

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red bra with black lace trim and black stockings, is being held from behind by a man in a white shirt. The man's hands are on her chest and waist. The background is dark.

DELILAH FAWKES

At His  
Command

*the Billionaire's Beck and Call*

## **At His Command (The Billionaire's Beck and Call, Part 3)**

**By Delilah Fawkes**

Have you ever had one of those moments where something so strange and fantastic is happening to you, that you wonder if you're dreaming? One of those moments that is so surreal, so unlike anything in your ordinary life that you're positive it's a fantasy? But then you pinch yourself. The pain grounds you, and you realize it's really happening.

Your life is changing forever.

This is exactly how I felt as Mr. Drake led me into his secret dungeon and showed me what he had in store for me.

For a few minutes, he let me wander through the room, touching and exploring, asking myself which things I'd like to try. He watched from the doorway, wearing only his silk boxers, a knowing grin on his handsome face.

I picked up a pair of wrist restraints, feeling the suppleness of the leather, longing for the feel of being helpless before this powerful man. I ran my hands over the tails of a flog, then picked up a crop, wondering what it would feel like, laying into me when I was bent over, crying out beneath Mr. Drake's skillful blows.

The cross intrigued me the most, and I ran my hands over its dark surface before turning back to the man watching me closely.

"What is this thing?"

"It's called a St. Andrews cross. If we decided to play with it, I'd lash your wrists to the top two restraints, and your ankles to the bottom two, leaving you spread wide and vulnerable, unable to resist whatever I wanted to do to you."

I shivered, imagining the kind of things he might do when I was bound and naked before him, stretched and ready.

He stepped closer, looming over me.

"Would you like that, Isabeau? Would you like to be helpless to resist while I bring you orgasm after orgasm, denying you what you really want until you are begging to be filled by my cock?"

My eyes almost rolled back in my head from his words alone.

“Yes... Sir.”

I wanted it more than anything.

“Then get some rest. Tomorrow, you’re mine to do with as I please.”

I groaned at his words. “But what about work?”

“Isabeau,” he said, grinning down at me. “Tomorrow’s Saturday.”

\*\*\*

When I woke, I noticed that my clothes were folded on the trunk on the foot of my bed , with a note sitting on top in an elegant hand.

I have business in the city to attend to, but will return as soon as I can.

Please make yourself comfortable. My house is your house while you stay.

I can’t wait to see you, little temp.

I read the note over and over again before holding it to my lips. I couldn’t believe this was happening. The dream was real, and suddenly, I felt like a very naughty version of Cinderella, living with my kinky Prince Charming.

*What’s the first thing a princess to do?* I wondered, then grinned. *She’d explore the castle, of course!*

I hadn’t gotten a good look at my surroundings the night before, but now as I pushed the door open and padded down the hall in my bare feet, I couldn’t help but be overwhelmed. Mr. Drake’s home was lushly furnished with thick, soft carpets cushioning my steps, and gorgeous artwork displayed in every room. I examined one painting to see if it was a print, but brushstrokes were visible in the lamplight, as clear as day. An original. How much money did he spend on something as simple as decorating?

My one Ikea print hanging over my bed seemed down right sad in comparison. Considering that was my idea of a splurge item when I moved in said a lot about the difference between our two worlds. Suddenly, I felt very small, and very out of place.

The house was enormous, and it took me awhile to find my way down a back stairwell and into the kitchen. A stocky blonde woman looked up

from behind the granite counter top and raised a sharp eyebrow at me.

“Miss, those are the stairs the staff uses. Guests use the grand staircase.”

I blushed, my face feeling hotter than the noonday sun. “I... I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

In fact, I’d forgotten there *was* a staff. The chef nodded curtly at me, and went back to chopping vegetables. I sat down awkwardly on a stool by the counter and wondered what to do next. My stomach growled.

“May I make you something, Miss? An omelet? Or perhaps a crepe?”

I smiled at her. This was all too weird. “Please make me whatever is your favorite.”

She grinned back, her icy exterior warming at my words. “Right away, Miss.”

We chatted while she worked, and I soon learned that Katja had worked for Mr. Drake since he left college, leaving his father’s household for his. When I finally tried the savory crepe she’d made, my eyes rolled back in my head.

