

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 21 The prospective suitor



Nora's POV

"Nora, you won't believe what happened wh-wait, why are you packing your bag?" That was how Laura greeted me when she trekked into our shared apartment, and found me stuffing my clothes and other basic necessities into a suitcase.

"Hi, Laura. How did your paper go?" I asked, darting a smile at her as I crossed the room to the wardrobe to retrieve something.

"Fine, fine. But this isn't about my paper. Forget about it, what's going on? Why are you packing? Where are you going to?" She rambled as she stared at me, like I had suddenly developed horns by the sides of my

head.

I shrugged as I zipped my luggage close, "Well, my dad texted me this morning to come home soon and before you ask, I don't know why either. All I know is that the text looked pretty urgent,"

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, so I'm heading home right now," I uttered as I plopped onto the bed with a tired sigh.

"You seem pretty exhausted, can't you just call your dad to tell him that you'll go home tomorrow?"

"I'm not exhausted. I'm just worried about whatever might have happened,"

"Don't worry, I'm sure it's nothing. Also, don't hesitate to call me when you get home and you need

someone to talk to, okay?" Laura reassured, scooting closer to me, and interlacing our fingers together.

"Yes, babe. Sure," I smiled and nodded which she mirrored.

"Do you want to use the shower now or should I shower first?" Laura asked, to which I shook my head in negation.

"No, I'm almost running late," I muttered, yanking myself up from the bed and rushing to the bathroom, leaving Laura to chuckle after me.

As I rinsed the lather off my face, my heart tugged with a heavy feeling of foreboding and trepidation.

Ever since I entered college four years ago, and moved three hours away from home, dad had never called me unexpectedly, and ask me to come home

urgently.

It seemed scary and I could only hope everything was fine with my family.

After I finished freshening up, I dressed up at the speed of lightning while glancing at the clock on the nightstand frenzily.

Being the sweetheart she was, Laura saw me off to the bus stop, waited for me to board a bus, before heading back.

While I was in the bus, boredom overtook me, so I decided to text Bruce with a stupid smile stretching my lips, almost threatening to rip my lips apart.

As usual, Bruce was still stuck at school, marking some exam scripts. He was tired and he missed me a lot.

As I read his texts, my cheeks flushed in coyness and bunched up in a grin. I had to stylishly look around me to see if the other passengers in the bus had noticed my weird smiles but luckily for me, they didn't.

They were all busy with their phones.

I texted Bruce back with a selfie of myself in the bus which I captioned "I'm heading home for the weekend."

His reply was instant. He asked me why I was going home and if there was anything wrong.

I smiled as I replied and reassured him that there was no cause for alarm.

Then, he responded with a white heart emoji and told me he had to get back to work, that he'd speak to me

later, and I should take care of myself and also remember to call him when I got home.

I replied him with a red emoji before I turned off my phone, plugged my airpods in my ears, reclined against the headrest and fluttered my eyes shut.

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"Oh, my baby. You look so thin and pale, have you been eating at all?" My mum asked as she hovered around me like a mother hen, mumbling to herself more than to me.

"I've been at college for barely a month mom, remember I came home some weeks ago, and you said the same thing," I teased her before I took the roasted chicken from her, and took it to the dining room.

I met my dad glancing through a bible study pamphlet when I got to the dining room, and I cringed inwardly.

Oh. Did I mention that my dad and mum are both pastors at our local church, who were fierce advocates of keeping one's virginity till one got married?

I could only hope they never found out about my virginity status at that moment.

They'd probably send me to a convent if they did.

"Does your mum have hands at all? She's been making the same damn food for two hours, and I haven't had dinner yet at seven in the evening?" My dad barked as I made to head back to the kitchen to assist mum.

Yeah, my dad was a devoted man of God. But he was

also the worst father a child could have, and the worst husband, a person could ever get married to.

I clicked my tongue, and suppressed the urge to yell at him as I watched mum bring in a tray of coleslaw and set it at the center of the table.

"I'm so sorry, honey. You know how clumsy and slow I can be," She laughed as she served Dad, to which Dad grunted as he placed the pamphlet beside his plate.

"So, what is the urgent situation?" I blurted out before I could hold myself back.

"Oh, right. I almost forgot. You are going on a date with Deacon Francis's son, Peter, tomorrow, so get yourself ready, and don't even dare disgrace me in front of him, are we clear?" Dad spat which made me drop my spoon, and clench my jaw in anger.

So, this was the great, urgent situation.

Fuck, I should have expected it.

"I'm not going on a date with anyone, father," I said.

"You said what?" Dad asked quietly.

"Honey, eat your chicken, I made sure to bra-" Mum attempted to save the situation.

"Shut up, woman. Did I ask for your input?" Dad hurled at her, to which she shook her head.

"I'm sorry,"

"And as for you, Nora. I never knew you were just as senseless as your mother to utter something so stupid. But that little tantrum of yours is none of my

business because I'll make sure you go on that date with Peter and there's nothing you or your mum can do, do you hear me?" He hollered, pushing his plate away and getting up from the chair.

I didn't utter a word as angry tears rolled down my cheek, and I watched him leave.

"Honey, you know your dad always wants the best-" Mum started.

"I can't believe you, mum. I just can't," I whispered, got up, shook my head and trekked to my room.

When I got to my room, I wiped the tears off my face, picked up my phone, and placed a call to the one person apart from Laura who I could bare my mind to.

"Hey, baby. Did you get home safely?" Bruce's calming voice rang out of the phone.

I wanted to tell him about everything that happened between dad and I, but instead I said;

"Hi, I'm sad but hearing your voice has made me horny,"

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 22 A thrilling experience

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Bruce's POV

I scoffed to myself as I threw some popcorn into my mouth, and shook my head at the corny plot of the crime movie that I was currently watching.

I couldn't help but be slightly mad at Conan for suggesting such a weird movie with an even stranger theme to me.

I mentally noted to never ask Conan for movie recommendations for a while.

Shaking my head in disapproval once more, I chided myself for not looking up the movie's review on the internet before I watched it.

Just as I was about to turn off the television, and head upstairs to sleep, my phone buzzed with an incoming call.

I smiled as I retrieved my phone from the side stool, my grin widened when I saw Nora's name displayed on the screen.

I lowered the TV's volume before answering the call,
"Hey, baby. Did you get home safely?"

Nora responded with a tearful sniffle which broke my heart, I dropped the TV remote and was about to offer her some words of comfort when she said;

"Hi, I'm sad but hearing your voice has made me horny,"

At that moment, I was thankful that I didn't have a mouthful of popcorn, else I'd have choked on it at Nora's blatant utterance. But that didn't stop me from chuckling though.

