

My English Professor

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It was my second year of college and I decided I needed to take a core class aside from my political science major. What to take, what to take? I hated math and science, so I figured I would be ok with English. How can I do badly in a subject that I actually liked, right? I ended up signing up for English 1301 with Professor Collins, since I had heard he was a pretty good professor. The first day of class came around, and I had to drag my butt out of bed for the 8 AM English class. What was I thinking, choosing the first class of the day? Since it was just class, I brushed my teeth, and tied up my hair. I looked in the mirror to make sure what I was wearing was appropriate. I looked at my 5'1" petite figure in the full-length mirror. My dark brown, caramel highlighted hair was tied back, the pink baby tee I had on hugged my 34C breasts, which were covered by a pink bra, I was wearing pink flannel pj pants, and no panties. I guess I looked decent enough with my glasses instead of contacts. I put some lip-gloss on, grabbed my book bag and got in my car. I pulled onto the university campus and found a spot closest to the Atwood Building. I grabbed my book bag and headed to class. I checked my phone, it was 8:01; great, I'm late for the first day of class. I walked into the building, and found my class. The door was closed, so I pushed it open as quietly as I could. As I was walking in, my book bag caught on to the door handle and everything fell out. I could feel all eyes on me as I bent down to pick up my things. "Would you like some help?" I heard a voice ask me. I glanced up into a pair of blue-green eyes and a gorgeous smile. I could feel my knees quivering, the heat building up in my cheeks, and butterflies welling up in my stomach, as I slowly nodded my head. He grabbed my books from the floor and handed them to me as I got up. "Thanks," I said softly. I went to the first seat available, put my stuff down, and took out my notebook. I looked up and realized the guy helping me pick up my stuff was Professor Collins. I could feel the heat welling up in my cheeks again. As Professor Collins was lecturing about Shakespeare, I couldn't help but daydream about him. He was 6'2", fit build, dirty blonde hair that was medium length and had an, I just got out of bed style, to it. His blue-green eyes glistened each time he talked about a topic that really interested him. His stunning smile was breathtaking and made my heart skip a beat every time he smiles. "Mimi?" I hear my name being called & look up to see Professor Collins looking at me. My cheeks burned yet once again. "Could you explain the metaphor of Lady Macbeth's hand-washing?" I stuttered and gathered up my thoughts and explain my interpretation of Lady Macbeth. He watched me intently and nodded his head as I spoke. When I finished, he looked at his watch and dismissed the class. I can't believe I made a fool of myself twice in this class. I really need to get it together. I grabbed my stuff and

blended in with the rest of the students leaving class. The next few classes were pretty tame. I came to class a few minutes early, paid attention in class, did my work, and left. I tried to avoid staring at Professor Collins as much, which was really hard to do since he was always looking at me. I kept thinking he didn't like me very much since he never called on me or paid much attention when I talked to him. I just shrugged off the thought though. The next day in class we were having a discussion on the works of C.S. Lewis. We start off with *The Chronicles of Narnia* and discuss the religious aspect of the books. Finally, a topic I can argue about. Professor Collins starts talking about how *The White Witch* was a temptation to Edmund and how he couldn't be saved. I had to intervene. "Edmund does end up getting saved, he learns to resist temptation and Aslan saves him. Remember at the end of the book where he was set on the table of life for the redemption of everyone and to kill the White Witch?" I yelled out. He just looks at me with amazement in his eyes, and my cheeks get really hot. He then looks at his watch and dismisses class. As I was gathering up my things after class one day, Professor Collins came over to me. "Can I have a word with you?" he asked. I nodded my head. "I think we're gonna have a problem with you being in this class." "Professor Collins, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to blurt out in class like that. I..." He cut me off by placing his lips on mine, in a soft kiss. He pulls back and looks at my face, trying to read my expression. "Mimi?" he calls my name. A feeling of pure bliss has overtaken me. I look up at him and into his eyes. He leans in and kisses me again, this time his tongue parts my lips and searches my mouth. Our tongues entwine as his hands caresses my body. His hands move up my shirt and to my bra, unclasping it and starts to caress my breast. My hands traveled down his body and to his pants, undoing his belt and button. We pulled back so he could take off my shirt and take off his pants. He pulls me in for another kiss and my hand finds its way to his cock, lightly stroking it at first. I move my lips away from his and start kissing down his neck, to his chest, down his abs, and stop right at the spot between his thigh and cock. He lets out a soft moan as I lick the tip of his cock. I look up at him with a mischievous grin and then take all of his cock in my mouth. He runs his fingers through my hair as I lick and suck him harder. After a few minutes I can hear him moaning and his cock gets even harder as loads of hot cum shoots into my mouth. I lick him up, then get up to kiss him. "You're such a naughty student," he says breathless. "I think I'm going to have to teach you a lesson." He then bends me over a desk and lifts up my skirt. He spans me hard causing me to gasp. "Oooh do it again, Professor Collins," I say with lust in my voice. "You like that huh?" he asks, spanking me even harder. I can feel his hand reaching between my legs and strokes my wet pussy through my soaked panties. "That has to come off," he says sliding my panties down my legs. He then caresses my clit with his fingers before sliding them into my well-moistened pussy. I gasp with excitement. I can feel his fingers curling up and reaching for my sweet spots, my body tightens as I explode with excitement. He takes out his fingers and I know my cum is dripping down his hands. I can then feel him standing behind me, positioning his cock at the entrance of my pussy, teasing me. "Please put it in. I want you so bad," I beg. I feel the head of his cock start to enter my pussy, but he pulls out. He does it again and again, each time pushing his cock in a little bit more. Finally, he rams his entire manhood into me and I moan. He starts off slowly, but then picks up his rhythm while fingering my clit at the same time. I could feel my body about to orgasm, but I hold

back wanting to cum when he did. He picks up the pace and I could hear him cuss from behind. "Oh shit, I'm gonna cum," he says. "Cum inside me," I say between pants. "I'm on the pill." He shoots his load into me filling up my womb with his hot cum. I couldn't hold back anymore and my body convulses into an explosive orgasm. "Oh gods, Adam!!" I scream. He kisses my neck and pulls out his cock, which is dripping with our juices. Just then, we hear the doorknob turning so we put on our clothes quickly. The door opens and there was Sophie, my best friend with a sly grin on her face as she heads towards us. Stay tuned for part 2.