



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# SUCCUBUS 2

Dee Dee Perri



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# SUCCUBUS 2

## *SUCCUBUS ASCENSION*

**By Dee Dee Perri**

### **Chapter 1**

It was his first day at William Kinder University and Ned Yates was still learning his way around the campus. He'd found Elbert Hall easily enough after checking the map in the Student Union, what he didn't understand was why the psych professor he'd been assigned to had an office on the opposite side of campus from the Psychology building. The map was more than a little misleading for by the time he'd passed the Administration building and the Main Campus Library, both very big structures, he'd already walked a good quarter of a mile. If he was going to spend the year working with Dr. Donner, he might need to get a bike considering all his classes were in the Psychology building and since he was a first year graduate student, this Dr. Donner would probably keep him hopping in his lab just for the hell of it. From what the second year graduate student he'd talked to said, the first year in grad school was a lot like pledging a fraternity except Hell Week was three hundred sixty plus days long. Piss off your major Professor and wave goodbye to the Ph.D. program.

He checked his watch again, already twenty frigg'n minutes between Dr. Donner's office and the Psych building and he still wasn't there, and worst, it was getting entirely too close to the time for his appointment. Yeah, a bike might be the only way to serve a demanding master and still have a prayer of getting to his classes on time. At least he'd be physically in shape by the end of the term, assuming he survived that long in the program.

Maybe this was cool, you know. Like Dr. Donner might have a large grant and an awesome laboratory. Heck, Elbert Hall might be some really far out research building and Dr. Donner is running the whole shebang, I might even have a 'real' office he thought hope-

fully. Ned wished that he'd had a chance to research this Professor, take a look at his publications, whatever. As it was, Ned knew he'd been damn lucky any of the faculty had elected to take him on in the last minute just before the Fall term began, and, without the money from an assistantship, he'd never survived at a private school. No it wouldn't do to be late, bad start might mean a quick finish and grad school wasn't going to be like his undergrad years. No jerking off, no chasing ass. He'd seen the stats before applying, less than half of the first year students would be invited back in the following Fall and less than thirty percent of the entry class would ever complete the doctoral program. William Kinder University had a rep for being easy to get into and even easier to get kicked out of. Damn, he started to run, he wouldn't be late, no way.

He stopped abruptly and thought, on-my-God. The Psych building, a modern high rise, was all glass and chrome, new just last year. Even the lowest grad student, which was exactly Ned's status, could expect an office with a view even if it were the size of a broom closet. Elbert Hall was a sad looking structure, five stories of brick that had to be a hundred years old. The windows were narrow and clouded with dust and grime that suggested that it was a forgotten ancestor, a relic of an earlier era. He pushed open the heavy wooden front double door, entered a long hallway of hardwood that had been so worn by countless feet that it appeared to sag in the middle. "Excuse me?" He said to a student who'd just followed him inside, "Could you tell me where Dr. Donner's office is?" The student shrugged and hurried away.

He was going to be late and that was no way to impress his future major Professor. "Excuse me?" He said to two more students, "Do you know where room 14LL is?"

"Never heard of it," one student replied.

"Dr. Donner's office? Psychology Professor?" Both now shrugged, "Over in the Psychology building I suppose," the other student offered.

Ned was getting frantic now as the minute hand of his watched edged ever closer to the numeral twelve. "Sir?" He said to a man who was obviously not a student nor faculty. A bucket in one hand and a mop in the other. "Room 14LL?"

The man looked surprised, "Why would you want to go down there?"

"Ah- I'm supposed to meet someone there."

"Sure sonny. Take that elevation to the basement. Turn left and there will be a set of stairs, you just follow them down and you'll be in the subbasement." He cocked an eyebrow, "Ain't nothing down there but storage and rats, son. Hasn't been on the maintenance schedule here at Elbert for as long as I worked here sonny and that's too long. What I mean is it seems like a funny place to meet someone." He shouted the last out to Ned who was already in the elevator.

As the elevator door closed he heard the young man call out, "Thanks Mister."

