

Encounter: Love Potion Number 69
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Love Potion Number 69

Other Chemistry graduate students might choose to go all *Breaking Bad* and use their scientific knowledge to cook crystal meth, but the sole purpose of Gideon's extracurricular experiment was to create an elixir of seduction. Adapting a spell from his great grandmother, a Voodoo high priestess, he added substances created in the college's laboratory. Substances which caused the brain to pump out serotonin, endorphins and other feel good chemicals.

Grandmamma promised the spell wouldn't make the person who consumed it do anything against their nature. It simply released inhibitions and opened possibilities.

His advisor, Professor King, took a long swig of the iced coffee laced with the potion and brushed back strands of her blonde highlighted hair. He'd been dosing her all semester and the elixir was finally working its magic.

Gone was the shell of a woman shattered by divorce and the humiliation of being dumped for a dim witted girl just out of high school. The potion brought out her inner cougar, evident in the way she licked her lips when she looked at him and found excuses to touch him. She took care in her appearance and switched from a wardrobe of polyester blends to one of silk and linen.

He had a special graduation gift for his favorite teacher. One that would fuel her fantasies for years to come.

* * *

Madeline gazed at Gideon from under her eyelashes. She'd been attracted to him since the day he'd turned up two years ago begging for a laboratory assistant job. Her rat bastard ex-husband had just run away with a giggly teenager and what remained of Madeline's self confidence. She didn't have the courage to flirt with anyone, especially not a drop dead gorgeous young man

whose tight T-shirts fought a daily battle to contain his gym-honed physique. Now she was single and finally getting her groove back.

What had two decades of marriage to Carl gotten her? A divorce and an associate professor position at a small college in a Podunk town. If she'd stayed in San Francisco, she'd be running Phoenix Pharmaceuticals by now. She vowed to never again trade down.

Soon Gideon would no longer be her student, graduating *summa laude* with a masters in Physical Chemistry. Alone with him in her office, the words *summa, cum, physical* and *chemistry* took on new meaning.

She uncrossed and recrossed her legs in her best Sharon Stone imitation, her stockings making soft swishing sounds from the nylon rubbing together. "Would you like to go over your thesis?"

"I need to work on the oral presentation." He scooted forward until their knees touched. His lips curved in a devilish smile and his dark chocolate eyes sparkled.

Damn, she needed to get laid. Even the most innocent words sounded sexual. She couldn't imagine posting a profile on an online dating site. Men always wanted a younger model. She wished for a world where a forty-something woman could hook up with someone her own age, or even someone younger -- say fifteen or so years younger. Someone like Gideon.

He passed a stack of papers to her. "Would you mind following along as I give my oral?"

Her cheeks burned. If he said "oral" one more time, she'd need to dump the ice from her beverage on her head to keep from spontaneously combusting.

Standing behind her, he braced his arms on the back of her chair and began reading aloud. His warm breath caressed her neck. Every word sent a thermodynamic heat rush directly to her core. Goose bumps rose on her arms, which were bare in a sleeveless white blouse. She wanted him more than the Nobel Prize in Chemistry.

“Professor King? I can see down your shirt.” Gideon’s voice dropped to a low rumble. “And I very much like what I’m seeing.”

She stiffened. Had she heard him right?

“The door’s locked.” He ran a finger down her arm. “If you’re up for it, I’d like to give you a naked demonstration of intermolecular forces.”

She cleared her throat. “Does that line work on sorority girls?”

“I’m not interested in girls. Smart women turn me on. But if you’re not down with this, I understand.” His lips were a millimeter from her ear.

Her friend, Diana, head of the Psychology department would lecture her on giving into her impulses, but damn it, playing it safe hadn’t exactly resulted in a life that made her want to get out of bed. Madeline let the papers she’d been holding drop to the floor. She reached behind her and squeezed a firm denim-clad buttock.

He slid his hand under her shirt and stroked her breast, his touch gentle. But she wanted hard. She wanted fast. Turning to face him, she rubbed his rock hard cock through his jeans. “I want to taste you.”