“This may be the best thing I’ve ever had,” I said, groaning.

The older woman beamed at me.

“Danke.”

I attempted to pry information about my sexy and mysterious boss from her between bites, but she kept her words cheerfully vague. It seemed she didn’t know much about his personal life at all. He usually sent the staff home early after they’d prepared dinner, preferring to serve his guests himself.

“Although he hasn’t brought a beautiful young lady such as yourself home in quite some time,” she said, her hands on her chef’s apron. “And a shame, too! None of them have ever complimented my cooking.”

“That’s a crime,” I said, finishing my last bite and sighing.

“Mr. Drake should be home any moment. Would you please follow me?”

I jumped as a gravelly, male voice interrupted our talk. A silver-haired butler stood behind me, holding a black, wooden box in his hands and looking grave.

“Uh... of course, Mister...?”

The man gave a deep bow. “Mr. Daniels, my lady. If you would please follow me?”

I thanked Katja, and followed him through the winding halls of the house until we were outside of Mr. Drake's study, where I'd found him holding my torn shirt the night before. I tingled with anticipation, wondering when he would appear, and what he'd do to me in his dungeon when he did.

Mr. Daniels set the box on a low table by the fire.

"I've been instructed to tell you to please put on the contents of the box, and wait here for the master's arrival."

I nodded, my pulse thudding in my ears, adrenaline coursing through me. What had he left me?

"Yes, of course," I stuttered. "Thank you very much, Mr. Daniels."

"Miss."

He bowed low again and saw himself out of the room. The door snapped shut behind him.

Curious, I rushed to open the box. Inside was a crimson garter belt and matching bra, as well as a couple of devices and a bottle that made me blush. There was also another note in Mr. Drake's handwriting.

Wear these items and nothing else. The black plug goes in back, and the white in front. I expect you ready and waiting for me, Isabeau. Do not disappoint me.

I stared down at the box, my mouth hanging open. The idea of being filled completely intrigued me, but I admit, I was also more than a little nervous. I'd never had anything in my ass before, and even though the plug before me was small, I didn't know how it would feel. Would it hurt?

I slowly removed my clothes, folding them carefully and setting them aside before wiggling into the embroidered garter and lacy black stockings. It felt strange to be wearing all this without panties covering me, but also naughty, leaving me feeling deliciously exposed. I slipped the bra on, and then picked up the bottle of lube, biting my lip.

I got on my knees and took a deep breath, reaching behind me to slide it into position. *Here goes nothing.*

When the plug pushed against my pucker, I gasped at the feel of the cold gel, then at the sensation of my ring of muscle wrapping around it, accepting it into my body. It stung a little as I adjusted to the tapered

silicone inside me, making me squirm on the carpet. It felt so wrong doing something like this, but the feeling made my sex heat and my body tingle all over.

If my conservative family ever knew I did anything like this, they'd each have a heart attack before calling my pastor.

I smiled and reached for the delicate, white vibrator. It was egg shaped and slipped easily inside of me as my walls squeezed around it. There was no button or anything that I could see, but the feeling of these two toys rubbing together through the thin membrane of skin separating them was almost too much to take.

I waited there, on my knees, half expecting Mr. Drake to burst in at any moment. I was so ready for him, I ached, longing for him to take me and show me something I'd never experienced before. To take me deeper into his world.

The sound of a key scraping in a lock made me spin around to face the door. Suddenly embarrassed, I covered my privates, in case it was Mr. Daniels coming back to check on me. The lock snapped and I could hear footfalls moving away from the door. I furrowed my brow, frowning before it finally hit me. I was locked in!

I ran to the door and tried the knob, swearing under my breath when it didn't move. What the hell was going on?

I yelped as the plug in my ass and the vibrating egg both buzzed to life, making me rock on my feet and clutch the door knob for support. My body felt like it was on fire, the powerful vibrations making me gasp for air. I hadn't touched any buttons, but they were both pulsing in time, making my clench around them.

Just as quickly as they started, they stopped, and I stood panting, trying to catch my breath. I reached between my legs, looking for some kind of switch so I could control these things, but as I did, a voice resonated from a speaker in the ceiling.

