

## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 19 Bathroom sex

Nora's POV

I smiled to myself as I typed a reply to Bruce's text, my pussy vibrating with immense lust.

I had taken the pictures the night before after Laura left for Oscar's place with the sole purpose to tease Bruce and leave him groaning my name.

But at that moment, it was obvious that my plan had severely backfired, and I was the one moaning Bruce's name inwardly.

After one last glimpse at the mirror, I trekked out of the bathroom to Bruce's office, grinning sheepishly like a creep to the people I met along the way.

Before I could knock on the door to Bruce's office, the

door was harshly shoved open from inside and I was tenderly dragged in by the one and only Bruce.

I smirked up at him, with my wrists interlaced and trapped in his touch grip, "Hey, daddy," I slurred, seductively.

"You're going to be the death of me, Nora. You're such a fucking tease," Bruce seethed, his gray eyes literally drilling holes into my face.

His eyes dripped with unsated lust as he gazed into my eyes which turned me on further.

"I know, daddy," I smirked, which made his eyes darken further with intensifying desire.

Bruce didn't utter a word as he closed the distance between us with a passionate, rushed kiss.

His hold on my wrist loosened completely as he trailed his hand down my thighs to the base of my ass to hoist me up against the wall.

In turn, I wrapped my arms around his neck as we learned, memorized and inculcated the tastes of each other's mouth.

Bruce tasted like a mixture of Cappuccino and whiskey, and that made me hornier as I slotted my tongue deeper into his mouth.

He was such an excellent kisser. He knew how to maneuver his dexterous tongue, and he never failed to leave my insides tingling with desire everytime we kissed.

Just as I was about to slide my hands into his pants to fondle his cock, Bruce broke the kiss, gazed at me and placed a feathery kiss on my lips.

"You have no idea how badly I want to fuck you, Nora," He whispered, bopping his nose against mine.

I shivered with arousal as I placed my hands on his shoulder, "I want you too, Bruce. I want you so bad that I prepared myself just for you,"

Bruce stared at me, with slight confusion etched onto his handsome face. I didn't give him a moment to answer as I slowly eased myself out of my trenchcoat, leaving me in nothing but the black garters that I wore in the picture I sent to him earlier, and a set of black lace panties with my boobs dangling free against my chest like a pendulum.

"Do me, Bruce. It's been so long, daddy. I've missed your huge cock inside me so much. I've missed you whispering sweet nothings into my ear as you thrust deeply inside me," I whispered, cupping his locked

jaw.

Bruce squeezed my ass harshly as his piercing orbs stared into my soul before uttering, "You are such a nasty freak,"

I didn't realize that it was possible for me to climax there and then to Bruce's sensual voice, but the wetness in my panties assured me of that fact.

Bruce grabbed my legs, and hoisted me against him effortlessly like I was a mere feather, "Where are we going?" I asked, alarm present in my voice as he crossed the room.

"The bathroom. I want to fuck you in the shower. After that day at my house in the bathtub with you, I think I may have developed a bathroom sex kink," Bruce chuckled, tightening his grip on my waist as he led me into the bathroom adjoined to his office.

It was large. Larger than I thought, and well-equipped with a bathtub and a shower. It was as if whoever designed the office had thought it to be a standard bedroom instead of an office.

But I wasn't complaining though because I loved it, and it made my insides flutter with desire.

Immediately he slammed me against the wall, Bruce got to work on my boobs, sucking on one fervently, and fondling the other like he had a rift with it.

I had to confess that I preferred him rough handling my boobs than him being careful and tender with them. I derived a weird type of thrill whenever he did so.

We wasted no time in undressing each other as we were impatient and extremely desperate to fuck.

Hell, it had been an exasperating six days since I had Bruce's massively wonderful cock fill me up.

I wondered how I had been able to hold on for so long.

"Ready," He asked me as he aligned himself to my entrance.

Through hooded eyes, I nodded and with a low grunt, he was completely buried inside me.

Moaning loudly at the tight stretch, I gripped onto the ends of his hair as I gritted out, "Did you get bigger?"

"No, kitten," He laughed, tenderly caressing down my thighs.

"I n-need it deeper, p-please fuck me harder," I

moaned, with my sweaty back pressed against the bathroom walls, and my legs wrapped around Bruce's waist.

Bruce gazed up at me, his grip on my waist tightening, "Say no more, kitten," He muttered before pummeling into my wet pussy with sweet, long thrusts.

"You look so fucking sexy under this lighting," Bruce groaned, leaning down to capture my left boob into his heavenly mouth, causing me to almost climax there and then.

I was such a praise whore.

He gazed up seductively at me as he worked his lips around my erect buds, sucking it like a popsicle.

I ran my fingers through his hair, and molded myself



closer to him, impatiently drawing his attention to my other neglected boob.

"Patience, petal," He chuckled after releasing my nipple, to continue his expert ministrations with my twin boob.

"F-fuck, I love this so fucking much," I gritted, meeting his deep strokes by eagerly bouncing on his cock.

I could feel myself gradually reaching the peak of my sensual ecstasy as Bruce continue slamming roughly into me.

"A-almost there," I groaned, rolling my waist on his dick to take every part of him inside me.

"Come for me, angel," Bruce grunted, which made me let out a guttural moan.

Two fluid thrusts later, I splattered my creamy release all over his cock with a sharp exhale.

I could feel he was also on the verge of a climax as his thrusts got harsher and faster.

"I'm coming," Bruce howled, and licked my chest.

He fondled with my ass cheeks as he dumped his seeds inside me.

"That was surreal," Bruce panted, caressing my waist.

I could only nod weakly in agreement as my voice had gotten hoarse from my loud screams and animalistic moans.

