

Encounter: Shot Through the Heart

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Shot Through the Heart

Jaiden fell to the ground, textbooks tumbling from her arms.

For a moment she couldn't understand what had happened. One minute she'd been walking along, her head filled with bits of the last lecture she'd attended, anxiety about the tutorial she was about to attend, and a nagging worry that her new pelisse wasn't as flattering as the one Mara was wearing. Then Taff and Mara had dropped away to walk to the Ladies' Student Lounge, she'd rounded the corner to go to Dr. Madison's tutorial, and suddenly she'd dropped to her knees, then flat to the ground.

The pain through her chest was sharp and stabbing. For a moment she wondered, dazedly, if she could have had a heart attack. She knew, being in her late-twenties, she was one of the older female students at the Neo-Victoria Campus of Art and Aesthetics, but surely she wasn't so old that her heart should have given out.

Then an explanation flashed into her mind. For years her mother had scolded her, trotting out the old wives' tale of Cupid. "If you don't open your heart, you'll end up as one of the fallen, Jaiden. Cupid won't let a lady go unmatched forever. He'll catch you with one of his arrows, and the choice will be taken away from you. You'll fall for whichever man next catches your eye, and you'll have no choice then but to yield."

Jaiden was a modern girl, and she'd refused to believe such silly stories. Surely Cupid was just something the matrons of Epithalamia made up to keep their headstrong daughters in line. There couldn't really be a god devoted to enforcing the rigidly Victorian gender roles their society had adopted.

Sure, sometimes when she was alone she couldn't help thinking it would be nice to be swept off her feet by passion. But realistically, she knew better than to believe that some force beyond her control would lead her to willingly lay her heart at some man's feet.

Now, lying on the still-frozen ground, trembling with shock and pain, Jaiden found herself wondering whether her mother had been right after all. What else could explain the sudden weakness that seemed to have gripped her? She couldn't even pull herself together enough to get to her feet and head to the campus infirmary.

"Miss Forsythe, are you all right?"

Jaiden closed her eyes and groaned silently. It was Dr. Madison, the curmudgeonly professor who led her Popular Novel tutorial. You might have expected such an enjoyable topic, in the hands of a professor only some ten or twelve years older than Jaiden, would have produced a lively, entertaining class. You might have expected that, that is, if you'd never met Dr. Madison. Jaiden had yet to see him in anything approaching a good mood. His temper was known, and feared, even by students who had never met him. Worse yet, he was as straight-laced and stuffy as a man twice his age.

He was brilliant, yes, and she'd read every book and article he'd ever penned. But he was impossible, and a complete anachronism even by her world's standards. Everyone knew he barely tolerated the presence of women on the campus, even though it had been accepted for generations that higher education was no impediment to a woman's eventual submission to her lifemate. Goodness only knew what he thought of females like Jaiden, who weren't entirely convinced such submission was natural or even necessary.

He was, in Jaiden's estimation, the vilest, most impossible man on earth. Why did he have to be the one who'd found her lying here?

"Miss Forsythe, I trust you are coming to class?" Trust him to move instantly from concern to sarcasm. "Unless, of course, the reading list has overcome you -- but if you can't even carry the required books, young lady, I fear you must be gravely straining yourself in trying to understand them."

"The books are no strain whatsoever, Dr. Madison," Jaden snapped, and glared up at him.

To her amazement he was smiling down at her, looking pleased that she was arguing. For the first time she noticed how truly lovely his eyes were. As they gazed into her own, she sensed a curious light-headedness stealing over her. She felt giddy, and rose to her feet in a daze, her legs trembling beneath her. Her hand shook in Dr. Madison's firm grip.

"If you are well, Miss Forsythe, I suggest you come along with me to my office. There are some matters we need to discuss, and I have already dismissed the rest of the class to make time for you."

Jaiden felt chagrined, but was still shocked to hear herself answering meekly, "I am truly sorry to have kept you waiting, sir." Dr. Madison smirked down at her, looking as satisfied as if some pet theory had been proven for him. He said nothing, however, and led her inside, still holding her hand firmly in his.

Once inside his office, the professor shut his door, and Jaiden heard the click of the deadbolt. She stood in the center of the room, unable for some reason to move towards the chairs. It felt as if she didn't have complete control of her own body, and yet instead of scaring her, this made her feel relaxed, almost as if she were floating.

"Miss Forsythe, you are easily the brightest pupil I have met in years, and I count my male students among your competition." She blushed scarlet with pleasure at the unexpected praise. But Dr. Madison went on, "Your academic brilliance makes it all the more distressing that you have failed to understand what I expect of you, much less to reach that goal."

"I... I'm sorry to have disappointed you." Once again, Jaiden could scarcely believe that small voice was her own. But as she spoke, she realized how true the words were. She admired him, even though he infuriated her. "I would do anything to raise your opinion of me."

"Indeed. Then, Miss Forsythe, I want you to bend across my desk, resting your upper body on its surface for support. Do not move until I tell you that you may."

Wordlessly, Jaiden obeyed him. Her heart rebelled against assuming such a helpless pose, but her body assumed the position obediently, and she felt a quiver of pure excitement at her own humiliating situation. Why did it feel so good to have lost the power to resist him?

She almost couldn't believe it when Dr. Madison lifted her skirts and petticoats and let them fall in folds around her waist, leaving her lower body exposed to his gaze. Worse yet, he pulled her dainty underpants down past her thigh-high stockings, dropping them around her ankles.

She cried out wordlessly in shock and shame, but at the same time, her pussy throbbed at the knowledge that he must be staring at her. When his hand fell across her ass, the slap was less painful than exciting. He spanked her twice more, and by the time he was finished Jaiden knew she was so wet she must be gleaming. She trembled with desire, not fully understanding what it was she wanted from him.

"Do you still agree that you wish my good opinion, Miss Forsythe?"

"Yes, Dr. Madison," she whispered, and meant it.

"How far would you go to please me?"

"I would do anything to please you," she admitted.

"Me, and me alone, serving me in perfect obedience, forsaking all other men?" he persisted.

"Yes," she promised, recognizing the vows which, in Epithalamia, sealed woman to man in willing servitude. "I lay my heart at my feet, and bend my body to your will." She had scarcely dreamed she would ever speak the words, but she knew now she

could never have happily spoken them to any man less brilliant, or less difficult, than this one.

In response she heard him adjusting his clothing. Powerless to move without his permission, she could only wait as he slid the full length of his cock inside her. She cried out again, this time in growing pleasure, as he mounted her from behind and began to thrust, slowly at first, then more roughly.

He reached one skillful hand around and pushed it underneath her, stroking the hard bud of her clit as he rode her. Jaiden felt herself throbbing in response, and his words rang in her ears, tipping her over the edge into an orgasm far more powerful than she'd ever achieved with her own hands. "Then your submission is complete, and we are bound together."

She collapsed against the desk as he came inside her, calling out her name.

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