"Petal, you are getting more vulgar as time goes by. I'm afraid I don't have a good influence on you," I teased her.

"I know I'm getting vulgar and I'm proud of it but that's

not the point because I'm wet for you, Bruce," Nora said the last part with a seductive drawl.

Suddenly, it seemed like I had hallucinated Nora sniffing and telling me that she was sad.

I wet my lips lustfully as I eyed the tent forming in my pants at Nora's obscene confession, "Oh, baby. You have no idea what your words do to me,"

"I could also say the same thing about you,"

Fuck, Bruce. What the hell are you doing? A voice in my head admonished me when I made to slip my hand into my shorts.

She called you for a reason, and now she's carried away. You are the reasonable one here, and you should think with your brain instead of your cock. The voice nagged which made me shamefully ease my

hand out of my shorts.

"Calm down, baby. You were saying something about being sad earlier. May I ask why you were sad?" I asked, with my eyes flapped shut and my stubborn length rock hard inside my shorts.

"Oh. That. You know I've forgotten I even said that. It's nothing, Bruce. I was just being silly and overdramatic, my mum and I had a childish banter which I took to heart. Don't worry about it," Nora laughed.

"Are you su-?"

"Hundred percent, Bruce. So, you can focus on me and my arousal. I'm so wet and slicked up for you. I wish you could come over right now to fuck me with your big dick," Nora whispered raspily.

I had to suck in my bottom lip to suppress the itch to growl with lust as I imagined Nora lying naked on her bed, her back propped on pillows and the pink vibrator in the picture she sent to me some days ago, buried inside her warmth.

I grunted out a choked howl as arousal took complete control of my mind. My hands moved out of their own accord to unbuckle my shorts, cup myself and press my thumb over the slit of my dick.

"I'm so hard, petal. You got me riled up and I want you so bad right now, baby. It's a shame we can't meet right now," I muttered in frustration.

Nora drew a sharp breath and said, "I know. I'm even more frustrated than you. But we can still do it over the phone, you know what I'm saying, right?"

"Fuck. Yes, I do, kitten." I whispered as I slowly

stroked myself.

"Tell me, what are you thinking of right now?" I asked, before squeezing my eyes shut to assimilate Nora's pleasurable moans from the other end.

"Your cock, Bruce. Your strong, mighty cock and how badly I want it inside me," Nora's answer was instant and lewd.

I cursed underneath my breath as I jerked myself faster, "What else?"

"Y-your powerful hands fingering me into sensual oblivion and your heavenly lips kissing mine," She whimpered.

"Oh, angel. The things you do to me," I whispered, and licked my lips lasciviously.

"R-right now, I have a dildo inside me but it's not as satisfying as having you in my pussy. No dildo or vibrator can ever compare to your cock," Nora confessed, and my breath hitched in my throat.

"I know, baby. I-I'm sorry, I'm not there," I said.

"N-not your fault. Bruce?"

"Yes, baby,"

"T-tell me, are you also touching yourself?" Nora asked.

"Y-yes, petal," I answered truthfully, eying the precum spurting out of my slit.

"F-fuck, that's so hot and I'm about to finish. I don't want this to end so fast, Bruce," Nora cried.

"Come for me, baby. We can always do this anytime you want. It'll never end if you don't want it to, I promise," I reassured her as my cock twitched with an impending orgasm.

"This is so fucking good. I'm coming," Nora moaned loudly before it went silent and the sound of her panting, filled my ears.

The peak of my pleasure closely followed behind Nora's own as white ropes of cum shot out of me barely a second after.

"Let's do this more often," Nora whispered, and I could picture her easing the dildo out of herself.

"Alright, baby," I replied.

"Thanks for helping me relieve my stress, Bruce." She said.

"You're welcome, petal," I answered.

In response, she let out a yawn and I could deduce that she was greatly exhausted by the journey and the phone sex we just had.

"You sound tired, baby. Go to sleep, okay? We'll talk better tomorrow,"

"Okay. Goodnight, Bruce," Nora yawned again, and I had to stifle the urge to chuckle at her cuteness.

"Goodnight, baby," I replied, and ended the call.

"Sleep well, my love. I love you," I whispered as I set my phone on the table.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 23 The heartbreaking surprise



Nora's POV

I groaned as the alarm clock rang shrilly in my ears, and yanked me out of the refreshing dreamland that I was in.

I reached blindly for the annoying device, not even bothering to flutter my eyes open as I was too tired and unmotivated to force myself out of bed.

As if to intensify my sizzling irritation, someone chose that moment to knock loudly on my bedroom door, and that made me get up, albeit reluctantly to turn off

the alarm clock and attend to whoever it was that had combined with the alarm to bother my blissful sleep.

I yawned as my eyes roamed around my cozy, beige and brown-themed room. I immediately clamped my mouth shut as the ugly memories of the conversation I had with my dad last night before flooded into my mind.

I huffed to myself as I felt ire bubbling inside me.

Me, go on a date with Deacon Francis's son. The heavens forbade it.

Dad would have to drag me with a chain to the fucking date.

But at least, last night had ended quite well.

Well couldn't even suffix for it. It had ended

wonderfully for me.

I had gotten the most stimulating, delicious, tantalizing org-

"Nora, open the god damn door before I fucking tear it down," My dad barked from outside as he knocked harder on the door which interrupted my inner monologue.

I scoffed loudly, making sure he could hear before I sluggishly pulled the covers off myself, slipped into my indoor donald duck slippers, and finally went to answer the door.

I didn't expect the deafening slap that struck my face as soon as I swung the door open.

"What the hell were you doing alone that you couldn't open the door quickly?" Dad barked, his tall, burly

frame towering menacingly over me as he glared at me.

Words failed me but my tears didn't, so I just started crying silently as I cradled my burning face.

"Can't you fucking answer me? Have you gone deaf like your useless mother?" He continued, like a broken record.

That did it for me.

I could stand dad insulting me but I could never stomach it when he directed his insults to mum.

"My mum is not useless," I mumbled, and I saw him arch a surprised brow.

He was probably shocked by my retort.

"Say that again, you dirty slut," He whispered.

"I said my mum is not useless, father," I spat bitterly, stressing the last word indignantly.

"Oh, I see what's going on now. You are growing wings, aren't you? But that isn't the reason why I'm here. I want you to get your stupid self ready to go to the orchid cuisine. That is the venue of your date with Peter," Dad recited.

Fuck. How had I made the foolish mistake of going home as soon as I got my dad's message?

