

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 31 Can we talk

Nora's POV

"Thanks," I mumbled as the waiter set a glass of Brandy in front of me.

He just nodded, and darted a small smile at me before he started mixing another drink.

I brought the glass of alcohol to my lips and sighed in bliss as the sharp coldness filled my mouth.

Alcohol was always the solution.

The drink reached exactly where I wanted. It attacked my throat in that wicked yet satisfying way that alcoholic drinks usually do.

I couldn't believe I had mixed out on something so

appealing for two decades of my life, all because I was trained to despise alcohol by my evil dad.

Dad. I didn't even want to think about him at that moment.

As soon as I stepped into the club about an hour ago, I turned off my phone because I didn't want anything or anyone disturbing me.

I wanted to think straight.

I couldn't help but feel envious of the relationship Peter had with his boyfriend.

Tears clogged my throat when I realized that the person I loved and badly wanted to recreate some of the romantic poses like I had seen Peter and his partner do, would never love me back.

No. He didn't even like me.

I was just his play thing.

"Hey, sexy," I heard a man drawl beside me, and I quickly blinked the tears blurring my vision away.

Fuck. Why did I have bad luck?

Who the hell was that man now? And what did he want from me?

I didn't want to speak to anyone, was that so hard to understand?

"I'm not interested. Please leave me alone," I muttered, with my gaze rooted to my glass of alcohol.

"I know, angel. I just want us to have a nice little chat," The man laughed, and that did it.

I whipped my neck sideways to face him, while mustering the most expressionless mien I could, "I already told you that I'm not interested. Are you deaf? Can't you just leave me alone?" I yelled, which drew some attention and mumbling to us but I didn't care.

The man had to be in his late forties or early fifties. I couldn't really put an apt age to his wrinkled features.

He looked old and middle-aged at the same time and three scary-looking, bald men who were dressed in black suits, and black sunshades to match stood behind him with their hands clasped behind them.

"Boss, should we-?" One of them started, but the man just chuckled and waved him off.

"The three of you can go have fun. I'll call you when I need you," The man said, and as if programmed, the

men bowed in unison and marched away to sit at a corner of the club.

Leaving me and the man alone, much to my detriment.

Even though their eyes were trapped behind the dark shades, their gazes on me still felt chilly and menacing.

The man grinned again, flashing his set of rotten front teeth which made me cringe inwardly.

The alcohol was gradually starting to take control of my mind, so it gave me a sense of boldness, "Please leave me alone," I whispered, when I saw that the man had still not made an attempt to get up.

"I've been observing you since you walked in here, angel and I must say, the heavens really took their

sweet time on you," He paused, to lick his black lips, which I subconsciously deduced was a result of habitual smoking.

He looked like an habitual smoker, and he even had a silver vape pen clutched between his left thumb and forefinger which he intervally took puffs out of.

"Thanks for the compliment but I'm still not interested," I deadpanned.

"That's what you all say but I know just exactly how to tame you, tiger," He laughed, as if he had just cracked the funniest joke in the world.

When he saw that I didn't respond, he continued, "By the way, my name is Carlos. But you can call me Carl. What's yours?"

I remained unperturbed as I sipped my alcohol once

more, clearly ignoring his question.

"You know if you give me just one chance, I can give you the best orgasm you've ever had, and abundant wealth that will leave you begging for more," He said.

And at that, I spat my drink out as a peal of laughter burst out of my lungs.

What was this man even thinking? Saying stupid things like that.

"With the shriveled carrot in between your legs?" I chuckled, then panted to recover from the aftermath of my explosive laughter.

"W-what? Shriveled carrot?" He stammered, his confident smile wavering.

I just smirked and shrugged at him. I was proud of the

effect my words had on him.

"I will make you regret saying this, you fucking slut. How dare you? You called my dick a shriveled carrot, huh? I will show you what this shriveled carrot is capable of." He spat, his demeanor cold which instilled fear in me.

Inwardly, I was gradually starting to regret what I said, but I didn't want to seem like a coward, so I just smiled.

"Antonio." He called, and one of his bulky bodyguards appeared.

"Take her to the car. If she protests, use the drug on her," Carlos barked, and my eyes doubled in horror.

I searched around the club to see if I could signal anyone to come to my rescue but most people were

busy grinding on each other, and making out.

"I'll scream if he touches me," I tried to sound defiant, but my words ended up coming out in a croak.

"You're free to do that, baby. Let's see if security comes to your rescue when I'm the owner of the club," He laughed, as he got up from his seat.

Could the day get any better? First I went on a forced date with a gay man, and now, I was about to get raped.

What the hell was happening with me and bad luck?

Just as I was about to give up as Antonio yanked me by my arm, my eyes met with the person whose handsome face had been living rent-free in my head, since the past couple of weeks.

Bruce.

Inwardly, I mumbled a prayer of thanks as he walked up to me without me giving him a signal.

"Babe, I've been waiting for you in the car for an hour. What happened?" He asked, before leaning to press a kiss to my lips which made my panties instantly wet with desire.

Fuck, I had missed Bruce's touch so bad.

"Thanks for looking after my girlfriend, gentlemen. But we have to be on our way now," Bruce feigned a smile at Carlos, before he looped his arm around my waist and led me away from them.

"Thanks," I muttered after we got into his car.

"You're welcome," He whispered, and smiled at me.

Before I could blush, I quickly averted my gaze from him and settled on staring at my hands.

"I'm sorry about the kiss. I shouldn't have done it. It-"

"It's fine. It's done already, there's no need to regret it," I snapped.

"Oh. Yeah, I guess,"

Silence. An uncomfortable one at that.

"Are you comfortable with me being here?"

"It's not like I can head back into the club and risk them getting me again. Also, it's your car," I mumbled, to which Bruce nodded.

"Right,"

"Start talking," I whispered. "And you have just five minutes to do so," I added.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 32 Unexpected

Bruce's POV

"You have just five minutes to do so," Nora's breathy voice rang into my ears, and it made me clear my throat as a heavy feeling settled in my chest.

"Thanks, ba-Nora," I smiled awkwardly, then inhaled deeply to calm my raging nerves before I started talking.

"First of all, I want to start by apologizing for the incident that happened at my place that day. I never expected Jada to show up, and I didn't know you were going to be there. I wo-"

"Oh. So, you could have taken her somewhere else to fuck, right? Don't worry, I can understand." Nora cut in bitterly, which made me swallow nervously.

Fuck. I shouldn't have worded it like that.

"I'm sorry, Nora. That didn't come out like I expected it to. I would never fuck Jada. My feelings for her died from the day she became something else and they will never come back. Because I've found someone else who I love with my whole heart," I confessed, and darted a smile at her.

There went nothing.

"Oh. That's good for you and the person. Why are you apologizing to me then? You should be with that person, or do you just like to cheat on people who care about you?" Nora scoffed.

"I'm here with her, right now. Nora, I'm in love with you. I love you so much. I've loved you ever since the day I set my eyes on you. I'm sorry that I let you down and did that with Jada. But please trust me, when I say that I'd never want to hurt you not in this life or the next. T-"

"You love me?" Nora's voice was tear-laden and her doe eyes were misty and swollen with unshed tears as she stared at me.

"You got it," I smiled, and reached out to hold her hand.

But, Nora suddenly started laughing. So, my hand stopped midway as confusion took over my expression.

"W-what's wrong?" I asked.

Nora snorted, "Don't you ever get tired of lying? You love me? Wow, Bruce. You should really try acting, I'm sure you'd get the role of the charming male lead who is nothing but an heartless serial cheater."

Something was wrong. This wasn't how I had expected Nora to react to my confession.

Had I done something wrong again?

"What do you mean?"

"You've loved me ever since the day you saw me, right? Then, why do you keep hurting me when you

claim you love me. You shouldn't be hurting the one you love, should you?"

"If this is about me kissing Jada that day, then I'm sorry. But you have to know that was the only time something like that ever happened between us. I

haven't even seen Jada since the week began. I'm serious about my feelings, Nora. I I-"

"Shut the hell up, Bruce. Just zip your mouth, if you're going to keep uttering lies and bullshit after bullshit to me. You haven't seen Jada since that day, yet I saw you eating her fucking face in the school corridor yesterday. What about that, huh?" Nora yelled, with malice evident in her tone.

Oh. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

How could I have forgotten about that so soon?

