

## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 41 Disgraced

Nora's POV

The blinding sun rays diffracted through the window blinds and struck my eyes, which caused me to wake up from sleep.

I scratched my hair clumsily as I yawned loudly while I looked toward Laura's corner of the room, to see if she was also awake.

I was confused to see the side of her bed empty because we both clearly went to bed together earlier that morning, after spending almost the entirety of last night discussing, well, Oscar.

I reached for my phone on the nightstand to call her to

ascertain her whereabouts because she would never leave the dormitory without informing me even if it was an emergency situation.

I groaned when I realized that my phone's battery was low, and so it was turned off. There had been power outage since the day before, so I couldn't charge my phone with electricity.

I eyed Laura's nightstand to see if I could borrow her nightstand for a couple of minutes. I sighed once more when I saw that it was also gone.

Fuck.

Groaning once more, I got out of bed, made it, laid my clothes for the day on the neatly made bed, before I disappeared into the bathroom to take a quick shower as I knew I was probably late for class because there was no way I could check the time to find out whether

or not I had woken up on time.

After, I hurried out of the bathroom, applied lotion to my skin, threw my clothes on and looked into the mirror to see whether I looked presentable enough.

I nodded in satisfaction before I turned around to quickly grab my tote bag, and head out to school while inwardly hoping that I was early enough for the class.

Only the heavens knew what was wrong with me recently, that I was always late to my classes.

Inwardly, I was grateful that my uncle, Uncle Smith, who used to work at college was transferred two years ago because my dad made him keep tabs on me.

I could only imagine what would have happened had

he still been working here.

I shuddered as I walked past the glass doors of college. I sighed with immense relief when I realized that there didn't seem to be many students loitering around the corridor, so that meant I was quite early or so I thought until I walked into the venue of my lecture to see almost half of my entire year, students from different faculties mixed with students from my faculty sitting in the hall.

I was confused.

Had something happened? Or was there an impending event taking place that I didn't know of?

I was trying to be as quiet as possible as I attempted to find Laura amidst the vast sea of heads when someone suddenly yelled and pointed at me, "She's here,"

Various unhinged emotions assailed me with the most prominent ones being fear and embarrassment as about a thousand pairs of eyes turned to my direction, and the murmurings got louder.

What was going on?

Ignoring the dirty looks and judging stares trailing behind me, I remained rooted to a spot, searching for Laura.

"Such a dirty slut," A girl shook her head with disgust pouring out of her face as she brushed past me.

I was beyond embarrassed at that moment.

Instead, I went livid with anger.

"What the fuck did you just call me?" I yelled,

clenching my hands into blows at my side.

She spun around to face me with her hands akimbo and a cunning smirk plastered to her face, "Aren't you ashamed? Why am I even asking such an obvious question? It's clear you're not since you had the guts to show up at school after you got exposed on the internet,"

Confusion cleaved onto me like a koala to a tree as I eyed her, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Still feigning ignorance, huh? You dirty bitch. I had no idea you could ever do this. With how innocent you look, only the heavens know how many lecturers you've offered yourself to for marks," She scoffed.

Wait.

"I-I have no idea of what you're talking about," I

stammered, feeling fear hover around me like a blanket.

"Don't worry. Very soon, you will. We have prepared the video for you should in case you decide to feign innocence." She smiled at me.

A murderous smile.

"Cole, play the video," She yelled, and immediately the projector illuminated with a video that slackened my jaw and made my eyes moisten with tears or regret.

It was a sex tape.

To be clear, my sex tape with Bruce.

I could vividly remember that day. It was the day Bruce and I had sex in his bathroom after I gave him

a blowjob.

How the person had managed to take it I didn't know. But something was strange, most of Bruce's features were not visible and his entire body was turned against the camera, only someone who knew him well would know he was the one in the video.

But it seemed as if everyone knew he was the one.

While I was naked and on my knees, like a desperate slut sucking his dick.

My legs went weak as my vision got blurry. I knew I had to cling onto something before I fell but I was too stunned to move.

Nora, you are doomed. Your life had been completely ruined.



There is no way out of this for you. Your dad will murder you once this gets to you. A voice chanted in my head like a mantra, and I couldn't help but to start weeping loudly as I saw my entire life flash in front of me.

What was going to happen to me? Where was Bruce when I needed him the most?

Had he abandoned me like a coward to bear the brunt of everything?

The video was paused and the girl covered my vision with her body as a demeaning smile stretched her lips.

"So, can you remember now? Or do you need me to play the entire video for you?" The girl taunted which drew out a wild uproar of laughter from the entire inhabitants of the hall.

I shook my head as I dropped to my knees, "No. I can remember now."

"Perfect. I'm sure your parents must have gotten the video now. I can't wait to see you get expelled from school."

At that, my face dropped as I stopped crying, "You sent what to my parents?"

She shrugged, "That's what you get for always making me lose to you every semester, you whore,"

She mirrored my position on the floor, and I averted my gaze to the floor, "So, it wasn't even your exceptional brilliance that got you here, it was sucking professors cocks like a deranged slut. No wonder, you were unstoppable. No matter how hard I studied, I could never beat you." She gritted out, forcefully

yanking me by my jaw to face her.

"You are a whore that deserves to be expelled immediately. Let me ask you something, did you derive pleasure from seeing us work so hard to be the best student in the faculty while you could just bend over for a lecturer to be handed marks like candy, huh?"

"I never had sex with anyone for marks and I don't care if you believe me because I know you definitely won't since you've always hated me. I never expected you to be so shallow. You took this video and uploaded it to stain me. You are nothing but a monster," I spat at her.

Her menacing glare faltered as her hand dropped from my jaw, "I didn't take the video nor did I upload it. You are calling me a monster when you are the worst monster on earth for selling your body for marks. You

disgust me," She spat and shook her head before she left the hall.

In multiples, the multitude of students trickled out of the hall, and soon, I was the only person left in the hall, on the verge of having a panic attack.

My heart rate spiked as a heavy lump settled in my throat. I suddenly felt suffocated as I clasped my hands against my chest to calm myself down but that didn't work as various unbridled thoughts settled in my mind.

"Hey, calm down. I'm here, babe. I'm here. Just try to breathe for me, okay?" I heard Laura's voice seep into my ears as she wrapped her arms around my body.

"I c-can't breathe," I choked out, violently shaking my head.

"It's okay. Just follow me, okay?" She said, tenderly cupping my face and mimicking a breathing exercise.

I obeyed her, and the heavy lump in my chest dissipated, as my airway cleared, and soon, I could breathe just fine on my own.

"What do I do, Laura?" I whispered as Laura pulled me into a warm hug.

"It will be fine. I'm sorry for leaving so early today. Oscar suddenly asked me to come over," She said.