Had I known, I would have stayed back at my dorm, and cooked up a lie for him.

I didn't want to utter the venomous statement that was at the tip of my tongue, and eager to be let out.

So, in the gentlest and most respectful tone I could muster, I said, "I'm sorry, dad. But I already told you I wasn't interested in going on a date with Peter. I have a lot of final projects to work on, and I still have to study for the last seg-"

"I don't care about your damn education, Nora. Do you think I really wanted you to go to college? I never did and till this moment, I regret ever giving in to your mum's nagging to send you to the university. I should have married you off a long time ago, you are just a waste of space." Dad barked.

I have heard that specific statement, so my heart was completely numb to being hurt by it.

I knew my dad would pull every strings he could to make sure I went on that date with Peter, but I had made up my mind since yesterday, that I would never bow in to his pressure.

"I'll take you there myself, so you better be ready in fifteen minutes, imbecile," He hissed before trekking away from my room, down the stairs.

I bunched my hands into fists by my side as I glared into space, and tried to make an hasty decision.

I couldn't go back to the dormitory. My dad would easily find me and force me back home with me.

So, that left me no choice but to send a quick text to Bruce, asking him if I could stay at his for some days until the coast was clear.

Afterward, I quickly packed my luggage, changed into a casual outfit and retrieved my cellphone from the nightstand before I made my escape from the house through the backdoor.

I ran to the street like my life depended on it before my dad would notice my absence.

Luckily for me, the heavens were on my side, as a car screeched to a halt in front of me just as I got to the street.

"The bus stop," I panted as I flung myself on the backseat.

Half an hour later, we reached the bus stop and I quickly settled the driver before I hopped into the next bus to Bruce's place.

The journey was quite tiring and boring, so I brought out my phone to leisurely scroll through some memes.

My heart did a double take when I realized that Bruce had still not replied to my text, and it had been two hours since I sent it to him.

Did something happen to him? I thought as I nibbled nervously on my bottom lip.

Maybe I was just being paranoid and he was just busy with stuff or maybe he was sleeping.

I guess, I'll just have to make this a surprise visit then. I concluded within myself, two hours later when I came face to face with the huge building of Bruce's condominium.

Strangely as I trekked out of the elevator to Bruce's door, a strange feeling settled heavily at the pit of my belly, and I just waved it off as anxiety.

I was about to knock on the door when it shockingly swung open by itself, and I frowned as the heavy feeling resurged.

Has Bruce been robbed? But there were no tell tale signs of a possible home invasion.

I thought as I held onto the doorknob a little longer than I should.

With my heart in my mouth, I stepped into the condo but what I saw made my eyes gape in shock, and my jaw slack in disbelief.

Bruce was kissing a strange woman in the middle of the living room.

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 24 The ex returns





Bruce's POV

I cursed underneath my breath as I walked to the door to answer whoever it was that had been impatiently banging on the door, and ringing the doorbell for a while.

Ignoring my logical reasoning reminding me of security consciousness, I angrily swung the door open and barked, "What the hell do you want? Do-Jada?" I paused, clearly not believing my eyes, on sighting the disturber.

I was shocked to see her standing in front of me, in flesh and blood, three years after our disastrous break up.

"It's been a while, Bruce. How have you been?" Jada grinned at me like we were best friends.

Conan was right. Jada had changed. Like a lot, in the worst way possible.

She had ditched her natural auburn locks for a terrifying red color, and her face looked stiff and swollen. As she smiled at me, it seemed like she was in great pain.

But I didn't care about it. She could inject cement into herself for all I cared.

I watched, dumbfounded as she ushered herself in and placed her handbag on the couch as if she were a regular at my place.

Seeing her act so casual and unbothered after ruining my life triggered something volatile inside me, and I matched up to her and yanked her by her arm.

"Hey, Bruce. That's not the way to converse with a woman. Has being apart from a woman for so long made you immoral?" Jada yelled as she freed herself from my grip.

I stood with my hands akimbo, and my gaze rooted to the floor as a mirthless huff escaped my lips.

Oh, Jada. She was testing my patience badly.

"You fucking have the mouth to speak to me after ruining my life, you evil creature. How dare you saunter into my house? Do you want me to file that restriction order against you? Is that what you want?" I hollered, pointing a finger to her face.

Jada was shaken by my anger as she shook her head fervently, "No, please. Bruce, you know we can sort this out. Please let's put whatever that happened between us in the past behind, and move forward.

Babe, all I'm asking for is a second chance," At this, she sunk down on the carpeted floor, and clutched helplessly to my knees, her onyx eyes dripping with plea.

"Don't make me do something we'll both regret, Jada. Get out of my house while I'm being nice. And don't you ever call me your babe, do you hear me?" I hurled, and shimmied out of her grip.

She leapt up from the floor like a possessed person, "Bruce, you are the only one for me. Please don't do this to me. Whatever I may have done to you, I agree I did it because I was selfish and stupid but you have to know that I did it for love an-"

"Spare me all that bullshit, Jada." I barked, my eyes almost popping out of their sockets with anger.

I exhaled sharply to calm myself before I continued,

"When will you stop this disgusting behavior? When will you stop trying to gaslight me for your wrongdoings? When will you grow up to take the blame for your stupid actions?" I spat, violently shaking her.

As much as I had tried to control my anger, Jada had once again proven to be the bane of my existence.

"But I love you, Bruce. I love you so much." A pause, an ocean of crocodile tears and a pretentious sniffle.

"If you don't want me again, at least let me do this," Jada whispered, wiped her tears off and smirked at me.

Before I could program what that mischievous expression reeked off, Jada kissed me.

My eyes doubled in horror as my hands hung limply

by my sides when the realization of what just happened dawned on me.

Jada had kissed me.

I didn't realize how much time had passed as I stood motionlessly, and allowed Jada freely maul my lips until I heard her soft, tear-laden voice, "Bruce,"

Instantly, I pushed Jada off me as I took in the heart-wrenching sight of Nora standing a few feet away from me, a suitcase clutched loosely in her hold and a satchel slid around her chest.

"Baby, it's not what you think," I started, moving closer to her but Jada was faster.

"Hi, it's nice to finally meet Bruce's bed warmer. I'm Jada Anne Castillo, Bruce's wife," Jada lied, and outstretched her hand to Nora for a handshake.

"What the fuck are you saying?" I gritted out and darted a glare at Jada who shrugged wordlessly before I made to reach for Nora.

"Ba-"

Nora raised a hand in front of my face, her lips quivering and her eyes misty with unshed tears, "You're married?"

