

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 1 The New Professor

Nora's POV

I strolled through the college hallway with a depressed demeanor and a sharp tuft of tired sigh leaving my lips at numerous intervals.

Being an honor student at the top of her class was an extremely draining thing for me. To maintain my high grades, I had no boyfriend or whatever, and I had to wake up at ungodly hours in the middle of the night to study.

I sighted my lecture theatre and I strolled in with another sharp exhale of exasperation. My best friend and roommate, Laura Smith was seated at the front row as usual with her nose deep in her phone, and her airpods plugged in her ears.

I trekked to the front, and took my seat on the empty chair I found next to her. Of course, Laura didn't notice me as she was still laughing to something on her phone.

I shook my head in mock pity before I plugged an airpod out of her ear. She made to glare at me, thinking it was a stranger but her glare softened when she saw me.

"Who were you laughing with?" I scoffed, retrieving my jotting pad from my tote bag.

"My babe," Laura squealed, and gave me a side hug.

I huffed once more as she shook me and placed a peck on my cheek.

"Stop doing that, Laura. I'm not Oscar, go meet him if you're horny or something," I muttered, shrugging

myself out of her hold.

Oscar was Laura's boyfriend since high school, he was three years our senior, and he worked as an assistant lecturer in our school.

She let out a groan of complaint before uttering, "We already fucked in the parking lot this morning. I rode him, and he came so hard. Nora, you need to see how much he re-"

I placed a hand to her face, "Okay, that's enough. TMI, I didn't need to know that today. Now, I'm going to be scarred for life, thanks babe," I rolled my eyes.

Laura just giggled, "You're welcome, babe,"

"By the way, have you seen the new professor yet?" Laura asked as I swigged some water from a bottle.

I frowned in confusion, bringing the bottle down from my lips, "What new professor?"

"Have you been living under a rock, Nora?" She gasped.

I shrugged nonchalantly, "Maybe. But seriously, what professor? Are we really having a new professor? And for what course?" I rambled out in a breath.

"It's quite surprising that the top student of our entire faculty has no idea of everything going on. Yes, it's for this course," Laura replied.

I nodded, "That's cool. Did something happen with Mr. Hampson the former professor?"

"Yeah, he's getting transferred to California. He told us about this yesterday though, where the heck did you throw your mind during his lecture?"

"I have no idea, Laura," I muttered before swigging some water once more from my bottle.

What, I mean, who I saw trek into the room almost made me choke on the water. I coughed wildly as I released the bottle, inwardly thanking Laura for being mindful enough to rub my back in soothing circles.

"What's wrong with you today, babe? Is everything okay?" Laura asked, with concern flashing across her hazel eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine, I just thought of something," I lied, a little rushed.

After I was calm from my coughing fits, I averted my gaze to the gorgeously fascinating vision of the man who literally took my breath away w

hen he stepped into the room.

He was tall. Impressively and sexily tall.

Underneath his trenchcoat and turtleneck sweater, I knew he hid rock-hard muscles as they flexed when he moved.

His biceps were huge, and looked so fucking powerful. My mouth watered in lust as my eyes roamed down to his thick, gorgeous thighs. His thighs looked like a throne which I desperately ached to put my ass on.

Subconsciously, I ran my tongue over my lips as my gaze averted to his face. The most prominent and unreal features in the world all sat on it.

Honestly, this man didn't seem like he was born. He looked like he was created, with so much care and

delicacy for him to look that perfect.

His siren gray eyes seemed like they could pierce into my soul to deduce my thoughts. His jawline was so sharp and clean shaven, and looked like it could cut into anything. His pointed nose sat regally at the center of his gorgeous face. He also had jet-black hair with a sexy undercut underneath.

Finally, my eyes took in the shape and curve of his lips.

They were drawn into a thin line as he stared at something on the podium. He poked his inner cheek with his tongue, and I almost creamed my panties with desire.

I gulped thirstily as I stared mindlessly at him.

How could a person look so damn perfect?

In my twenty one years of existence, I had never been attracted to a man like I was to the man on the podium.

I had always been the studious, good girl of the family whose purity parents wanted their daughters to emulate.

I didn't know what was happening to me but one thing was for sure, I really liked it.

The man cleared his throat into the microphone, and there were muffled mumblings and mutterings in the hall. Amidst the ruckus of noise, someone moaned, and the thunderous sound of laughter filled the hall afterward.

Honestly, I didn't blame whoever it was that moaned.

Because I'd have done so, if I could.

The man's sensual gaze was enough to get anyone shivering with a mouth-watering climax.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I am Bruce Castillo, your new professor for anatomy. I hope we all get along well," He muttered into the microphone with a dimpled smile.

Oh my goodness! He had dimples! Fucking dimples!

Could the man get anymore perfect than he already was?

His voice sounded so fucking heavenly. It was deep yet cool and velvety.

A crazy thought flashed across my mind as I watched him talk.

What would it feel like to have this man whisper into my ears as he fingered me into an orgasm?

"So, for today, we won't do anything yet. Today is for introduction and I'd be back in two days for our practical, have a nice day," He concluded, interrupting my wanton thoughts as he grabbed his computer and trekked down from the stage.

"You are so hot professor," A girl yelled as he was about to step out of the hall.

He just flashed an amused smile towards the person before he shook his head, and left quietly.

I felt somewhat deflated that he didn't notice me for no good reason.

"He's so fucking hot, Nora," Laura whispered,

moments after Bruce left.

I could only nod silently in agreement as I stared at the closed door with immense want.

I wanted Bruce so bad.

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