

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 7 Stuck together in an elevator

Bruce's POV

I hummed to myself as I locked my office door, and set out to leave for my condo after a tiring day of work.

I smiled to myself as Nora's lingering flowery scent on my shirt seeped through my nostrils. I recalled the way she had fitted perfectly against me like a glove as we worked together some hours ago.

"Professor, please wait," I heard a woman screech behind me which pulled me out of my reverie.

I spun around to face the bearer of the voice with a disgruntled frown. My frown deepened when I realized it was a strange woman, and she was smiling at me like we were close friends.

She also had a strange resemblance to her.

The heartless woman who ruined my life some years ago. I shrugged the realization off, clenching my hands into fists by my side as I menacingly sized the woman down with my eyes.

She didn't seem fazed by my coldness as she continued smiling after walking up to me.

"Hi, Professor. Or can I call you Bruce?" She started with a chuckle.

I scoffed inwardly before replying, "No, you can't. We're not close. How may I help you?"

The lady remained unperturbed by my brassiness, "Oh. That's bad. I'm Professor Estrella, a professor in the botany department. Don't worry, you don't need to

use formalities to address me, just call me Ella or Esty," She laughed.

"Alright, Professor Estrella," I said, stressing more on the formality.

Gazing at this woman brought back horrifying memories to my head. The terrible memories that I have been trying to bury since five years ago, all to no avail.

"It's nice to meet you, Professor Bruce. If you don't mind me asking, which school did you get transferred from?" She asked, and for a brief moment, I stiffened as my throat parched up.

What was Estrella's deal with me? Why did it seem like she knew something about me?

"Why do you care?" I spat, without thinking.

At that moment, I didn't care whether I seemed rude to Estrella with my response as I glared at her.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to come off as being too pushy. I was just curious, please don't take offence at my ignorance," She pouted, increasing the disgust blossoming in my heart towards her.

"Since you don't have anything logical to say, I'll be on my way," I muttered.

As I made to turn around to leave, Estrella started again, "Let's get dinner together. My treat, consider it my apology for being too forward,"

I huffed loudly in annoyance, clutching my briefcase tighter.

"Thanks for the offer. But I don't want to have

anything to do with you. Goodbye," I barked, and without a backward glance, I walked out on her.

I could feel my face gradually heating up with anger as I played the useless conversation I had with Estrella over again in my head.

Why the hell had I even answered when she called me?

I had only gotten transferred to New York for two weeks and I was gradually getting sick and tired of the school.

But you're not sick and tired of seeing Nora everyday, are you? A voice in my head teased, causing me to groan.

How had Nora found a way to slip into my angry

thoughts? Was I so obsessed with her?

I trekked into the elevator with a sigh. I tapped in my stop, and waited for the door to slide shut.

"Please wait a minute!" A familiar voice yelled as she breezed into the elevator before the door closed.

I watched her pant tiredly as my previous anger dissipated," I thought you went home already,"

She froze momentarily before spinning around to face me with a shocked gasp, "Professor Bruce?"

I chuckled, scratching my nape awkwardly, "Hey. You didn't go home yet?" I reiterated.

"Y-yeah. I didn't. I had something else to do in school," She replied.

"Oh. Okay,"

Awkward silence ensued between us with each person to their respective thoughts while I secretly stared at her.

My lustful eyes roamed down her lithe curves as I nibbled on my lower lip. I desperately wanted to slip a hand around her tiny waist, grab her ass cheeks with the other as I gently slammed her against the wall and kissed her to stupor.

The obscene imagination instantly sent electricity flowing through my cock, and a split second later, I popped a huge boner.

My face burned with shame as I felt pre-cum dripping down my cock. I almost growled in arousal as I tore my gaze away from Nora's waist, and slipped my hands into my pocket to conceal my hard-on.

"Thanks again for your kindness today, sir," Nora started, cutting in the silence as she turned to dart a smile at me.

"Y-you're welcome," I gritted out, stifling the urge to groan in pleasure, and returning her smile.

I could do this. I could control my arousal. It was just a matter of time until I got to my stop. A voice chanted like a mantra in my head.

My hard cock softened immediately when the elevator suddenly shook turbulently like a massive tide had hit it, before it stopped working. But strangely, the light was still on.

"What's happening, sir?" Nora asked, with panic evident in her voice as she stared at me.

I had to put on a brave front, so I said, "I have no idea, Nora. But I know the technicians are probably working on it. Don't fret too much over it,"

Thirty minutes passed, but the elevator remained unmoving, and sweat started seeping out of my skin pores.

What the hell was going on with the elevator? I thought, scrubbing my hands over my face.

I stared at Nora, and my heart cut when I saw her eyes misty with unshed tears.

Caving in to the weird protectiveness that I suddenly felt, I placed a hand on her shoulder, "Don't cry, Nora. Everything will be fine, okay?" I reassured her in the gentlest tone I could muster.

"I'm not crying," She argued with a snuffle.

I suppressed the smile that threatened to creep onto my face, and nodded. "I'm sorry for assuming then,"

Averting her gaze from me, she nodded and stared into space.

I locked my jaw as my hands slipped off her shoulder, and the horrifying feeling of impending disaster struck me.

Even if I didn't say it aloud, it was clear we were doomed.

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