

The Scottish Professor

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Jenny is an American student in Scotland, who makes a surprising discovery about her professor

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Jenny tied the bow of the black, silk blouse and tucked it further into her short, tartan skirt. One of the things she loved most about Britain was the huge variety of fashions and styles available here, a far cry from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Twenty three years old and yearning for exotic travel, she'd cashed in a 401K and combining it with her savings, had signed on at Edinburgh university for a three year media degree, due to start next week. Jenny loved the Scottish way of life, sweeter water, haggis, black pudding, whiskey, and gorgeous men wearing kilts; men in kilts always turned her head. She smoothed the blouse out, relishing the feel of silk against her skin, and glanced down at the picture of Brad and herself. She grinned crookedly, Brad would probably have died with embarrassment if she had worn something like this for him. In his view, women should be sexy but modest, like his mother and four sisters, whom she loved dearly. Nevertheless both had felt a strange sense of foreboding as she finalized her preparations, almost as if they knew things were coming to an end. There had been no words spoken at the airport but he had sensed she wasn't coming back, and if so, she would be a different person perhaps too different for him. They had been childhood sweethearts, destined to be married one day so all their friends said. Perhaps that was why Jenny had felt a strange mixture of loss and relief as the plane ascended into the bright blue Dakota sky. Now she was free to indulge her wildest fantasies, far from the disapproving looks of Brad and his family. The phone rang and she picked it up on the second ring. "Hello, Jenny Smith speaking." "It's Alex Munro, your English Literature professor?" She smiled at the lilting Scottish accent, and the accents were so sexy. "Oh right, how are you?" "Fine, I was wondering if you've got your passport and visa details handy, there's been a mix up with the school system and I'd like to sort this before we get ourselves in trouble with the Home Office." "Oh, shit," her hand flew to her throat, "I thought everything was fine?" "It was," he sighed, "until a new admissions officer started, it appears our old one messed up a few files and now we're having to contact foreign students and get them to submit their details again, you're the last person on the list." "I'll be right down," she checked her watch and pictured the university in her head. "No need," he reassured her, "I'm on my way home, I can drop by

and get the paperwork filled out at your place, we can do the photocopy thing tomorrow.” “Sure,” she smiled, “anything to make things easy, the last thing I want to happen is to be thrown out of the country on account of a computer malfunction.” “Believe me,” he replied, “you are an extremely bright young lady, we’re looking forward to seeing your work.” Jenny smiled as she hung up, one thing she loved about the Scots was their warmth and hospitality, they were only too willing to help strangers. More than once in the last few weeks she had asked directions and been escorted to her destination by strangers. Jenny stared out the window twenty minutes later as a kilted man with long dark hair ascended the stairs to the small block she now called home. Who could he be visiting? Her block consisted of four flats, two upstairs and two downstairs, with a common entranceway and security locking. Her neighbors were elderly and very friendly, the neighborhood quiet and unassuming. The rent would be a killer but she had already lined up a part time job to supplement her savings, and there was always the spare room for boarders. A few seconds later her intercom buzzed and she picked it up. “Jenny speaking, who is it?” “Alex Munro, we spoke earlier.” “Oh,” she smiled, “come on up.” She pressed the button and moved quickly to the door as the front door opened. Boots echoed on the concrete staircase, and when she opened the door he paused on the landing and smiled. Jenny’s breath caught in her throat as she stared into his bright blue eyes, he looked to be in his late twenties, but people here seemed to hold their age well; botox injections and plastic surgery seemed lost on the Scots she’d met, who seemed to rely on good diet and exercise. His face was fresh, lightly tanned and clean, his hair hung to his shoulders. She ran a practiced eye over his crisp, white shirt, tartan tie, and continued down to his legs, he looked muscular, more the athletic type than an academic. “Hiya,” he grinned, “I remember you, the author of *Incubus: a dreaming*.” “You liked that story?” Jenny’s face wrinkled into a frown, “I hated it.” “I loved it,” he followed her gaze and glanced down at his kilt, “oh, we had some boring ceremony on campus today, lots of professors and dignitaries from Europe and America, so they suggested we look a little more Scottish, kilts are usually worn for marriages, special occasions and dances as you’ve probably worked out by now.” “Very nice,” she stroked her throat, “is that your clan tartan?” “No, the Stuart tartan,” he moved past her into the small hallway, “there is a Munro tartan so I believe, but I’m not that big on clans, a kilt is a kilt so they say,” he smiled, “it always drives the women wild.” She fluffed out her hair and smiled as she closed the door led him through to the living room. She remembered him now from a week ago, he’d been sitting with a group of students in the canteen. “Coffee?” Jenny nodded at the kitchen, “this could take a while, I’m sorry.” “Coffee would be fine,” he smiled through perfect teeth, “I’m in no rush, there’s no Mrs Munro waiting for me.” “Well I’d give you something stronger,” she called from the kitchen, “but I’m fresh out of whiskey and I know your drink driving laws are pretty severe.” She smiled as she spooned coffee into the cups. No Mrs Munro? Are these girls nuts? Britons pride themselves on their attention to detail and Jenny had spent literally hours poring over the paperwork back home, it had only been the intervention of an English friend that had enabled her to complete it successfully. Thankfully Alex took charge and showed her a few shortcuts. He had a dry sense of humor that brought a smile to her lips, he knew all the ins and outs of the Scottish university system. “People like yourself are in big demand here right now,” he nudged her as she finally signed her