"Are you mad at me?"

"Of course not. Why would I be? I'm your best friend and I will always be by your side for the rest of my life, okay?"

"Okay, thank you. I don't know what I would ever do

without you,"

"You're welcome, babe. Now, let's go home, okay?  
You need to get some rest,"

I could only nod in agreement as Laura helped me up,  
and out of the hall.

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so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 42 Rein her in before I harm her



Bruce's POV

I mumbled incoherently to myself as I turned my car's  
engine off before I took a deep breath to calm myself

and get my words in order.

I glanced at the rearview mirror and exhaled deeply at my disheveled appearance which I honestly didn't care about.

All I cared about was to teach Jada a lesson to warn her against messing with me ever again.

Afterward, I grabbed my phone and climbed down from car.

I stood in front of the sprawling land on which Jada's parents' humongous mansion was built, and shook my head.

To an outsider, the house would probably look like breathtaking and magnificent but to me, it looked sad and lifeless.

I shook the thoughts away as I climbed the stairs that led to the sitting room.

It wasn't my business whether the house looked sad or not.

The maids and men servants at the door bowed silently to me, having recognized me as Jada's ex husband, and robotically swung the door open for me.

"Thank you," I mumbled with a nod before I angrily strode into the opulent sitting room.

Not much had been really changed about the room. It still looked almost the same as it did when I last visited Jada's parents, three years ago, some days after Jada and I got divorced.

The only difference was that the former royal blue parquetry floor design had been switched to vinyl



flooring while the former white walls had been swapped out for gray walls, and my wedding picture with Jada had also been removed.

To sum it all up, everything in the mansion looked dark and sad.

"Bruce! Oh my god. It's really you!" I heard a woman squeak from behind me, and instantly, I remembered the purpose of my visit.

Fuck. I had almost gotten carried away.

I watched Jada's mum descend excitedly from the staircase, with a wide grin plastered across her face.

She attempted to pull me into a hug which I curtly avoided, "Good evening, Mrs Collins. Where is Jada right now?"

"Honey, come down quick. Bruce is here to see us," She yelled with a cheerful ring to her voice as if I had just not spoken to her with the coldest tone ever.

"I just asked you a question, Mrs Collins. I'm not here for formalities or any form of bullshit. I just want to see Jada. Or does she not live with you?" I gritted out, and that did it as the smile crumbled off her face and she cleared her throat.

"Is everything okay? What happened?" She asked gently.

"I just want to speak with Jada. After I finish my conversation with her, then I'll tell you everything. For now, I just need to see her. Where is she?"

"She's out with friends right now but I can give her a call for you and ask her to quickly come home," She offered, to which I scoffed.

Jada. That fucking bitch.

That fucking jezebel incarnate had the audacity to party around with her friends after ruining my life and Nora's.

"Please do that. Thank you," I tried to sound polite.

"Cynthia, bring me my phone," She yelled, and almost instantly, a maid appeared with the said phone.

I watched her dial a number before placing the phone against her ear, "Sweetie. Why don't you calm down and take a seat before she gets here?" She gestured to the sofa facing her.

I almost shook my head in refusal but I didn't want to seem ruder than I already seemed, so I just nodded and sat on the sofa.

There was really no reason for me to be mad at Nora's mum. After all, her daughter was the problem here and not her.

"Would you like any refreshments? We have Whiskey, your favorite. Would you like me to bring you some?" She asked, after regarding me for some seconds.

I shook my head, "Thanks for the offer but I'm fine,"

"Alright then. I don't know why Jada isn't picking up at such a crucial moment. Only the heavens know what possessed her this morning, and made her go to the club so early," Mrs Collins said, darting an apologetic stare at me.

I locked my jaw, and tapped my feet restlessly on the floor but didn't say anything as I watched her dial the number once more.

"Castillo," Jada's dad, Sir Collins, waddled up to us with the aid of his walking stick.

Ever since I had known Sir Collins, he had never called me by my first name, he always called me by my last name which used to annoy me so much.

"Sir Collins," I stood up to offer obsequies.

"Have you been well? How are your parents doing?"

"They're doing well. Thank you," I lied even though I had no idea what was going on in their lives nor did I have any interest in knowing.

But a walking stick? That was new.

I also noticed that he looked frail and sickly as he gingerly took his seat beside his wife.

It also seemed as if he was in great pain.

"Jada. Oh my goodness. You finally answered. Where are you? Come home quick, Bruce is here and he wants to see you," She said.

I watched with a frown etched onto my features as Mrs Collins spoke to Jada, "This is such a wonderful surprise. I hope everything is alright between you and Jada. She didn't tell me that you were both still in touch with each other,"

"We're not," I deadpanned, and Sir Collins' face morphed into a sad expression.

I averted my gaze from him, "What did she say?" I asked Jada's mum.

"She's almost here and sh-" She started to say but

was interrupted by the sound of someone laughing wildly at the doorway, "Oh. I think she's here ahead-" I didn't allow her to finish her sentence before I sprang up from my chair, and crossed the sitting area to the doorway.

Jada was handing her bag and coat to a maid when I reached the doorway. On sighting me, she gasped and inched closer.

"Bruce. You're really here. I th-" Before she could complete her sentence, I slammed her against the wall before I proceeded to wrap my hands around her throat to choke life out of her.

"Sir Bruce, what are you doing?" A maid gasped which I ignored as I smirked down at Jada.

"L-let go of me," Jada coughed.

"You dirty bitch. You've fucking ruined our lives and you think you can live your own life happily." I gritted as I tightened my hold around her neck.

Jada writhed and scratched at my hands but I felt nothing but a weird sort of manic glee at her agony.

"Bruce. Oh my god, what are you doing? Please let go of her," Mrs Collins' voice came, panicked.

I ignored her, "Cat got your fucking tongue now, huh? Why did you post that damn video? How did you even get it?"

"I w-will never tell you." She panted.

"Oh, really? Then I guess I have no option but to kill you," I spat which made Mrs Collins gasp.

"No, no. Please, Bruce. Don't listen to her. Listen to



me and please let her go. I promise I'll make her do whatever you want. You don't want to be a murderer, do you?" She begged.

"At this point, I don't care if I become one. It's not as if I have anything in life to live for anymore," I muttered.

"Jada already took everything away from me. Your heartless daughter has already ruined my life," I yelled.

"Please let her go, son. Please do it for me," Mrs Collins begged profusely.

I growled furiously as I strangled Jada's neck tighter, determined to squeeze the life out of her but suddenly, something in me clicked at that moment as an image of Nora flashed through my mind's eye.

Fuck. Nora.

I still hadn't heard anything from her. But I was sure of one thing in particular.

