

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 17 Nosy Laura

Nora's POV

As I walked through the glass doors of the dormitory's lobby, my shoulders hunched with a sense of newly-found misery, dread and nostalgia.

Though I could still feel the remnant of Bruce's unwashed cum in between my legs, and my legs still trembled as I recalled our marathon sexcapades throughout the weekend, I still missed Bruce.

Badly.

What is wrong with you, Nora? Why are you acting as if Bruce will suddenly disappear into space? I scolded myself, mindlessly waving at a petite woman whose name I had forgotten, but was sure she lived on the same block as Laura and I.

Before Bruce and I parted, I had wanted to ask him where our relationship stood with each other. But my tongue had badly betrayed me as the words remained heavy and bitter in my mouth like dissolved neem powder.

With a miserable sigh, I clicked on the doorbell to my shared apartment with Laura in the dormitory and waited for her to answer.

There was muffled shuffling, a loud moan which threw me off guard before the door clicked open from behind, and Oscar glided out with disheveled hair and a more disorganized outfit.

I could smell it in the air. The all-too-familiar odor of passionate sex.

I smirked with my arms folded across my chest as I

eyed him teasingly, "Long time no see, Oscar,"

"Y-yeah, same here. Laura will join you soon. I'll be on my way now, I got an urgent call from work, so I have to go now," Oscar rambled, still not meeting my eyes.

I just shook my head as he breezed past me, nearly sprinting down the hallway.

Afterward, I trekked into the apartment with my smirk widening. I was definitely going to have a field day with teasing Laura.

I cleared my throat loudly as I stepped into our bedroom. Just as I expected, Laura was clad in a silk robe which stopped just above her mid thighs on her bed, with a book that she wasn't even reading, enclosed in her hands.

A sheepish grin was plastered to her pretty face and her hazel eyes dripped with mischief, "Hey, bestie,"

"Hey, whore. I see someone had a great time while I was away, isn't it?"

Laura's beam widened as her eyes crinkled and she patted the unoccupied part of her bed, "Come sit with me. I have a lot to tell you."

"If this is about one of your weird kinks with Oscar, please I don't want to hear it. I love you so much but I don't want you to scar me more than you've already done," I replied which made her roll her eyes.

"It's not that. It's not like your virgin ass understands any of that." She sighed, expecting me to scoff like I usually did whenever she said that.

Instead, I stiffened as I fiddled with the sleeves of my

sweatshirt. I was inwardly thankful that I had hidden the hoodie which I had stolen from Bruce's closet deep inside my bag.

"Bestie, you're quiet. Don't tell me.." She trailed off, getting up from the bed to sniff me like a trained police dog.

I gulped harshly, avoiding her gaze which confirmed her suspicions, "Babe? Do you have a boyfriend? Who is he? Why didn't you tell me about him? Why do you reek of a man's perfume?"

Earlier that day, I had sprayed Bruce's bergamot cologne on my clothes before I left his place because I still wanted to carry his scent with me.

"Let's sit," I squeaked, gesturing to Laura's untidy bed.

She eyed me suspiciously for a moment before she

nodded, and accepted my invitation.

"Now, we're seated. Start telling me about him," Laura declared which made me sigh.

I didn't know whether to tell Laura that I was fucking our professor. I knew she wouldn't let me go scot-free if she found my story unbelievable.

"He's a senior in the engineering faculty," I let the first set of lies flow out of my mouth easily.

"So, you weren't really at your parents' place throughout the weekend. You lied!" Laura gasped which made me wince slightly.

The day after I went to Bruce's place which was yesterday, I had sent Laura a text that I was at my parents' place for an important family meeting after seeing her spirals of voicemails and texts.

"Yes," I said, truthfully.

"I'm beyond pissed with you for lying but I'm not going to let my anger deny me of getting the tea from you. So, go on," She scoffed.

"We're not really dating per se but something serious is going on between us. We met at the cinema some weeks ago and we were just casually texting for while until he invited me over to his place on Friday and we had sex," I half lied through my teeth, stylishly checking Laura's face to see if the lies were kicking in.

I was beyond relieved when she nodded, "So, what's his name, and when can I meet him?"

My heart almost hammered out of my chest in shock at the question.

I shook my head fervently in negation before saying, "Y-you can't meet him yet. But you'll meet him soon and his name is Preston,"

"Are you hiding something else from me?" Laura muttered, inching closer to gaze into my eyes.

"No. Of course not. I just don't want you to meet him yet. I'm not even sure I want to date him yet. We're just fooling around with each other, yanno?" I laughed airily, inwardly cringing at how shrill and fake my laughter sounded.

"Oh. I hope everything goes well for the both of you then," Laura said quietly which made me release the breath that I hadn't even realized I was holding all along.

"We need to get a cake to celebrate this great achievement. My best friend has finally joined the

club. The non-virgins club," She squealed before pulling me into a warm hug.

"You are such a case," I laughed after we disengaged from the hug.

"So, as I was saying, would you still like to hear about the tea I have for you?"

"Yes, please," I shrieked, relieved that Laura had averted the subject of discussion from me to herself.

As I listened to her chatter animatedly about the diamond necklace Oscar had gotten for her yesterday, a dreadful thought crossed my mind.

What would Laura do when she found out about the truth?

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