Fuck. How could I have been so fucking stupid to allow that mistake to happen again?

I scrubbed my hands over my face as I searched for the appropriate words to use in explaining myself to Nora.

"I swear to God, Nora. That was a mistake. She kissed me first, and I'm sorry for being too stupid to push her off. I'm sorry, Nora. I know my apology sounds like a lie right now. But please, try to believe me. I would never hurt you, my love. Please forgive me," I whispered.

Nora just tsked and shook her head.

"Okay. I've heard you. But honestly, Bruce. You don't need to keep apologizing to me. It's not like we were actually dating or we are romantic partners. We are

nothing more than casual sex partners. So, you are free to do whatever you want with anyone. I just don't want you lying about having feelings for me when you obviously don't," Nora said, in a gentler tone.

I wouldn't lie though, her statement felt like a bunch of thorns pricked my heart at that moment.

Yet, I knew she was somewhat right in a way. We were not together or anything.

But I really loved her. I was smitten by her. And I had fallen so deeply in love with her.

I had to prove my love for her by making her trust me again.

Even though I knew it would be hard to do that because it seemed as if Nora didn't want to have anything to do with me anymore.

I was shocked out of my mind when Nora suddenly leaned closer to capture my lips with hers.

It felt as if I was having a fever dream.

It felt very unreal for Nora to be kissing me.

She pulled back after some moments passed with a smile and her lips plump from kissing me.

"I will probably never be able to trust you anymore. But I have missed you fucking me and I won't allow your wrongdoings continue to cockblock me," Nora whispered against my lips, with her hands roaming my face.

Her words made the last bit of my self-restraint vanish as I slipped my tongue into her mouth and started kissing her.

Nora's delicious moans sent sparks of sensual electricity to my cock, and soon it stood erect and hard in my pants.

Get a grip, Bruce. You shouldn't be doing this. You should be thinking of a way to get her trust and forgiveness. A voice rang in my head as Nora straddled me.

I shut the voice off by kissing Nora once more and unbuttoning her blouse while she grinded mercilessly on me.

In turn, she unbuckled my belt and shakily started to slide my pants down as I slipped a finger into her panties.

"So fucking wet for me," I groaned, to which she whimpered before she sat her wet entrance on my

finger.

This was surely going to be a long night.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 33 Sloppy car sex

Nora's POV

Even in my wildest imaginations, I could have never imagined myself straddling Bruce and moaning as he shoved his tongue inside my mouth, despite my claims of being mad at him.

But then again, I couldn't really blame myself because I had really missed riding Bruce's cock.

I had missed having breathtaking, toe-curling, pussy-throbbing sex, so I let my arousal take over my logical mindset.

I didn't regret my decision any bit though.

Currently, three of Bruce's finger were scissoring me open, and I couldn't help but whimper and moan as I blindly reached downward for Bruce's length, which was still trapped behind his pants.

I grinded Bruce's finger aggressively as I gazed into his eyes, feeling a weird feeling of nostalgia wash through me.

I quickly shrugged the feeling off, and replaced it with immense lust as I reached down to capture his lips.

Bruce tasted of coffee and whiskey, and that only

turned me on more.

Gosh. Everything the man did was just so fucking hot.

When he suddenly withdrew his lips from the kiss, I tried to conceal my disappointment by sighing.

"What happened now?"

"Baby sh-"

"It's Nora to you," I mumbled, ignoring the fact that I was literally sitting atop Bruce's clothed dick, and my tit was almost in his mouth.

His face visibly fell, and I thought it was almost going to be the end of of it, until he smiled, "I'm sorry. Do you want us to get a hotel?"

"Maybe later. For now, let's just stay here," I said,

staring at anywhere but into Bruce's eyes.

I was afraid the defiant front I was putting on would break if I allowed Bruce stare into my eyes.

"Okay, petal. Oops, I'm sorry the name slipped out of my mouth," He apologized, though I could still see the mischievous smirk he was trying, prying the crease of his mouth.

I didn't say anything as I just kissed him again, and allowed him roam his hands around my body.

I palmed his clothed cock while he freed my boobs from the entrapment of my bra, and allowed them to spill heavily on his face.

As if I couldn't get hornier, the sight of my tits falling on Bruce's face caused more wetness to trickle down my legs.

Fuck. I was such a cumslut for Bruce.

Everything he did never failed to arouse the hell out of me.

How was I supposed to ever get over him, when I was this whipped for him?

At that moment, I wondered whether there was the slightest possibility of his fake ass confession being real.

But a voice inside my head was quick to shake the thought off my mind because it was Bruce we were taking about.

One could never know with him. He could say he loved me, and the next day I would find him fucking Jada in his office.

"So fucking pretty for me," Bruce whispered, his husky voice lowered to a sensual crescendo which caused a moan to spurt out from my mouth, despite myself.

With a dexterity that I never knew was possible, Bruce sucked my tits. He rolled my nipple around the roof of his mouth as he fondled my other breast.

I saw heaven as he subjected my twin buds to the most blissful torture ever.

Meanwhile, my pussy continued to throb and clench around air as Bruce had stopped thrusting his digits inside me, and was now solely focused on my boobs.

"F-fuck," I cried, grabbing onto the headrest as I shut my eyes to assimilate every bits of the heavenly feeling Bruce's tongue and hand was currently providing me.

I badly wanted to pump Bruce, and make him feel something tantamount like I was currently feeling but my hands felt like limp noodles, and I could only straddle the head of his cock to my clit.

I whined my waist like a pole dancer to get every part of Bruce's cock into myself, while also stuffing his mouth full with my boobs.

I had never envisioned having car sex with anyone in my life. I had never been a fan of having sex at tightly-packed places but this tantalizing experience was starting to make me rethink it all.

A lewd thought floated into my mind as I continued rolling my waist on Bruce's cock.

What would it feel like to ride Bruce at the back of an Uber, with the driver watching everything through the

rearview?

I was supposed to feel ashamed by the thought but instead my mouth watered with unabashed desire as I envisioned the sight while Bruce started thrusting slowly into me.

"Y-you f-fuck, have no idea what you do to me," I whimpered, and in response, he kissed me before smiling smugly.

"I could say the same thing about you, my love," He whispered, and cupped both my ass cheeks.

He squeezed and fondled with them as if they were stress balls as he pummeled himself deeper and faster upwards and into me.

My breath got hitched in my throat as he licked downward my chest. I was in the clouds of erotic

delectation, and I didn't want to ever leave it.

I wanted to live there forever.

Fuck. Did Bruce get bigger in a short while? I thought as my pussy started burning in a painful yet pleasurable manner.

"Y-you got larger," I whispered.

"Really?" He whispered back, and pressed a kiss to my nose bridge.

"Hm hm. M-my pussy feels like it's going to get ripped out but I like it," I confessed, like a deranged person.

I couldn't blame myself anyway because I knew I always lost my sense of reasoning whenever Bruce was inside me.

"Oh. That's great, baby. I'm glad," He gritted out, before delivering another spank to my ass.

It was as if the spank propelled something inside me, as I reached the peak of my sensual fulfilment, and my orgasm wriggled out of me with a gasp.

I squirted my release on Bruce's cock, and sighed with delighted exhaustion when his grip around my waist got tighter.

A not-so subtle sign that he was almost there.

"S-shit, I'm coming," He growled, before emptying his seeds inside me.

The way his cum trickled deliciously into me made me jut my ass backward to accept every bit of it. I didn't want any of his cum to escape from my pussy.

I wanted it all.

Soon, only my pants mixed with Bruce's grunts filled up the car as his cock went flaccid inside me.

As he dragged it out of my sensitive walls, I almost got aroused yet again but I controlled my horniness and instead bit my lower lip.

"I missed you so much, Nora," Bruce drawled.

Ignoring the lump of emotions that suddenly clogged my throat and caused my face to redden, I whispered, "Lies. You only missed fucking me, Bruce,"

"What? Why would you say that?" Bruce asked, gazing up at me with hurt visibly written all over his face, which caused my heart to clench with guilt.

I ignored his question as I climbed off him to sit on my

former seat.

"Honestly, Nora. I love you and I know, I have done a lot of awful things to break your trust in me which I am very sorry for. But I will make it up to you and get your trust back very soon," He sighed, "I want you to know that I will never use for just sex. Please believe me, Nora,"

I made a show of not being interested in his utterances as I stared out of the window, "Where is this hotel you speak of?" I asked, as I stared at him.