name, "if you extend your visa, you could get a job teaching English to migrants here in Britain or even in Europe." But Jenny was only half listening, the smell of his cologne was washing over her, his sing song accent sent thrills down her spine. He was originally from Orkney she found out, hence the different accent and whenever he looked at her, she had the distinct impression that he was checking her out. "Another coffee?" Jenny glanced at him, "you don't have to, but you've been such a big help, I feel like I owe you." "The paperwork can be a nightmare," he straightened up, loosened his tie and undid the top button, "God, is it that time already?" "Afraid so," she fluffed out her hair, "I'm not keeping you from some pretty little woman am I?" "No," he smiled, "I was going to grab a fish supper on the way home and sit in front of the tv and fall asleep." He poked her thigh playfully, "and you must have plenty to do and see, there won't be much time once you start school, we do work you hard," he patted her thigh gently. Her heart skipped a beat as she pulled her gaze from his crotch, what did Scotsman wear under their kilts? "I could make you something," she replied a little too quickly, "I've got plenty of food here." He stared into space and she waited expectantly for his answer. He almost seemed to be toying with the idea or was he trying to find a way to escape? He smiled and she noticed the dimple in his chin, God he was sexy. He shifted slightly and their eyes met. "There's an Indian takeaway just up the road," he mused, "I could duck out and get us both something to eat." "Hmm," she fiddled with the collar ties, "sounds good, you fancy a Coke while we decide? I've got a menu through there." "Sure," he winced, "but I have an important question to ask you." "What?" she smiled and turned towards him." He blushed. "Umm, where's your big boy's room?" "Huh?" "The bathroom." "Oh," she giggled, "interesting wording, through there." "A Coke would be fine." Alex was back on the couch by the time she returned with two cans and a menu, he was smiling as she set them down. But as he tried to take the menu from her she didn't realize that one of the ties of her blouse had been caught between her thumb and the menu. The knot came partially undone as one of the ties pulled free. "Oops," he grinned, "sorry about that, clumsy fingers." She looked down and smiled. "That's okay," she grinned, "I've always liked this style of blouse." "Here, let me redo the knot for you," he pulled the other tie free and slowly undid the knot while she looked down in fascination at his long fingers, trying to imagine what they would feel like inside her. Her breathing became noticeably shallower and she felt her nipples hardening with anticipation, his movements were so slow and delicate. He exerted pressure on the ties and she let him pull her forward, her eyes riveted on his face. He stopped a moment later and their eyes met. He swallowed and she felt slightly giddy as he held the ties in his hands, a faraway look in his eyes. He came to a moment or two later. "Sorry," he smiled nervously, "where was I?" "Untying my blouse," she smiled crookedly. He stared at her, she felt moistness between her legs and her pulse quickened suddenly, he was on the brink and she could feel the hesitation like a physical force, the ties still in his hand. Hesitantly, she undid the top button of her blouse and grasping his hands, pulled them outwards. The collar parted slightly and something seemed to break inside him, he blinked and with a smile she grabbed his tie and worked her hand up to the knot. They hesitated. "You don't think it's inappropriate, do you?" "We're adults," he looked past her for a moment, "but I won't if you don't," "What?" "Tell?" "Furthest thing from my mind," she kissed his lips and let his tongue slide over her lips, "we were going to get a takeaway,