"Hands at your sides, Isabeau."

I gasped, but did as I was told. "Mr. Drake?"

"Very good, my little temp. I love how quickly you obey me. You deserve a reward."

The butt plug and dildo buzzed to life again, and I doubled over, groaning. The vibrations in my ass were driving me wild in a way I'd never experienced. It was intense. Too intense.

“Please...”

The vibrations stopped.

“You look beautiful, Isa. I knew that color would suit you. Not like those horrid pastels you usually wear. You’re too wild for that. A very bad girl trapped inside a good girl’s clothes.”

I straightened up again, my hands and my sides and looked around, wondering how he could see me. There were no windows, and the door was shut tight behind me. I spied a shining black dot nestled at the foot of a bust on the mantle. A camera. Bingo.

“Before we play today, there are some matters to discuss. Some groundrules, if you will.”

“What kind of rules?”

There was a low chuckle. “Eager, aren’t we? Well, first, you are always to address me as ‘Sir’ when we play. I am your master, and you are my dirty little slave girl, understood? I own you when you’re in my dungeon, Isabeau.”

I trembled at his words, feeling my thighs growing slick with my own arousal.

“But my part of that exchange is my promise to keep you safe, always, at all times. You give me your trust, and I earn every second of it. That’s the deal.”

I nodded, the weight of his words settling over me. I would have to trust him completely, but the thought of him dominating me, protecting me even as he caused me pain... It made me moan quietly, and move my fingers to my pussy.

“Bad girl, Isabeau! I’m not done explaining.”

He gave me a quick pulse from the vibrators, just enough to shock me. I grinned and put my hands back at my sides.

“Are you willing to put yourself in my hands? Will you be my little slave, Isa?”

I sighed, enchanted by the thought of being in his hands, bending to his every whim.

“Yes, Sir...”

There was a weighty pause, and I pictured him smiling, wherever he was, looking me over, seeing the effect he already had on me.

“The next rule is perhaps the most important. If I go too far, or if you want things to stop for any reason, you need a word to say to put a halt to

things. A safe word. If we're playing a game where 'stop' doesn't mean 'stop,' you use that word, and I stop immediately. Do you understand?"

I nodded, wondering what I could possibly use, but feeling comfort at the thought of that fail safe.

"I do."

"Think of your word, and then we can begin."

Buzzing ripped through my body, making my knees buckle. I fell to the carpet, bracing myself against the ottoman as my core squeezed around the pulsing toys.

"Once you've cum twice for me, I'll let you out, and we'll hear that safe word."

"What?!" I gasped. He wanted me to cum *twice*? Here and now? While he watched?

My cheeks burned, but the vibrations were making it hard to feel anything else, including shame. My whole world narrowed to the knowledge that he was watching me, controlling me. The pattern of vibration changed, pulsing twice, then once, slow, then fast, and I knew he was playing my body like an instrument from afar, willing me to cum for him.

He didn't have to wait long.

The pulsing in my ass against the egg in the front made me come apart, wailing on my back, legs squeezed together as my body convulsed. I shuddered, my thighs trembling, my clit overly sensitive, but the vibrations kept on.

And just when I thought I couldn't take it any longer, Mr. Drake amped up the power.

My screams echoed off the walls, filling my ears.

\*\*\*

I lay limp in Mr. Drake's strong arms as he carried me into the dungeon, sweaty and wrung out from my orgasms.

The door closed behind us, and he whispered in my ear. "What's your safe word?"

"Ramen," I said, grinning against his shoulder, thinking of the day he'd ripped my shirt off after I spilled ramen noodles down my front.



His low laugh made his chest rumble against my cheek. “Ramen, it is.”

He stopped in front of a swing suspended from the ceiling by heavy duty metal hooks, the leather straps on the side ending in cuffs that I eyed with longing. Mr. Drake lifted me into it as if I weighed no more than a child, and went to work securing my arms over my head, then moving down to spread my legs wide, strapping my ankles in with the supple leather.