He seemed crestfallen that I didn't seem to care about his words, but he just nodded and smiled wanly, "You still want to go?"

"If I didn't, I wouldn't be asking, would I?" I scoffed.

"It's at the corner of the road. About ten minutes away

from here. And before you say something like I must have gone there with Jada, let me clear it up that I haven't ever stepped a foot into the place before. I just saw it on my way here," Bruce rambled out, as if somehow reading my thoughts.

I smirked smugly to myself before I huffed and looked away.

Wordlessly, he rearranged his clothes, helped me buckle the seatbelt, while ignoring my disgruntled tongue clicks, buckled his own, before switching on the ignition.

He darted a sad stare at me before he steered the car out of the parking lot to the place.

While I kept on staring at his perfect side profile, and jawline.

Bruce was really one handsome man.

"Thanks," He suddenly said as his eyes crinkled in a smile.

Only then did I realize that I had complimented him aloud.

I cleared my throat, embarrassed by myself, "I wasn't talking to you," I foolishly lied, embarrassing myself even more.

Bruce chuckled, a deep, rich sound before saying, "Whatever you say, petal,"

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Bruce's POV

"So, we're he-" I started to say until Nora slid a hand down my thighs, and a choked gasp hitched my throat.

"What?" Nora smirked wickedly at me, with her hand further straying upward to cup my crotch.

"We're here," I gritted out, biting back the groan that threatened to escape my lips as Nora started tracing imaginary circles on my forming hard on.

"I can see that. I heard you the first time,"

My mouth instantly started watering with immense arousal as I hastily parked my car in the parking lot.

I didn't want the torturous feeling of Nora's godly hand

on me to leave, but I didn't exactly want to walk into the hotel with a visible boner.

I mean, sometimes, I had an exhibitionist kink. But it was not at that moment.

Nora chuckled, leaned in to kiss me passionately and massage my crotch for one last time, before getting out of the car.

I stared down at my trapped boner which was begging to be freed, and shook my head in self pity.

Fuck. How was I going to hide it?

A brilliant idea floated into my mind as I eyed it, and I sighed in relief to myself before I slowly got out of the car.

Afterward, I slipped my hands into my pockets, and

surprisingly, it worked as my arousal became less visible.

Just as I was about to beckon Nora over, she suddenly glued herself against me, and planted a kiss to my lips, "You know you can use me to hide your junior," She whispered against my lips.

All traces of sensible reasoning slipped out of my mind as I belted my hands around her tiny waist and kissed her back with an even greater fervour.

My hands trailed down to cup her ass, and she moaned into my mouth, in turn, I slipped my tongue into her wet warmth as I blindly led her to the hotel lobby.

I had to tightly hold on to the tiny bit of self restraint in me not to unzip Nora's dress and take her right there and then in the corridor.

Someone cleared their throat, right behind us as we staggered to heaven-knows-where.

With a disgruntled moan, Nora withdrew herself from the kiss and planted a kiss to my lips, "We got so horny we couldn't hold it together. Sorry, you had to witness that," Nora said to the receptionist, who had a face devoid of emotions as she eyed us maliciously.

I had to say, for a brief moment, a blanket of humiliation covered me when I realized what Nora and I just did. But the receptionist's response made me shrug it off.

"Nah, it's fine. I've seen worse. You are both quite tame compared to the others I've seen," She said, casually shrugging as I handed her my card.

While we waited for the key card, Nora and I couldn't

keep our hands off each other. We kept touching, grabbing and smooching each other, with no ounce of shame.

"Here, you go, Mister. I hope you have a very wonderful night," She said, laying more emphasis on the "wonderful".

I drew back from the kiss to dart the receptionist a wan smile as I collected the cards from her.

After, Nora and I wobbled to our room with our hands and mouth still not leaving each other.

When we stepped into the elevator, I mounted Nora against the gray walls, rolled her dress upward, hung her legs around my shoulder and slotted my tongue into her wetness.

She wasn't wearing underwear, so that made my

ministrations easier. In turn, Nora grabbed and pulled at my hair as I worked my tongue and lips expertly around her clit.

"Oh, yes. J-just like that," She whimpered, as I started thrusting my tongue into her.

Surprisingly, she was still tight even though she rode me barely thirty minutes ago. Her pussy was heaven on earth, and a tasty bliss.

The elevator dinged and halted, signifying that we had gotten to our stop, and slowly I helped Nora down, not breaking our kiss as I grabbed her ass and grinded my boner against her crotch, to make her see how ready I was for her.

To make her see what she did to me by just existing.

Somehow, even though we didn't move apart from

each other, we safely got to our room, and I carded the door open, unwrapped an arm from Nora's waist to properly lock the door before I gently slammed her against the wall.

I cupped her jaw as I ferociously kissed her, while she reached into my pants to grab my boner, and slowly stroke it.

I groaned into her mouth as I led her to the bed, while kicking off my shoes as she did the same.

I don't know how we did it, but somehow, Nora ended up bent over on the bed, while I was hunched over from behind as I fondled with her boobs while our tongues danced around in each other's mouth.

Nora's dress was the first to come off, followed by my shirt, then my pants, and lastly, my briefs.

"Are you comfortable like this?" I whispered against her mouth, to which she nodded as she arched her back further, to accept my cock.

Nora was restless and high on sensual ecstasy, and the sight made me hornier.

"No condoms, p-please. I want to feel every part of you stretching me out," Nora cried as I slipped two fingers into her.

"Of course, baby," I whispered, as precum trickled out of my cock, silently informing me about my impending release.

Fuck. It seemed like this was going to end, way before it started, and I wouldn't allow that.

So, I retrieved my fingers from her, and without as much as a warning, I buried myself balls-deep inside

her ever-soaked cunt.

"Oh, Bruce," Nora moaned, as I gripped her waist.

"Ready, baby?" I asked, before licking the back of her ear.

"Please," She cried, which propelled my vigor.

I started thrusting slowly and carefully at first, to give Nora enough time to adjust to my girth before the thrusts became deep, powerful and reckless.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. P-please, harder. Deeper. Bruce. I need it deeper." Nora screamed as I pummeled into her.

"Your wish is my command, my love," I replied, as I trailed my fingers to her clit, to play with the sensitive, beady flesh.

Soon, only the sound of skin slapping against skin, moans, pants, grunts and groans filled the ambiance of the room mixed with the stench of our bodily releases which acted like an intoxicant.

Fuck. This was really heaven.

I wondered how I had gone so long without having a taste of Nora for almost a month.

Don't get me wrong though. It wasn't as if I liked Nora just because of sex, but I just couldn't deny the fact that she was good in bed.

Afterall, that was how our relationship started.

With enchanting sex.

"Fuck, Bruce. I'm coming," Nora yelled, and instantly,

I started plowing wickedly and harder into her.

My thrusts were so powerful that she couldn't even moan talk less of scream anymore.

She could only let out quiet whimpers and gasps as she came.

There was a pregnant silence before I caressed her ass, "You did so well, petal," I whispered, thrusting slowly and less aggressively inside her.

My orgasm was also not left too far behind as it coursed through me, when I picked a gentler rhythm.

"I love you," I confessed as I pulled out of Nora.

It seemed was too exhausted to realize what I just said, or maybe she simply didn't care, she didn't respond and just remained bent over on the bed.

I got out of bed, and headed to the bathroom to grab some wet towels after cleaning myself.

Then, I cleaned Nora up and went back to the bathroom to place the towel into the sink.

Afterward, I climbed in behind Nora, who was now laying on the bed, but facing the other side. I was torn on whether to spoon her from behind or just keep my arms around to myself.

Eventually, I settled on the former and gingerly embraced her from behind. I couldn't help but place a kiss at the center of her head as I sniffed her gentle, welcoming scent.

"That thing you said earlier. Please refrain from saying it to me. I don't want to hear it," Nora said, just as I was about to drift off to sleep.

My eyes instantly flapped open, "Okay." I whispered, ignoring my heavy heart as I made to unloop my arms from her waist.

"You can sleep like that." She said, and a glimmer of hope illuminated inside me.

"Thank you," I replied, to which I met silence.