Nora wouldn't want me to be a murderer because of her.

I panted heavily as I released the grip I had on Jada, and took some steps backward to allow Mrs Collins move closer to her, "I'm not done with you, Jada. You better clean up this mess before I do something worse than this to you," I spat which made her whimper in Mrs Collins' hold.

I huffed incredulously as I eyed her.

"Why should I, Bruce? That f-fucking bitch wants to take you away from me and I will never allow it. I will make her suffer so much that she will end up dropping out," Jada said boldly.

"Just do as I said or else you will see. I bet you," I said, and threw a final glare at both Jada and Mrs Collins.

"Extend my greetings to Sir Collins," I uttered before I marched out of the mansion.

Inside my car, I groaned and punched the steering wheel for some time before I drove off to Nora's dormitory, with anxiety gradually replacing the rage in my heart.

"Please be okay, baby," I whispered.

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

## Chapter 43 Abducted

Nora's POV

"Laura," I whispered as Laura and I strolled into the school garden.

Laura had suggested I sat down for a while for her to get me some food and drinks because I looked like I was about to pass out.

I was too weak to even utter a response, so I just allowed her to lead me there.

"Yes, babe," She said as she helped me sit down, before taking her seat beside me, and placing my hands into hers.

"Why aren't you mad at me? You said you wanted

Bruce and Jada to get married again and Jada is also your role model. Shouldn't you be pissed that I snatched Bruce away from her?" I said feebly, to which Laura groaned.

"I may have wanted that to happen but that doesn't mean I'll get angry at you for it. Professor Jada may be my role model but you're my best friend and I'll always be right here by your side, okay?"

"Mhm. Okay, I'm glad. That girl said they were going to send the video to mum and dad, so I should be expecting a call from them soon." I whispered which made Laura widen her eyes in horror.

"Wait. What? Your mum and dad? What sort of sick person orchestrated this bullshit? What even is their motive? How can a person be so fucking evil?" Laura gritted out.

I had an idea of who the evildoer could be, but since I had no evidence of her threatening to ruin my life, so I couldn't make baseless accusations just yet.

But I was sure as hell that it must have been Jada who planned the whole thing.

She was the only person aware of my relationship with Bruce.

"I don't know. I guess I should start bracing myself to face the council of pastors in the church and also get a job because I may get expelled from school," I bursted into tears as soon as the last sentence slipped out of my mouth.

I could deal with the stigma of being the student who fucked her professor but I would never be able to live with myself if I got expelled.

Dad would immediately marry me off to one of the youth pastors in my church, and I didn't want that.

I had witnessed firsthand how brutal pastors could be to their spouse and children and I definitely didn't wish to have that type of life.

I wanted to have a happy and loving family.

Laura pulled me into a warm embrace, "Oh, baby. Everything will be fine, okay? You won't get expelled just because of that. Neither you nor Bruce are minors, so it should be fine,"

I shook my head as we disengaged from the hug, "You don't get it. I am his student not just any student. He's my professor, and the school is against student-professor relationship. They'd think I did all that to get extra points,"

"Has he called yet?"

"No. I don't even know. My phone ran out of battery," I said.

"Here. You can have my power bank. Use it to charge your phone. Let me go get you some food, I'll be back in a few," Laura said, handing me the device.

I collected it from her with a nod, "Okay. Thank you,"

She just darted a warm smile at me before she got up and headed toward the cafeteria.

I was about to connect my phone to the power bank when a tissue was forcefully used to cover my nose from behind.

I tried to scream but it felt like my throat had suddenly stopped functioning. I could only squirm as the person



wrapped an arm around my neck and pressed my nose tighter with the tissue.

My vision got blurry and gradually became darker as my limbs became weak, and it suddenly felt like I had not slept in years.

"I finally got you," That was the last thing I heard before I gave in to unconsciousness and darkness enveloped my sight.

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When I woke up, the first thing I realized was that I was in grave danger.

If nothing told me, the mischievous smiles on the faces of the five guys who were all standing in front of me, and the odor of tobacco burning gave it away.

Tentatively, I glanced around the dark basement and a heavy feeling of fear settled in my gut.

My first motive was to get up and run as far as my legs could carry me, away from that place.

But it was then cognition dawned on me that it wasn't possible as I was tied to the chair with a spiky rope that bruised my skin, with every little movement I made.

"Hey there, sexy." One of them, a tall, scrawny-looking blonde with a jagged scar on his forehead, and a nose piercing waved at me.

"Please let me go," I begged, and they all laughed like I had uttered the funniest joke in the world.

"Don't worry, we will. After we all take turns getting a taste of you." Another guy, a short, scruffy-looking

fellow said.

At his utterance, I completely lost it.

I didn't care that the probability of me escaping the deadly basement by myself was zero to none, and I started trying to loosen the rope I was binded with.

"Let me go, you monsters," I yelled.

"Now, now, now. Pretty sunshine. There's no need for you to pretend, okay? We know how much you love cocks and don't worry, we all have big cocks that can satisfy you. We know how you get passed around by your professors to get high grades. We'll make it pleasurable and painless, okay?" The first guy crouched in front of me to whisper as he ran his hands all over my body.

I felt so disgusted by his touch, that bile clogged my

throat.

I welled up some saliva in my mouth as I watched him caress my thighs with a perverted grin, "Fuck you all," I said, and spat at him.

His reaction was spontaneous. He yanked himself up from the ground as he aggressively wiped my saliva off his face, "You fucking bitch. I was trying to be nice to you but it seems you like it rough,"

"Where are the dildos?" He barked, and almost instantly, one of them who looked quite young, brought a box up to him.

Wait. Dildos?

I hoped it wasn't what I was thinking.

Had I known I would have followed Laura to the

cafeteria?

I had to stall until an helper showed up.

The first guy rummaged angrily through the box as he mumbled incoherent curses, "Jada is behind all these, isn't she?" I asked bravely.

One of them scoffed, and grabbed a dildo from the box that the first guy was still rummaging through, "That shouldn't be any of your damned business. You should be thinking of how to get yourself out of this situation," He snapped, moving closer to me with the wanton object.

"I-I'm right, aren't I?" I stammered as he rested the dildo against my face.

"So, this is what you look like sucking people off. No wonder Professor Bruce was quite enamored by you.

You look like you were born to be a whore. You were born to be bred for cock, you little cumslut," He whispered, smacking the dildo lightly against my face.

I couldn't bear the gravity of my horrible situation anymore, so I just started crying.

"Exactly, kitten. That's exactly how I want you to cry when my cock is inside you. Fuck. I don't think I can wait anymore. Antonio," He yelled, and the young guy from before quickly appeared by his side once more.

"Yes, boss,"

"Strip her,"

Strip me? As in get me naked?