The elevator door opened onto a scene that was every bit as dreadful as the janitor had said it was. It was of course probably as big as the hallway above though only a narrow passageway existed, the rest was boxes and crates piled up to nearly the ceiling. Layers of dust covered everything, even the bare light bulb that hung just in front of the elevator. As the elevator door closed behind him, Ned realized exactly how spooky the place was.

Long harsh shadows existed as far as the light cast by the bulb carried which wasn't nearly far enough. He turned left and began to feel his way forward and almost pitched down a darken stairwell. He could go no further. "Doctor Donner?" He called out. "It's me? Ned Yates? The Psychology office sent me over here." No answer, "Dr. Donner, there's no light in the stairwell?"

"Mr. Yates? Yes, just a moment."

The light from a single bulb abruptly threw back part of the darkness in the stairwell, like the one in the hallway it was bare and, at only about twenty watts, did an even less adequate job of illumination. The concrete was slick with moisture and cob webs masked most of the space. "Is that you Doctor Donner?" He said. It was a woman's voice. Perhaps a secretary? But that idea died as soon as she answered him.

"But of course Mr. Yates, now please don't dawdle, I have a lecture to give in less than an hour. And you are three minutes late."

"But..." Ned puffed out ready to make some excuse but she cut him off.

"There'll be none of that Mr. Yates. Promptness is required and excuses will not be tolerated."

She turned away as Ned descended the stairs and for a moment he was alone amidst the long, distorted shadows and the sea of cob webs. Ned had caught her image just after she's turned her back and disappeared down what must be another hallway. She was a slight woman with extraordinary hair. The latter fell all the way down to her waist and though the light was poor, the hair had reflected back all the colors of the rainbow much like a crow's wing, utterly black and perfectly straight. He almost caught up with her as she continued to glide away, the long gown completely covered her feet much as her rich cape of hair nearly covered her naked back. Her waist was fine and slender, her hips pleasantly full as was her ass that wiggled with each step. "Doctor Donner, it'll never happen again, I'm sorry," he said while rushing to catch up to her.

She turned to face Ned, her skin was as white as the fresh fallen snow in the mountains of Colorado where Ned was raised, her eyes, huge, brown and utterly vulnerable, were actually beautiful in a very sensual way to the point of hypnotic. She was too beautiful to be a Professor, too sensual to ignore, and in that long, dark green gown, fully on display, was as much cleavage as Ned had ever seen in the flesh, so to speak. He opened his mouth to respond.

"Don't tell me Elvira, Mistress of the Dark, ok? That comes out of your mouth and your gone Ned. This is my office, come on in," she smiled and added, "Welcome to Dante's Inferno, my little piece of Hell." She paused, "Actually our piece of Hell. Your office is the next room," She nodded down the hall," but you can check it out later and before you ask, there are no keys for the locks." She laughed, "Besides almost no one ever comes down here."

"Yes ma'am." In spite of the delightful sensuality this woman projected, he'd rather be somewhere else than this tomb.

She stiffened, "That's Doctor Donner. In time you might call me Roberta, but never ma'am, you got that?"

"Yes ma- Doctor."

"Take a seat and tell me a little about yourself, your education that is. I still haven't received your folder from our dear, sweet Barry." She grimaced, "That's Dr. Mueller, the Department Head?"

"Yes Doctor... He was at the first year student orientation meeting this morning."

"And?"

"Doctor?"

"Well what did you think of him?"

Ned stammered and then got red in the face and finally he said, "He seems quite ah-unusual."

Dr. Donner emitted a belly laugh that seemed bigger than her person, "That's putting it mildly Mr. Yates. I'd say he's a flaming queen, a faggot on skates though those terms are hardly politically correct now. Lucky for you he'd not taken you on as a student, he has trouble keeping his hands to himself if you know what I mean. We're dear friends, though, truly. Now, about yourself?"



There were six guys sharing a couple of tables in the local gin joint, Ned had met all of them earlier in the day thought to be honest, he probably couldn't attach a correct name to a single face except for the red head. "Hey."

"Hey yourself," said the shortest of the group of first year grad students. "This Dr. Honner?"

"Ah- Donner, yeah."

"I asked about, none of the other students know squat. What's his area?"

"Actually Dr. Donner is a gal," Ned shook his hands like she was hot, real hot. "and well she'd been working with the military for the last four years, extended leave I guess."