I was opened up before him, nothing hidden from his view. I saw the hunger burning in his eyes as his gaze raked over my body. He undid his silver tie and slid it to the floor, then unbuttoned his shirt with surgical precision as I watched, just as hungry as he was. I couldn’t wait to see that muscled chest of his—his fit body beaded with sweat as he bent over me...

I licked my lips as his shirt fell beside his tie, and waited for him to undo his belt buckle. Instead, he reached for my bra, and roughly pulled my breasts out of the lace, displaying them on top of the cups. He leaned over and rolled each nipple between his fingers, pinching them hard until I gasped.

“Do you like that, little slave?”

I exhaled hard at his words, my pussy heating below. “Y-yes, Sir.”

He pinched them one last time, then leaned back, assessing his work. My nipples were erect, the tips red and puffy from his attentions.

“Good girl.”

He disappeared to one side, and I craned my head to try to follow him, squinting into the dim light of the dungeon. Then, his hand closed around my throat from behind, making me tense with fear.

“I’m going to show you a whole new world, little girl,” he rasped, making me tremble.

Something black and leather caressed my shoulder, then moved down, sliding over my chest. Glancing down I saw it was the end of one of the riding crops, and I tensed, my heart hammering in my chest. Mr. Drake moved it slowly downward, tracing the curves of each of my breasts, holding my neck so I could watch each movement.

“A world where you belong to *me*.”

He flicked the crop, slapping the leather down sharply onto one nipple. I screamed at the sharp sting, and his hand tightened on my throat.

“I use you as I please. I give you pain when it pleases me, and pleasure only when you deserve it. Do you think you deserve it now,

slave?”

His wrist flicked again, snapping the head of the crop against the soft tissue of my breast. I whimpered, tears burning my eyes.

“I... I don't know, Sir.”

“Unacceptable answer.”

He moved to my side, looming over me, and ran the crop lower, toying with me, tracing the curve of my hip before tracing the inside of my thigh. I felt so helpless, unable to move, waiting for the next blow to fall, wondering what it would feel like, and fearing it all the same.

“When I ask you a question, I want either a ‘yes, Sir’ or a ‘no, Sir.’ ‘I don't know’ is not an option, Isabeau.”

The crop whipped down, sending blazing pain spidering over my inner thigh. I pulled against the cuffs, writhing beneath him, unable to cover myself. Despite the pain, my body was heating more and more with each blow, my sex dripping against the edge of the swing.

“Understood?”

“Yes, Sir!”

Tears trailed down my cheeks, but I'd never felt so alive. My body was on fire, sensations sharper than they'd ever been before, lighting up my nerves. The leather against my back felt decadent, the cuffs pleasantly snug, the red marks on my breast and leg sensual and obscene.

“Do you deserve pleasure, slave?”

“No, Sir...”

The crop traced the spread lips of my pussy, making me moan. My feet strained against the cuffs, but whether I wanted to close my legs or spread them wider, I wasn't sure.

“And why is that, pray tell?”

“I... I haven't pleased you yet.”

I thought about how badly I wanted to take him in my mouth, to run my lips and tongue over him. To feel him shudder inside of me as I gave him release. As I made him happy.

He chuckled darkly. The crop tapped lightly on my clit, making me purse my lips and bite back a yell. Jolts of awareness surged through me, pain and pleasure mixing until they were indistinguishable. All I felt was the intensity, and my body reacted, making me shiver.

“But you have pleased me, slave. You came for me as directed, and you followed my instructions. Your training is going very well so far.”

The crop tapped my lower lips in a staccato rhythm, making me wail as the burning washed over me once again.

“In fact, I think you’ve earned a reward--my cock ramming deep inside your sweet little pussy. Would you like that, slave?”

I wanted it so badly, I could barely speak. “*Please,*” I whispered. “Sir.”

Mr. Drake grinned, the hunger in his eyes making him look wolfish, like a predator eyeing his prey. He leaned to the side, then came back with a thin chain in his hands, with a small silver clamp on each end.

He pinched my nipples again, making me moan, before attaching a clamp to each one. I cried out as they snapped into place, and bit my lip at the way they felt—each one creating a sensual ache that made me need him even more desperately.

“You look so beautiful like this,” he breathed, moving between my legs. “Bound for me. Chained...”

