My Tryst With the Professor

By ajm45

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Every week, three days a week, she sat at the back of his class, three seats from the end of the row at the very back of the lecture hall. Her long blonde hair hid her face as she took notes, but every once in a while her dark eyes would flicker towards the front of the room, towards him.

She knew when she enrolled in the Introduction to Political Science course that the material would be far from interesting to her, but she also knew that the professor was new and the class should be fairly easy.

What she didn't know, however, was how young and sexy the new teacher would be. The very moment she walked into his class and laid eyes on him she stopped, speechless.

She was completing her third year at the university. The class was part of a general degree requirement and was the one course that looked the least boring of the options presented to her. As she slid into her seat, though, she was grateful she had chosen this particular course.

This has to be some sort of cruel joke from the universe, she thought to herself, quickly taking her notebook and pen out of her bag. *Teachers this hot do not exist*.

Dr. Claar was tall, with short, dark hair and a good athletic build. Even through his professional work attire, Lexi could tell his arms were hard and defined – all muscle. When he smiled she felt a flutter deep in her stomach and she ached to run her tongue along his chiseled jaw line. He had just enough facial hair to drive her wild with thoughts of it rubbing against the inside of her thighs, and she quickly decided she wanted him.

She silently chastised herself for such thoughts, though, knowing he would never be interested in a student, no matter how pretty she thought she was.

At 21, she felt like she had really grown into herself. Her long, blonde hair fell in soft waves about five inches below her shoulders. After many years of dancing, her tiny 5'7" frame was in good shape. Her 38B breasts were perky and firm, and though she sometimes envied her girlfriends with bigger chests, she was happy with what she had. Friends and strangers alike complimented her behind on a

regular basis. Overall, people had always told her she was a gorgeous girl and she'd never had trouble picking up boyfriends.

She zoned back in briefly, and he was calling out names going quickly through the class roster. The class was on the bigger side, and she was thankful for a sea of people to drown in this semester. It would make admiring him from afar easier.

"Lexi?"

The deep voice interrupted her train of thought and she was, again, speechless.

"Lexi?" he repeated, looking around the lecture hall. The way his rich, velvety voice wrapped around her name and rolled off his tongue sent shivers down her spine.

"Here, sorry," she said, raising her hand and giving him a tiny wave. She flashed him a smile, and when he briefly smiled back at her she felt her cheeks begin to color.

She watched him for the rest of the class time, the easy way his body moved and the comfortable manner under which he commanded the room. She was fascinated with him, hanging on to the edge of every word he said as he spoke about his background and what he hoped to accomplish in the course this semester. Lexi noticed that every so often, his eyes would meet hers, and she instantly broke the connection trying to ignore the wetness between her legs.

She practically ran out of the lecture hall when he dismissed the class, anxious to get back to her apartment. Once there, she dumped her belongings on the couch and began to strip her clothes off leaving a trail from her living room to the bedroom. She pulled out her favorite toy, her seven inch vibrator, and started to massage her clit with it pinching and pulling her nipples with her free hand

She laid down on her bed and fucked herself silly, calling out his name as her orgasms racked her body. She imagined it was his cock fucking her, slamming into her tight pussy over and over again, and the thought sent her over the edge again.

Over the next several weeks, he became the object of many of her fantasies and was the name she often came dangerously close to calling out if she was fucking someone else.

As the semester progressed, Lexi couldn't help but notice the sidelong glances and lingering looks that Dr. Claar gave her. At first she brushed it off, thinking it couldn't possibly mean anything. But one day while she was finishing an exam, she stole a glance at him, sitting at his desk, and found him watching her intently.

A flicker of a smirk crossed his face and he sat back in his chair, arms crossed. He was still watching her, silently daring her to break eye contact first.

She did, rushing through the last portion of her test. Something was stirring deep inside her – lust, passion, desire? She wasn't sure, nor did she care. She was ready to start testing the waters and see just how far she could push Dr. Claar. If he wanted to play this game, she would show him who played it better.

She flipped her exam over and slowly unbuttoned the top two buttons on her button-down shirt. She bent over to pick up her purse, giving him plenty of time to get a good view of her cleavage. She straightened up, met his gaze, and smirked. She pulled her favorite tube of lip gloss from her bag and ran it across her lips, holding eye contact with him the entire time. She puckered her lips for emphasis, picked up her test and strode confidently towards his desk.

"Lexi," he said hoarsely, clearing his throat and acknowledging her.

She laid her exam down and smiled at him.

"Have a good afternoon, Dr. Claar," she said, stopping to let her gaze rest on his crotch for a few seconds. She smirked at him again when he tried to cover his [very obvious] bulge, before leaving the room.

The next few times the class met, Lexi continued testing his limits. She'd wear short skirts or dresses and casually let her legs fall open, trying not to laugh when she distracted him to the point where he'd forget what he was saying in front of the entire class.