I waited for her to fall deeply asleep before I placed a kiss on her temple and shoulder, "I'm sorry for letting you down, baby. I love you so much and I hope you trust me one day," I whispered, before I closed my tired eyes and fell asleep.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 35 Another betrayal

Nora's POV

I woke up to the blinding rays of the sun seeping through the window blinds, causing my eyes and temple to throb with an agonizing ache.

I groaned as I made to pull the duvet over my head, go block the days but I was confused when I realized that someone was spooning me from behind.

It was at that moment cognition dawned on me that I was neither at home nor was I in the dorm.

The room has glass walls, and everywhere looked shiny and expensive.

I tried to remember who or what could have brought me here all to no avail, as the vessels in my head

kept banging against each other, with a wicked intensity.

A scary thought crossed my mind as the image of the old man who had almost assaulted me yesterday slipped into my head, and I gasped.

What if he was the one I had slept with? Fuck, did he drug me just like he threatened me he would?

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

This couldn't be happening.

Why couldn't I remember anything aside from the man and his two goons? I groaned in frustration as I stared at the arms that were loosely wrapped around my waist.

Wait. Was that a dragon tattoo? I thought to myself as

the realization of who the person was gradually started to dawn on me.

With a squinting frown, I studied the tattoo carefully to confirm my suspicions, and thankfully, I was right.

It was Bruce.

But something wasn't clear. How had Bruce and I ended up being together last night?

Slowly, I eased his arms off my waist and sat up with my hands placed on either sides of my head, massaging my temples.

I was right. I had fucked Bruce. My mind unhelpfully supplied to me as I stared at Bruce's sleeping form.

He looked so gentle and harmless as he peacefully slumbered.

I was tempted to caress his disheveled tresses, and place a kiss on his nose bridge as I eyed him, but I refrained from doing so, to focus on the matter at hand.

When would I ever learn to get over Bruce? Was it after he sent me his wedding invitation that I would stop this shameful act?

Even after I told myself I was never going to speak to him again, I not only broke the promise to myself. I also had coitus with him.

Fuck. This was so embarrassing.

Bravo, Nora. You did it. You fucked a married man.

You both cheated on Jada again for the nth time.

You keep saying Bruce is a scumbag for cheating on both you and Jada, yet you still slept with him. A voice in my head admonished me.

I bit back the urge to groan and pull at my hair in frustration as I casted one last glance at Bruce, shook my head in self-pity before I gingerly got up to find my clothes, while inwardly hoping Bruce wouldn't stir from his sleep.

I still wasn't sure I wanted to talk to him. At that moment I was quite vulnerable and I couldn't think straight.

The only thing that was etched to my mind was the fact that I may never be able to get over Bruce.

I fought back tears as I quietly flung my clothes on, rearranged my disheveled hair, grabbed my bag and in spite of myself, walked up to Bruce, gently climbed

into bed to kiss him on the lips.

"I love you, Bruce. It hurts me a lot that we will never be together in this life. It hurts to think that you never loved me but I-" I paused to swallow the lump of tears clogging my throat before I proceeded, "I love you and I wish you all the best," I concluded, and without a final stare, I forced myself to leave the room.

I used to think the worst feeling ever was failing on an exam that I studied so hard for.

But at that moment, I realized that falling for someone who would never be yours, someone who played you, someone who is taken is the worst feeling ever.

"Hey, miss. Watch where you are going!" Someone suddenly yelled, and pulled me to themselves, which yanked me out of my reverie.

Only then did I realize that I had almost walked in front of an oncoming trailer in my moment of devastated thinking.

My foolishness had attracted quite a number of passersby. While some of them seemed sympathetic, majority of them threw disgusted looks at me.

My savior, a middle-aged woman freed my arm, and shook her head before saying, "Get a grip on yourself and pull yourself together, okay?"

"Okay. Thank you," I croaked, to which she nodded and left.

Soon, the crowd dispersed themselves and I was left alone by the side of the road. But this time, I was slightly aware of my surroundings.

I flagged down the next cab I saw and got into it,

"Ophelia dorm," I muttered, when I was properly settled.

My mind rewinded the incident that had almost happened, and I sighed deeply to myself as I reclined against the headrest.

If something bad had happened to me, Laura and my mum would probably be the only one in despair.

My dad didn't care one bit about me, likewise Bruce.

Moments later, we got to my dormitory and I paid the driver before I hopped out of the car and made my way to my shared room with Laura.

Immediately I stepped into the room, Laura was on me, sniffing me like a creep, "Where did you go, Nora? Your mum was crying when she called me yesterday, to ask for your whereabouts. What's going

on with you?" She asked.

I only shook my head, "Nothing. Don't mind her, she was just being dramatic. I went for the date I told you about, and the guy and I ended up getting a few drinks together,"

"Did you fuck him on the first date? Nora!"

I rolled my eyes in exasperation, "Of course not. What do you take me for?"

Laura nodded, "I'm sorry. I was just saying. Sorry, I won't talk about it again. But I hope you're doing great because you've been so distant lately,"

Guilt clenched my heart as I eyed Laura. She was right.

"I'm sorry. I will tell you everything very soon. I'm just

not ready yet,"

"Alright. I trust you and I will wait,"

Afterward, a pregnant silence enveloped the
ambiance.

"Fuck, I can't believe I almost forgot to tell you.
Something huge has happened, Nora," Laura gasped
theatrically, which made me frown in befuddlement.

"What? Did Oscar propose?"

"No, not yet. Something huge was revealed about
professor Castillo,"

On hearing Bruce's name, my sense of curiosity
heightened, "What happened?"

"Wait a minute," Laura turned to grab her phone, and

I sat patiently on the bed, with my heart hammering violently against my ribs.

"Here it is," She said, handing me her phone.

I darted a confused glance at her before I collected the device to view whatever it was.

Lo, and behold it was a picture of Jada and Bruce kissing at a fancy banquet or something like that as they were both dressed fancily.

Bruce donned a pair of navy three piece suit while Jada was clad in a corseted gown which accentuated her nice, curvy figure.

Momentarily, I felt a wave of different emotions ranging from bitterness to insecurity hit me as I stared at the picture, "I don't get it," I managed to say to Laura who was standing with hands akimbo in front of

me.

"So, apparently, Professor Bruce used to be married to Professor Jada but there are rumors that they are tying the knot again since Professor Jada didn't change her last name," Laura explained everything I already knew to me.

I had to say, hearing everything from my best friend triggered something inside me, and I almost started crying.

At that moment, it all felt real.

That Bruce had used and dumped me.

"Oh, really. That's great for them." I feigned a smile as I handed the phone back to Laura but she shook her head, and instead sat beside me.

"Wait, I still have to show you this news article about Professor Bruce's real identity," She said, and I watched her open a link.

"Here you go,"

I glanced through the article which had the picture Laura showed me earlier as the header.

My eyes widened in shock as I read through the article, "I don't understand. Where did you get this from? Is it confirmed?"

"Yupppp. Professor Jada confirmed it to some of her students today. Bruce is not an ordinary man. He is the heir to the billion dollar Castillo corporation," Laura replied, to which I gasped.

Bruce was a billionaire heir? Not just any heir, a fucking Billionaire heir?

Was there even anything I knew about Bruce?

Bruce had let me down once again.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 36 A ray of hope



Bruce's POV

As I strolled into the lecture hall, the students started screaming and cheering wildly which caught me off guard, and also made me confused.

I just ignored them, hoping that was one of their weird antics. To my utter horror, they didn't stop and the

cheers got even louder.

Like a programmed robot, my eyes automatically roamed across the room, looking for Nora.

Relief filled me when I finally laid eyes on her. I smiled at her as the memory of our night together, the past weekend seeped into my mind.

Though I had woken up alone and cold on the bed that day, and I hadn't received any message or call from Nora, I still felt hopeful and elated with the fact that we had sex.

The fact that Nora had initiated it made things even better.

I darted a smile at Nora, clenching my hands by my side to withhold myself from waving at her but I was petrified when she just scoffed, and averted her gaze

from me to face somewhere else.

That was weird and quite unsettling. I thought.

Naturally, ever since Jada happened, Nora had stopped exchanging flirtatious stares and glances with me in class. She didn't even want to stare at me, as she always used to bow like a kicked puppy whenever our gazes met.

So, it was quite strange for her to roll her eyes and scoff at me like I was trash.

Well, I couldn't deny the fact my behavior lately was somewhat trashy but I thought we had come to an understanding to at least be on speaking terms after that night.