"Cool," said Red though it wasn't clear whether he was talking about the Professor being sexy or the military work. Apparently it was the work, "So what was she doing for the government?"

Ned laughed, "Classified. Sound like she made a lot of money though."

"Research?"

"Here? Now? She's just thinking on something. Nothing in the works."

The short guy said, "Then you're screwed. So how are you going to start your first year project? I mean, no lab?"

"Yeah, that thought had occurred to me after Dr. Mueller's little talk today." Ned sat down and reached for the pitcher of beer, "Mind?"

"So tell me, why did you think she was so hot? I mean a Professor and four years working with the military. That's like eight years in college, a minimum of seven years to

get her professorship, that's twelve added on to at least twenty and then four more years on the outside, like, got to be thirty-six, ok?"

Ned laughed, "Maybe she skipped grade school or something guys. I mean maybe thirty but prime."

"Like?"

"Elvira, Mistress of the Night. Bitch'n."

"Who?"

"It doesn't matter guys, for me to know and you to dream about." They leaned forward eagerly, "Like a sweet pair of knockers that just wanted to fall out of her dress and eyes? They said fuck-me." He leaned forward and looked around, "Swear to God. She was just begging for it..."

"And?" They replied all together.

"Fellows, look at me? Do I look that stupid, and don't say anything Red, ok? We just met right before her class, there wasn't time, you know, for anything to happen." He paused, "But there will be a time, trust me on that. A fucking hot, easy lay and all I got to do is ask for it."

"Christ maybe we should all go over and check her out just to see what loopy stories lover boy Ned tells. So what's she teaching?"

"Two sections of Psych 9, whatever that is?"

"Christ, that's bonehead Psych. Kids flunking out and stuff, you know teaching them how to study and other bullshit. Personal problems and how to avoid getting knocked up." Red snickered. "That's the kind of shit they give to graduate students to teach, not full Professors. She must'a banged her head on a tank or something, you know?"

"She's legally blind." Ned added. "Only has twilight vision or something. Can't see in normal sun light which is why she only teaches at night. Anyhow her office is like in the basement of an old building across campus and she sure doesn't much like lights. Her office is like a God damn tomb. Spooky."

The tallest leaned forward, "You know when I was at Ohio State the Psych Department had a guy nobody liked. They stuck him on the other side of the campus like your Dr. Donner and gave him the worst shit to teach. I think they wanted him gone. Anyhow he was tenured and, I guess, not about to leave."

"So?" Asked Ned.

"Not one of his graduate students ever finished the Ph.D. program at State, I mean, like the Department hated him so much..."

"Christ." Ned swore. "It's believable. I mean, considering where they put her office. Man, its dark and filthy. The rest of the building's all classrooms mostly for the part time instructors, I mean, the Psych Department doesn't ever have to see her." He took a big gulp of beer.

"If she's not doing research, what are you doing for your twenty hours?"

“Advising students from her Psych 9 class, starting tonight. So its bone head psych, right? Here I was worried that they might throw me some questions I couldn’t handle. Thanks for the head’s up guys. Me and my fucking luck.”

~oOo~

Ned’s ten o’clock appointment failed to show, which was pretty much par for the course as Dr. Donner had warned. Most of the Psych 9 students thought their shit didn’t stink and the world stood waiting for them with bated breath. Of course taking appointments in the subbasement of an old building that was filthy might seriously turn off some, it sure did Ned. He was playing a game on his i-phone when his third and last appointment for the night arrived, late of course. He could detect her arrival well in advance from the clatter of her shoes coming down the stairs. He stepped out of his ‘office’ “Hey, Melissa Thorn? I’m Ned, Ned Yates, Dr. Donner’s assistant.”

She forced a nervous smile as her eyes swept around and took in the filth and decay, “Hey.”

“It’s a little more comfortable in here.” He said standing aside to let her pass. She was frightfully young, wore her hair short and was on the thin side. In spite of the makeup, it was a less than ordinary face: the nose a tad long and slightly off line and her brown eyes nothing to write home about, on the small side and placed too close together they gave her a shrewish look. The clothes were expensive so daddy could afford William Kinder University, probably even U.S.C. which suggested her old man was smart enough to not waste all that money on an education that really wouldn’t sink in. Yeah, it was in her dull, flat eyes. She probably spent more time on her nails than on her school work and the world owed her something. She had more attitude problems than the Leaning Tower of Pizza.