It was clear to her now that he wanted her as much as she wanted him, but how was she going to make it happen? She really didn't know that much about him. He could be married and have a family for all she knew! And God forbid she put herself in a position to ruin someone's marriage. She wanted him badly, but she didn't want him *that* badly.

She didn't have to wait long for something good to happen, though. It was a late September Wednesday evening and she had just finished her shift at one of the local restaurants where she had been waiting tables for almost two years. She had had his class earlier that morning, and had worn a pair of black jeans and a white v-neck t-shirt. The shirt left little to the imagination, especially since she chose not to wear a bra underneath it.

When she shrugged out her jacket and walked into the classroom, she felt his eyes on her hard

nipples, and she smiled at him as she took her seat. She caught his eye toward the end of the class and quickly circled her fingers around both nipples, causing them to go hard again. She bit her bottom lip to keep from moaning out loud. She watched him as he tried to hide his hard on, and then laughed out loud when he dismissed the class ten minutes early. She flounced past him smirking, pleased that she could have such an effect on him.

Fate was obviously on her side, though, because as she slid out of her car and walked toward her mailbox, she heard someone call her name.

“Lexi!”

The deep voice stopped her in her tracks and she looked around the parking lot, certain that she knew exactly who it was. “Up here,” he said, laughing.

She looked up, quickly scanning the balconies on the apartments around her, and finally found him. He was leaning against the rail, an amused smile toying with his lips.

“Hi, Dr. Claar!” she said, waving. “Hope you’re enjoying your evening.”

“It could be worse. Do you live here?”

“No, I just randomly check other apartment complex mailboxes in my spare time.”

She continued on her way, quickly grabbing her mail and walking back to her apartment. She lived on the first floor, in the building across from him, and as she stood on the walkway leading to her door, she smiled up at him.

A wave of confidence washed over her as she heard herself say, “Have a good night, Dr. Claar. You know, since we both live here, you should come over sometime- we can talk about political things and I’ll share my thoughts on some of your lectures this semester.”

She didn’t stick around long enough to find out if he replied, but instead ran into her apartment, locked the door, and turned on the outside light. Who was she kidding? A silly outside light wasn’t going to make him feel like he should come over tonight. But still, a girl could dream, right?

She peeled her work clothes off and was about to start her shower when she heard someone knocking on the door. Surely her imagination was playing tricks on her, but she pulled on her short, satin robe and tied it loosely as she went to check.

She pulled the door open and there he was leaning against the door frame in a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. She heard his sharp intake of breath when he saw her attire.

“Hello, Dr. Claar. I wasn’t expecting you quite so soon. I thought you might be re-working lectures tonight to make up for recently lost class time.” She smiled at him and crossed her arms.

“I did that already, earlier this afternoon. It was a real pain in the ass. You were expecting me?” he asked, looking down at her.

Her confidence faltered, and she avoided his gaze.

“I mean, I thought you might come over sometime, but I wasn’t expecting it to be tonight. Does your girlfriend know you’re here?”

“What girlfriend?” He looked amused again.

“Wife?”

“What wife?”

“Why don’t you come inside?” She stepped aside to let him in and locked the door behind him. “Can I get you anything?”

“No, I’m good.”

He followed her into the living room, where they both stood quietly, unsure of what to do next.

She stared at the floor suddenly feeling young and stupid for acting like she had been in his class, certain that he was there to chastise her. “Listen, I’m sorry for the way I’ve acted this semester… It was ridiculous of me to think that you would ever look at me beyond just one of your students—“

He cut her off, pressing his lips against hers and pushing her up against the wall. His tongue teased her lips and she opened her mouth, letting him explore. She sucked gently on the tip of his tongue, wrapping her arms around his neck. His hands slipped between them, tugging on the belt on her robe.

“We don’t have to do this. I know you could get in a lot of trouble,” Lexi whispered leaning into him as his hands roamed all over her body, his lips exploring her neck and collarbone.

“Do you know how badly I’ve wanted you? When I called your name and you raised your hand on the first day of class, I knew I had to have you.”

He was whispering in her ear, licking and biting her gently. She sighed, melting into him.

“So, what are you going to do about it?” she asked, staring at him. She picked her leg up, wrapping it around his waist, and used her heel to push him closer to her.

He groaned quietly, grinding his body against hers. His hands were teasing her body, one rubbing her thigh that was resting against his waist and the other slipping inside her black lace bra to squeeze her breasts.

“I think you know exactly what I’m going to do about it, Lexi.”

He picked her up, and she let her robe fall to the floor in a puddle of satin. She giggled, kissing him deeply as he carried her into her bedroom and tossed her on the bed. He stood over her, pulling his t-shirt off, and she suddenly had a feeling that her life was about to get a lot more interesting after tonight…

-To Be Continued-