Or had I done something wrong that I didn't know of? Did Jada say something to piss her off?

I shrugged the thoughts off temporarily as the cheers gradually died down, and I cleared my throat before I started, "Good morning, everyone. How are your exams going? How have they been?"

The chatter increased again but none of them raised their arm to answer which made me frown in perplexion.

I wasn't left to be confused for long as one of them, a female raised her arm, and I motioned for her to speak, and gradually, silence was restored to the hall.

"Is it true that you are Professor Jada's ex husband? What Castillo clan are you from? Is it the spanish or the italian one? My mum is from the spanish clan, and she told me she knows your dad. That he used to be her boss when she was a petrochemical engineer at his company," The girl cheerfully said, which made

me freeze in shock.

Wait. What was going on? Where did she get such grave information from?

How did she know anything about my parents? Was my secret out?

Was that why Nora had given me a nasty eye roll earlier?

Had Jada done something stupid again?

Fuck. I hoped not.

I was on the verge of disowning my parents as it was, and I didn't need any more association to them.

And as for Jada, I would have gotten a restraining order against her, but for the strict protocols of the

cops who told me she didn't pose any life-threatening danger to me.

I couldn't bring up the sterility stuff because I didn't have enough evidence to prove that Jada did something like that to me.

So, I cleared my throat and tried to put up a strict front, "Take your seat. What you asked does not have any correlation with your exams,"

"So, it's really true, Professor Bruce. You used to be married and you are truly a billionaire heir. Wow! That's so cool! Why did you leave your family's wealth for a boring job as a Professor? What happened between you and Professor Jada that you got divorced? Also, are you really getting married again to her?" The girl rambled out animatedly, as if I had just spoken into thin air.

Shit. It had really happened.

I couldn't help but dart a pleading stare to Nora as I searched for the appropriate words to say.

Like the rest of the class, her gaze or should I say, in her case, her glare was fixated on me like the rest of the class, waiting for me to either debunk the statement or affirm it.

"I'm sorry, my love. I never meant to keep this away from you. Please forgive me," I mouthed to her, even though I knew she couldn't hear me.

I inhaled deeply before I nodded, "Yes, I used to be married to Jada. We got divorced because of a private issue that I can't share, and no, I'm not getting back together with her ever again. I love being a professor. It's less stressful than carrying the burden of being a damn billionaire heir. You have no idea

how much I'll give to be born into a better family than mine. A family with little wealth but lots of love for each other,"

There was an awkward silence as the girl finally took her seat, so I continued, "I want you all to know that not everything that glitters is gold. And be careful what you wish for, it's very burdensome to be an heir, but I'm glad I'm free from that hectic lifestyle. That lifestyle wasn't and will never be for me." I concluded, my gaze not leaving Nora's heated gaze once.

Nora's glare softened as she eyed me, and quickly averted her gaze from mine.

"So, like I was saying, how have your exams been?" I changed the topic.

"Not good but also not bad," Someone yelled, to which the rest of the class laughed.

"Don't worry it will get better as time goes on. I'll send some materials to the course representative before the day ends. That will be your area of concentration. Have a great day," I finished off, and grabbed my things before I exited the hall, with my heart slamming violently against my ribs.

I knew Jada was behind everything but I wasn't going to give her the reaction she badly wanted to squeeze out of me.

I would continue ignoring her just like my therapist advised, and hopefully that would keep her in check.

Just as I was about to step into my office, I heard, "Bruce. Wait, I need to talk to you," And instantly, I halted in my tracks as I stared at Nora.

Well, that was surprising.

"Come in," I motioned her, and she nodded wordlessly as she trekked into my office.

I followed closely behind her, and closed the door before I peeled my coat off and hung it on the rack.

"Uhm, you can have a seat there. I'll get some refreshments." I gestured to the sofas at the center of the office.

"Oh. Okay," Nora said, before making a beeline to take her seat.

The ambiance between us was just too awkward. I had no idea what to say or do.

"Here," I said, as I set two cans of soda on the table.

"Thanks,"

Extremely awkward silence.

"Uhm, Bruce?" Nora whispered.

"Yes," I whispered back.

"I-I'm sorry for saying those things to you and also, for calling you a selfish jerk. I was just angry and sad that you did...." Nora trailed off for a moment before she sighed, "That with Jada twice. I still don't trust you as much as I used to, but I just want us to be less awkward and toxic with each other,"

"Right," I nodded. "That's right. Thank you. I'm glad you trust me a little bit at least. That's more than what I could ever ask for," I confessed.

"Can I ask why you and Jada divorced? Did something bad happen between the both of you?"

My grip on the soda can got tighter as I swallowed lungfuls of cold air.

Was I ready to tell Nora about my condition?

But then again, I wanted her to trust me again.

"It's fine if you don't want to tell me. I'll understand and I promise not to get mad at you. I'm just curious, that's all," Nora said.

"I felt trapped. It was as if I was in cage of Jada's lies, Though I escaped quite harmed, I'm glad I did. Jada is not as nice as you or anyone may think she is. She is-" I sighed, not wanting to curse in Nora's presence.

"I can understand," Nora nodded, and placed her hand over mine with a kind smile.

I froze for a moment as I stared down at my hand, not believing what was happening.

Nora was comforting me in my office?

What world was I in? Was I in a lucid dream?

"Thank you," I croaked, placing my other hand over our entwined hands.

She stiffened as she stared at me before she cleared her throat and withdrew her hands from mine, her cheeks reddening, "You're welcome,"

"I have to go now. I have some studying to do for exams, you know?" Nora said, as she stood up from her seat, prompting me to do the same.

"Yeah. Thanks for everything. I really appreciate it and I wish you the best of luck,"

"Thank you," She smiled, and nodded before exiting my office.

Leaving me to stare into thin air with a wide grin plastered across my face.

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LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 37 A shoulder to cry on

Nora's POV

I walked out of Bruce's office with a much sadder demeanor than I walked in with.

I sighed to myself as I reclined against the empty

walls of the corridor, with my arm clutching my heart as another forlorn sigh escaped my lips.

Why did I feel so fucking miserable?

Why did I still feel like I was the bad person here, for not trusting Bruce?

Was I being too harsh? Should I just forgive Bruce and start trusting him once again? Should I just accept his love confession, and make things official between us?

Yes. I had finally remembered everything that transpired between Bruce and I on the weekend, but I was hellbent on pretending I couldn't remember a thing as I didn't want to seem too vulnerable to Bruce.

But did I regret initiating the sex? Hell, no.

Angry sex was an intense form of wonderful sex, and I had no idea why I had never had it before.

It was hands down the best sex I ever had.

Anyway, back to my guilty thoughts, I was still confused about everything.

I needed to pour out my mind to someone. Somebody who would understand me, and advise me without holding back.

And that someone was definitely not Laura.

She still didn't know I was fucking Bruce, so she was out of it, and even if she did, I couldn't guarantee that her opinion wouldn't be slightly prejudiced.

I wanted an honest advice from a person who wouldn't hesitate to call me out on my wrongdoings.

But, I also couldn't just walk over to a random person and be like, "Hey there. So, I'm fucking my professor and something scandalous happened between us a while ago. I found him kissing his ex wife, and so, I got mad and insulted him. Also, I recently found out he kept his true identity of being a rich heir away from me. He gave me a pretty valid reason for keeping it a secret, and now, a tiny part of me wants us to go back to being a thing. But now, I want more. I want to be his girlfriend,"

Right? I couldn't say something like that to just anyone, could I?

With the heavy unanswered question still tugging on my heartstrings, I headed to the dormitory, and as usual, Laura was lying in her bed and giggling along to something on her phone.

She didn't even realize I had entered the room until I cleared my throat and noisily flopped onto my bed.

"Babe. When did you get back home?" She asked, setting her phone on the nightstand.

"Not quite long ago. You seemed quite occupied, so I didn't want to disturb you," I shrugged.

"Silly. You should have said something,"

I rolled my eyes as I peeled off my clothes, and put on my bathrobe, knotting it firmly around my waist,

"Right. And you should be more vigilant, babe. What if it was someone dangerous?"

At that, Laura tsked and waved me off, "That can't possibly happen. Anyway, where did you go after class ended? I looked everywhere for you, and you refused to pick up your phone."

"I'm sorry. I went for a walk to clear my head, and I didn't want to be disturbed, so I silenced my phone."