At that moment, I gave up the hope of ever finding help, so I just sat on the chair with tears streaming

down my face as I stared emotionlessly at the man.

"I'm going to make this the best sex you've ever had, angel," He chattered excitedly as he unbuckled his belt.

I squeezed my eyes closed when I felt the young guy's hands on my hoodie's zipper.

"Boss, wait. Madam is calling," One of them barked as he walked up to the first guy with a buzzing phone.

A shudder of temporary relief raced down my spine as Antonio withdrew his hands from my body.

The first guy groaned but nevertheless, he collected the phone to answer the call, "Good day, madam," He muttered.

He remained silent for a while with his lascivious gaze

never leaving me, "Okay, madam. I will do as you said. Have a great day,"

After ending the call, his lustful stare on me morphed into a murderous glare before he groaned, "Fuck this. Madam asked us to let her go,"

Jada asked to let me go?

Wait. Was this a weird form of sick joke?

Were they trying to mock me?

They all grumbled incoherently as the first guy zipped up his fly and flung the dildo.

"You are lucky madam is in a good mood." He said, and shook his head before leaving.

His underlings also stared at me before they also



followed him out of the basement.

I was stunned as I watched them leave with my heart pounding out of both fright and happiness.

It wasn't until after the wind slammed the door shut that I realized they didn't unbound me before they left.

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## [LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

### Chapter 44 Missing



Bruce's POV

I couldn't go directly to Nora's dormitory like I had planned yesterday because Conan suddenly asked

me to come over to do something.

I was going to sue who the person was and also press charges, so he was helping me with it since he was an attorney.

So, here I was currently parked in front of the huge building that was her dormitory.

I tried calling Nora once more with a thin glimmer of hope in my heart because I had assumed she was not going to pick up but I was shocked and relieved when the line rang, which meant she had turned on her phone at least.

I waited hopefully for some minutes but she didn't answer the call which left me confused.

Was she ignoring me?

I dialed her number again, impatiently thrumming on the steering wheel.

The same thing happened.

The line kept ringing but she didn't pick up.

I couldn't bear it anymore. I had to do something fast.

What if she was in danger? My mind unhelpfully supplied suddenly.

Fuck.

I couldn't let that happen.

As soon as I stepped out of my car and into the premises that encompassed Nora's dormitory, muffled whispering followed by judging stares and a few loud hisses trailed after me but I didn't care.

All I cared about about was Nora's safety.

I wanted to be sure that she was at least alright and she was ignoring me.

As I made to walk into the dorm's lobby, it was then I realized that I didn't even know where I was heading to.

I had no idea what Nora's room number was.

I raked my hands through my hair aggressively. I was sure I had definitely plucked some tufts of hair with the force I used in forking my hair.

I scanned through the vast sea of mopped heads walking to and fro the dorm, and I tried to deduce who among them could be of help to me.

I felt a tap on my back before a sea of questions pervaded my ears, "Professor Bruce? What are you doing here?" A petite girl asked, confusion evident on her features.

I tried to read her expression to see if she also seemed disgusted with my appearance, but surprisingly, she didn't.

Instead, she seemed perplexed.

"I-err. Can you help me with something? Do you also live here?" I asked.

"Yes. I do, sir."

Great.

"That's perfect. Do you know Nora Simpson's room number? I need to see her for something urgent,"

"Oh. Nora Simpson? Blonde with blue eyes with a small physique, right?"

"Yes, her." I replied, bopping my head in affirmation.

"Follow me," She smiled, and turned.

Quietly, I obliged and we walked into the lobby, the receptionist darted me a dirty look which screamed disgust, shook her head and hissed before turning back to flipping the pages of her book.

"Nora's room is beside mine. Her room is on the left wing of this floor. It's the second room on the left wing." She gestured as we trekked into the wing.

"I have to go now. I have a class soon. I hope you see her and sort things out soon. By the way, I just want you to know that I'm on your side. I don't think it's a

big deal to date one's professor," She shrugged carelessly, as if she was saying the most normal thing in the world.

"Oh. Thanks," I didn't know how to respond more than that.

"I mean, you're both adults. Anyway, good luck," She smiled, before leaving.

It was only after she left that cognition dawned on me.

Fuck. I hadn't even gotten her name.

I did as she instructed and walked to the second room on the left wing. I made to knock on the door but my fisted knuckles stopped midway as I stared at the door, like it was a monster with four heads.

Well. Fuck it, I thought as my knuckles finally collided

with the door.

"Nora, it's me. Bruce. Please open up, I need to speak to you," I yelled as I pounded on the door.

No one answered and trepidation started to dawn on me.

What if Nora had done something horrible to herself?

Fuck. I didn't even know anyone related to her who I could ask about her welfare and whereabouts from.

Shit. This was bad.

I stopped knocking and reclined against the wall with various unbridled thoughts and emotions assaulting my mind.

What could I do?



I was about to give up and leave the place to report Nora missing when I suddenly heard the door click open.

I spun around with my eyes gaped and a relieved smile stretching my lips, "Nora. I'm so so-" I paused when I realized that it wasn't Nora, the love of my life who was standing on the threshold of the room but rather it was a strange girl.

The girl looked exhausted and her eyes were red rimmed and swollen like she had been crying all day.

That caused something heavy to settle at the pit of my stomach.

Had something bad really happened to Nora?

"Hey there. I would like to speak with Nora Simpson.

Is she in?" I asked.

"Professor Bruce. No, I won't call you that anymore because I don't have an iota of respect for you anymore," She spat, anger shining in her eyes.

I bunched my hands into fists by my side, "Where is Nora?" I ignored her statement.

"You came so early for her, don't you think? The tape got leaked a day ago, and yet you couldn't even call to ask her how she was doing nor could you visit to make sure she was okay. I never knew that you were such a jerk," She hollered, and shook her head in disgust.

"What do you mean? I've been trying to call her since it happened and her line has been switched off. And who are you?" I gritted out.

The girl scoffed, wrapped her arms around her chest, "If you must know, I'm Nora's best friend and roommate," She huffed, and looked away.

"I have also been trying to put things in place, that was why I couldn't come quickly. I'm sorry. Where is she now?" I said, in a gentler tone.

At my question, the girl burst into tears and shook her head, "I don't know where Nora is. She has been missing since yesterday. I've gone to the cops to report her missing this afternoon and they said they'd look into it,"

It felt like something sparked in my head at her statement.

Nora had gone missing?

"Wait. How did this even happen?" I asked, trying to

be the calm one in the situation.

Laura was still bawling her eyes out and shaking her head. I awkwardly patted her bag, and waited patiently for her to calm down before I repeated the question.

She told me everything that happened in full details.