weren't we?" "If you're hungry, we can eat now," he brushed his fingers down her blouse, "but it's open late." "I am hungry," she undid his tie and slid it from the collar, "but not for that right now, I need exercise to work up an appetite." He traced up and down her blouse, his long fingers sending shivers down her spine. She rubbed his chest and nuzzled his neck and throat as she unbuttoned his shirt. The cologne was driving her crazy. She traced around his nipples, marveling at the softness of his skin, shivering with anticipation as he undid her blouse and began pulling it from her skirt. A soft moan escaped her as he parted the blouse and brushed her skin; with his fingertips barely touching her skin, he was able to stimulate the tiny hairs on her body. It reminded her of the feel of feathers on her skin. He began to explore every inch of her front and as his touch got firmer, her sighs became deeper and more pronounced. "And what does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?" she moaned as she pulled the shirt from his kilt and sucked his nipples. "If he's a real Scotsman," he undid her bra, "he wears absolutely nothing, we call it going commando style." "Oh, my," she winced and bit her lip, "nothing?" "Nothing." She slid her hand up his kilt and he parted his legs for her inquiring fingers, a nervous smile nudged her lips as she found his erect member and measured it in her hand. "Not big enough?" She giggled. "If you don't mind I'd like to shatter a misconception about size," she stroked his penis and licked his earlobe. "My boyfriend is larger than normal," she whispered, "and there's some positions we can't try because it hurts too much, but you are just the perfect size for my hot little pussy." "Your boyfriend?" his hands moved under her skirt to her buttocks and squeezed them. "He's in Sioux Falls, South Dakota," she kissed his throat gently, "probably pining after me and here's me, getting ready to fuck my English professor, I'm such a naughty little girl." "Naughty but nice," his index finger slid under the panties to her lips and she purred. He sucked her nipples and slid his finger along her labia gently while she tickled his testicles; they began to expand under her flickering fingers. Her lips began to swell, his stroking was driving her crazy, she had to have him inside her; God she was so looking forward to this. She undid her cuffs and easing the blouse over her shoulders, let it fall to the floor, along with the bra; his soft, moist lips kissed her front, lingering over her nipples while she fiddled with the zip of her skirt. He grinned as she unzipped herself and rose slowly, her eyes flickered as she stared at the kilt. "How does it come off?" "Hah, got you there," he chuckled, "that's payment for all those tricky bra straps you've had us men struggling with for so long." She sat back and examined it for a moment and grinned. "Ah, the belt and the pin." "Damn," he looked pained, "I thought I had you there." Jenny undid the belt and slipped the pin loose and folded the kilt back to expose his erect penis, the head glistening with pre cum. She lowered her head, inched her skirt and panties over her buttocks, and rolled her tongue slowly over the head. He sucked in his breath and she moaned as he bucked and groaned, it felt so good to take all of a man's penis without choking. She moved up and down, her fingers tickling his balls and perineum, taking pleasure in his panting; eventually she rose and kissed his lips gently. Alex reached for her with a smile. "What position would you like to try first?" "This way," she pulled him forward and spreading her legs, straddled him and rubbed the head of his member over her lips as she guided him inside. For a moment she felt a mild sensation of giddiness, expecting the pain she inevitably felt with Brad. But then she felt his member sliding easily inside, and with a satisfied purr she moved downwards

allowing him to fill her completely. She grinned cheerily and stroked his face. "So nice to find a man who fits me without breaking me in two," she cooed. "And here was me thinking I was too small." She arched her back and began moving up and down. Alex mimicked her movements, his penis began moving faster. Then he grabbed her hips and leaning forward, slid to the edge of the couch and plunged upwards at the same time. The sudden action caused her to groan with pleasure. He gripped her shoulders tightly and picked up the pace. Jenny's breathing became labored as he filled her completely, pumping faster and harder. Her hands dropped to her clitoris and started sliding the hood back and forth. A shudder went through her body a few seconds later, she closed her eyes and Brad's face swam before her eyes but when she opened them, all she could see was Alex's beautiful, broad face and his earnest expression as he kept working her slippery passage. She rubbed harder and harder, driving herself closer and closer to the edge while he slid in and out and then she felt her legs giving way, she grabbed his shoulders at that moment and dug her fingernails in. Propelling herself forward she let his bucking plunging strokes carry her closer to the edge of nothingness, and then she felt hot sperm inside her as he let go. Her own orgasm came swiftly afterwards accompanied by guttural animal cries that must have been heard downstairs, her whole body shuddered from top to toe as she clawed his back and bit his shoulders, but he couldn't move because she had him trapped. He was still breathing heavily when she finally felt the peak leveling out. The bucking slowed down a few notches until it finally stopped and she became aware of sweat on their bodies, they were both soaked in it. She breathed out noisily. "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, you are an animal." "Not just a brave heart then?" She kissed him fervently and easing off him, grabbed the Cokes and slid onto the couch beside him while they drank. She rubbed herself gently as the Coke dribbled down her throat and breathed a sigh of relief. "Goddamn, you were magnificent and to think I thought English Literature was one of those boring, stuffy subjects." "There's a shop just up the road from the takeaway," he looked across, "I believe it sells my favorite food, cream." "Cream," she smiled, "why is it your favorite food or is that a secret?" "Because there's more than one way to eat it," he squeezed her breasts. Jenny closed her eyes in satisfaction. English lessons had never been like this before, it looked like she was going to learn a lot more than just English literature this year. Written by Alastair Rosie