her when he walked in. Because as much as she wanted a spanking from the man who showed up in her most heated fantasies, she’d been terrified. She’d been nervous to begin with—not sure if she could take the pain or if she would even like a spanking in real life. Add in the humiliation of knowing the spanker, being his employee no less, and she’d panicked.

But she realized she’d made a mistake. She just passed on the opportunity of a lifetime—If only she hadn’t been such a chicken. She should have told Zoe she didn’t need a ride and told Daniels she did want a spanking. Instead, she had just stood there letting them make the decisions for her. She sighed. Quite possibly the sign of a true submissive.

“So where did you go?” she asked Zoe.

Zoe had been in the Biochemistry 101 class she’d led as a Teaching Assistant the year before. They had bumped into each other at a social gathering that semester and somehow it had come out to everyone that Zoe attended spanking parties in Phoenix. She’d become the object of much erotic attention, the college boys crowding around to tease her and ask probing questions. Lucy had listened silently with burning ears, too embarrassed to even ask questions or join in the conversation. Only later, from the comfort of her casita, had she emailed Zoe and tentatively asked about attending a party with her.

It had taken them six months to get their schedules lined up to go together. The parties were invite-only, so Lucy had to correspond with Ms. Payne in advance and Zoe had to vouch for her before she could be allowed entrance.

Now, after all that waiting, planning and imagining, she had left without getting spanked. But worse, or perhaps better, she’d known a man quite capable of giving her what she craved all along.



The next morning she got up early to go into the lab. It didn't take long to check on the cultures but she stayed, doing even more unnecessary organizing than she had done on Friday. She replayed their interaction that day, remembering the raised eyebrows he'd given her. Knowing her laid-back employer was a dominant, it seemed wonderfully significant. She had not imagined the censure, he had been reprimanding her with his eyes.

Dear lord, just the thought of it sent a throbbing pulse to her sex. She imagined what it would be like to be under his jurisdiction, so to speak. Subject to his punishment.

Suddenly, she ached with longing that seemed stronger and more important than just sexual need. It came from some deeply-rooted desire to be governed.

She considered what she'd read on the internet, after Zoe had opened her eyes to the spanking culture she had not known existed. There were many people who had non-sexual disciplinary arrangements. Maybe Dr. Todd would be open to such a thing.

Are you sure you want to leave without getting spanked?

He had been about to spank her and she had let the opportunity slip.

She continued obsessing. She needed to ask him. She had chickened out once, she wasn't going to do it again. She sat down at her work station and opened an email box. It was stupid—using university email accounts to discuss something that was so clearly not condoned—but she didn't have his personal email address.

Besides, if he did agree, and if it ever came into question, he could produce proof it had been at her request, not his.

That thought gave her confidence, and she composed her email.

Dr. Daniels,

I'm sorry I acted so awkwardly at the party last night. You were right, I was hiding from you. I was embarrassed to be seen by someone I knew—especially you. But since you were there, you probably wouldn't judge me for it.

I know you said we should pretend we never saw each other there, but I wondered if you would consider something different. I would like for you to be my disciplinarian—nothing

sexual—maybe just weekly sessions to keep me on track? I understand the ethics of you being on my thesis committee and me working in your lab make this difficult, which is why I’m putting this into writing. This way you’ll have proof it is all at my request if it ever came into question.

Thank you for your consideration,

Lucy

She read and re-read it. Did it sound too formal? Too foolish? She cringed as she imagined him opening it. But knowing she would only continue to obsess if she didn’t take some action, she hit send.

Thirty minutes later, she received a reply. *Come see me in the morning.*

Her entire body trembled as she scanned his short email over and over, trying to infer the meaning. Was it a yes? Would he spank her in the morning? Or was it a “let’s discuss?” Or worse, was it a no? She pushed that thought out her mind, refusing to accept it. This situation was too perfect. It had to work out. It just had to.