Nora and her had gone to school the previous day only for Nora to get ridiculed in front of the class with a video of the sextape playing on the projector. After, she has gone to the college garden with Nora and had asked Nora to wait there, so that she could get some food for her from the cafeteria. But when she got there after getting the food, she couldn't find any traces of Nora nor her belongings.

It was as if Nora had vanished while she was away buying food.

And as she narrated, she threw weak glares in my face at intervals.

"Fuck," I muttered when she was done talking.

"You said you've reported her missing," I said, to which she nodded.

"Good. Let's start from there. Just calm down, okay? She'll be back soon. She's probably hiding somewhere. Maybe she wants a break from this. She won't do anything drastic, don't worry," I tried to reassure Laura but it was more like I was reassuring myself that Nora wasn't in danger.

"Okay," She sniffled, and I nodded.

"I'll be back. I need to meet someone who can help me," I said.

"Alright," She nodded which I mirrored before I left.

I fished my hand into my pocket and retrieved my phone to place a call to Conan but his line was not going through, and I was directed to voicemail.

With exasperation seeping through every pores in my skin, I entered my car and flung my phone on the backseat.

Suddenly something strange urged me to head over to the college building.

Without thinking, I revved up the car's engine and drove toward the school.

After what felt like hours, I finally got to the college building and headed straight to the garden where Nora was last seen.

Laura was right. The garden bore no trace of her.

Nothing at all.

I was about to turn back, and head to Conan's when I heard a distant, almost inaudible thud from the small storage building beside the garden.

I frowned when it went still.

Maybe I had imagined it. I thought.

The weak voice came again and I nearly broke my neck with how fast I turned around, "H-Help me. Someone please help me,"

It was Nora.

But she sounded awfully in pain.

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## [LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

### Chapter 45 Regre



Nora's POV

I had many regrets in life. For example, I regretted being born into a toxic family like mine, stealing some money from dad's bible when I was ten, so I could get some candies after school.

The heavy beating that came as a result of my careless action that day from dad made me have a weird sort of PTSD. I would cower in fear whenever I laid my eyes on money.



But nothing was tantamount to the regret that I was currently feeling.

I regretted ever crossing Jada's path. I regretted ever telling her to do her worst.

I regretted ever meeting Bruce.

I regretted ever developing feelings for and lusting after my hot professor.

I should have arrested the lascivious thoughts toward him immediately they set in, if I had done that, I knew as hell that I wouldn't be in this sort of sickening situation.

A day had passed since I was locked in the basement. Well, I didn't have a phone or a wristwatch to deduce the time but the periodical darkness that

had invaded the room some hours ago made me think so.

I had cried bitterly and desperately tried to writhe myself out of the evil bondage that was the rope binding me to the chair but all my efforts were futile.

I had screamed with every bits of strength in me for someone to come to my rescue but like my initial effort, that was also futile.

So, I could only wait and hope that an angel would probably intervene on my behalf and send someone to rescue me.

I didn't even have any idea of where I currently was. But the place seemed like a storage room of some sort as various sealed boxes were scattered around.

Was I even in New York at that moment? Maybe Jada

had asked her goons to take me faraway after abducting me.

The thought brought tears to my eyes and I couldn't help but whimper in fear.

Perhaps Bruce and I were never destined to be with each other in this life.

Perhaps Nora's death was needed for Bruce and Jada to finally have their happily after.

Perhaps I was the evil wench after all.

I could already picture Jada consoling Bruce if something bad happened to me, and then making Bruce fall in love with her again.

Then, I would be the stupid loser who wasted her life all because of her professor's dick.

I didn't want that to happen but it wasn't as if I had any hope that I was going to be saved.

My entire body ached, my stomach grumbled with hunger, my mouth had gone dry and my throat was parched.

I had also slipped in and out of unconsciousness. I couldn't stay asleep for too long as I had nightmares of Jada doing evil things to me in my sleep.

I wondered if I would be able to survive throughout the whole day.

Mum and Dad would have probably gotten the video of my tape, and I could envision dad shaking his head, and mumbling incoherent curses before smacking my my mum across the face, and then calling me a bastard slut.

Mum wouldn't have my back and I wouldn't be shocked or even mad at her for that.

Don't get me wrong though, I loved my mum a lot but I was used to her never sticking up for me or for herself since I was a little girl.

She had always been afraid to incur dad's wrath, and always wanted peace to reign.

That was why dad used to call me a bastard when I'd stand up for myself while I was in highschool.

Because I wasn't slow and meek like mum was.

I wondered what Laura was doing at the moment.

Was she lying curled up in bed with tears streaming down her face? Or was she calm and hopeful that I'd

come back?

Finally, my thoughts strayed to Bruce.

The cause of my woes and the bane of my existence who I couldn't help but foolishly love.

Was he also worried about my disappearance? Had he tried calling me?

Or had he broken my trust again?

I shrugged the latter thought off.

Bruce couldn't do that. He had promised me that he loved me and only me.

I don't know whether I was just programmed to be so stupidly in love with Bruce that I brushed off the fact that I had witnessed him kiss Jada on two different

occasions.

I guessed that was what love did to people.

It made them stupid.

Their heart and mind became someone else's, so they never thought straight.

I hated love.

Love made me a subject of ridicule among my course mates and probably the whole of New York.

Love would also get me expelled very soon, I was sure.

Suddenly, something vibrated on the floor. The vibration was followed by an illumination.

A phone.

No. My phone.

I gasped in mild relief at the discovery.

Jada's underlings had not taken my phone along with them.

How had I not noticed it all these while?

I made to take it from the floor when I realized that I was still entrapped to the chair, and so I couldn't move.

But I was still going to make it work.

I had no idea how I was going to but I knew I could and I would pick the phone up, so I started pushing myself and the chair toward the phone.



I had almost reached the phone when the chair fell, causing me to also tumble down to the ground with it.

I groaned in pain as I felt a sharp ache on my forehead, an agonizing burn behind my elbows and the feeling of blood seeping out of my leg.

"I'm sorry, Jada. P-please forgive me. I will stay away from Bruce like you've always wanted, so please let me out of here," I tried to scream but my voice only came out as a whimper.

My pleas were meant with silence as usual.

I was exhausted at that point and I craved sleep.

But before I allowed sleep to overtake my senses, I called for help, one last time, "H-Help me. Someone please help me," I whispered.

Before my head could meet with the cold cemented floor, I saw someone or maybe it was my imagination.

And I also heard Bruce's voice.

I squeezed my eyes open to stare at the tall, blurry figure.

I smiled, relieved as Bruce ran to me, yelling something I couldn't make out.

As he tried to ease me out of the rope, I smiled again as a thought crossed my mind.

Bruce came to save me.

Bruce cared about me.

