

## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 18 Distracted by her pussy

#### Bruce's POV

I hummed the lyrics to a familiar RnB song to myself as I went through some paperwork on my desk. I was proud of myself that I hadn't thought about Nora for the day or wait...nevermind.

Anyway, I missed Nora.

I didn't want to come off as a pushy bastard and a sex addict by calling her to come over to my office, so I tried my best to soothe my ever revolting cock by wanking at random intervals.

And no, I wasn't using Nora for sex alone. It was clear that I was in love with her but I just couldn't find the right time and moment to tell her about it.

Especially when I hadn't gotten a glimpse of her heavenly beauty for the past six days. She was busy with her finals, so we rarely spoke.

But I always made sure I sent supportive texts to her every day to boost her morale.

My phone rang at that moment, instantly cutting into my thoughts and jolting me back to reality.

I frowned on seeing the unknown caller id. For a split second, my thoughts wrestled among themselves in my head on whether to pick the call or ignore it as it might be a spam call.

I had no idea why I chose the latter option but I did.

Placing my phone against my ear, I let out a huge sigh, "Bruce Castillo. Who is this?" I asked, setting my tone in between hostility and politeness.

"I finally got you, Bruce. It's me. How have you been?" Her voice shot me up from the swivel chair. I gripped onto the edge of the desk with anger bristling inside me as I glared at nothing in particular.

It was her. The fucking daughter of Jezebel.

The one who yanked my heart out of my chest and fed it to the vultures. The monstress who ruined me.

The five feet two beast.

"What the hell do you want from me? How the fuck did you even get my number? Didn't I fine a restraining order against you?" I barked, my eyes almost pooping out of their sockets.

"I know you did. I'm sorry but I really need to get your forgiveness, babe. I'm sorry for everything I did. I am

aware of the fact that I am nothing but a jezebel incarnate without remorse. But please listen to me, Bruce. Please I beg you. Think about the good times we had. Ab-

"Shut your fucking trap, woman. How dare you? I never knew you were this shameless. You should be on an exile reflecting on your animalistic actions instead of asking for something you'll never get from me. Goodbye and don't you dare call me again and I mean it," I spat venomously, hoping my words cut through her heart just like I wanted it to.

But then again, she was a cruel delilah who felt nothing.

"Bab-" I ended the call before she could say anything, panting heavily as my clutch on the desk loosened and I slumped back on the swivel with a loud sigh.

Before it could escape my mind, I quickly blocked the strange number which she used to call me, and placed the device back to the table.

Fuck, I needed a smoke.

I had cut back on cannabis and the rest some years back but after hearing her soft yet poisonous voice, I needed one.

The woman cost me everything in my life. All because of her, I was disowned by my parents and family.

My position as the heir to my dad's chains of companies was taken away from me in a twinkle of an eye but that was a story for another day.

Conan was the only person who could understand me. But I also didn't want to bother the man.

I was an adult nearing forty, so of course I should be able to handle this. I thought as I rearranged the paperwork which I had mindlessly scattered in my short moment of wrath.

My pen suddenly felt like a rod of lead in my hold as I retrieved it to inscribe my signature onto it. I was about to resign to the sudden anger induced fatigue that struck me when my phone annoyingly rang out again.

I was tempted to fling the device across the room for a brief moment but I thought better of it, and decided to see who it was, desperately hoping that it wasn't that woman again.

I lived with her for five years, so I knew how devious her little schemes were.

My lips parted in a gentle smile when I saw that it was

a text from Nora. My anger towards the wench instantly evaporated as I scooted closer to the edge of the swivel chair, giddy with excitement as I opened the message to read it.

My jaw slacked in shock as my eyes gaped in disbelief as I stared at the wanton image of Nora glancing back at me on my phone.

In the picture, Nora was naked and I meant, stark bollock naked, and she was sitting on the floor without her thighs splayed to show the pink vibrator that was deliciously buried inside her. Her sinful lips were parted and I could hear her moan as she clicked on the shutter.

Exciting electricity shot through my cock as I ran my tongue over my lower lip and took in every minute detail of the lewd image.

Fuck, I needed Nora so bad at that moment. She was such a fucking tease to send me an explicit image to me during working hours.

My phone dinged with another message from Nora, and I shakily opened it. This time, it was a text message which read; Are you free to eat me?

"Oh, Nora," I growled loudly before gulping slowly.

I ran my hands through my hair, sucked on my teeth, poked my cheek with my tongue before I typed in a reply which read; I'm always free for you, baby.

Her response was quick; I'll be there in five.

I licked my lips and placed my phone on the desk as I waited for my sinful obsession to arrive.



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