

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 3 Suppressing the urge to bend her over

Bruce's POV

I trekked into my office with an exasperated sigh, peeled off my trenchcoat, draped it around the coat rack before plopping tiredly on the swivel chair.

Damn, being a professor in a health-related field was extremely draining.

I scrubbed my hands over my face with a sharp exhale before reclining against the headrest with a satisfied exhale.

My phone vibrated abruptly with a message which I ignored. I already knew it was, and I didn't want to ruin my sour mood further by going through her message.

I heard a knock on the door from behind, and instantly, I sat upright, momentarily discarding the thought of the bane of my existence into my mental trashcan.

"Come in," I uttered, tidying my desk to make it look more presentable.

Not that it wasn't already presentable though, I just felt the need to do so.

The beautiful blonde damsel in glasses who I had asked to see me after the practical ended, strolled in tentatively with the textbook clasped against her chest tightening her boobs, and teasing a peek of her gorgeous cleavage.

Nora Simpson. I had looked her up on the school website on the way back to my office.

I wasn't surprised when I found out that she was a top student. I mean, she looked like a typical nerd but there was just something peculiar about her that I couldn't put a finger on.

Maybe it was the voluptuous highlight of her lithe curvy body in the baggy v-neck shirt and sweatpants she had on or maybe it was the gorgeous blue hue of her eyes or the luscious fullness of her pink lips, I didn't know.

All I knew was that she was a goddess whose beautiful face and body shouldn't be concealed by the large medicated glasses, and baggy outfit she had on.

"Uhm, sir. I'm here," She started, in the softest of voices.

Goodness, her voice sounded so feathery and delicate.

I nodded, and motioned to the empty seat opposite me, "Have a seat,"

"Thank you, sir," Nora uttered, taking her seat on the chair.

For a moment, I almost forgot the reason I had summoned her into my office because I was lost in her ethereal beauty, and the way she nibbled nervously on her plump lips.

I wondered what they would taste like or what they would feel like wrapped around my cock as an orgasm rippled through me.

What the heck, Bruce? What the actual fuck? I chided myself inwardly for my obscene way of thinking.

"I'm sorry for not paying attention during the practical.

I wasn't feeling too well, but I didn't want to disturb the peace of the class, so I didn't ask for your permission to go home. Please forgive me, sir. I won't do such anymore," Nora suddenly rambled out in a breath, momentarily startling me.

"Oh, really? How are you feeling now?"

"I'm better, thanks,"

"But you should have at least said something, and I've given you the permission to leave. I don't bite, so what exactly were you afraid of?" I chuckled, shaking my head as

I trekked over to her side, and rested my back against the table to face her.

She seemed startled and more nervous when she stared up at me.

"Yeah, you don't, sir. I'm sorry," Nora muttered.

"So, I take it that you didn't learn anything from today's practical, right? Would you like me to teach you all over again?" I offered her, totally not because I wanted to spend more time with Nora, to bask in her gentle vanilla scent.

Yeah, totally not.

I was startled when she gasped and fervently shook her head in refusal, "No, sir. Thanks for your offer, sir. I really appreciate it but I learned everything from the practical already, so you don't need to teach me," She babbled.

I swallowed the lump of disappointment in my throat, and nodded, "Okay. Then, can you show me your notes?"

"Yes, sir," Nora replied, retrieving a notebook from her bag, giving me enough time to admire her perfect side profile.

I perched, and hovered behind her sat form as we went through her notes for the day.

I was impressed. Despite Nora's illness, she had jotted down everything I taught them.

Why couldn't all students be like her?

Why couldn't they be pretty, intelligent and sexy like her?

"Good job, Nora. You did great," I nodded, staring at the curved slope of her nose, and the gentle manner at which her long eyelashes fanned her eyes.

Nora steered her gaze at my face, and I gulped harshly as my stare dropped to her lips.

Her pretty pink lips. I nervously wet my bottom lip as I eyed them.

At that moment, I desperately itched to know what they tasted like. It was as if I had suddenly gotten possessed by the god of lust.

I tried to yank myself from her, and ask her to leave before I did something horrible to her, but I just couldn't do it. My brain wasn't cooperating with my heart to get away from her.

I craned my neck downward, bopped my nose with hers, darted one last stare at her lips before I made to seal my lips over hers.

I was about to taste the sweetness of Nora's lips

when.....

Someone violently knocked on the door, instantly jolting me out of my wanton reverie, and causing Nora to fearfully jerk up from the chair.

She didn't look me in the eyes as she put her book inside her bag, silently bowed to me before sprinting out of the room.

Immediately Nora left, an elderly woman dressed in purple scrubs and a cap trekked in with a mop stick, and a pail in her hold. I suppressed the urge to glare at her when she smiled at me.

"Hello, professor. I'm the cleaner, and I'm here to clean your office for the day," She said.

"Okay. I'll step out a bit," I muttered, grabbing my MacBook and cellphone from my desk before trekking

out of the office, inwardly hoping to see Nora and apologize for my perverted behavior.

As expected, she was nowhere to be found.

I forked my fingers through my hair as an exasperated exhale left my lips.

What the hell had I done?

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