"I'm here now, baby. I'm sorry I came late, " That was

the last thing I heard before darkness enveloped my vision.

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Bruce's POV

As I watched the nurses and doctors wheel Nora into the operating room, various degrees of anger rose in me toward one person.

You guessed right. Jada.

I wanted to find Jada and murder her at that moment.

But I knew I had to be rational, so I just sat down on a chair in the reception with my hands clenched together, waiting for the surgery to be done.

My phone chose that moment to vibrate with an

incoming call at that moment, and I groaned before I retrieved my phone from my pocket.

It was Conan.

I exhaled heavily before picking up, "Hey, bro,"

"Hey, man. I'm sorry I missed your call. I was in a meeting. What's up? I heard Nora has gone missing, is that true?"

I nodded, even though I knew Conan couldn't see me, "Yeah. She was. But she has been found now. I found her, Conan. She was abducted and locked up,"

"What? By who? How is she doing?"

"I don't know, Conan. She's not doing good at all. She is unconscious and she has fractures almost everywhere. She's currently in surgery,"

"Oh. And how are you holding on?"

"I don't know, man. I feel so terrible right now. I wonder what could have happened if I had never fallen for Nora. I've ruined her life, haven't I?" I chuckled, a deep, mirthless sound.

"No, man. You didn't. You were both adults before your relationship started, so you can't blame yourself for it. You had no idea something like this could happen. By the way, do you have any idea who may have done something like this?" Conan asked.

"Yeah, I do. Jada orchestrated the whole thing." I stated plainly.

"Jada? That fucking-I'm so sorry, Bruce. How much longer will you watch her ruin your lives? Just say the word and I'd get her arrested," Conan hollered.

"You are talking as if you don't know how much I despise her or what I'd give to ensure that she stays locked up in prison forever. We have no evidence that she did this, Conan." I said calmly.

"Right. I forgot. And I'm the attorney here," Conan laughed.

I just shook my head, "I don't know what to do, man."

"Just relax, everything will be fine. When Nora gets out of surgery, call me," He said.

"Alright, bro. Thanks," I muttered.

"You're always welcome, man. Take care," He replied, and hung up.

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## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 46 Please res



Bruce's POV

It had been two days since I brought Nora to the hospital.

Two days since I last saw her beautiful eyes, two days since I last heard her calming voice, and two days since I had been on the brink of going insane.

I had ignored the doctors and nurses' appeals for me to go home, get some rest, and tidy up my appearance.

How could they even expect me to leave her side?

I felt guilty for being the cause of her misfortune.

The guilt was eating my heart raw and dangerously slow.

And they didn't even tell me if she was going to wake up anytime soon.

When they brought Nora out of surgery, two days ago, I had asked the doctor who was in charge of her welfare about it, but he had just given me a grim look which, though was silent, but at the same time, it also spoke volumes.

They also didn't know when she was going to wake up.

Later on, the doctor went on to tell me that Nora had



suffered an internal injury at the left side of her temple, a severe hematoma which almost affected her brain but thankfully, it didn't.

I didn't need to be further told that Nora could be in a coma.

His words made me want to rip Jada's head off her stupid neck.

I wanted to torture her, and then kill her in the slowest and most torturous way possible.

But I couldn't because I had Nora's condition to think of.

Plus Laura would hate me more if I did something as heinous as that.

I sighed for the umpteenth time that morning as I

gazed at Nora's sleeping form on the bed.

She looked beautiful as always. Like an angel.

It also seemed like she was at peace as she slept on.

Safe for the bandage that was wrapped around her head, and the plaster that was taped to her cheek, one would think she was merely sleeping.

There was a wan knock on the door before a nurse trekked in smartly with an apologetic smile sealed to her mouth, "Good morning, Mr Castillo," She said.

"Good morning, nurse," I murmured.

She walked over to the beeping machines and the rows of wiry stuff that were connected to Nora, and jotted something down on her jotter pad before she turned to me, "Miss Nora is starting to show signs of

improvement. Her brain waves have become slightly normal, so she should wake up anytime soon."

A great wave of relief surged in my heart as I took Nora's cold hand in mine, raised it and planted a tender kiss on it, "Really? I'm glad," I said.

She nodded, "Yes, Mr Castillo. If you need anything, please do not hesitate to inform me, okay? Be it more blankets, a better pillow or anything,"

After observing my resilient form for a day, the nurses had brought in a sleeping bag for me to at least lie my tired body on.

And I was touched by their kind gesture.

I mirrored her head movement, "Yes. I will. Thanks for everything, nurse,"

"You're welcome." She smiled, before exiting the room.

After she left, I pressed another kiss to Nora's knuckles and observed the gentle rise and fall of her chest, and the slow trickle of the fluids into her, "Get well soon, my love. Please wake up, Nora and I promise I'll do anything you want. Even if you tell me that you want me to stay out of your life, I'll gladly do it as long as you're alive and well. Please, baby. Wake up, okay?"

My ramble was met with silence as usual and that prompted a sharp exhale from me, "I should have never put you in harm's way. I should have never allowed Jada back into my life. I should have made sure to keep you hidden from that mad woman. It's all my fault, I know and I'm sorry. I've been apologizing to you lately more than anything, haven't I?" I chuckled bitterly, and shook my head.

"I love you, Nora. So much than you can ever know and I'll do anything for you," I whispered, before kissing her hand once more.

A knock came on the door again before someone breezed in, and this time, it was Laura and she was holding a bouquet of flowers; dahlias and white roses.

Gently, I eased Nora's hand out of my hold, and stood up, "You're here,"

She nodded, looking everywhere but at me as she fiddled nervously with the flowers, "Yes, I am. Has the doctor come in yet?"

"No, he hasn't. But the nurse has,"

"Oh. That's great then,"

I cleared my throat as I prepared to ask a question that has been pressing down on my neck ever since the day Nora had been admitted to the hospital, "I've not seen Nora's parents. When will they arrive to check on her? I'll leave if they want me to, that won't be a problem at all,"

She placed the flowers on the table, "I don't know. Honestly, I don't think they will even come. They are not really in good terms with Nora. I sent a message to her mum the other day while she was still missing and she left me on read. I've also been trying to call her dad since yesterday," She sighed, "But his line is not going through neither is her mom's,"

I was enraged by the revelation.

What sort of parents were they? How could they ignore and abandon their child when she needed them the most? How could they just not care?

I knew I was not in good terms with my parents but sometimes, they pretended to care even though I knew it was fake.

"How can they be so heartless?" The words were out of my mouth before I could process it.

Laura looked back at me, stunned, "I don't know either. But I think the tape must have worsened their situation with Nora. Someone said the tape was also sent directly to them, so," She trailed off, and that instantly shut me up.