“I’ll not catch coo-dies or something, will I?” She said looking in at Ned’s office. But she didn’t wait for Ned to respond. She walked in and sat down on the small wooden chair he’d place before a table which was his imaginary desk. It was the act of sitting that caught Ned’s eye. Her butt followed a curved, downward path like a small plane making a landing. It was better executed than a lot of the professional women performing on bar tops managed. It was a sensuous, definitive act rather than merely ass meets chair seat. Ned couldn’t help think that such ‘ass awareness’ might be highly correlated with other, natural acts, particularly intercourse.

As he took his seat safely on the other side of the table he couldn’t help but notice her rather unremarkable features became far more interesting when she smiled. Her thin, peach colored lips drew back exposing perfect teeth and a smile that was mildly intoxicating, even her eyes brightened with something approaching animation and still later they began to sparkle. He asked her some questions and she burred something insipid in return. Neither what he said nor what she said was really heard, as her eyes flicked here and there, ever returning to his. And when he looked at her, she would hold his gaze long enough for him to feel a tingle lurching down his spine and then she’d drop her eye lids ever so slightly as she began to twist and flip her short blond tresses. She was flirting with him and they both knew it. And she was very good at it. It was easy to forget about the



slightly asymmetrical features, her callow, selfish youth or her almost skeletal thinness, all factors that had initially suggested that she was less than average in attractiveness for a young woman of her years. She was speaking a language that used no words but rather spoke in full paragraphs, the movement 'signals' were certainly older than any known civilization, older than the science of making fire perhaps and spoke directly to Ned without his having to consciously direct his attention.

He began to return male signals, not the least was a gradual thickening of his penis and the slightly elevated blood pressure which also added color to his cheeks. Her signals of interest added value to his appreciation of her as a physical creature in a vicious cycle of growing attraction. Now his eyes began to flirt with hers as the rhythm of the mating dance accelerated to a faster beat.

She stood up and removed an expensive leather jacket, the process of doing which, Ned became aware that even small breasts could be sensuous as they danced freely under the thin blouse. She arched her slender back as she thrust her groin forward, a female chimp in heat would have placed her rump in the face of her intended mate, human females thrust their forward facing groin but it was the same act just different species. Her hand was caught in the lining of the sleeve of her jacket.

Ned stood up and said, "Let me help you." which of course she granted. Contact, olfactory exchange and then she arched her back again and turned toward him thrusting with her groin. She kissed him initially rather than he, her. Her lips touched his with the lightness of a butterfly but lingered demanding a reply. The rest followed as it had surely since Eve enticed Adam. Too much is spoken of the male as the initiator, the aggressor.

The small table became a bed of sorts, more of a platform actually that allowed Ned to enter her while standing. She, her thin legs apart, guided Ned's penis into the wet, ready slit now vividly apparent against the muff of blond hair. It was he that determined the entry for she sighed and fell back, now passively expectant. If he were to stop, now would have been the time.

She was the best lay that Ned had ever experienced though it wasn't apparent in her physical responses. She'd spayed out like a dead fish, to be entirely honest, there was no thrashing with wild sexual excitement, no screams of passion. Possibly it wasn't her at all but rather his response that defined 'good' sex. His climax came quickly but seemed endless. It might have gone on forever but his legs collapsed and he tumbled to the dirty floor, his cock was till rock hard, the urge still potent. It was off the charts, stunning. And to think he'd thought her to be only ordinary. He scrambled to his feet but she was quicker still and had already dropped to the floor and was gathering up her clothes.

Ned wanted more and why not, he was still ready, sexually primed, hungry. "No," she said as she pulled up her panties. Then he asked to see her again and she said, "Why?" Her eyes had become those flat, dull orbs that they had been when first she'd arrived. There was nothing in her face that spoke of the lingering sexuality that Ned still felt. She dressed quickly and disappeared into the night leaving behind only the clatter of her shoes on the steps leading up to the next level.



