

## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 10 Somewhat office sex

Nora's POV

"Hey, girl. Are you ready for school yet?" Laura's voice seeped into my line of hearing as I sat on my bed, staring into space.

Eight days had passed since Bruce and I got trapped in the elevator, and he brought me to a toe-curling orgasm with his tongue dexterity.

On numerous occasions, I caught my thoughts straying to that day, and instantly, my clit would be swollen with horniness. I had to purchase a vibrator some days ago because the dildo and my electric toothbrush suddenly seemed boring.

We didn't have any classes or practicals with Bruce anymore as the class representative informed us that

Bruce had gone on a trip. I was heartbroken and felt disappointed when I heard it from him.

I thought Bruce and I had gotten closer, and that he'd tell me directly if he was going on a trip.

I had deluded myself into thinking Bruce and I had something just because he ate me out in the elevator that day, and we almost had acrobatic sex.

I was such a fool. Maybe that was the reason I had never been approached by a guy to be their girlfriend since middle school.

I probably seemed stupid to everyone.

"Nora, are you listening to me?" Laura asked, flicking her fingers in front of my face.

I sighed and nodded before getting up from the bed,

"Yeah, I heard you. My mind was just faraway," I replied, making my bed.

"Oh. Did something happen at home?"

"No. I've just been thinking about stuff," I muttered as we trekked to the dormitory hallway.

"You know you can tell me stuff right?" My best friend mumbled, wrapping her arm around me.

In response, I nodded and darted her a thankful smile, "Yeah, I know. But it's not something serious. It's not a big deal, I'll be fine," I said, inwardly trying to reassure myself.

"Really?"

"Yes, Laura." I replied.

"Alright then," Laura uttered before the vibration of her phone suddenly invaded the silence.

She retrieved the device from her pocket with a smile, "I think Oscar is here to pick us,"

"That's great," I said as we trekked to the dormitory parking lot.

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I was shocked to see Bruce stroll into the lecture hall with a calm mien when I got to class that day.

I scoffed inwardly as he scribbled down stuff on the board, and started speaking about something. I was seething with rage as I glared at him with my arms folded across my chest.

I tried to meet his gaze whenever his stare averted to

where I was sat all to no avail. It was as if Bruce was straight up ignoring me by pretending not to see me.

Few tries later, I gave up and settled on bristling inwardly with fury, and a promise to never speak to Bruce.

Soon, the lecture ended and Bruce exited the hall.

With tears clogging my throat, I packed my stationeries back into my tote, and got up from my seat.

"Babe, Oscar and I are going out for lunch at the new restaurant on the outskirts of the city, would you like to come with us?" Laura asked.

"No, thanks. I have some assignments to catch up on," I lied, sidling beside her as we made for the door.

"Yeah, right," Laura huffed, shaking her head.

Laura and I parted in the hallway as soon as she sighted Oscar walking towards his office.

So, I was left alone to wallow in my sadness as I trudged down the hallway with a heavy heart.

I was scared out of my wits when a door suddenly opened beside me, and a pair of strong arms pulled me inside an office.

"Let go of me," I yelled as the person slammed me against the wall. The room was dark, so I couldn't see who the person was.

"Calm down, Laura. It's me," The voice I desperately wanted to hear at that moment whispered, and I went still in a mixture of shock and slight relief.

Then, Bruce switched on the lights, and I got a clear view of his face.

"Let go of me," I spat, trying to wriggle my hands out of his hold as I darted a glare at him.

He obliged my command, but my head remained trapped in between his powerful arms, "Are you mad at me?" Bruce quietly asked.

I gazed up at him with an indignant scowl, "Yes, I am. You are such a fucking coward,"

"I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to go awol on you," He whispered, caressing my face gently.

My insides preened with desire at the pet name as I stared at him, feeling my anger gradually evaporating as the seconds went by.

"Explain," I croaked.

"I had an important family emergency later that day, and I had to fly home to Texas. I'm sorry, I didn't inform you," Bruce explained.

"And you couldn't even send a message or call me?" I spat.

"I'm sorry, baby. My phone got spoilt. I know it might sound like a lie, but it's the truth. Please believe me, Nora,"

I searched his eyes for a sign that he was lying to me. When I found none, I sighed, "Alright, then. I'm sorry for being rude to you,"

"It's fine, petal. I deserved it," Bruce smiled down at me, and suddenly the ambiance became filled with our combined raspy breaths, my hands cupped



Bruce's face, and his slid down to grab my waist.

"Can I?" He whispered.

"Yes, please," I panted.

I sighed in sensual bliss when Bruce's lips met mine in a passionate, lust-filled kiss. I widened my mouth to enable him gain utmost access to my mouth as our hands slithered each other's body structure.

I moaned as Bruce grabbed me by my ass and placed me on his desk before situating himself in between my legs.

He pressed his rock-hard boner to my stomach and whispered, "This is what you do to me,"

"I love it," I gasped before pressing my lips to his.

Wild flames of arousal cascaded through me when Bruce expertly unzipped my dress while I also unbuckled his belt, and slipped my hands into his boxers.

I was impressed by how massive his cock was in my hold as I caressed it, feeling wetness soak my panties.

I also wanted to do something for Bruce. I wanted to pay him back for the gratifying orgasm I attained that day.

I slowly pumped his cock as our salivas mixed and our tongues intertwined. He groaned into my mouth, and pulled me closer to himself before shoving his tongue deeper into my mouth.

Gently, I withdrew from the kiss to gaze at his lust-filled gray eyes, "I want to suck you off, Bruce," I

whispered.

His eyes darkened with desire as he sensually caressed my thighs, "Okay. Let's do this, petal,"

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