"Oh. How are you now? Were you able to clear your head?"

"Yeah. Walks always work wonders,"

"By the way, did you what happened in class today? I'm talking about Professor Bruce. He handled the situation so well, because if it were me, I would have failed that girl for sticking her mouth in what doesn't concern her," Laura scoffed as she tied her hair into a bun.

I hummed in agreement, with pride spreading through me for no reason "Yeah. She went out of line,"

"So, Professor Jada and Professor Bruce really used

to be married. It's crazy to even think of it. They look very nice with each other, I wonder why they split up. I honestly hope they settle whatever it was that happened between them, and get back together. They look cute as hell toget-"

I had to bite back the urge to utter a slur to Laura at her statement as jealousy engulfed me, "Professor Bruce already said he was never going to go back to her again. And honestly, I don't really like her. Her energy seems far too dark to me. Professor Bruce is better off without her," I argued, and shrugged to seem nonchalant.

"Yeah, he did. But you never know what might happen in the future, he may change his mind. You know my parents also got divorced when I was five before they got their shits together, and got married again when I was nine, so no one can foresee the future. But I honestly hope they get married again, to

keep the delusional girls in our department who think they can have Professor Bruce in check," Laura rambled out, rolling her eyes at the ending statement.

I gulped harshly as I mulled over Laura's words. A heavy mass of tears clogged my throat as I quietly sat back down on my bed.

As much as I wanted to hate Laura or think she was just being a kill-joy, deep down, I knew she was right.

Bruce could eventually go back to her, and I would be left lonely and heartbroken.

I bit on my lower lip to prevent my lips from wobbling, and my tears from falling as I stared into space.

I really couldn't speak about this for Laura.

What if you find out that I'm one of those delusional

girls who want Bruce to themselves? I thought as I stared at Laura who was admiring herself in front of the long mirror that was mounted against the walls of the bedroom.

"Fuck. I have to go now, Laura. I'm heading over to Oscar's for the night. I'll see you tomorrow, take care and I saw you tomorrow," She rambled out as she picked her bag and phone from her bed.

I just nodded as I watched her leave.

I made sure she had left before I got up to lock the door, and crumble down to the floor in a weeping mess.

I wept so hard that my eyes burned and became swollen in a moment.

Bitter, heart-wrenching tears.

My phone suddenly rang and distorted the situation. I quickly got a grip on myself and got up from the floor to see who it was.

It was a facetime request from Peter.

A tiny smile curved my mouth as I accepted the request, "Hey, Peter. How are you?" I waved, unsuccessfully trying to feign a cheerful smile.

"Hi, Nora. Is everything alright? I haven't heard from you since Saturday. Did your parents say anything?" He asked, worry etching his features.

"Mhm. I'm fine. I haven't gone home yet, I'm in school. Long story. So, how's Asher doing?" I asked, changing the subject.

Asher was Peter's handsome, Italian boyfriend.

"He's doing great. He sends his love. You sound and look off to me, Nora. Are you really sure everything is fine? Why do you look like you were crying? Were you crying? Did something bad happen? Nora. We talked about this, and I told you to always feel free to let me know if there's anything wrong," Peter said, to which I nodded as a stray tear rolled down my cheek, which didn't go unnoticed by Asher.

"Oh, Nora. Tell me everything, okay?" He said gently.

I nodded as I didn't trust my tearful voice.

"So, I'm listening," Peter quipped, moments later after I had gotten my voice back.

I exhaled sharply before I told him everything that transpired between Bruce and I, even adding my fear of Bruce and Jada getting back together again coming

to pass.

I didn't leave out any detail as I emptied my heart to him with hot tears brimming down my cheeks.

"I wish I could give you a hug right now. You really need it, you've been through a lot in such a short period of time. You're a strong woman, Nora," Peter started.

"As a big brother, I can only advice you to follow your heart. Do whatever you feel is right. Don't listen to anyone, okay? You alone can define your happiness, no one else can or will ever be able to."

I nodded, extremely touched by his advice, Thanks, I will. I really appreciate it,"

"You're always welcome, Nora. So, I have to go now. Take care of yourself, okay and stay happy. Love

you," Peter said.

"Bye. I love you too. Thanks for calling," I replied, to which he smiled and waved before he ended the call.

I stared at my phone as I thought about Peter's advice.

Could I really do something like that? Could I follow my heart and deal with the consequences of what the decision of following my heart would bring later on, in the future?

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Chapter 38 Fortune reading



Bruce's POV

"Hey man. Did you get off from work already?"

Conan's voice seeped into my ear from the phone speaker.

"Yes, I did. Or rather, I'm about to. What's up? Are you there already? I thought we were going to meet up in an hour," I muttered with a frown grazing my face as I glanced down at my wristwatch.

"No, I'm not there yet. Actually, I called to tell you that I won't be able to meet up with you today. Kylie suddenly got a work offer at Florida. And you know since she doesn't really like nannies, I have to take care of our child."

"Oh." I mumbled.

Kylie was a travel nurse, and I knew how hectic and

impromptu their work schedule could be.

"I'm sorry, man. I had no idea this would happen. I'll try to make it up to you very soon. I never knew life as a father would be this tough,"

"It's really fine, man. I'm cool with it. You don't have to apologize to me, I can understand, okay?" I said into the phone as I arranged my stuff into my briefcase, in preparation to head home.

"Yeah, man. Thanks for always understanding. I have to go now, Joshua is starting to wake up." Conan hastily said before he ended the call.

I gazed down at my phone as a sigh escaped my lips.

After the conversation I had with Nora the day before, I had decided to come clean to Conan, and tell him everything about Nora to seek his advice on how to

get her trust back.

Though I knew Conan would definitely be disappointed or something like that in me for having an affair with my student, I knew he would eventually come to and give me a wonderful advice like he always had.

I had nobody else left in the world except for Conan and his family.

My own family were the worst people ever. Instead of taking my side like a normal family was supposed to, they threw their entire weights behind Jada.

Only the heavens knew if my mum had actually orchestrated the entire thing with Nora to make me sterile, and coax me to leave my job to be the president of dad's company.

I knew my mum and I knew just how merciless she could be to achieve her aim.

I had witnessed firsthand how she had thrown herself down the stairs when I was ten to get rid of my developing sibling that was growing in her belly just because she didn't want to lose her body, and the opportunity to be a senator.

Later when I got older and realized what she did, I confronted her and she told me that she did it because abortion wasn't yet legalized back then.

From that moment, I became extremely wary of her. And even warier of dad when she told me that he knew about it, and had asked her to do it.

Sometimes, I used to think I had destroyed a country in my past life, and I was being punished by being the one and only heir to my crazy family.

"Hey, babe. I haven't seen you in a while," A voice cut into my thoughts as I unlocked my car.

I clenched my hands into fists as the owner of the voice, none other than Jada stepped in front of me with an irritating smile on her face.

"What do you want?" I muttered.

"Try to be nice, Bruce. Why are you so rude?" She scoffed. "Anyone who sees the way you act to me wouldn't know that we used to be married, and you used to love me more than anything, would they?"

"That is my worst regret. Ever loving you. Scratch that, ever meeting you. If I had never met you, then you wouldn't have destroyed my life." I spat, which made her take some steps away from me.

"I saw what you did with the school website stuff but I just decided to ignore you because that is what you need. To be ignored like the worst piece of despicable shit that you are. Don't ever speak to me again, Jada. I mean it, you don't want me to do something drastic to you, do you?" I whispered the last part, and casted a menacing glare at her before I brushed past her to my car.

I drove to the bar where Conan and I were supposed to meet with anger simmering in every part of me.

"I'll get the usual please," I said to the bar man whose name I always forgot but was sure it was an italian name that began with an "m" as I took my seat on a bar stool, to which he nodded.

"You didn't come with your friend today," The guy said as he worked on my drink.

I nodded, "Yeah, he has work to do," I uttered.

"Alright. Please do well to extend my regards to him whenever you see him,"

"Okay," I replied as he set my drink on the table.

"Have a nice night," He smiled before he left to the backroom.

I sighed as I brought the glass of alcohol to my lips and took a small sip, trying to think about what Nora could be doing at that moment.

Fuck. I really missed Nora.

I couldn't go on living like this. Like a desolated soul.

I was glad that at least Nora and I were now on speaking terms, I just had to win her heart again.

But honestly, I was starting to get tired of it all.