Fuck, no. This wasn't how I wanted Nora to find out about my torturous past marriage with Jada.

"Nora, please calm down and listen to me. Just give me a chance to explain everything to you," I uttered, but Nora shook her head impatiently.

"No. I don't need to calm down or anything. Just answer me with a simple yes or no, Bruce," Nora

spat.

"Miss lady. Since Bruce is being quite slow, I'll explain everything to you. You see Bruce and I used to be married, and we divorced three years ago but we met up again recently and we decided to give each other a second chance." Jada lied, smiling charmingly at Nora who seemed horrified by the news.

"Wait, so what you're trying to tell me is that you're Bruce's ex wife and you are both starting a new romantic relationship, is that it?"

"Yes, miss. Ex-"

"Nora, please don't listen to her. She's uttering bull-"

"Bruce, I will ask you another question right now and I want you to answer me with a yes or no, and nothing more or nothing less," Nora calmly interrupted.

My hands turned clammy with nervous perspiration,
"Okay,"

"Is she really your ex wife?"

I gazed from Jada who had a cheeky grin adorning her features to Nora whose face was devoid of any emotion, sighed, and answered, "Yes,"

"Okay. I got it now. Thanks for being honest." Nora nodded, avoiding my stare to flash a wan smile at Jada.

"I'm sorry for everything, miss Jada." She said to Jada before sweeping her eyes over me, and exiting the room.

I attempted to go after her to talk things out with her but I thought better of it, and decided to focus on the

main rift causer.

"Get out, Jada," I barked, and surprisingly, Jada shrugged, chuckled and left after blowing me a kiss.

I flopped on the couch, placed my head in between my hands and let out a loud groan.

Fuck. How do I make it right?

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Chapter 25 Heartbroken



Nora's POV

"Babe. Nora, babe. Wake up, what's wrong with you?" I heard Laura whisper as she shook me vigorously to rouse me up from my sleep.

"I'm up. What's wrong?" I croaked, my voice hoarse from my endless downpour of tears that had started since yesterday.

"You were weeping and mumbling in your sleep," Laura said as I fluttered my eyes open to look at her.

Memories of the day before, especially the new traumatizing discovery I just found out about Bruce swirled in my head, and further squeezed the throbbing blood vessels in my head.

"Oh. Was I? I didn't even realize that," I wiped my tears off with a nonchalant shrug, "Maybe I had a nightmare. You don't have to worry about it, babe," I lied, feigning a small smile at Laura who had worry

creasing her forehead.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, babe. I am. We have classes in an hour, right? Let's get ready, I can't go back to sleep again," I flung the covers off myself, and set my feet on the floor.

"I've already dressed up. I was about to wake you up when I heard violent sniffles coming from you. I was really scared because you didn't wake up at first and it seemed like you had trouble breathing," Laura said with a sigh.

My heart clenched with sadness but I managed to plaster a smile on my face, "I'm sorry for making you worried, babe. But I'm fine, really. It's one of those things,"

Laura just nodded before uttering, "Nora. Can I ask

you a question?"

"Sure,"

"Did something happen at home? Don't take this the wrong way, but I've known you for almost a decade now, and I noticed your mood change ever since you came back to the dorm." Laura explained.

I stared at Nora's pleading demeanor as various thoughts pooled in my head with the most prominent one being whether or whether not I should tell her everything about Bruce.

Laura always knew the right words for consolation. She was the best person one could have as a beat friend.

The only thing I was worried about was her barging into Bruce's office, and rudely telling him off.

As much as I resented Bruce at that moment, I didn't want him to lose his job nor did I want the entire school finding out about our secret affair.

"Nothing happened at home. Actually, I want to tell you something. But you need to promise me you won't get mad and hotheaded," I started as I plopped back on my bed.

"Sure, babe. I won't. I'm all ears." Laura reassured, easing herself next to me on the bed.

I took a deep breath, fiddled with the hem of my sweatshirt, and just as I was about to talk, Laura's phone rang with an incoming call.

"I'm so sorry, babe. But I have to take this call." She said, to which I nodded and motioned her to answer it.

She mouthed a “thanks” to me before she trekked out of our bedroom to the sitting room.

I sighed as I watched her leave, feeling a weird sense of relief race down my spine.

I hadn't realized how scared I was to talk to my best friend about Bruce. Or maybe me deciding to talk about it was a big mistake in the first place.

Maybe this was a sign to keep it away from Laura.

Laura bounded right past the door hurriedly and grabbed her bag, "I'm so sorry, babe. We will talk about it when I get back home. I have an emergency to attend to right now. Please take care of it yourself. Love you," She blew a kiss to me from where she stood on the threshold of our room before exiting.

"Love you too," I mumbled to the quiet ambiance, my

gaze dropping from the door to the floor, and tears clouding my vision.

I blinked the tears away before they could roll down my cheeks, and quickly shuffled around to get ready for college.

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I sat down quietly at the farthest corner of the class and observed the ruckus going on as we waited for Bruce to arrive.

Bruce. Just the thought of his name brought tears to my eyes.

Angry, hot tears.

I sighed deeply as the door creaked open, and he walked in, looking as forlorn as a person could be.

His cheeks had sunken and he looked slightly emaciated. I ignored the pang that gripped my heart as he set his computer down on the podium, and sighed into the microphone.

"Good morning, everyone. I'm sorry for coming late. An emergency came up," He muttered, his eyes darting restlessly around the room until our gaze met, and he smiled at me; A sad, apologetic smile.

I tore my stare away from him and focused on staring at the wall behind him.

The lecture went on like a noiseless blur as I had my gaze fixated on the void behind Bruce the entire time to keep my test glands from making a fool out of themselves and me.

When I noticed Bruce speaking to a guy, I decided to

make a smooth escape but that unfortunately, didn't go as planned.

"Miss Simpson, kindly wait behind," Bruce's voice boomed into my ears, and instantly, the entire class had their eyes rooted to me.

My feet turned jittery with nervousness as I nodded, not wanting to cause a scene by outrightly walking out on Bruce, "Sure,"

The students trickled out and soon, just Bruce and I were left in the lecture theatre.

I clasped tightly to my bag as I watched Bruce climb down the podium, up to me.

"Thanks for waiting behind, baby. I'm s-"

"I only waited behind to avoid drawing attention to

myself not to listen to your lying ass spit bullshit to me, professor Bruce," I bitterly spat as I raised my hand to his face.

