

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 2 I came in my panties

Nora's POV

"Nora?" Laura whispered, nudging me with her elbow as we walked into the laboratory.

"Yeah?" I answered.

"Why is the laboratory actually packed and filled with students?" She asked, sidling beside me to our allocated laboratory stools.

"I have no idea either. It's probably because the professor is hot or something," I shrugged, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Wait! Oh my goodness, Nora!" Laura whispered-yelled, theatrically clasping her hand over her mouth.

I suppressed the urge to roll my eyes at her, "What?"

"You just called a guy hot!" She muttered, her eyes twinkling with awe and a dash of mischief.

"Oh." I huffed, inwardly cringing at the manner I was shamelessly whipped for the professor.

"I've known you since kindergarten, and you've like never ever called a male specie attractive talk more of hot," She said, arching her fingers suggestively at the "male specie" part.

I just shook my head and said nothing, "Yeah, whatever,"

"So, all these while your type was a Pilf and I didn't know about it?"

"What is a Pilf?" I snorted, already tired of Laura

teasing me.

"Professor I'd like to fuck," She said, and raised her brows before winking.

I just shook my head, clearly done with her as I pulled my stationeries out of my bag.

"I'm sorry for keeping you all waiting. I was looking for the specimen we are going to use for today," Bruce's deep baritone seeped into my ears as he emerged from the preparation room in his dashing glory with a box in his gloved hands.

"You're sexy, prof. So, you're forgiven," Laura yelled, drawing Bruce's attention towards us.

I stepped on her toes under the table, as I darted a glare at her. As I turned to stare stylishly at Bruce, I realized his gaze was also fixated on me.

I swallowed nervously as he flashed a killer smile in my direction.

"Thanks for forgiving me," He chuckled, causing me to lower my gaze to the floor.

The entire class except me laughed along to his reply. I was too nervous to find his statement funny.

Why was I like this? Why was I like a puddle of whipped goo for this sex-on-legs man?

He settled at the head of the table where his seat at the professor and coordinator of the practical was.

"So, we're going to learn about the internal and external features of the vagina," He started, retrieving a foiled material from the box, and causing my ears and face to redden with embarrassment.

Oh, fuck. No. No. No. Please no.

As expected, the entire class laughed, with some people making suggestive noises.

"You can learn about the features of my vagina," Someone said, and everyone gasped.

I saw Bruce lock his jaw, obviously stunned by the shocking yet shameless utterance.

"Whoever that was should never say that again, or I'm going to find them and make them drop out of this class. There are boundaries to jokes, so let's respect each other, okay?" He advised sternly, causing an awkward silence to envelope the ambiance.

"Okay," We replied solemnly.

I wasn't supposed to find the way he spoke harshly attractive but like the twenty-one-year-old thirsty virgin I was, I did.

I quickly cleared my throat and shook my head to shrug the thoughts off.

"So, as I was saying earlier before the interruption. We are starting the week with the internal and external features of the vagina," Bruce explained, unwrapping the foil from the specimen.

I gasped in shock when I saw the specimen. It was a life-size rubber vagina.

I gulped shakily as I felt the pit of my belly clench with thirst and a mild sense of envy.

I was envious of the vagina. I desperately ached to be in place of that v

agina, to have my warmth caressed sensually like Bruce was doing to the rubber.

I wet my lips before a choked moan disguised as a cough left my lips.

"So, this area, the vulva, can anyone tell me about it?" Bruce asked, yanking me out of my lustful reverie as he stroked the vulva.

A guy raised his hand up and Bruce called him to answer. I successfully blurred out his answer, with my gaze focused to the tender mannerism at which Bruce fondled with the rubber.

I felt something wet and sticky slide out of me into my panties as he rubbed the dummy's clitoris.

Oh, fuck. Why was Bruce doing this to me? Why was

he indirectly torturing me like this?

It seemed the guy from earlier had answered the question correctly as I saw Bruce nod in satisfaction at him, with a smile stretching his kissable lips.

"As for the clitoris, it is the sensational part of the vagina. It is like a beady flesh," He explained, sliding his finger down the clitoris to the opening of the vagina.

At that, I let out a choked sigh which thankfully went unnoticed by Laura as she was engrossed in taking down notes.

I placed my head on the table as I unbuckled my pants, and slotted my hands into my panties, down my crotch. Stylishly, I squirmed on the stool until my fingers were directly placed on my clitoris just like the professor's were.

I bit on my arm to stifle a moan as I watched him work his fingers around the dummy's pussy lips.

"Are you feeling sick, babe?" Laura asked, tapping my other arm.

I shook my head fervently, "N-no, I'm good,"

"Okay, then," She nodded before turning back to the class.

I let out a relieved sigh before I averted my stare back to Bruce's dexterous fingers.

I dimmed his voice to a low hum, and focused on his fingers. The way he maneuvered his gloved digits into the dummy's warmth. I imagined myself in the dummy's place.

I envisioned Bruce placing me on the laboratory table without the class present. I'd be naked, and my nipples would be erect with overstimulation.

He'd gaze up at me with lust flashing across his gray orbs, and lick his lips. Afterward, he'll slip three fingers inside me at once.

I'd moan in pleasure as he deftly thrusts his fingers deeper. I'd cry and tell him to fuck me already, while I feel myself gradually reaching the zenith of my sexual fulfilment.

He'd chuckle softly before replacing his fingers with his mouth to eat me out. I'd grab his head, and cry to him that I am about to come.

He'd then urge me to come in his mouth, and I'd do so while letting out a guttural moan.

I scissored myself faster as my breath got hitched in my throat to my lewd thoughts. My belly clenched for a split second, and I bit on my arm harder as I arrived in my panties.

Afterward, I sighed deeply in satisfaction before steering my mind back to the class.

I was petrified when I saw Bruce's gaze focused on me. My eyes gaped in shock when I realized the whole class had their attention on me.

Fuck, had I been too loud? Had they watched me finger myself?

"The girl in glasses, why weren't you paying attention?" He asked.

I gazed at the voidness behind me before I stared back at him.

Don't act dumb, Nora. He was obviously talking to you. My mind unhelpfully supplied

With my heart in my mouth, I shook my head in negation.

"Meet me in my office after the class ends," He muttered before continuing with the practical.

I could sense Laura literally drilling holes into my skull with her piercing gaze, but I ignored it as I sat upright on the stool, with two things on my mind.

I was fucked.

But on the bright side, I wasn't found out.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.