Ned had just pulled on his pants and was reaching for his shirt when Dr. Donner appeared in the hallway in front of his open door. "She wasn't even pretty. Why Mr. Yates? Why?"

"Dr. Donner... I... I didn't know you were still here, it's almost eleven and..." He'd been caught dead to rights, no excuse could be offered and none was attempted as he hurriedly began to button his shirt and then started to tuck it in his pants; he was all too aware of his major professor standing there watching his hurried attempts to get fully dressed.

"The normal procedure is that I contact my Department Head about this incident but considering Barry's own proclivity for sexual harassment, I should contact the school Dean tomorrow. He, of course, will inform the Vice President and the Vice President will discuss the matter with our legal counsel to decide whether you should be simply terminated or offered up to the legal authorities. So again, I ask, why Mr. Yates?" Ned bent over looking for his shoes and socks, one of the latter had been, apparently, flung into the very rear of the room. As he turned to get it she snapped, "I'm talking to you Mr. Yates. Sit or at least stand still and face me. As my teaching assistant, you were a recognized authority to that young person even if you were not currently performing academic services at the time, which you were, your behavior was a fundamental breach of academic ethics. I'm I getting through loud and clear?"

Ned collapsed into his chair but continued to avoid eye contact with Dr. Donner. "It... It will not happen again, I promise you, ma'am."

She reacted with a short, brutal laugh. "Past behavior is the best predictor of future behavior Mr. Yates. Such a promise might be more compelling had that child been a creature of extreme attractiveness, but she was hardly that. No, I think such a promise could only be accepted by a complete fool, which I hope I'm not."

"Then, that's it?" He said as self pity filled his being. The end of his graduate career and probably not just here at the University, things like that tend to get attached to one's records and could follow him even beyond the academic world, all this without the cops being called in, so even worse was possible were the latter to happen. He shook his head and finally responded to Dr. Donner's initial question, "I honestly do not know why it happen Dr. Donner, it... it just did that's all." He looked up as she dropped down on to the seat across the table.

"You asked me earlier in the evening if I had any research plans, well I do. I'm trying to understand evil Mr. Yates. Not as a word but more formally, as a scientist. Can it be operationally defined, can experiments be conducted to clarify what is meant when one casually identifies this as 'good' and that as 'bad'? This morally wrong or that morally right? What you did tonight Mr. Yates was clearly legally wrong. Most would agree it was morally wrong. But was it evil?"

He looked up at her with a tiny spark of hope now forming. "Are you going to alert the authorities Dr. Donner?"

"Should I? If that is what you want?"

Ned almost burst into tears, "I'll do anything..."

She leaned back, "I'm not looking for promises right now child, besides such a promise now would be given under duress Mr. Yates. I merely ask that we work on this enormous research question together." Ned's head was bobbing like a cork in a stormy sea. "I don't believe that what you did was evil, but then I've yet to form a clear idea of nature of the beast. Ironic but if you think about it, my inability to come to grips with evil reflects equally my growing dissatisfaction with my understanding of the opposite of evil. Think about it, it's your choice."

"My God, yes Dr. Donner, yes." He leaped to his feet.

"Please, less drama," she said looking up at the young man. "Think it over carefully tonight and meet me here after your last class in the afternoon with your well reasoned answer. Tomorrow I will ask you whether or not you commit your soul, your very soul to my research."

Ned looked down at her as if she was crazy. Soul? Was she some kind of religious freak? Soul like in God and heaven? He'd do whatever it would take to keep that ding bat, and she had to be that, a ding bat, from making that call to the Dean. Perhaps in time, he might find his way into the graces of another Professor. Evil? That would make a Hell of a dissertation assuming he wanted to teach at some Jesus school for the rest of his academic career and what a horror that would be. "Yes ma'am, er- Doctor."

She glared up and him and then stood. She trust a pointed finger nail against his chest like a dagger, "You still don't get it Mr. Yates, I'm not playing word games with you. I want everything you have or I want you gone." She leaned forward, her gaze fixed on his, "I can read you like a book. If you agree it will have to be with all your heart. Now leave me." She turned and glided out of Ned's office as if she were on wheels and not feet.

