

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 4 Fucking myself to his cock

Nora's POV

"Oh..fuck," I moaned, sliding my soaked panties down my legs.

With my free hand, I swiftly unbuttoned my nightshirt and ran my hands across my taut nipples.

"I need you so fucking much, Bruce," I whimpered, fluttering my eyes shut, as I blindly reached to the nightstand to grab my newly-purchased dildo.

I had no idea how to use it. I had never used it in my life, but somehow, I got the hang of it that night.

Yeah. I had managed to get myself horny on my way back from college after the little kiss incident happened between Bruce and I.

Instead of heading to the dorm after I left Bruce's office, I had gone to an adult toy shop to get an extra large-size dildo before heading to my parents' house.

I didn't want Laura suspecting anything. And I wouldn't be comfortable using a dildo in her presence.

I wanted to freely enjoy the sensual bliss that came with fucking myself for the first time ever.

I wondered what would have happened if the cleaner hadn't interrupted us.

Bruce would have definitely made my dream come true, by bending me over his desk and fucking my brains out while chasing his climax.

For a split second, I had resented the cleaner for knocking, but then again, I snapped out of it after I

realized that it wasn't really her fault.

She was just doing her job.

I supported myself on my elbow, spread my legs wide open before slipping the dildo in between my legs.

I teased my dripping pussy with the dildo for a minute, muffling the urge to cry out in ecstasy as I didn't want to grab my parents' attention.

With a low grunt, I pushed the dildo inside me, taking a moment and a deep breath at intervals as I buried it completely inside myself. My pussy was extremely wet, so it was quite easy to fuck myself with the mammoth dildo.

My breath hitched pleasurably as I started sliding it in and pulling it out gently. I exhaled sharply before I retrieved my phone which was beside me.

Quickly, I tapped on the photos icon and the pictures of Bruce's hot abs which I had gotten from instagram a few minutes ago, as a result of stalking him on the app were displayed.

Yes, I was gradually turning into a nymphomaniac and a stalker all because of Bruce.

I tapped on the sexiest picture among the lot, and a choked moan escaped my lips as wetness trickled out of my pussy.

In the picture, Bruce was posing at a beach, and he was cladded in a pair of boxer shorts with nothing more.

His onyx locks were disheveled by the wind, and his gray eyes were focused on the camera while his fingers ran through his hair.

My ministrations on the dildo got languid as I zoomed into the picture, into his long fingers specifically.

"P-please fuck me harder," I whispered, fluttering my eyes closed as my imagination took me to a land of erotic delectation.

I envisioned Bruce sitting on a chair at the foot of my bed, fully dressed in a black dress shirt and a pair of black dress pants with nothing more.

I imagined his thighs splayed as he watched me touch myself, while he let out growls and satisfied grunts interally.

"Yes, petal. You're doing so well," He'd mutter, and I'd gasp before fucking myself faster, with the dildo almost reaching my womb.

"Oh...god," I cried, the bed creaking as I thrust the dildo deeper into my pussy.

"Y-yes, Bruce. P-please fuck me now. T-this isn't enough," I whimpered, squeezing my eyes open to gaze at the imaginary Bruce in my head.

Imaginary Bruce just smirked and got up from the chair, and held my splayed thighs.

"You want to cum so badly, baby. I want you to cum for me. I want to hear you scream my name as you cum for me," Bruce replied, causing me to let out a disgruntled moan.

But I couldn't disagree. Yeah, I wanted to come so fucking much but I didn't want this salacious feeling to end so soon.

I wanted multiple orgasms to ripple through me at

once, with my pussy getting wet again immediately I finished.

I wanted to do this forever but with the real thing.

With Bruce's huge cock.

I wanted my pussy to clench so tightly around his dick as he mercilessly pummeled inside me.

"Yeah, baby. You are so fucking wet and sexy for me like the little slut you are," Imaginary Bruce whispered, releasing his grip on my thighs.

At that, I moaned loudly, paying no mind to the fact that my parents' bedroom was next door and they could easily hear me moan.

I was extremely consumed by the fire of lust.

"Nghh...Bruce...p-please...I-I'm almost there," I gasped, flapping my eyes shut once again.

The image of Bruce's large crotch in the beach picture flashed across my mind as my phone slipped out of my hold.

I had my head high up in the clouds of sensual ecstasy as I imagined Bruce pulling his dick out of the boxer shorts, and slotting them in between my boobs instead while I laid on the beach sand.

I'd wrap my boobs around his cock while he plowed into my tight enclosure.

Just what the hell was wrong with me?

How had I thought of Bruce being in the same room with me, and at the same time also fucking my boobs at the beach?

I needed help. And no, not psychiatric help.

I needed Bruce's help. I needed him to fuck me in every existing sex positions.

"Oh my goodness," I cried in pleasure as I quickened the speed of my thrusts, gradually reaching the height of my erotic fulfillment.

"Oh, Bruce!" I yelled, and shuddered with a gratifying orgasm as cum spilled out of my pussy lusciously, and the dildo slipped out of me.

I panted heavily, tremoring from the aftermath of the mind-blowing climax that I had just gone through.

When I opened my eyes, imaginary Bruce was gone and the room stank with cum.

I scrunched my nose in mild distaste before I gingerly sat up, and retrieved the dildo beside me.

I shook my head as I stared at it.

Who knew I, Nora Simpson, a virgin since birth, could turn into some sort of an overnight sex freak just by meeting a hot professor?

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