How could I have forgotten? I also had a hand in Nora's woes.

Fury simmered inside me when I heard Jada had also sent the tape to them.

Just how low could that heartless bitch stoop?

"But it's not really because of the sex tape that they don't care. They have actually never cared about Nora. Before the whole incident happened, they wanted to marry her off to someone but she refused and ran away from home,"

Had Laura really said Nora's parents were planning to marry her off or had I imagined it?

"What? Marriage? When did all these happen?" I asked, shocked.

She seemed hesitant as she wrung her hands over and over again, "I don't know if I should be telling you this. But I know Nora would never tell you about it, so I have no option but to. You may be able to help her and free her from their evil clutches. But only on one condition, don't ever let her know I told you about this,



okay?"

I nodded, "Okay. I promise,"

Laura cleared her throat before she started narrating. Nora had gotten a message from her dad one day, asking her to come back home as soon as she could, and she had obeyed the call and had gone back home.

But she, Laura, had been shocked when Nora got back to the dorm and gave her the news of her impromptu date with her future husband.

"I know something else happened to her apart from that but she kept lying to me, telling me there was nothing wrong. She seemed heartbroken like a wife who had just received the news of her husband's extramarital affairs," Laura said.

Wait.

On the day Nora had caught Jada and I kissing in my condo, she had arrived with a suitcase.

Could it be that she had wanted to tell me about it before the kiss incident happened?

Oh fuck. I had messed up big time.

"When exactly did that happen?" I asked.

"About two months ago,"

I was right.

"Okay. Thanks for telling me about it. I will get in touch with an attorney friend of mine, and I will ask him to arrange something soon to get her out of that toxic family," I said, to which Laura nodded.

"You are really in love with her, aren't you?" Laura said.

I scratched my nape awkwardly, "Yes. I am."

"I can see that. The tremendous effort you have been putting in, the amount of interest you've shown in her personal life, how dedicated you are to helping her, I've seen it and I know you are. Hell, you literally reek right now but you've never left her side to take your bath or even have some food,"

Embarrassed, I bowed my head like a petulant child that had just been scolded, "Do I really smell? I've been eating though, I had some fruits yesterday,"

Laura scoffed, "You reek, no offence. Since when has eating fruits been classified as having a full and healthy meal?"

"None taken. I guess I'd have to go home to wash up then. I don't want the first thing Nora sees when she wakes up to be a jumpscare," I motioned to the stubbles on my face which made Laura giggle.

"I agree. I'll wait with her then," She said.

I grabbed my phone from the nightstand, before I brushed Nora's lips with a kiss, "I'm off then," I said.

Laura nodded, "I'll see you soon,"

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

Chapter 47 Pregnant





## Nora's POV

I woke up in the middle of a garden which was strangely filled with one variety of flowers; dahlias.

I glanced around myself, a mixture of fear and confusion blossoming within me as I dragged myself up from the ground.

I dusted the shrubs and weeds that clung to my dress as I strolled to a place only the heavens knew.

I paused, frightened after walking for what felt like eternity. It was as if the further I worked, the longer the distance became.

Where was I? I inwardly questioned myself as my eyes roamed around the garden fearfully.

Was I in a weird sort of fever dream? Or had something bad happened to me?

Was I in paradise?

"Hello. Is there anyone out here? Can you help me please?" I yelled into the emptiness of my surroundings, with every bit of strength in me.

I got a chilling silence as a response.

Oh, fuck.

What sort of a dream was I entrapped in? How had I even gotten here?

Where was Laura? Where was Bruce?

What was going on?

I needed an urgent answer to the wave of neverending questions that was raging inside me before I lost my mind.

"Nini? What are you doing here?" In the midst of my fearful thoughts, an eerily familiar voice that I hadn't heard in years came from behind me.

I couldn't believe my ears as I froze in shock because I had greatly missed that voice so much.

My maternal grandmother's soothing voice.

Scared, I spun around to face her, "Nana," I whimpered, after taking in her white-clad form.

She had died a long time ago, when I was just five. I could barely register what was going on back then because it all happened very fast.

One minute, grandma had visited us bearing a hamper filled with pastries for me, and in the next, she was lying on the floor motionless, after suffering a sudden stroke.

The only thing I had noticed back then was that I didn't get any more chocolates and potato chips from grandma.

Her gray hair was packed in her usual french bun fashion, but the only difference was that there was a wreath placed on her head.

She smiled at me and beckoned me to come closer, "My Nini. I missed you so much," She said, after drawing me into a warm hug.

My shoulders shook with immense grief and relief as I tightly held on to her.



I was scared of letting her go again, "I missed you too, Nana. Why did you leave me?"

"I'm sorry for leaving, my baby. But I couldn't help it. Nana's time was up," She smiled apologetically with an amused glint crossing her amber eyes.

"It's alright. I've forgiven you,"

"I'm glad to hear that." She nodded, as she led me to a bench under an oak tree.

"By the way, what are you doing here? It's not yet time for you to be here. You have to go back now, okay?" Her voice had morphed into a stricter one, and it sounded like it didn't even come from her.

Her gaze was fixated to my face as she spoke, "I don't know either. I-I just woke up and found myself here. Where is this place?" I said.

She ignored my question, and gently grabbed me by arm, to make me stand up, "I'm sorry, darling. But I can't explain anything to you. You have to go back right now before it gets too late."

"But where am I going to?" I asked, exasperated as she kept dragging me further away from the garden.

"You are going back to the land of the living," She answered, not even darting a backward glance at me.

That was the last sentence I heard before I was thrown into an onyx mist.

The next time I woke up, my vision was graced with the sight of an hospital room while my nostrils were invaded by the usual antiseptic smell of hospitals.

I tried to sit up but it felt as if my limbs were merely

there for decoration, and not for locomotion.

Tired, I gave up and settled on averting my gaze sideways.

I smiled when I saw Bruce sitting on a couch, a laptop placed on his thighs, with his concentration solely fixated on whatever he was doing on the device.

My handsome Bruce.

My throaty suddenly felt dry like a desert when I tried to draw Bruce's attention to myself.

Frustrated, I settled on punching the bed until he looked toward my direction.

With arms as heavy as lead, I started banging on the bed, my gaze solely fixated on Bruce, inwardly hoping that I was making an audible sound like I thought I

was.

I wasn't left frustrated for long as he threw a look in my direction, his gray orbs widened in disbelief as he flapped his laptop shut, placed it on the chair and sprinted up to me, "Baby. Can you hear me?" He whispered, taking my hand into his.

I couldn't utter a word as my throat was very parched, so I just nodded.

"Thank goodness you are awake. I thought you were going to leave me," Bruce confessed, and kissed my knuckles.