I heard his zipper lower, and wished I could reach down, to stroke him to hardness and guide him inside me. Instead I stared into his piercing green eyes as he positioned himself, and gasped in pleasure as I felt his tip pushing into me, stretching me wide for him.

He slammed into me, then, sheathing himself inside me in one sure stroke. I cried out as he reached out and gripped the chain attached to my sensitive nipples, yanking sharply as he began moving in and out. I screamed at the pain, then panted, my eyes closing at the intensity of sensation coursing through me.

This was like nothing I’d ever felt before, and with each pump of Mr. Drake’s, my master’s, rod inside of me, I felt fireworks going off behind my eyes, making me soar in sparks of desire, the flames ensconsing me, burning the old me as the new one rose from the ashes, terrifying and beautiful.

A new woman. A new beginning. A new Isabeau.

“Yes, slave. Take it all. All that I have to give you,” he growled, pulling the swing back onto him, using me like a toy. His toy.

He jerked the chain again, and I wailed like an animal, my inhibitions flowing out of me like water as he took control. I let go, giving myself over as he fucked me harder, savoring each moment, each different texture of lovemaking, each sting and pulse, each jolt and caress.

I squeezed around my master, already on the edge again, unbelieving even as I accepted it was possible with this man. Everything was possible.

“Cum for me, Isabeau,” he commanded, and released the nipple clamps, creating a wave of aching pain as the blood rushed back.

I did as I was told, shaking with the force of it as my pleasure crashed over me, sweeping me away, rocking my body as it rocked my mind, tearing away all of my old notions of what sex could be, should be.

I heard him groan, and felt him cumming inside of me, the thought bringing me to another high as I knew I’d finally pleased him. My boss. My master.

I must have blacked out for a moment, but when my eyes fluttered open again, he was there, rubbing my wrists in his strong hands as he undid the cuffs, then moved to my ankles, releasing me. He lifted me gently out of the sling, and carried me to a corner of the room covered in soft pillows. He knelt down, then pulled me into his lap. He kissed my hair and neck, then trailed soft kisses across my forehead and cheeks.

“How do you feel?” he said, his voice full of concern.

I smiled sleepily and leaned against him, overcome by the feelings bubbling up inside of me.

“Good. Different... but good.”

“That’s my girl.”

He tilted my head up and kissed my lips softly, making me melt at the tenderness of it, after what we’d just done.

“I was worried you might change your mind about being with me. Like this.”

I looked into his eyes. The uncertainty there startled me.

“Of course not.”

He kissed my hair again, then set me down.

“Wait here, little temp. I have something for you.”

I leaned back against the pillows, feeling tired and sore and delicious all over, the soft ache between my legs and in the peaks of my breasts sweet reminders of his touch.

He returned and knelt before me, handing me a black, leather box. I raised an eyebrow.

“Open it. They’re for you, if you want them.”

I lifted the lid, and gasped at what lay within. There was a thin, black leather collar and beside it a gorgeous platinum choker, dotted with winking

diamonds, a tiny charm hanging from the front in the shape of a lock. It must have been worth a fortune.

I had no words.

“Every good slave needs a collar, Isabeau. If you’re to be mine, you’ll need one when we play... and one to wear to the office.” He looked deeply into my eyes. “Will you accept these? Will you be mine?”

My mind spun, the magnitude of the diamonds making me feel uncomfortable, but the gesture making me tingle from head to toe. I’d never owned anything so precious by far, but could I accept such a lavish gift? And if I did, what would it mean?

Something told me this was far more than just going steady.

I’d be collared. His slave. His woman. *His*.

But for how long?

The office gossip came back to me, the words of the ladies around the water cooler echoing in my mind. *None of his assistants lasts long. He’s impossible to please.*

If I accepted his offer, how long would it be before he was sick of me? Would he just fire me out of hand like the assistant before me? Or was this something special? Different?

I looked down at the collars and back at Mr. Drake, the man who was slowly stealing my heart.

Could I do this? Could I let him be my master? Could I wear his collar?

He stared back at me, expecting an answer.

But at that moment, I didn’t have one.

\*\*\*

*To Be Continued...*

Don’t miss the next two parts of this sizzling series, available now!