"Nora, please just give me a chance to clear everything. I know I did wrong my hiding the fact that I'm divorced from you b-"

"That's enough, professor Bruce. I'm not in the mood to listen. I take it that you don't have anything important to say to me, so I'll take my leave now. Excuse me," I muttered, and directed a murderous glare at him before I strode out of the hall while fighting back tears.

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Chapter 26 Appalling

Bruce's POV

I watched Nora trudge out of the hall with sad eyes, resisting the urge to stop her from leaving and profusely begging her to give me a second chance.

That would be too overbearing to do.

Fuck. How had I let things escalate so quickly between Jada and I yesterday?

I felt like a piece of shit. Like the worst scumbag to ever dwell on earth.

I wanted Nora back. But I had no idea what to do or how to go about it, when it was clear she didn't even want to speak to me.

She had blocked me everywhere, so sending her a text or a voicemail was out of it.

I sighed deeply again as I fluttered my eyes shut, to tame the violent throbbing of the impending migraine that was building up at my temples.

I didn't realize how much time I had spent standing in the middle of the hall, staring into space like a possessed person until someone tapped my shoulder.

I groaned as I reluctantly squeezed my eyes open to stare at the person; the new Italian assistant lecturer whose peculiar name I had forgotten, and who always had a distinct curry smell trailing behind him.

"Prof, the dean has called for an emergency meeting in thirty minutes at the board room," He said which made me frown in confusion, momentarily forgetting

about my problems with Nora.

"An emergency meeting?"

"Yeah. Everyone is also confused. But according to some rumors I heard from the other junior staffs, there's a new professor and the dean wants to introduce them to us," He whispered, even though there was no need to.

We were the only ones present in the hall.

"A new professor? It's almost the end of the school year. Why would there be a new professor?" I murmured, more to myself than to him.

"I don't know either, prof. I guess we'll all find out in thirty minutes," He shrugged, to which I nodded.

"Yeah," I nodded as I stared into space, and heavy

silence ensued between us.

"I just remembered I have to do something important right now, so I'll leave first. Excuse me," I rambled out, and nodded slightly to him before I exited the hall.

Ignoring the weird stare that trailed behind me.

I glanced down at my wristwatch after placing my MacBook on the desk.

Twenty five minutes before the meeting.

I still had time to sleep the migraine away.

With that thought etched in my mind, I flopped on the couch at the center of my office, caressed my temple and flapped my eyes shut.

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"You got here quite late, professor," A chirpy, feminine voice said as I stepped into the boardroom, with a yawn bubbling at the back of my throat.

The voice belonged to no one other than Estrella. The boisterous woman who reminded me so much of Jada.

Aside from Estrella, some of my colleagues were already seated, and helping themselves to the to-go coffee and doughnuts on the desk.

I murmured obsequies to them as I scanned the room for a place to sit.

I scoffed to myself as I took my seat, two chairs away from her, "I had some stuff to do. And I got here at exactly thirty minutes,"

"I know. I was just pulling your legs, Bruce. You are so easy to play with," She huffed, rolling her eyes as if she has just argued with a friend.

As if I was the close friend. As if we were close.

I kissed my teeth to stifle the urge to give her a nasty retort, and remind her of my warnings to her the other day, for her to stay away from me.

I didn't utter a word to her as I helped myself to a cup of coffee. I sighed, satisfied as my tongue soaked the bitter, unadulterated taste of the hot beverage.

The coffee tasted just the way I liked it. Without sugar or milk.

It was quite strange that for once, since I started work there, someone got my coffee right.

"Apologies for keeping you all waiting," The dean, Mr Harkins, drawled as he stepped into the conference room, fixing his glasses on the bridge of his nose.

"We are all busy people and so, I'll make this as fast as possible," He muttered, after he had taken his place at the head of the table.

"Miss Hemsworth. Please come in," He said into the microphone, and instinctively, I averted my gaze to the door.

Who I hadn't envisioned to see that day in my wildest dreams confidently strolled into the room with a flirty smile.

Our gazes met and her smile widened before she stood at the other head of the table.

"Good day, ladies and gentlemen. It's nice to finally

meet all of you. I'm Jada Hemsworth. But you're free to call me Jada," She said, feigning an harmless grin.

At that, I slammed my palms on the table, and gritted out an obscenity which thankfully, went unheard by the people in the room.

Of course, Jada had managed to charm them all within the few minutes she had used there.

Afterward, everybody trickled out of the board room with the exception of Jada and the dean who was smiling and conversing cheerfully with her.

I waited for Mister Harkins to exit the room before I stood up and walked up to Jada, where she was bent over a pile of files, pretending to be deeply engrossed in whatever she was reading.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing?" I

whispered, and she turned around to smile at me.

"Oh, hi, Bruce. I didn't see you earlier." Jada said, and with a gasp, Jada added, "Don't tell me you also work here,"

I locked my jaw to prevent my anger from getting the best of me before I muttered, "Quit the fucking bullshit, Jada. Tell me why you are here, or I'll really file that restraining order,"

"Why should I?" Jada asked nonchalantly.

"What?" I huffed incredulously.

"Why should I tell you the reason I'm here? I owe you no explanation, Bruce,"

"I won't do this with you, Jada. But let me make something clear, if you ever dare to tell anyone of our

past with each other or cause a problem for me here like you did before, I swear to God that I will ruin you," I barked, and glared at her frightened countenance before I left the room, aggressively slamming the door behind myself, and ignoring Jada yelling my name.

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 27 Another heartbreaking sigh



Nora's POV

I sighed to myself as I trekked into the college restaurant, with my eyes darting across the large restaurant, searching for Laura.

As usual, the place was packed with people, and I knew it might be a slight hassle to locate Laura amidst the loud murmurings.

"Hey, babe," Her high-pitched voice came from behind me, and I spun around to face her with a tired smile, ignoring the dirty stares and attention we got from the other inhabitants of the restaurant.

She waved at me, a childlike grin playing on her face as I walked over to her and plopped onto the empty chair across her.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting for so long, Laura. The professor didn't end the class early enough," I lied, and feigned an awkward smile at my best friend before picking up the menu on the table to place my order.

After I left the lecture room earlier, I locked myself in

the nearest bathroom to cry my heart out.

It hurt so bad to think about it. It hurt so fucking much to look at Bruce vulnerable state.

It hurt not to have an iota of trust for Bruce anymore.

Though, I knew there was no reason why I had gotten mad that day when I went to Bruce's and saw Jada and him in that unflattering pose, I just couldn't help the heartbreak I felt.

It wasn't as if Bruce and I were exclusive romantic partners, then why was I hurting so bad?

Why couldn't I just forget Bruce and hate him just like I desperately wanted to at that moment?

