Chapter 1 Don't Hurt Me

My name is Patrick, and I'm 19 years old, but I'll turn 20 in a few months. I am in my second year studying public administration at the University of Calabar.

We were currently on strike, our second in two years. I felt bored after about two weeks of school because there was hardly anyone in the hostel I was in and I didn't want to go home, so it was like solitude.

Worse part is, all of the nasty chicks had gone on vacation, so there was no useless fun to pass the time.

While patrolling on camp one morning, I had noticed that one of my lecturers, on the other hand, was still on campus.

Miss Tolu was my Acc210 professor. She was lovely

at 5'5 and 140 pounds, with light black hair, a 32 C breast, a slender waist, broad hips, and a nice fat round butt.

She was stunning, especially with her dark eyes. I didn't know her age at the time, but I guessed she was in her mid to late 30s.

So, in any case, I' had started stalking her. Boredom combined with loneliness will drive you insane, believe me. I ended up staring at her for weeks, which got rather sexually exciting.

I discovered she was single and had no obvious interest in any man in particular.

Mrs. Tolu had two friends she always hangs out with every week for lunch and at her house. After a few more days of watching her, I decided to take things up a notch for both of us. I arrived at her house an hour

before she left campus. I knew she didn't have security and her gate wasn't very high, so I waited behind her house; it was an ideal vantage point because no one could see me from any direction.

The neighborhood was always really quiet, which was ideal for someone eavesdropping but not so good for an intruder.

I heard her car pull into the compound, followed by her opening the gate. Then I snuck up the side of the house and climbed the gate.

Then I watched her pull in. I quickly crawled into the garage on my hands and knees.

I heard her get out of the car and unlock the door to

her house as she shut the door. I merely waited after hearing the door close.

I knew she was entering her bedroom and removing her jewels by this point.

She'd then start UnClothing and head into her bathroom to take a bath. I knew it would take her about 10 minutes to get ready, which was unusual for a lady.

I then softly picked the lock on the front door and entered slowly. I moved silently but quickly across the living area till I came to her bedroom.

I observed her silhouette undressing as she was just about to enter the bathroom. Then I rushed up to her, startling her from behind.

She yelped and started screaming, but I quickly

covered her mouth.

"Please let me go," she begged, her voice quivering. "I have money, and you can have it all please, if you don't hurt me."

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