Yeah, not more than fifty cards in that deck. Why me? What a pile of crap. In spite of that, Ned felt relief. To get kicked out just for fucking a cunt that was begging to be fucked? Where was the justice in that? A smile grew over his lips, just maybe she was saving him for herself. Her eyes had as much said that. For a moment he'd even considered going into her office and giving her what she really wanted, a hard prick but that moment passed. He squared his shoulders and headed out of the depressing pit he called his office.



"You guys planning to drink your way through grad school?" Ned said brightly. He was relieved that two of the guys were still there, Red, of course and ah- Steven? "Man I feel all used up," He said as he dropped down on an empty chair. At eleven thirty on a Tuesday night the place was packed. That it was but the evening of the first day of classes, well that wasn't so strange. A lot of students knew there wouldn't be many more opportunities like this, first day, first assignments, it would get worse as the term went on.

"So?" They both asked.

"Oh, Dr. Donner." He bit his lip, "A regular ding bat, some kind of religious nut." He shrugged expansively.

"And queer," offered Red.

"Huh?" Ned's head jerked up, his eyes widened.

"Had a sex-change less than a year ago."

"Where did you hear that?"

"I got this off the internet and printed out a couple of pages for you. He's some kind of freak, local character." He slapped down what was a re-print of a Star newspaper front page, "The dame on her back with the stake in her chest? That's your Dr. Donner. The article suggests that she's some kind of mega slut, anyhow, you can read it for yourself. The stake was delivered by one of the wives of the men she'd been fucking. Christ man, you really need to get re-assigned."

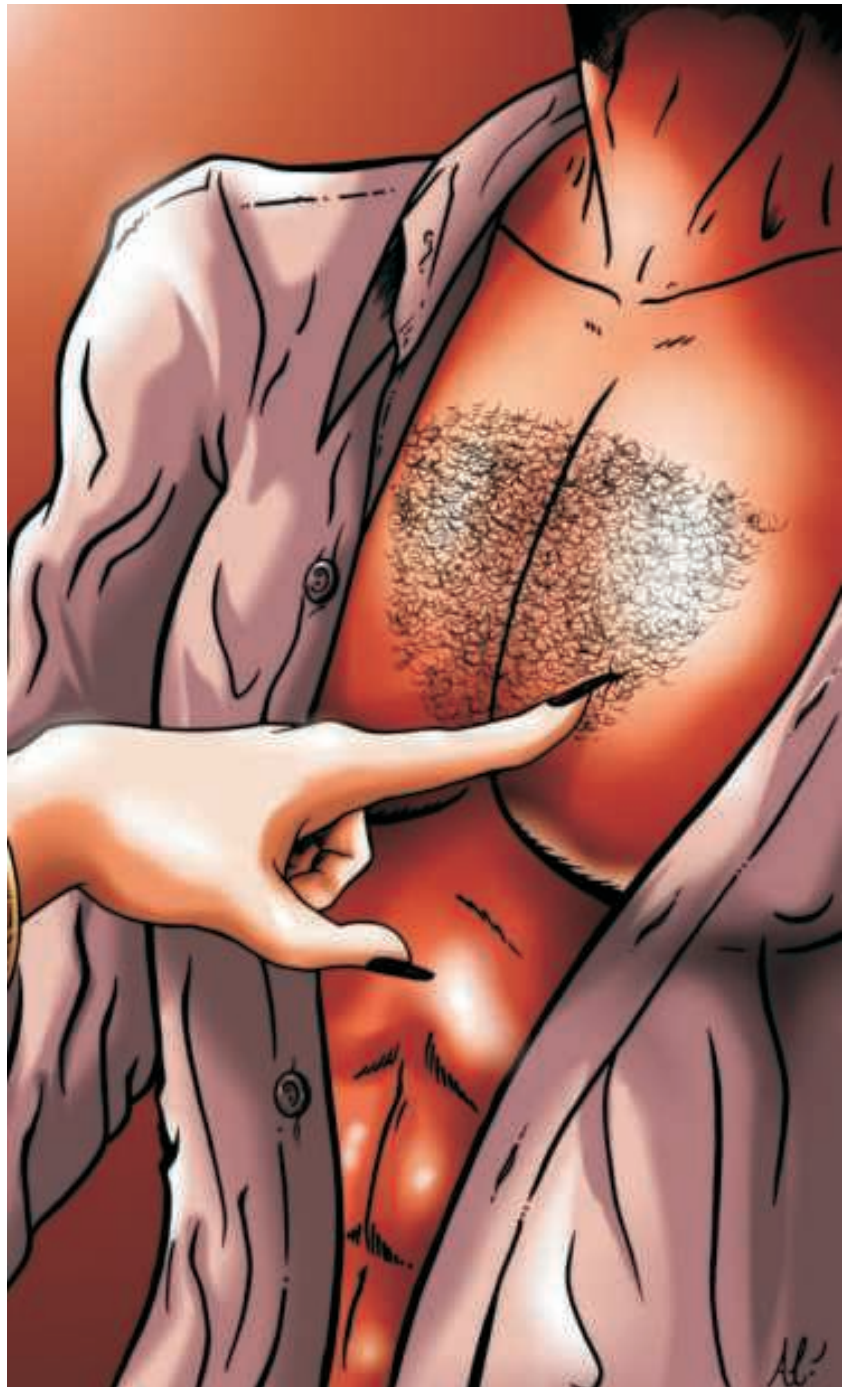
Ned skimmed the page, "Fucking forty-six years old? Robert, now Roberta? It doesn't get much worse than that. Guys can you keep a secret?" They nodded. "She's black mailing me." They leaned forward to catch his every word for he'd lowered his voice, "She caught me with my dick inside one of her students, ok? The skinny, little rich brat was fucking begged for it, ok? I mean what was I supposed to do? Anyhow it happened and I swear Dr. Donner must have heard us banging away and ah- well?"