Why was I so fucking miserable?

"Babe, what's wrong? You're doing it again," Laura's voice drifted into my ears in an alarmed whisper as she gestured to my face.

Subconsciously, I sniffled as my hands found my face. In the heat of my frustration, I didn't realize that I was bawling my eyes out in the middle of the restaurant.

I gasped as I quickly wiped my tears off, "Oh, this? It's nothing. Something blew into my eyes, babe. There's nothing wrong with me, I'm fine,"

Just as I expected, Laura was clearly not having any of my lies, "Stop saying that, Nora. You are starting to get on my nerves. Don't lie to me. Do you think I was born yesterday?"

I sighed for the nth time that day as I stared into space, avoiding the piercing heat of ire from Laura's

eyes, "Keep your voice down, Laura. We are in public,"

"And so? Is anyone looking at us? Is our discussion anyone's business? I think the fuck not, so you are going to start telling me everything that happened when you went home before I force you to," Laura whispered-yelled, menacingly stabbing the chicken wing on her plate which sent eerie jitters to my mind.

One thing was clear. I couldn't lie to Laura.

But I also couldn't tell her the truth about Bruce and I.

"Dad wants me to get married," I said, my gaze dropping to my lap.

Good job, Nora. I inwardly praised myself for not blurting out a stupid statement.

That would arrest Laura's full curiosity and she wouldn't even realize I was going through heartbreak.

Well, a weird sort of heartbreak.

"Wait, what do you mean your dad wants you to get married? Is this a joke? Are you lying to me?" Laura asked, with a gentler tone.

"No. Of course not. I'm serious. Well, he didn't put it in a straightforward manner that he wants me to get married. But he suddenly asked me to go on a date with a deacon's son, and you know stuff like that always ends with marriage," I said.

"Oh. So, what did you tell him? Did you tell him you aren't interested in that? Don't tell me you forgot to tell him about your boyfriend," Laura gasped theatrically, clasping her hand over her mouth.

"What boyfriend?" I asked, confused.

"What do you mean by that? Are you disclaiming him now? Have you forgotten about the guy you are dating? The guy you fucked, about a month ago. The one who took your virginity," Laura rambled on, with a suspicious eyebrow raise.

Oh. Laura was talking about Bruce.

No, Preston.

Fuck. At this rate, I was really going to blow my cover with how forgetful and clueless I was being.

"Preston?" I asked, feigning nonchalance as I stirred the iced soda in my cup.

"Yes, him." She scoffed.

"He is not my boyfriend. I already told you that we are just fuck buddies. I don't like him that way. We are merely using each other to relieve stress," I muttered, ignoring the heavy lurch of my heart.

"Really? So you were being serious that time,"

"Yes, of course. I don't like him. I don't like anyone for now," I whispered, my voice breaking at the end of my statement.

Before Laura could notice anything, I quickly shuffled to my feet, "I'm heading to the restroom. I'll be out in five minutes,"

Without waiting for a response from her, I quickly scurried away before she threw a barrage of questions at me.

"Bruce, wait for me," I heard a strangely familiar,

feminine voice whine, just as I was about walking into the bathroom.

I stopped for a moment as I watched her sprint after a familiar male...Wait, that was Bruce!

I gasped as I watched them converse for a while, with Bruce yelling and pointing violently at her but I really couldn't discern what they were talking about as they were at the other end of the hallway, and I was trying my best to remain hidden.

Wait. Why was Jada at our school?

Had she become glued to the hips with Bruce, that she couldn't stay a moment away from him?

Jada in response just smiled and pouted, not paying any mind to Bruce's anger.

I couldn't control the choked gasp that escaped my lips when Jada suddenly kissed Bruce. I clutched my satchel tightly against my chest as I watched them kiss.

I didn't even notice tears rolling down my cheeks until a drop fell on my hand.

If there was something I was now sure of, it was that Bruce was a fucking liar and the worst asshole to ever grace the faces of the earth.

As I ran away from them after sending a quick text to Laura that I had gone to the dormitory for an emergency, I knew I was going to cry myself to sleep again that night.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 28 Angry



Bruce's POV

As soon as Jada forcefully sealed her lips over mine, my mind went completely blank and I just stood motionless in front of her like an idiot.

Something inside me ticked like a time bomb when she slid her hands downward to grab my crotch, it was at that moment that I realized I had cheated on Nora once again.

I was nothing but an unchanging asshole.

I angrily pushed Jada off myself, not caring whether she fell and hurt herself, "What the hell, Jada? What the fuck did you just do?"

As usual, Jada remained unperturbed as she straightened her blouse, "What is wrong with what I just did, Bruce?"

"Everything, you fucking bi-" I stopped myself before I could finish my statement.

As much as I hated Jada and wanted to do nothing more than to cuss her out, my logical reasoning and values couldn't allow me utter such a derogatory term to a woman.

I wasn't raised like that.

But Jada was someone that knew how to rile me up, so I inwardly reassured myself that I wasn't going to

allow her piss me off more than I already was.

"I swear to the heavens, Jada. If you don't stay the fuck away from Nora and I, I will do everything in my power to get you fired from this place just like you did to me, before we divorced," I hollered, and that seemed to catch her off guard.

Fear flashed across her eyes as she clutched her hands together, "I did that for your own good, Bruce," She argued, in a shaky voice.

I scoffed, "My own good? You implicated me and got me fired for my own good? You paid your own stepsister to act like I raped her, and you almost got my license as a professor revoked for my own good? Are you even listening to yourself at all?"

The thought of that grave incident made my insides churn with immense wrath. The memory of that fateful

day was still fresh in my mind like a throbbing bruise.

That had been the worst day of my life.

I shrugged the thought away, not wanting to piss myself off even more as I had some important papers to grade before I went home, "See, you can't even defend yourself anymore. Just fucking admit it, admit you ruined my life, Jada." I spat, and she shuddered with fear.

But knowing Jada, I knew it was likely to be an act. No, it was an act.

She as been everything but remorseful on that day, three years ago. Instead of being at my side like the "loving" and "faithful" wife she claimed she was, she had given me the divorce papers while I was apprehended at the police station.

Jada was the worst woman to ever exist. She was nothing but an heartless human.

"But Bruce, I did it because you were mad at me be-"

"Enough, Jada. Have you forgotten what you did to me before I got mad at you?"

"I did it because I wasn't ready for a kid yet, Bruce. I didn't expect things to escalate out of control. Please believe me. I will never harm you purposely," Jada sniffled, crocodile tears streaming down her face.