“I want to taste you too. What time is your next student due?”

Shit. “Fifteen minutes? Twenty maybe?”

“No worries.” He removed his shirt and unzipped his low-slung jeans, exposing molded biceps, six pack abs and muscular thighs. The deep V of his lower abdominal muscles, showcased the bulge in his black boxer briefs, like an arrow on a neon sign.

Her mouth went dry like it did when he reached for something on a high shelf and his shirt rode up, revealing his hipbones. His body was too perfect to hide under a lab coat. She wanted to devour him like the gooey chocolate chip cookies she’d eat after spending hours on an experiment in the laboratory. Everything always tasted better when she was ravenous.

“In the spirit of conservation of energy and time, I suggest we sixty-nine.” The corners of his lips turned up with the smug grin of a student who knew he had given the correct answer in class.

“Sure.” Her voice sounded nonchalant, like she had trysts with students every Thursday. Masturbating to Gideon fantasies was one thing, but she’d never believed something like this could happen.

They removed all their clothing except for her thigh high stockings, which he requested be left on, and they positioned themselves on the floor, papered by the pages of his thesis. While no man other than her scumbag ex had seen her naked in decades, she didn’t feel shy under Gideon’s appreciative gaze.

Madeline dragged her teeth along the tender skin of his thick cock and cupped his balls. Knowing she was doing something wicked, something that could get her fired and force her life in a completely different direction, ratcheted up the excitement level. She hadn’t done anything wild or remotely risky in her life. Why had she always played it safe and boring? Why hadn’t she ever taken a chance?

“So wet,” he crooned, exploring her pussy with his fingers. His voice possessed the satisfied tone he used when his experiment yielded successful results.

She placed her lips on his engorged cock and worked the shaft with her tongue and hands. Gideon teased her clit with his tongue while he moved his fingers in and out of her pussy. His salty taste and musky scent along with his masterful manipulations overwhelmed her. Her mouth full of cock, her moan came out garbled. He pumped in synch with the movements of her mouth. His thighs tensed and he moved his fingers faster.

Shocks of pleasure tingled through her body and her pussy pulsed with her orgasm. He thrust a final time and his hot juices coursed down her throat.

Thank goodness she no longer had to stand before him in class. She’d never get through a lecture without imagining him naked.

The sound of three hard knocks on the door startled her.

"Your student's early." Gideon's gaze moved over her body like he was memorizing every inch of her flesh for a test.

"Freshmen." She shrugged. "Always after extra credit."

He raised an eyebrow. "Did I earn any?"

"I'd give you a gold star if I had one." She shimmied into her clothing and patted her hair. "Do I look okay?"

"Better than okay. Gorgeous." He dressed, gathered the pages of his thesis and gave her a deep kiss. "Ready?"

She nodded and he opened the door to reveal a beanpole of a boy. The student's fist was raised like he was gathering the courage to pound on the door again.

* * *

Gideon couldn't have been more excited about his first day of work as an Assistant Professor in the Chemistry department. He would need to get used to calling Madeline by her first name now that they were coworkers.

After graduation, she'd left on an extended vacation to the Isle of Capri. He hoped her self-confidence hadn't taken a back slide. After all, she'd been potion free for nearly three months. Even Grandmamma couldn't predict the effects of quitting the potion cold turkey.

A blonde woman with golden skin strode toward him in a flowing floral dress and three inch heels. "Gideon?"

"Madeline?" Damn. She looked relaxed, yet she practically crackled with the vibrancy of kinetic energy.

"I brought you an iced coffee."

"Thanks, but I have a new favorite drink." She raised a paper cup with the logo of a mermaid. "Dirty Chai. I like it double dirty -- with two espresso shots." She winked. "I'd better get to Instrumental Chemistry before someone monkeys

with the gas chromatograph. Oh, by the way, congrats on your new position. Let me know if you need some help breaking in your new office.”

He admired her long legs and took a sip of the iced coffee. What a powerhouse hottie. He was going to need to dose himself so he could keep up.

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