[\*\*At His Insistence: The Billionaire’s Beck and Call, Part 4\*\*](#)

When Isabeau reveals to Mr. Drake that she's not ready to be his slave, he refuses to share his bed with her, giving her time to think about what she really wants. Will she let fear get in the way of the best thing that's ever happened to her?

When she decides to take a leap of faith, he's one step ahead of her, sending a car to bring her to him as his date to an extravagant party, with one thing in mind: punishing her for her lack of trust in a way that will make her squirm.

Will Isabeau succumb to fear, or will she finally give Mr. Drake the control he desires?

### **[At His Instruction: The Billionaire's Beck and Call, Part 5](#)**

Isabeau finally spends the night in the bed of her mysterious boss, Mr. Drake, and wakes, ready to begin her slave training at the office. When the bondage gear comes out, she's ready and willing to have him show her the ropes.

But when a stranger bursts into Mr. Drake's office, she's naked beneath the desk, trapped, and forced to hear things she shouldn't. When trust is broken, can the relationship survive?

\*\*\*

### **About the Author**

A former kindergarten teacher, turned raunchy smut slinger, Delilah Fawkes delights in bringing you only the naughtiest of stories for your reading pleasure.

From schoolgirls getting spanked, to people literally getting tied up at the office, she loves bringing the hottest stories straight to your kindle.

Enjoy, and keep a lookout for more sizzling stories that will make you need some "alone time!"

For more Delilah Fawkes stories, visit [her blog](#) or check out her [author page](#).

## Other Stories by Delilah Fawkes:

### Erotic Romance

[Teaching Him: The Droid Who Loved Me, Part 1 \(Sci Fi Erotic Romance\)](#)

[Wanting Him: The Droid Who Loved Me, Part 2 \(Sci Fi Erotic Romance\)](#)

### Erotica

[Babysitting Daddy](#)

[Babysitting Daddy 2](#)

[Blackmailed by the Professor \(M/f/m Menage\)](#)

[Chick with a Dick: My Roommate's Sexy Secret \(Trans Erotica\)](#)

[Cram Session](#)

[Disciplinary Action \(Slave to Authority\)](#)

[Disciplinary Action 2: Reprimanded \(Slave to Authority\)](#)

[Free Fuck \(An Erotic Gangbang\)](#)

[Getting Off](#)

[I Fucked the Swamp Creature! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked the Wolfman! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked the Mummy! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked Dracula! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked Frankenstein's Monster! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked the Invisible Man! \(Monster Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked Cthulhu! \(Monster Sex/Tentacle Sex\)](#)

[I Fucked a Zombie Horde! \(Monster Sex/Gangbang Erotica\)](#)

[The Little Virgin Mermaid \(An Erotic Fairytale Parody\)](#)

[Missionary Position](#)

[Ms. Gina Fucks the Football Team \(Fantasy Roadtrip #1\)](#)

[My Best Friend's Brother](#)

[My Best Friend's Brother 2](#)

[My Best Friend's Brother 3](#)

[My Best Friend's Daddy](#)  
[My Best Friend's Pussy](#)  
[Spying on the Neighbors](#)  
[Sucking Santa's Candy Cane \(Holiday Whores\)](#)  
[Taking Him By Force](#)  
[Taking His Cherry \(Holiday Whores\)](#)  
[Tit for Tat](#)  
[Tricks for Treats \(Holiday Whores\)](#)  
[The XXX-Files \(An Erotic Sci Fi Parody\)](#)  
[Yes, Professor](#)

[Gay](#)

[The Bear and the Scout Master \(M/m BDSM Erotica\)](#)  
[Fucked by Father Daniels \(MM Erotica\)](#)  
[Gay for the Stay: A Schoolboy Confession](#)  
[Hit the Showers](#)

\*\*\*

## BONUS MATERIAL

Here's a sneak peak at Delilah Fawkes' best selling student/teacher erotica story, *Yes, Professor*:

“Goddamn it, Emily!” Professor Blackwell slammed his fist onto his desk, sending papers spilling off the edge. “How many times do I have to repeat myself? Get it done right this time or get the hell out of my office!”