I huffed, "So, the best thing you could do was to make me sterile by secretly adding whatever concoction that was to my food? You could have told me like a normal human being that you weren't ready for a child yet, instead of taking my life-long dream to be a father away from me forever,"

"I admit I was immature and selfish then, but now I'm ready to make amends, Bruce. I will do anything you want to make us work again. Just give me a second chance, my love. I can't live without you, Bruce. I just can't. Please don't leave me, I don't want to lose you again. It took me so long to find you again and now, I want to stay right beside you forever. I don't want to ever be apart from you again," Jada rambled on, like a demented person.

I kissed my teeth, and balled my hands into fists to suppress the fury bubbling inside me, "Don't you get it?"

In response, Jada lowered her head as tears cascaded her face, "What?"

"We're done, Jada. Forever. I will never go back to you and I will never love you. Not after what you did me. Only a fool will take you back."

At my utterance, it seemed as if Jada got possessed by an evil spirit as she suddenly craned her neck upward, "I will make you come back to me, Bruce. The tables will turn, and you will beg me to take you back,"

"You've gone mad, Jada. You need to check yourself into a mental hospital before you get worse." I spat venomously, before I shook my head with immense resentment, turned and headed toward my office.

"Her name is Nora Simpson, right?" Jada's question made me stop right in my tracks.

I spun around to meet a devilish grin plastered on Jada's face, "If you dare to touch as much as a strand of hair on Nora's head, Jada, I will deal with you myself,"

Nora suddenly burst into a peal of laughter, "Damn. Calm down, Bruce. Why so possessive? I just wanted to confirm her name. I don't have time for an unimportant pest like her, I'm only interested in getting you back," She shrugged, and darted a smile at me.

"I'll see you soon, my love. Bye," Jada waved before strutting away, her possessed laugh echoing across the hallway.

I watched her walk away as an uncomfortable feeling settled inside me.

I knew Jada. I lived with her for half a decade and I knew she was a silent killer.

She was the real definition of a green snake under the green grass.

I had to keep Nora out of harm's way.

I would file that restraining order against Nora tomorrow. I inwardly concluded as I trudged to my office.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 29 Accepting dad's offer



Nora's POV

"Are you sure about this, babe?" Laura's voice came from behind me as she gently placed a hand on my shoulder.

I blinked away the tears pooling in my eyes as I

blindly flung some of my clothes into a bag, "Yes. I am sure, Laura. I thought about it, and I realized Dad will always want the best for me,"

Yes. You guessed it right.

I had come to a decision to accept my Dad's offer to meet with the deacon's son. It was not as if anyone would ever find me attractive again or vice versa.

Bruce had ruined my chances of ever falling in love with someone.

I had stupidly given him my heart, only for him to toss it into the trashcan over and over again like I didn't mean anything to him.

It made me wonder if he ever thought of me as someone other than his cum dumpster.

Maybe he had only been after a fresh fruit; a pseudonym mom and her friends at her bible study class called virgins.

After he got a taste of me, he dumped me.

Fuck. How had I been so fucking stupid to fall for the handsome bastard's lying ass?

"But, babe. You told me yesterday that you were going to do everything you could to stop the date from happening. What's with the sudden decision change?" Laura asked, her eyes following me as I trekked to our shared closet to change into a casual outfit.

"I carefully thought about it, Laura. Honestly, it doesn't sound as bad as I pictured it to be. It'll be nice to go on the date, to at least get dad off my back," I lied, with a shrug.

"Oh,"

"Yeah,"

"By the way, babe. You don't need to see me off to the bus stop today. I'll be fine and it's far too early. Get your much needed sleep," I said as I hoisted my bag up from my bed.

"It's nothing y-"

"I'm serious. I'm not a baby who needs intense monitoring," I interrupted, with an irritated tone that I didn't intend to add.

It was just that after Bruce broke my heart, I became easily irritable.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sound so aggressive. I just don't want you worrying too much about me," I added,

reaching forward to briefly squeeze Laura's shoulder in reassurance.

"It's fine, babe. I can understand," She smiled.

"Have fun on your date, and I hope everything goes well for you," She said, pulling me into a warm hug.

"I hope so too. Thanks, babe," I uttered after we disengaged from the hug.

Afterward, I headed to the bus stop, feeling slightly scared as it was still the wee hours of the morning, so everywhere was still quite dark.

As I climbed into the bus with a sigh, the tears I had managed to suppress since the day began started rolling down my cheeks.

Fortunately for me, the other inhabitants of the bus

were fast asleep or deeply engrossed with their phones, so they paid little to no attention to me crying.

Fuck it, I hated my life but I hated Bruce more.

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"I'm glad you came to your senses before it got too late," Dad shook his head as he stared at me resentfully.

He was seated on his usual seat on the dining table with his journal opened on the table in front of him.

I didn't utter a word, and I just nodded as I dug into my food, feeling tears clog my throat.

I smelled mum coming into the dining room before I saw her as her gentle flowery scent pervaded my nostrils, "God is good. He changed her mind in just a

day. That's how you'll know Nora and the dean's son are surely destined to be together," Her laugh rang across the room.

I gripped tightly to my fork to hinder myself from snapping at her.

Dad just grunted as mum placed his food in front of him.

"The date has been set for today's afternoon. I trust that you know how to dress properly for a date. I don't want you to wear something provocative or flashy. Dress like a woman that was raised in the way of the lord, am I clear?" Dad barked as I got up to take my half-eaten food to the kitchen.

I nodded, "Yes, father," before I trekked to the kitchen, washed my plates and put it back into the cabinet.

+++

"So, what will you like to have?" My date, Peter asked as he watched me read through the menu.

So far, the date was going surprisingly well and Peter was also quite good looking and nice.

He had ruined my expectations with kindness. I thought he was going to be a stuck-up asshole like most of the church boys I was accustomed to.

"I will have the same thing as you," I replied, setting the menu down.

He seemed taken aback for a moment before he nodded and waved the waitress over.

Peter told the waitress our orders, afterward, the

waitress left. And Peter and I were left to a very uncomfortable silence.

"You are a senior at New York state, right? What major?" He asked, to which I nodded.

"Yes, I am. Anatomy. You?"

"I graduated college two years ago, and I majored in fashion design. Currently, I'm a freelancing fashion designer," He explained, and I gasped.

"Really? That's so cool," I muttered, momentarily forgetting about my torturous life.

"Yeah. But my parents don't think so. They think of me as nothing but a disgrace and they always call me an excuse of a son," Peter shook his head, and laughed as if he had just uttered a casual joke.