My eyes scrunched in a smile, "Water," I mouthed, to which Bruce frowned.

"I'm thirsty. Please give me some water," I mouthed again.

"Do you want some water?" He asked, and I nodded fervently.

"Okay, baby," He nodded, and retrieved a disposable cup from the bedside table before trekking to the water dispenser to pour a cup of water for me.

Then, he walked back to my bed, placed the cup on the nightstand, and elevated my bed to a more comfortable position, so that the upper part was slightly higher than the lower part.

"Are you okay like this?" He asked, and I nodded.

"Great," He brought the cup to my mouth, and helped me take small mouthfuls until I was satisfied.

"Thank you," I croaked.

"You're welcome, baby. Are you feeling pains anywhere? Do you want me to get the doctor?" He rambled.

I shook my head, "I'm okay. Though, it seems like I've been stuffed full with drugs,"

"That's understandable. You underwent three surgeries in one day," Bruce nodded, to which I gasped.

Three surgeries?

"I underwent three surgeries?"

"Yes, baby. You're so strong and you did great. I'm proud of you," Bruce smiled warmly at me.

My cheeks warmed at the praise, "T-thank you."

"Can you remember anything yet? I mean about the people who did this to you. Can you identify them? The cops will get here very soon and they'd need to sketch their profiles to issue a wanted warrant for them," Bruce explained, and a shudder of fear raced down my spine.

I didn't even realize that I was shivering fearfully and I was drenched in cold sweat with tears streaming down my face until I felt Bruce's thumb on my cheeks, wiping my tears away, "You're okay, my loveno cause for alarm anymore. They can't get you, okay?"

I nodded as he drew me into a beat hug, "I-I can identify them. They were five in number and they all had tattoos. One of them was about to r-" The words got choked in my throat, and my breathing became irregular."

"Calm down, baby. Don't force it. Just take it easy,"

Bruce said, rubbing soothing circles on my back.

I nodded as we disengaged from the hug. Bruce leaned in to kiss me on the lips before he tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear.

He was about to say something when we heard a gentle knock on the door, "You can come in," Bruce uttered, and a middle-aged man dressed in navy scrubs with a lab coat worn over it strolled in.

"Miss Nora, you are finally awake." He smiled.

"How are you feeling?" He prodded on, to which I nodded and shrugged, "I feel stuffed with drugs,"

He chuckled, and cleared his throat. "That's normal. By the way, there is something you should know. It's quite important,"



At his utterance, I sat upright as Bruce and I exchanged confused glances.

"Did you detect an internal injury?" Bruce was quick to ask, and I stared pointedly at the doctor, anxious for his answer.

"No. It's not that. The policy of this hospital states that we must always conduct all sorts of possible tests on any individual that we take into our care." He started, and I nodded in agreement, feeling uneasiness slowly seep out of me.

"So, we have gotten the results of all the tests and we detected something. Congratulations, Miss Nora. You are three weeks pregnant," He smiled, and my face fell in shock.

Pregnant? No. No. No.

That couldn't happen to me at the moment.

"Nora is pregnant? What do you mean by that? She can't be, doctor. I suggest you run the test again," Bruce said, to which I frowned.

What did he mean I couldn't get pregnant?

Was he trying to deny his responsibility? I thought as I clenched my hands into fists.

"We ran the test for a total of five times just to be sure, Mr Castillo. We are hundred percent sure that Miss Nora is currently with child," The doctor said.

"No. This is not possible. I-excuse me. I have to go clear my head, " Bruce shook his head in disbelief, and darted a look which dripped of betrayal to me before he left the room.

Instantly, tears pooled in my eyes as I thought of the next line of action to take.

But one thing was clear as day to me.

Bruce was an unchanging coward and a bastard.

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## [LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)

### Chapter 48 Hur



Bruce's POV

It had been a long while since I last cried.

If I could vividly remember, the last time I cried before

today was on the day I found out that I could never be a father.

Strangely enough, during my trial after Jada's evil deeds, I didn't shed a single tear.

I guessed I was too enraged to even do so.

Currently, I was sitting in the hospital garden with my head buried in my hands and my mind void of any reasonable thought except for the heartbreaking fact that I had just learned.

Nora was pregnant, and I knew that meant one thing.

One thing that I was still struggling to accept, one thing I couldn't believe Nora could ever do to me.

Nora had cheated on me.

I badly wanted to give her the freedom of doubt at that moment but I knew I would just be hurting and deceiving myself if I did so.

The team of doctors that mum had hired some years back had informed us that there was no hope for me to ever be a father.

I had undergone all sorts of tests at various hospitals.

Mum had even flown a specialist from Italy to America to check up on me, and we had gotten the same answer.

I was sterile.

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## LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

### Chapter 49 Is he the father



Nora's POV

With anger coursing through my veins, I watched Bruce pace around the room while we both waited for the nurse to arrive.

I badly wanted to curse Bruce out for even daring to accuse me of cheating but I clamped my mouth shut and settled on caressing my still flat belly.

A tiny smile curved my lips as I envisioned a beautiful image in my mind.

An image of the baby being placed in my hand after I gave birth to them.

Yes. You guessed right.

I had decided to keep the baby.

Abortion was out of it, I couldn't bear the thought of murdering my unborn child. I would never be able to live with myself if I did it.

I wanted someone to keep me company. Someone that would motivate me to push further in life, and never give up.

Bruce was definitely going to abandon us, that was sure and honestly, I didn't care.

I could drop out of school to work multiple jobs to take care of my child.

I didn't need a bastard who hated the mere existence of his own child as the father of my child nor did I need a person who couldn't even trust me.

I would never forgive Bruce for accusing me of cheating on him.

I shrugged the thoughts off as I thought about the baby's gender.

Well, I didn't really care about that.

As

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[LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR](#)



## Chapter 50 I messed up

### Bruce's POV

"Okay, let's do this," I said, averting my stare from the emptiness behind Nora to look into her beautiful, hazel eyes.

But currently, those beautiful hazel eyes held immense hatred and resentment toward me.

I still couldn't believe that I was never sterile. It was as if I was about to go crazy.

I had finally gotten accustomed to the fact that I would never have my own biological kids, only for me to find out that I was very fertile and not sterile.

That meant just one thing.

Mum had done something funny or maybe she had planned with Jada to make me believe I was sterile.

But something told me Jada didn't have an idea of it because if she did, she would have mistakenly let it slip during one of our arguments.

So, that meant mum had bribed all the doctors she had flown in to the country to lie about my condition.

But why could she have done something so lethal?

What exactly was going on?

Was there another secret I didn't know about?

"I'm still waiting for you to start speaking," Nora's impatient tone wafted into my ears and yanked me out of my trance.

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