

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 6 I want him to fuck me

Nora's POV

"Hey, babe," I said into the phone as I strolled into the laboratory, with my heart hammering against my ribs in anxiety.

I looked around the hallways, inwardly hoping Bruce was already in the laboratory.

"Hi," Laura croaked, which made me frown as the thought of hiding from Bruce momentarily dissipated from my mind.

Something was wrong with my best friend.

"What's wrong, Laura? I asked.

"I have a bad flu, and I'm currently at the hospital with

Oscar. I'm sorry my phone was turned off last night. I was unconscious throughout the night," She muttered, causing me to let out a choked gasp.

"What? Unconscious? Is it that bad?

"Yes, babe. It is, but I'll get well soon,"

"Oh, Laura. I'm so sorry about this. I'll stop by at the hospital after lectures today, okay?"

"Okay, babe. I just wanted to inform you, so you can get a partner for the practical as soon as you can," Laura uttered which made me sigh miserably.

"As if. We both know my communication skills suck, who would even want to be my impromptu partner? I guess I'll just have to hide from the professor throughout," I muttered.

"I'm sorry, babe,"

"It's fine, Laura. Just focus on getting better, I'll call you later,"

"Alright, I love you," Laura screeched.

"I love you too, get well soon," I replied, and ended the call.

Afterward, I gazed at the closed laboratory door, exhaled heavily, gently pattered in, and closed the door behind myself.

My lips quirked up in a smile when I set my eyes on Bruce's handsome face. He was at the head of the table conversing with the students who were gathered around him, like chicks clustered around mother hens.

I didn't want him to notice me, so I forcefully yanked

my stare away from him, and clutched my tote bag tightly.

I took my seat at the furthest corner of the laboratory to survey everyone, specifically Bruce.

Once again, I smiled to myself like a drunk as I admired the man. Figuratively, I was somewhat a drunk, I was drunk in lust with him.

I had never wanted a person as much as I wanted Bruce. I wanted him to be mine even though I knew that was far from being possible.

I reassured myself that Bruce was also interested in me, with the way he had almost kissed me in his office that day.

There was no other explanation for his behavior. He had to also be attracted to me, right?

After two exhausting hours, the practical was wrapped up. I lowered my head onto the desk, to avoid getting noticed as students started trickling out of the laboratory.

A few girls stopped to converse with Bruce which made jealousy simmer in me. I scoffed when one of them playfully poked his bicep and bit her lower lip suggestively.

I grinned wickedly when Bruce retreated from her, and darted her a curt nod.

It served the bozo right.

I had fully immersed with simping over Bruce's hotness that I didn't realize the entire laboratory was now empty of students. Only Bruce remained sat on the table as he scrolled through his phone.

Oh, fuck. How was I going to sneak out of the laboratory without getting caught?

I had to something as soon as I could. But I had no idea what to do.

Luck soon shone on me when Bruce got up from the stool, and headed into the preparation room.

I heaved a sigh of relief

as I quietly got up from the stool and tiptoed to the door. I was about to twist the doorknob open when....

"Miss Nora?"

Fuck.

My shoulders sagged with a mixture of fear and

embarrassment as I craned myself around to stare at Bruce.

He had a shocked countenance painted across his face as he gazed at me.

"When did you come?" He asked.

For a brief moment, I considered lying but eventually, I decided to tell him the truth, "Since the practical began, sir," I muttered, gazing down at the floor to conceal my shame.

"So, you didn't join us for the practical then. Why? Were you feeling sick again?" He asked, with an underlying tone of concern present in his voice.

My heart warmed in delight at Bruce's question. Bruce was worried about my health.

I was gradually starting to win at life.

"Not really, sir. I didn't have a partner for the practical, so I decided to stay at the back because I didn't want to disturb the class,"

"What happened to your partner?" Bruce asked.

I hesitated before saying, "She's down with a flu, sir,"

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Kindly extend my regards to her," Bruce replied which made me gaze up at him.

"Yes, sir." I nodded.

"I can go over the practical with you again. Would you like that?" Bruce suddenly asked, causing me to gasp.

Would I like to stay in an empty laboratory with Bruce for a hour?

Hell fucking yeah.

"Yes, sir," I nodded, suppressing my excitement.

"Cool, come over here," He replied, beckoning me to the desk.

I didn't need to be told twice before I obliged his command and stood awkwardly in front of him, staring at the dummy skin on the table as I put on the disposable gloves.

Bruce smiled at me before taking his position behind me, and cupping my hands with his, causing me to freeze in shock.

I remained stiff while he guided my hands to stitch up the dummy.

Honestly, I didn't learn a thing because I was deeply engrossed with the way the stubbles on his face gently scratched my neck as we worked.

It made me wet my panties with lust.

I fluttered my eyes closed with bliss pouring into me as Bruce's masculine scent of sandalwood mixed with musk seeped through my nostrils. His powerfully sexy scent made me feel butterflies in my belly and vagina.

I almost came when his hands brushed my waist lightly to hold me in place. I shuddered with thirst as I stared at the powerful veins lining his big hands.

"By the way, Nora. I'm sorry about the other day," Bruce whispered, yanking me out of my lascivious trance.

I blinked fervently in confusion, trying to deduce the

reason behind his sudden apology.

"What day?" I asked.

"That day at my office that I almost did something inappropriate to you. I'm sorry for making you uncomfortable," Bruce replied.

Oh! He was talking about the day we almost kissed!

Wait, why was he apologizing though? I liked it.

I wanted him to kiss me.

I didn't want to seem cheap, so I replied, "It's fine. You don't have to apologize because you don't make me uncomfortable,"

Bruce stiffened momentarily before he said, "That's great then,"

"Yeah," I muttered, stylishly reclining against his pecs.

I sighed in bliss when my head met with the rock-hard yet somewhat soft muscle.

Everything about Bruce was heavenly.

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