"I'm so sorry to hear that. It's also the same for me but my mom is slightly supportive. My dad is the worst asshole on earth," I said which made Peter sigh.

"Actually, Nora. I have a confession to make," Peter said as the waitress arrived with our order.

"Go on. What is it?"

"I'm not interested in you like our parents want. Actually, I can never be interested in you like our parents want," He whispered.

I frowned, confused, but still feeling relief washed through me at his declaration, "Why?"

"I'm gay and I have a boyfriend. I came out to my parents a long time ago but they don't want to accept it, so they keep forcing me to go on dates," Peter explained, and my eyes widened in shock.

"Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I had no idea," I gasped.

"It's fine. It's not your fault neither is it mine. I just want them to accept me, and stop trying to pray the spirit of homosexuality away from my life," Peter said, with frustration evident in his voice.

"I hope they come around soon. I really wish you all the best with your partner," I said.

"Wow, Nora. I didn't expect you to be so accepting. It means a lot to me that you are quite supportive and not disgusted by me,"

"Why should I be disgusted?" I mumbled.

"You know. You're the pastor's daughter and all," Peter trailed off, which made me snort.

"Please. That's bullshit. Everyone should be free to love whoever they want, okay?"

"Yeah. I wish a lot of people were as accepting as you,"

"I also wish,"

"Don't worry, I won't get you in trouble. I will tell my dad I'm not interested in you," I added, after a moment.

"Oh. You know you don't have to, right? I can always take the blame,"

"Please. You are already going through a lot. I don't want to add to it. It's fine, I'll just get an earful of insults. It's not like I'm not used to it,"

"Thank you so much, Nora. I don't know if I'll ever be

able to repay you,"

"You don't have to. Just be happy with your partner." I said, and shrugged before I took a sip of the apple wine on the table.

Peter and I talked about a lot of things, ranging from his career to my exams and at some point, he showed me some pictures of his partner and him in loved-up pictures.

They were cute and looked happy together.

As I stared at the pictures, a part of me wished Bruce and I could be like them.

Happy and in love.

Even though I knew Bruce would never love me.

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 30 Taking sides



Bruce's POV

I frowned at my reflection in the bathroom mirror as I observed my gaunt appearance.

I looked like I had been through hell or something worse than hell. I had stopped shaving my stubble, so I was gradually starting to have a beard.

I looked extremely unkempt and my hair looked disheveled.

Damn, what was wrong with me? I thought, and shook my head in sympathy with myself.

Well, it was not as if I had anyone to look appealing for anymore.

Nora was gone from my life, even though I still didn't want to accept it.

Now that I thought of it, I hadn't seen Nora in three days.

Fuck, I missed her so bad.

I couldn't even contact her anywhere, and that made me so fucking frustrated even though I knew that I indirectly caused everything.

As I cleaned my wet hands with a tissue, my phone

vibrated with an incoming call which brought a frown to myself.

Who could be calling me during work hours?

I knew it couldn't be Conan or Kylie as they always messaged me during work hours.

Nevertheless, I retrieved my phone from my pocket to answer it.

The caller id that was displayed on the phone made anger boil inside me.

It was none other than my mother.

Inwardly, I deliberated on whether or not I should answer the call as I glared at my phone.

But with a disgruntled sigh, I answered it and kept

mute as I knew I'd blurt out an offensive word if I should utter a statement.

"Hi, honey. You might have forgotten about your mother but you know your mother will never forget about you," She began, and I couldn't help the scoff that escaped my lips.

Not at she trying to make herself seem like the victim.

"What do you want, mum?" I mumbled.

"Is that how you should speak to your mother, Bruce? Did I train you to be rude? I know this is all my fault, I shouldn't have agreed to send you to Italy to study. You should have stayed back here in America with us to take over your dad's company. I sh-"

"What do you want, mum? I'm quite busy at the moment and I need to get back to work as soon as

possible," I interrupted her.

"Do you see what I'm talking about? You're too busy to speak with your mum. Do you love your job so much that you can't even spare just thirty minutes to speak with me? Do you hate me so much?" At that point, mum had started wailing, and that only aggravated the simmering anger inside me.

"We both know you won't want to hear the answer, mother," I spat, with spite conspicuous in my voice.

Thankfully, that stopped the pretentious wailing and she cleared her throat.

"Anyway, Jada called me last week to tell me that she got an offer to work at the same place as you, s-"

"Wait. Jada called you since last week to tell you about something like that, and you couldn't even call

me to give me a heads up?" I barked.

"Yes, she did. I'm sorry about that. I didn't want you to make a mountain out of a mole hill by getting unreasonably pissed off." She replied, to which I snorted.

"Are you listening to yourself, mum? Have you forgotten what Jada did? Have you forgotten how she ruined my life? How can you even say something like that? I just can't believe you," I spat.

Mum and Jada were so fucking similar, and it always pissed me off.

While Jada and I were still married to each other, mum would always throw her full weight behind Jada whenever we had issues, even though most of the times, Jada was always the problem.

If she wasn't mad about me talking to one of my students, she'd be mad at me exchanging pleasantries with a co-worker.

It got to a point when she told me she didn't want me talking to anyone except her at school.

"Bruce, listen to me, okay? Jada is a good woman. She's a very kind daughter-in-law. The best I could ever ask for, and I won't allow you to chase her away for the second time all because of a tiny mishap, when it's obvious you are both destined for each other," Mum yelled.

A tiny mishap? Jada making me sterile was a tiny mishap?

Jada had finally passed her senility to my mum.

"You know what, mum?"

"Why can't you just get treatment for your problem? Jada discussed with your father and I two days ago, and she told us she knows a fertility doctor in Madrid. The doctor is quite goo-"

"I am ashamed to call you my mother. Both you and dad are the worst parents ever. I can't believe Jada managed to brainwash the both of you. From today onwards, don't you ever dare call this number again. Goodbye," I hollered, and hung up.

I chuckled mirthlessly to myself as I shook my head for the second time that day.

I really had no family in the world except for Conan and his family.

My family were nothing but brainwashed assholes.

I brushed past a professor walking into the bathroom as I marched to my office.

My mind has been distorted from the phone call. There was no way I could do anything properly for that day.

I had to clear my head.

And so, I headed to a club on the outskirts of the city where I was sure I wouldn't be recognized by anyone.

I ignored the ladies flirting with me as I made a beeline to the pub. I accepted my beer order with a muffled “thanks” from the server before I trekked to a secluded corner to bask in my frustration.

Just as I was about to bring the beer mug to my lips, my gaze met with someone who I didn't expect to see at the club.

Nora.

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