

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 15 Kitchen counter sex

Nora's POV

When I woke up the next day, it was well past eleven in the morning, and Bruce's side of the bed was vacant though his masculine scent still lingered.

I gasped in shock as I propped myself on the bedroom to get a clearer view of the wall clock that was mounted on the wall. I wasn't imagining the time.

It was really late in the morning.

I was about to yank myself up from the bed to get ready for class when I realized that it was the weekend and I had no class that day. I sighed in relief before checking my naked form under the duvet.

The blissful memories of the night before slithered

into my mind, and my lips curved into a smile as my face flushed with embarrassment of the realization that I had really followed Bruce, my professor, to his house for sex.

Ignoring my reddening face, I retrieved my phone from the nightstand to check if I had missed any calls from Laura or my parents.

Luckily, I didn't miss anyone's call but Laura barraged my phone with messages and voicemails.

I shook my head with fond exasperation as I placed the device back on the nightstand.

Afterward, I grabbed Bruce's discarded shirt from the pile of tangled clothes on the floor and flung it on.

As expected it reached just above my knees and was quite baggy on my frame. I felt a weird sense of

possessiveness as I sniffed the musky sandalwood scent of the shirt before I trekked out of the room, wearing nothing underneath the shirt.

Stepping down the stairs, my line of smell was graced with the delicious aroma of freshly-baked pancakes and bacon. My mouth watered with immense hunger as I trekked down the last stair.

Momentarily, I forgot about my hunger when my vision was blessed with the sexy sight of Bruce in the kitchen.

He was donned in a pair of gray sweatpants and nothing more. His jet-black tresses were disheveled, and his ripped muscles flexed with sensual ease as he chopped some carrots, causing heat to pool at the pit of my belly.

I had no idea how Bruce did it. I had no idea how he

managed to look so hot cutting vegetables.

I creamed my panties with want as Bruce tilted his head sideways in my direction, with a warm smile playing on his lips, "Good morning. I didn't hear you walk down the stairs,"

"Oh," I stuttered, fiddling with the hem of the shirt I had on.

The ambiance suddenly became awkward. I had no idea how I was supposed to act around Bruce.

Sure, we had fucked the night before. I had given him the honor of taking my virginity.

But, what did that make us? Were we officially romantic partners? Or was I just a mere cum dumpster for him?

"The food is almost ready, please take a seat over there while I clean this off," Bruce gestured to the speck of batter which was splayed across his chest.

Something about the creamy appearance of the batter made me forget my earlier uncertainty, and instead take brisk steps toward Bruce who was clearly befuddled by my action but he didn't utter a word.

I licked my lips lasciviously as I stared at the batter with unabashed desire before sticking a finger into the creamy mess.

Without thinking, I blurted out, "Can I lick it off you?"

"Oh. Yes, you can, baby," Bruce's gravelly voice wafted into my ears.

Darting him a seductive smirk, I withdrew my finger from the batter and ran my tongue over it, with ny

gaze fixated to his face.

His face darkened with desire as he watched me, causing wetness to ooze down my pussy. His hand came behind my ass to squeeze my ass cheeks.

I scrubbed my tongue over my bottom lip suggestively before I tiptoed to lick the remnant of the batter off his muscled chest, with his grip on my ass getting tighter.

"What do you want, petal?" Bruce whispered when I faced him once again.

I shuddered with desire, feeling his deep baritone at penetrate through every opening of my body.

"I want you to fuck me into this counter," I confessed, hooping my arms around his neck.

"Oh, really?" Bruce chuckled. A deep, rich sound

which almost sent me spiraling down the edge there and then.

"Y-yes," I whimpered.

Without uttering a word, Bruce hoisted me up onto the kitchen counter, spread my legs and rooted himself in between as his hands rested on my waist.

Bruce closed the distance between us by connecting his lips to mine, and roaming his hands around my body.

I sighed into the kiss as he expertly unbuttoned my shirt which was technically his shirt, and cupped my boobs with his powerful hands.

I wasn't left idle as I also slid down his joggers, allowing his cock to spring free into my hands. Just as I was about to begin pumping him, Bruce broke the

kiss, and helped me out of my shirt.

Afterward, he drew me closer as he ran a hand down my waist, "Ready?"

"I was born ready," I replied.

"You were born ready for my cock?"

"Yes,"

Chuckling, Bruce lined his cock to my wet pussy and in one deft thrust, he buried himself completely into my dripping warmth.

I sighed in bliss as my pussy clenched tighter around his hefty dick.

I could never get enough of Bruce's cock, no matter how many times we fucked.

His dick was just too delectable.

As he pummeled inside me, I shook with immense pleasure as moans after whimpers left my lips. At a point, I started declaring my love for Bruce's dick, telling him how much I loved him fucking me with his cock so much.

With each thrust, he grunted and nipped at my helix as he plowed my pussy harder while I looped my legs around his waist to enable easy penetration.

Sex with Bruce was simply breathtaking and mind-blowing.

Bruce brought me to great heights of erotic gratification that I thought I'd never reach with his cock.

"Deeper please," I choked out, with tears of overstimulation rolling down my cheeks.

I gasped as Bruce sped up the intensity of his thrusts.

Moans, grunts and skin slapping against skin filled the kitchen as my orgasm rippled through me.

Bruce groaned through his release as he tightened his grip around my waist, "You're wonderful,"

I hid my head in the crook of his neck before mumbling, "I could say the same about you,"

He made a move to slide his cock out of me, and I gripped his hand in protest, "Don't pull out yet,"

I still wanted to feel him for a while.

"Okay, baby," He whispered, pressing a kiss to my

forehead.

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