

LUSTING AFTER MY HOT PROFESSOR

Chapter 8 I kissed him

Nora's POV

"Yeah, we are trapped in here. Can any of you do something fast to rescue us?" Bruce bellowed into his cellphone, standing with a hand akimbo as he clenched his jaw with irritation.

He looked so sexy with his jaw locked in anger that I almost moaned, while inwardly wishing to get yelled at by him.

"We'll have to wait? Till when? Can you give me a definite time? We've been inside this place for two goddamn hours, and you're telling me we still have to wait? Do you want us to die in here?" He hollered as his brows furrowed in anger.

I set aside my lascivious desires as the situation

gradually started to dawn on me.

"Okay, you know what? What if-Hello? Are you there?" Bruce hurled.

He withdrew the phone from his ear with an exasperated sigh, "Fuck, my phone's dead,"

I gasped in terror, "What? Dead? Oh no, we are never leaving this place, are we?"

"Calm down, Nora. I called them, and they noted my complaints down, so I guess help should be on the way, but we don't know when exactly help will get here," He replied which made me groan inwardly.

My phone was also dead, so there was no way I could call anyone for help at that moment.

I gazed up at the lights, feeling my legs weaken with

fatigue from the pressure of standing for two hours straight.

I heard a thud beside me, and I momentarily averted my gaze from the ceiling to see Bruce drop his bag on the floor, and shrug off his coat.

My face flustered with desire as I watched him unbutton the top buttons on his navy long-sleeve shirt, rolled the sleeves up to his elbow, causing me to get a brief glimpse of a dragon's spiky tail tattoo peeking out from under his rolled-up sleeve.

I didn't think before I blurted out, "You have a tattoo?"

Bruce seemed confused but he nodded tentatively, "Yeah, I do. Why?"

My face reddened as I shook my head, "N-nothing," I stammered before facing another direction while

trying to calm my tits and pussy from rampaging with lust at the new discovery.

Daddy I'd like to fuck Bruce, my hot anatomy professor had a fucking tattoo!

Oh, how badly I wanted to see it. I wanted to see every nook and cranny of his tattoo, and memorize the lines and shapes of it. I ached to trace my fingers across it before replacing my fingers with my tongue.

I wanted a taste of him. Was that too much to ask?

"Nora," Bruce called, a beat later.

I whipped my neck around to face him, "Yeah?"

"I made a little seat on the floor for you. Since we don't know when we're going to get out of here, and you seem tired," He elaborated, gesturing at his black

trench coat which was spread on the floor in a small puddle.

Great, Bruce was going to make me more delusional by caring for me.

"But where will you sit?" I asked, staring up at him.

"Don't worry about me, just sit," Bruce replied, which made glee pool in my stomach.

"Oh, okay. Thanks," I replied, fiddling with my hoodie sleeve.

Bruce waited for me to settle down comfortably before he sat beside me on the cold elevator floor. I suddenly felt guilty for not offering to share the makeshift seat he made for me with him.

Just as I was about to ask him to sit on the coat seat,

he began, "You seemed quite surprised earlier when you saw my tattoo. Don't tell me you're also one of those conservative people who think professors shouldn't have tattoos,"

Hold on, what was I hearing? Bruce thought I was against his tattoos? The tattoos I was desperately hoping to touch one day and run my tongue over?

Hell no.

"No, you must be mistaken, sir. I don't hate your tattoos nor do I have prejudice against professors with tattoos. I didn't even know there were people like that, that's a dumb thing to think," I paused my rambling to heave a deep breath. "I mean not when tattoos look so hot on you-oh fuck, please forget I ever said that," I started panicking when I realized what I had just said.

Fuck, why was I such a raging hoe?

Bruce just chuckled, "It's cool. You just complimented my tattoo, and there's nothing wrong with that,"

Instantly, I was relieved, "Right,"

"I'm glad you're not one of those close-minded people," Bruce replied, which made me smile, inwardly preening with pride at his statement.

It was at that moment my stomach decided to fuck up by rumbling with hunger.

Shame covered my face like a bridal veil as I steered my gaze from Bruce, and squeezed my eyes shut in embarrassment.

You stupid idiot, why do you have to disgrace me now? I mentally cursed my belly as I patted it.

"Here, have this," Bruce tapped me lightly on my shoulder, and outstretched a packet of chocolate wafers to me.

Avoiding his stare, I collected it from him, "Thanks. But I can't finish this, so we'd have to share,"

"That's alright with me, Nora,"

I almost moaned in appreciation when I deduced that the chocolate wafer was from my favorite chocolate brand.

I gently tore off the wrapper, broke the wafers into two before stretching it to him, "Have one,"

Bruce smiled, flashing a dimple as he took the shorter wafers and bit into it. "Tastes creamy," He muttered.

"Yeah, it does," I agreed, taking a big bite out of the

wafers, and sighing in respite as the creamy taste melted on my tongue.

I almost visualized the cream as something else but I successfully shook my perverted thoughts off with a shrug before I took a second bite.

Barely two bites later, I was done with the wafers and I fluttered my eyes open, just in time to see Bruce staring at me.

I suddenly felt self-conscious as I dabbed the corner of my lips clean of wafers and stared at him. I chuckled softly when I noticed the chocolate smudge on his lips.

"There's something on your lip," I informed him.

"Really?" He asked, patting everywhere but the smudge.

"No, here," I huffed, and made to swab it off with my thumb.

But something inside me suddenly tugged with lust as I eyed his lips. I bit my lower lip as I stared at them, they suddenly looked tasty and juicy under the dim amber elevator lights.

Throwing caution to the wind, I drew closer to Bruce, with my gaze rooted to his lips, ignoring the perplexed look on his face.

Flapping my eyes shut, I sealed my lips over his with a kiss.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.