

The university provided little more than cubicles for most non-PhD teachers of the faculty. I was fortunate to have a little office in the registrar's area near the grand offices of the full professors. By 5 o'clock the area is generally deserted as day staff has left and only cleaners are occasionally seen. The space was quiet when Kim arrived at the exact hour.

I was seated behind my desk when she appeared, all smiles and bubbly energy. She was holding a few textbooks to her chest with her hands and plunked them down on the floor. As she bent down, I noticed her breasts surge forward against her thin blouse and a glimpse of skirt riding up her thigh. She settled in a chair across from the desk from me, and I was surprised at my composure.

We started chatting about mindless diversions – 'Are you enjoying university? So far, yes. What do you think of history class? Oh, I like it very much – it's my favourite! That's nice to hear. Do you miss your family? Sometimes, but we telephone every other day. What about you – do you like teaching here? I love teaching; it's one of the few things I'm passionate about. Oh, what else are you passionate about? Well...'

During this banter we looked directly in each other's eyes, and I was acutely reminded that eyes reveal more than iris and pupil but sometimes a gateway to one's inner being, where that fiery furnace of passion blazes. I saw in her what I felt in myself, the chained beast of desire straining to be released.

"Well...perhaps we can discuss that sometime," I said, surprisingly, then continuing "there's something I want to show you. You might find this helpful." I had a poster-sized chart of the lineages of the royal families of Europe which I took from the shelf. I removed items from my desk and spread out the genealogical diagram to its full size. She stood up from her chair to view the names and lines and I stood beside her. I gave her a brief overview of the major houses and pointed to some of the links by marriage.

"It shows here that this princess of France married this prince of England" she said as she traced the path with her finger. "They must have been passionately in love for the princess to leave her country and family" she enthused.

"No, these two knew of each other but had never met. Marriages in royal families are not about love – they're about strategic alliances, maintaining power and amassing wealth. Thankfully those expectations need not apply to the common folk. We can still fall in love."

She looked at me, trying to read me, and I was losing it, so I quickly added "Keep this chart – I have another."

She full-smiled and said 'Thank you so much!' and flung her arms around my neck and hugged me. I put my hands around her waist while we held the embrace. She pulled her head back slightly and our faces were inches apart as we gazed into each other's depths. I now was completely lost, as I discerned was she, which aroused me further. I moved my lips to hers and we kissed tenderly and sweetly. An energy rush of passion ultimately took over, driving our kissing madly, hungrily and rapturously – with our moaning and sighing gaining momentum.

I was full blown erection and she grabbed my butt and pulled me against her. My hands went down to her skirt and I squeezed her bum, and we were grinding our pelvises against each other, oohing and ahing with luscious pleasure. My hands went further down and then underneath her skirt and slipped under her panties. Her legs were unsteady now, mine having reached that stage much earlier. I had barely any grounding at that point, but enough to slightly pull away and whisper hoarsely, "I want to make sure we're alone; give me a second."

I walked out of the office and down the hall and scanned the other offices and paused to listen for sounds of any activity. All I heard was my thumping heart. The thought crossed my mind how I might explain the erection bulging in my pants should I meet anyone. Fortunately, we were alone and I returned to my office.

Oh what a sight welcomed me! She was lying on her back on the desk, long platinum hair gushing over the end of the desk like a waterfall, and she was completely naked. She had her knees bent up and her feet flat on the desk, her hands clasped in front covering her treasure. Her stunning ample breasts with bursting pink nipples, pointing to the heavens, momentarily caught my breath. Her head was tilted towards me, her eyes glassy and far away and her lips were slightly parted.