It seemed as if there would never be hope for Nora and I to be together like we used to.

Like I would continue trying, and yet, nothing fruitful would come out of my efforts.

"Hey handsome," A voice came from beside me.

"Hi," I said casually without darting a glance in the person's position to see who they were, as I took another sip of my drink.

"I'm Lola and you?" The person prodded.

Reluctantly, I tilted my head sideways to see who it was.

I scoffed inwardly when I saw who it was. It was a blonde woman who was dressed in a skimpy gown, and had her cheeks and red painted with the same blinding red color.

"Bruce," I said as coldly as I could.

"Well. It's nice to meet you, Bruce," She replied cheerfully.

"Do you want to get out of here?" She nudged me, and wriggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"No," I deadpanned which made her pout.

Tsk. At her grown age. I thought.

Did she think any man she was sitting by themselves was desperate for a partner?

How shameless and brazen of her.

"That's cool then. Actually, I don't want to have sex with you. I've been reading your energy since you walked in here. And I've got to say, you have the darkest energy I've ever seen in a long time," Lola said, to which I huffed.

"Cool."

"It's really not cool. You seem like you were born into problems. Your parents never had time for you because you were born as an afterthought. You were born a mistake to them, am I right?" She smirked, and my eyes gaped in shock.

Who was this woman? How did she know everything about me?

She was right about me being a mistake.

Growing up, mum never failed to let me know that I was nothing but a mistake she conceived, whenever we had an argument.

"Wait, before you say anything. Just give me your hand," She outstretched a hand, and still stunned by the accuracy of her words, I gave her my right hand.

I watched with rapt interest as she started drawing circles on my palm with her eyes squinted in concentration. "She's about to destroy you again. She's working so hard on it, and it'll take the grace of the heavens for her not to succeed. You have to stop her as fast as you can. She will stop at nothing to get you."

"Are you talking about m-?"

"Yes. I'm talking about her, the brunette. The one you

were married to. She is the devil's incarnate,"

I swallowed harshly, "How do I stop her?"

"I don't know. I can't see a thing anymore, I'm sorry,"
She said as she stopped drawing on my palm.

I rubbed my palms together as I stared at her, "It's fine. Thanks."

"I wish you all the best and I really hope the heavens intervene in your situation because even the law can't stop her."

"The law might not be able to stop her but you bet that I would," I said.

Lola just chuckled and shook her head, "You are brave and I like that. It's admirable. Anyway, I have to go now," She said, before she got up and left.

I watched her leave with an unsettling feeling creeping inside me as I downed the remnant of the alcohol in the glass.

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Chapter 39 Threa

Nora's POV

I smiled to myself as I read the message Peter sent to me which was attached to a picture of him and Asher hugging in front of the Eiffel tower.

"How are you doing today? I forgot to show you this picture of Asher and I that day, this was at our first

year anniversary in Paris. Anyway, have fun today. Peter cares and loves you so much. xx," The message read, which made my grin widen, with warmth blossoming in my heart.

The picture was indeed breathtaking and beautiful.

I quickly typed a reply to him which read, "I'm doing great, and you? The picture is nice, you look so cute together. Love you too. Thanks for everything you do," I quickly hit send as Laura trekked out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, and a towel loosely wrapped around her head.

"Why are you smiling? Are you exchanging love messages with that guy again?" She wriggled her eyebrows comically as she inched closer to me.

I rolled my eyes, "What guy? I was just texting a friend,"

"A friend?" Laura feigned a distraught tone and mien as her hands dropped dramatically by her side which made me roll my eyes so aggressively that I thought my eyeballs would pop out.

"Since when did you get a friend apart from me, Nora? Have I been replaced in your heart? Is this how our love will end? The love we built for so long." She paused to wipe at her invisible tears.

"You should have completely majored in dramatic arts. I'm sure you would thrive so well. I have no idea why you chose anatomy," I scoffed, and brushed past her into the bathroom.

I blurred out her theatrical cries and shakespearean lamentations with the shower as I got naked, and stood under it.

There, I thought about Peter's advice for me to trust my heart to make the best decision, and I couldn't help but sigh deeply.

I was afraid of the consequences of following my heart into a worse heartbreak.

The heavens knew I wouldn't be able to take it if that happened.

But life was too short to be sad for long. A voice in my head said to me, and I couldn't help but agree.

Indeed, life was too short and the remaining months I had left in college was even shorter.

There and then, I decided that I was going to accept Bruce's love confession and officially be his girlfriend.

The thought made butterflies dance around in my

belly as I giggled at my reflection in the mirror when I came out of the shower to blowdry my hair.

"I thought about your confession and I've decided to accept it. Yes, Bruce. You heard me. I want to be your girlfriend," I whispered to myself with a smile.

Fuck. It had been a while since I felt that happy and free.

I couldn't even remember the last time I saw a cheerful version of myself.

"Are you giving birth in there, Nora?" Laura yelled, cutting my little moment of happiness short.

I snorted, "I will be out in a few seconds. I'm blow-drying my hair," I yelled back.

"Oh my goodness, Nora!" Laura suddenly exclaimed

as we walked to the bus stop, moments later.

I frowned, "What happened?"

"Guess who the professor taking us today is? And no, Bruce isn't part of them," She said.

"Professor Chadwick?" I said as an afterthought.

"No, not him. Guess again,"

"Hmmm, Professor Estrella?"

"No. Eww. Try once more,"

At that moment, I was gradually starting to become impatient, "Professor Davies,"

"No. You're hopeless. It's Professor Jada," She scoffed, to which I gasped as my jaw slacked.

Jada? As in Bruce's ex wife?

Hell, I had almost forgotten that she was also a professor in my faculty.

"What?" I blurted as I stopped in my tracks.

"Right? I'm so excited too. She's so pretty and I don't know why I look up to her so much. I just want her and Professor Bruce back honestly. They would be such an iconic couple," Laura said, and I had to ignore the wan ache that struck my heart at her statement.

"Don't you agree?" She nudged me when she noticed I didn't say anything.

"Uhm, yeah. They're fine or whatever. I don't really care about them," I shrugged, feigning nonchalance,

and ignoring my aching heart.

Just when would Laura stop hurting me unknowingly by talking about Jada and Bruce falling in love again?

"Anyway. I'm really looking forward to the lecture. I will volunteer to be her course representative, I want her to like me because I want to get closer to her," Laura declared happily.

I just nodded and cleared my throat as we climbed down from the Uber, and made our way into the school.

When we got to class, surprisingly, Jada had already arrived and had taken her spot on the podium.

Wait. Wasn't her class supposed to start in thirty minutes? I inwardly asked myself as I glanced at my phone screen to get a glimpse of the time.

Great. Now, she was definitely going to notice Laura and I as the whole class was already almost fully packed with students.

"I see there are some late students here," Jada said into the mic as she sighted us which caused an uproar of laughter in the hall.

I locked my jaw feeling anger simmer inside me as Jada stared at us. Me, especially, with an amused smile stretching her features.

I had to repress the urge to roll my eyes and zipped mouth as I ignored the eyes trailing after me as I took my seat.

I wasn't been prejudiced or hateful or anything like that toward Jada.

But her class was extremely boring and she was also unprofessional.

She spent the entire time she had with us doing her introduction.

I had no idea what the standard for being a professor was but I guessed it was extremely low for someone as untalented and unprofessional as Jada to be a professor.

Trust me, I wasn't saying this because of her past with Bruce or whatever, I was just describing what I saw and how I felt about her class.

"Miss Nora Simpson?" I was shocked to hear Jada suddenly turn around to call me just as she was about to leave.

My throat suddenly felt dry like a desert, "Y-yes,"

"Can you meet me in my office right now?"

"Oh. Uhm, sure," I muttered, and she nodded before she left.

I waited for some minutes to pass before I began packing my stuff to head over to her office.

"Lucky." Laura pouted, and I didn't hold back from rolling my eyes at her before waking out of the hall.

I knocked on the door with my heart aggressively slamming against my ribs for no reason.

"Come in, Nora," Her voice came from inside.

I trekked into her office, and saw her sitting cross-legged on a couch that was placed at the center of her office with a vape pen in between her lips.

I wasn't even surprised. I knew she had a weird and dark sort of pretentious energy.

"You must be stunned to see your educator being so reckless at work, aren't you?" She chuckled as she placed the vape on the desk.

