

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 5 I can't get her out of my mind

Bruce's POV

"Sir Bruce?" The bouncer at the club's entrance gasped as I strolled into the vast reception of the club.

I used to be a regular at the club some years ago before I moved to Manhattan for work, so some of the workers were quite familiar with me.

I darted a smile at him, squeezing some dollar bills into his hand, "it's been a while, Keith. Hasn't it?"

He flashed an appreciative smile at me before he nodded, "Yes, sir. How have you been?"

"Great. And you?"

"Well, I've been existing,"

"I hope things get better, my man," I muttered, squeezing his shoulder in reassurance.

"I hope so too. Thanks," He smiled sadly.

I gave him one last shoulder squeeze before I trekked into the main area of the club.

I frowned in distaste as the putrid stench of cum mixed with bodily fluids, alcohol, and cigarette filled my nostrils.

That was the reason I despised going to clubs. The sight of teenagers rubbing against each other, and wildly making out often disgusted me.

My best friend since middle school, Conan, often teased me that I was getting old, and becoming a testy male karen whenever I expressed my

dissatisfaction with clubs to him.

I pushed the door to the private room that Conan and I used to book for our meetings at the club open and trekked in.

"Hey, man. I thought you weren't going to show up anymore," Conan started, getting up to shake hands with me, and give me a side hug.

"I'm sorry, man. I got stuck in an impromptu video conference just as I was about to leave the condo," I apologized as we took our seats.

"It's been five years since I last saw you, yet it seems like you aged backward," Conan uttered, shaking his head.

I chuckled, "Right,"

"So, how's the new job going? Have you found any pretty co-worker who tickle your fancy?" Conan wriggled his eyebrows suggestively, nudging me with his elbow.

Ignoring the image of a certain blonde bombshell crossing my mind, I scoffed, bringing the glass of Martini to my lips and taking a big gulp from it, "No, Conan. I don't want anyone and honestly, I hope I never find anyone. We both know how dating a co-worker almost ruined my life some years ago,"

Conan nodded, "Yeah, I can remember. Sorry, man, I was merely joking around. I just want you to be happy, man. That woman broke your heart, and sent your mental health spiraling downwards and I know it. But she's in the past, you deserve to find someone else, and build the family you've always wanted with them," He advised, giving me a warm shoulder squeeze.

I inhaled deeply before saying, "Yeah, I know. But I'm not ready to do that again. I just want to have fun for now. I don't want to settle down just yet. I'll be fine, man. Don't worry your little head over me,"

"Are you sure about that?"

"A hundred percent sure, Conan,"

"That's good to hear. You should know, I always want the best for you, my man. You've been through a lot," Conan said, to which I nodded.

"I kno

w,"

"So, how well are you liking your new job? Be honest, do you like it? Is it better than your old one?" Conan

asked, moments later.

I downed the Martini remnant in my glass before answering, "It's too early to judge. I've barely used a week here. I hope it gets better though. The students are quite weird and flirtier than my old students,"

"That's expected of course. I mean, have you looked at yourself? No homo bro, but respectfully, you're hot," Conan shrugged.

I shook my head, "You're weird,"

"That's the truth, man. Just keep all of them at bay, don't flirt with those students, you never know what's gonna happen if word gets out that you're dating your student, you may get fired or worse still, you may get sued by the school and the student's parents." Conan lectured me, replacing his comical expression with a serious countenance.

I gulped slowly as I quietly poured some wine into my empty glass, recalling what I had almost done to Nora some days ago.

I could only hope Nora didn't report me for sexual harassment. I tried to talk to her after class yesterday, but she had ignored me, so I had no idea how to apologize to her for almost kissing her.

I had to do anything I could to stop thinking about her. Though I knew it was almost impossible to do so, I knew I had to try.

I didn't want problems for Nora or myself in the near future.

I was inwardly proud of myself for resisting the urge to jerk off to the thought of her when I woke up earlier today with a boner.

"I won't do such, don't worry." I reassured Conan.

"I trust you," He smiled proudly, causing guilt to creep into my heart.

I wondered what Conan would say when I told him I was having lustful thoughts about the top student in my class, and that I had almost jumped her.

"By the way, how's Kylie and Joshua doing?" I asked, expertly changing the topic.

Kylie was Conan's wife. They had been dating since we were all in highschool. While Joshua was their newly-born son.

I was quite jealous of their love sometimes. I wanted to have someone like that one day.

Someone I'd feel comfortable and happy with.
Someone who would share my joy and sadness. A
person who wouldn't be afraid to show me everything
about them. A person who wouldn't keep stuff from
me like she did.

Conan's face lit up with a soft smile as he nodded,
"They're doing great. Kylie hopes you visit us soon to
see your godson,"

I chuckled, "Don't worry, I will find time to visit very
soon. I will try to come over this weekend,"

"Alright, man. I'll relay your message to her,"

"Please,"

"Have you heard from her?" Conan asked, with an
underlying tone of disgust.

I knew who he was referring to. She was the only person who Conan always spoke angrily about.

"No. I blocked her. I told you already. I don't want any more toxicity," I muttered, to which he nodded in satisfaction.

"That's perfect,"

In response, I just nodded and sipped my wine.

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