Emily nodded and looked down at her clasped hands. She'd done it again—forgotten to enter the grades into the new system. Now she'd have to redo everything.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” The professor moved around the desk, now so close to her that she could smell the light musk of his cologne.



She sucked in a breath, afraid to speak for the moment. When he was close like this, she could barely think. He was so devastatingly handsome, especially for an older man. His sandy hair was graying at the temples, but she could tell that beneath his tweed jacket and button up shirt he was still strong—his body hard from years of exercise. She'd asked to be his TA specifically to be closer to him, but when he was in a temper like this, he made her feel like a child.

"I'm waiting, Emily."

She shivered at the deep edge in his voice. That tone always meant he was deadly serious.

"I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, *what?*"

She winced. How could she have forgotten that, too? "I'm sorry, Professor."

He always demanded that she call him that, never dropping the icy informality even when they were alone together after class. Truth be told, she enjoyed it. It made him seem even more distinguished. More untouchable.

"What am I supposed to do with you? You can't follow even the simplest instructions, can you, girl?"

His eyes raked over her body, and she felt the heat rising in her cheeks under his scrutiny. She looked up into his hazel eyes. They darkened as his gaze dropped to her tight sweater and below to her short, pleated skirt. Heat pooled between her legs, and she bit her lip. God, he was sexy. *How does he do this to me when he's acting so cold?*

He stepped closer, towering over her. "Maybe a punishment is in order. Perhaps that will improve your memory."

She shivered at his tone, low and dangerous. "A punishment?"

He raised an eyebrow.

*Shit.* "I mean, a punishment, Professor?"

He ran a hand over his lips, looking her over once again. "Yes, I think so. You definitely need to learn some discipline."

Without saying a word, he crossed the room and pulled down the shade on his office door. The lock snapped shut.

"Professor, I—"

"Silence."

She closed her mouth as he turned slowly around.

“You will be quiet until I tell you to speak.”

He walked around her in a slow circle, his brow knitted in concentration. She had to urge to cover herself, even though she was fully clothed. The way he was staring unnerved her. What was he going to do? The building was usually empty at this time of night except for janitors and the occasional student teacher grading papers. Would anyone hear her if she screamed? She crossed her arms over her chest.

“No. Hands at your sides until I decide what’s to be done with you.”

She complied, moving her hands to her sides even as she wondered if she should make a break for it. He stopped behind her. She could feel his hot breath on her neck. Despite her anxiety, she wanted to reach back and touch him, to run her hands over those strong thighs, but she held still, her hands balled into fists. *What is wrong with me?*

“You’re a very beautiful girl, Emily, but looks won’t get you anywhere in this world.”

He swept her dark hair over her shoulder, and she trembled beneath his rough fingertips. His thumb trailed over her throat.

“A girl like you needs discipline. Isn’t that right? You may speak.”

She was breathless. Just that simple touch made her pussy throb. She should be afraid, not turned on, but she couldn’t help her body’s response to this man.

“Yes, Professor.”

“Good,” he whispered in her ear. “It’s something you crave, isn’t it, when you’re alone with your thoughts? Something you’ve wanted for a long time...”

She suppressed a moan at those words. The power behind them filled her with longing. She’d fantasized about him for so long. Wanted him to do whatever he wanted with her, but she could never bring herself to tell him. He was her Professor. She thought he’d never look at her the way she looked at him.

“Yes... Professor.”

He wrapped his hand gently through her hair, then gave it one sharp yank. “Do you trust me to give it to you?”

She gasped. Did she trust him? The heat between her legs said she did.

“I trust you, Professor.”

“Very good.” He moved away from her, and the air behind her felt cold and empty. “Bend over my desk, Emily. Put your hands flat in front of you, and hold still.”

\*\*\*

**At His Command**  
**By**  
**Delilah Fawkes**

\*\*\*

**At His Command**  
Copyright 2012 by **Delilah Fawkes**

\*\*\*

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the author or publisher except for the use of brief quotations in critical articles or reviews.

\*\*\*

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, businesses, characters and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, actual events or locales is purely coincidental.

\*\*\*

**License Notes**

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.



[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)