"I'm not," I deadpanned.

She chuckled as she motioned me to take a seat beside on the sofa in front of her, "I see why Bruce is so obsessed you. You are just like me, so feisty,"

"I don't know what you're talking about,"

"Come on. Stop trying to feign ignorance, Nora. I fucking saw you walk into Bruce's condo that day. So, when did you both start dating?"

I just cleared my throat and looked away at her question as I had no response to give.

"Wait. Don't tell me you're both casually fucking each other without labels. What the fuck? You top your class, I expected you to be smart."

"That's none of your business, ma'am. Can I leave now?" At that point, I was almost livid with anger.

Jada got up from the sofa with a chuckle, and walked up to me, "Hey, calm down. I was just being concerned for you. Trust me, I know how devious Bruce can be. I used to be married to him remember?" She whispered as she put an arm around me.

I shrugged her arm off, "Thanks for your concern. But I don't need it,"

She smiled as she raised her hands in surrender,
"Okay. Okay,"

I scoffed, and turned to leave her office.

I had gotten enough of her weirdness.

"I want you to stay away from Bruce." Jada's voice rang into my ears as I was about to twist the doorknob open.

I snorted, spun around to face her, "Why should I?"

"Because I told you to," She said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Sorry, I can't. Why do you care anyway? Aren't you both divorced? Find someone else and allow him to move on," I said bravely.

"Well, I can't. I will never stop loving Bruce and he is mine. So, you better back off or else I will ruin your life." Jada growled.

"Do your worse," I spat back, standing face to face with her, undaunted by her murderous glare.

"Okay. Since you asked for it. But don't come begging in the future for my forgiveness because I can assure you that you won't get it," Jada smirked.

"You're a psychopath," I muttered, and shook my head before I quickly left her office.

Though I had maintained a brave composure in front of Jada, I was slightly scared of what she could do because I knew very well that her words were not just empty threats.

Well whatever. It wasn't as if she could ruin my life

more than it already was.

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 40 Exposed

Bruce's POV

I yawned as I stirred the glass of warm milk on the kitchen counter.

For a weird reason, I felt very sleepy but I just couldn't go to bed, so I had looked up some remedies for stress-induced insomnia on the internet.

Eventually, I discovered the warm milk remedy. I just hope it would work as effectively as the users claimed

it did because I had a class in four hours, and I had still not gotten a wink of sleep.

I didn't want to yawn or worse still, fall asleep in front of my students.

That'd be the most embarrassing thing ever.

Fortunately, the warm milk seemed to work as my sore eyes eventually bowed in to the pressure of sleep.

But that didn't last long as I was suddenly jerked up from sleep by the sound of my phone ringing.

I cursed both inwardly and loudly as I rolled around to the other side of the bed, and placed a pillow over my head to blur out the sound and ignore whoever it was.

How could a person call me at three in the morning?

Did the person not know that every normal person would be sound asleep by that time of the morning?

Ignoring my phone had little to no effect because the person was relentless in their effort to piss me off.

Eventually, I reluctantly dragged myself up to a sitting position, switched on the bedside lamp to clear the sleep out of my eyes before I grabbed my phone to answer the call.

All traces of sleep disappeared from my eyes when I got a glimpse of the caller id.

It was an incoming call from Conan.

I knew Conan was hands down the most sensible person on heart and he wouldn't just call me for no reason at such an ungodly hour.

Something was clearly wrong somewhere.

"Hey, man. Is everything okay?" I said after answering the phone.

Conan exhaled heavily before answering which unnerved me, "Are you okay, man?" I reiterated.

"What have you done, Bruce? Everything is ruined again. When you moved back here, I clearly warned you times without number, against having an affair with your student." He gritted out angrily which made me swallow nervously as the realization of what he just said dawned on me.

Conan had discovered my affair with Nora.

But that only led my confused mind to one question. How had he done that?

"Since you told me that you were not interested in having anything with anyone, I minded my business and told you that I could matchmake you with someone if you were interested. But what did you say huh? You kept lying to me that you were not interested. Yet, you were fucking your student. Why would you even do something so fucking heinous?" Conan barked which made me flinch a bit.

"Or better still, you could have just told me everything when it happened. It may have been a mistake when it first happened, and I would have advised you." Conan was not letting me speak as he kept rambling angrily.

"But no, you always have to act like you're the smartest person in the world. Now, your sex tape with that girl is on the internet," He exhaled, and in turn, my breath hitched in my throat as sweat instantly broke out on my skin, even though my room was well-

ventilated with air conditioners.

A sex tape?

"W-what sextape are you talking about?" I heard myself croak.

"I don't fucking know, Bruce. I have no idea who could have done something so dangerous. You may want to stay off social media for a while because the video is everywhere and someone even confirmed that it was also uploaded on the school's website,"

At that, I buried my face in my hands as I thought of what Nora could be going through at that moment.

Had I not ruined the poor girl's future?

Fuck. How had I allowed my dick to think for me by fucking my student?

I knew it was too late to blame myself for it. But I just couldn't help it.

"Even though I'm very mad at you right now and definitely don't want to speak to you, I just can't ignore you because you are my best friend and brother. Also, Kylie would have my head if I did that."

"I'm sorry for letting you down, Conan. Believe me, I never expected it to happen," I confessed.

Conan ignored me as he went on, "I've reached out to some of the people I know in tech to help me take down the video from the web. But you know something like that may have been downloaded by some people, and there's no way we can possibly hack their phones to delete the video,"

"The cops will launch an investigation to find the

culprit. For now, just try to stay calm and away from social media, okay? Don't let people see you with the girl from the video. Luckily, your face was not really shown in the video like hers was. Try to stay away from her for a while until all of these is over," Conan concluded.

"What are you saying? How can you ask me to stay away from her? Do you know what she may be going through right now? If anything, I should be by her side right now comforting her." I spat.

"Calm down, bro. I was just saying. Anyway, try to do as I said, okay? And don't think too much about it. Everything will be okay, soon." Conan said, and ended the call.

I ignored Conan's advice for me to stay away from social media, and logged in to my almost extinct handles to see for myself.

My heart sank to the pit of my belly when I saw the trending searches.

"Final year student at New York state university secretly a whore for marks?"

"Class topper at New York state university giving her professor the good suck for marks,"

"Fucking bastards," I mumbled to myself as I scrolled through the posts and comments about the video.

With a sharp exhale, I clicked on the play icon of the video and held my breath when it started playing.

My back was turned against the camera, and was pressed against my desk while Nora was naked and on her knees giving me a blowjob.

Conan was right. I could easily deny that I was the one in the video as none of my features were that noticeable except to those who knew me well.

But that would be the most selfish thing ever. I couldn't let Nora bear the brunt of everything.

I got out of bed to place a call to Nora, and I sighed in frustration when the speaker said her phone was switched off, and I was directed to her voicemail.

"Oh, baby. I'm so sorry this is happening. It's all my fault and I promise to do everything in my power to catch the evil perpetrator. I will make sure they rot in jail. But please don't do anything drastic to yourself, please. I love you, okay? Please stay strong for me," I said into the speaker before clicking on send.

I placed my phone on the nightstand as I pranced around the room trying to think of who could have

done something so brutal and how they could have even done it.

Suddenly, my phone dinged with a message and I eagerly picked it up to check it, thinking it was Nora.

But it wasn't which made me crestfallen. It was a message from an unknown number.

"Did you like my little surprise? Love, Jada," It read, and I didn't need to be told to realize what she meant.

"She's going to ruin you," Lola's voice rang into my ears, and I remembered her prophecy.

Was this what she had meant?

But I wasn't ruined. Nora was the one about to get punished for everything.

"This fucking bitch. I swear to God," I cursed, my hands shaking as a result of the rage bubbling inside me.

Another message popped in as fury bristled inside me.

"Did that dirty slut think she was going to have you? You're mine and mine only. I already asked her to leave you but since she decided to act like a rude bitch, my patience ran thin. But don't worry, my love. I made sure that nobody can tell it's you. She will most likely get expelled and you and I will finally be together like I've always wanted," It read, and that did it.

I couldn't take it anymore.

It had to end that day. Jada's blackmailing and insolence had to end today.

I flung on some casual clothes, grabbed my car keys and phone and headed to the parking lot at four in the morning.

I could still remember Jada's parents house address, so I typed it into the GPS before I steered the car out of the parking lot.

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