"You need to get yourself a lawyer," said Steve.

"She's not going to press charges, at least, not yet. Like I said, its black mail."

"Looks like you're fucked either way," responded Red and Steve nodded his head in agreement. "I'd blow town," added Red.

"Like? What then? So where would I go, Canada? I



don't think so. Work in a mine like my old man, no thank you. Now don't say shit to anyone, ok? I'm counting on you guys." He looked at them and his heart fell. They'd only met this morning, there were no long term ties. He wasn't sure about Steve but Red had a mouth, a big mouth. So he'd put his dick into trouble not once but twice tonight. He jerked to his feet. "I got to get some sleep."

"You still staying at that flee bite motel," asked Steve.

"Yeah?"

"Just ask'n, you got to find something cheaper, right?"

"It's on the top of my list of 'to do' items. You got a lead?"

Red responded, "Naw, but maybe Roberta will let you sleep with him?"

"Fuck you asshole." And then Ned stormed out of the bar.

## Chapter 2

Ned had taken his time going across the campus, stopped for some food and coffee but still managed to get to Elbert Hall before sunset the next day. He'd dreaded going down into that dungeon the second time yesterday, now he dreaded it even more. He could no longer, in his mind's eye, think of Dr. Donner as a sexy bitch wanting to get fucked but rather as a cock sucker in drag. He'd already made up his mind that if 'he' as much as laid a hand anywhere, that would be it: grad school or not. Until then he'd try to play the game at least to buy time until something developed.

Dr. Donner was there in her office, her hair tied back and wearing jeans and a grubby sweatshirt.

"Doctor?"

"Just a second," she said as she continued to write and then put the pen down and held out the paper that she'd been working on, "It's a list of books in the rare book section that I want you to get. I already called the reference librarian so all you have to do is pick them up at the supervisor's desk. She'll want to see this note, ok?"

Ned just stood there, "Ah-?"

She looked up, "If it's about that promise I asked you to make? One look at you says you're not taking any of this seriously, so don't bother giving me a phony promise." Nat started to turn away. "Mr. Yates?"

"Yes Doctor Donner."

She looked at him curiously, "Would you take a woman against her will?" He shook his head no. "What if you could and no one was the wiser, not even the victim?" Again he shook his head no. "How about we test that, hmm?"

"Doctor?" For a moment Ned thought she was going to come on to him or make that he was going to push the sexual issue as she/he reached into her bra. Ned felt relief when she merely drew forth a very tiny capsule smaller than her finger tip.