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## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 20 Instilling fear

#### Bruce's POV

After the breathtaking bathroom sex that Nora and I had, we remained cuddled up in the bathtub for a while with our nether regional still entwined together.

At that moment, Nora nestled tenderly in my arms in my arms felt perfect and right.

It had been a while since I had felt something so strong for a woman, and I didn't know what to do with myself and my feelings.

Though, it felt right to confess my feelings for Nora to

her, I was scared to do so because I wasn't even sure of her feelings for me.

I didn't want to scare her away. I was afraid to lose her.

But, I wanted our relationship to be more than casual sex here and there. I wanted something romantic with Nora.

"Bruce?" Nora's soft voice seeped into my ears, and yanked me out of my trance.

I averted my gaze downward to stare at her cutely scrunched up face, "Yes, baby?"

"Your mind seems faraway. Are you alright?" She asked.

"It's nothing. I'm fine, Nora. Thanks for asking," I lied,

darting a smile at her.

"I'm not fine, Nora. I want to tell you that I love you and I want us to date. I want this to be official," I inwardly thought, as I stared at her.

"You know you can tell me about anything that's bothering you, right? I may not be able to give you the best advice and stuff but I can listen. My best friend once told me that I'm a very good listener, you know," Nora smiled kindly at me, craning her neck upward to gaze tenderly at me.

I saw an unnameable emotion flash across her eyes for a spilt second as she stared at me, but when I blinked it was no longer there, and I concluded that I had probably imagined it.

"So, will you tell me?" Nora gently prodded.

Battling with my thoughts, I sucked in my bottom lip before nodding, "Okay. I will. But, it's not about me though, it's about a friend, he needs my opinion on something," I lied.

Fortunately for me, Nora seemed to believe me as she nodded, "Oh. An opinion on what?"

I took a deep breath before continuing my lie, "Just some stuff about his family. It's really nothing. He has an issue with his parents and all, so he's thinking of unbinding himself from them. Honestly, you don't have to worry about it, it's not a big issue. I'm sure he'll settle soon with his parents,"

"Oh. I hope everything goes well for him," Nora muttered, to which I nodded.

"Yeah, me too,"

Awkward silence ensued between us as the both of us mulled over each other's words.

I wondered what could have happened if I had told Nora about my true feelings.

"Do you have plans for tonight?" I asked, in a bid to stop the awkwardness.

"Yeah. I have to study for tomorrow's exam. Wish me luck," She sighed which made me plant a kiss to her forehead.

"Good luck, baby. I'm sure you'll smash it just like you've always done,"

"I hope so,"

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Hours later, after Nora kissed had kissed me goodbye and has returned to her dormitory, I retrieved my car keys and cellphone from the desk as I re-read the text Conan sent to me an hour ago which went thus;

"Hey, man. Can we meet asap at our usual spot? I need to discuss something important with you, I'll see you soon,"

Something about the message felt off but I couldn't pinpoint what it was.

So, I decided to just go see Conan to know what was wrong, while trying to calm my nerves.

I exhaled sharply before I trekked out of my office to the parking lot, exchanging pleasantries and obsequies with the people I met on the way.

Soon, I got to the parking lot, settled inside my car,



revved up the car's engine before driving off while inwardly hoping that whatever was wrong wasn't life-threatening or critical.

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"Hey, man," I shook Conan's hand after I stepped into the private room.

"Hey, Bruce. What's up?" He replied, squeezing my shoulder.

I nodded as I took my seat in front of him, "Nothing much. Just work. How's Kylie and the baby?"

"They're doing great,"

"That's nice to hear,"

"Yeah, bro. By the way, I'm sorry for calling you over

at short notice, it's just that I heard something and it made me feel very uncomfortable and scared for you," Conan began with a sigh which made me tense.

I knew Conan couldn't have given me an impromptu call, and ask to suddenly meet up for a baseless reason. There had to be something more to it.

"What did you hear?" I asked, trying to conceal the panic in my voice.

"Do you remember Roberto Torres? The tall, muscular, Italian that we went to postgraduate college with," Conan elaborated his description with hand motions.

I grimaced for a brief moment, trying to recall who the person was before the description clicked in my head and I nodded, "Oh. I think I do. What happened with him?"

"Apparently, he used to work as a professor at a privately-owned college in Texas, and he got fired some days ago for sexually assaulting one of his female students," Conan explained, pouring some wine into two wine goblets for the both of us.

I took my goblet with a thankful nod before saying, "Really?"

"Yeah. But according to the evidence that Roberto's lawyers gathered, they said Roberto and the lady were in a mutual sexual relationship of some sort, and the lady wanted Roberto to give her extra marks for her exams, and he refused to do it, so she decided to implicate him," Conan said, and instantly my jaw slacked in shock.

Roberto's story seemed awfully familiar to mine and Nora's. Nora was my student who I was having a

sexual relationship with it.

Fuck.

"I know right? That's so god-damned awful. Why couldn't he date someone else, I will never understand professors fucking their students, to me they are nothing but perverts," Conan spat with venom evident in his voice, just as I was about to speak.

I gulped nervously as I sipped my wine.

"Yeah, they are bunch of perverts," I nodded in agreement.

"I trust you, Bruce because I know you can never be part of them. You are a disciplined man," Conan squeezed my shoulder and smiled at me.

I steered my gaze from him as guilt simmered inside me.

"No, Conan. I'm everything but disciplined," I thought as I exhaled heavily.

"Yeah, I am," I feigned a smile as we clinked our glasses.

Fuck, Conan would be so disappointed in me when he found out about Nora because there was no way in hell that I would leave Nora.

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