

The Professor

By

Shara Azod

Teaching was supposed to get easier as the semester progressed, not harder. However, how was she supposed to concentrate on her lectures with that Latin hunk of loveliness all up in her face? Okay, so not up in her face exactly, but he sat in the front row directly in front of her podium every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday night. Those hazel eyes never strayed from her form, not even to take notes. It was unnerving and thrilling all at once. He seemed completely engrossed in her words, yet that unmistakable gleam in those cat eyes bespoke of something naughty and deliciously forbidden.

Lisa had a sneaking suspicion Mr. Anthony Delgato didn't need to take her Critical Thinking course. In fact, he didn't look like he belonged in City College at all. He was obviously military with that incredibly commanding bearing and short-cropped hair. She had to fight off the urge to ruffle the short inky black curls on top of his head whenever she stepped into the classroom. But as this was her very first college course in which she was in complete control, she had to be professional. Professors didn't flirt with the students.

Well, female professors didn't. And she wasn't really a full-fledged professor yet. Just a chick with a master's working on her PhD. She just couldn't afford to get caught harassing yummy students, no matter how fine and inviting they looked.

But she could daydream. Just not in the middle of class.

Pulling her thoughts together, she launched into her lecture, determined not to look at the large man stuffed into the small seat right in front of her. His body made the desk look like it belonged in an elementary school instead of a junior college. He sat angled to the side to fit. At something like six-two or six-three, he wasn't exactly massive, but all well defined and sinewy.

You need to stop obsessing over him and concentrate on what the hell you're saying. What was she saying? Something about slippery slopes, or was it red herrings?

"Professor Higgins? I don't understand the definition of *Non-sequiturs*. What do you mean, 'Does not follow'? Doesn't follow how?"

Thank goodness for overachieving high school students. She had three in this class, always on top of things. She would have lost her line of thought many times over if it hadn't been for their constant demand for more information. Most of the college students were here because the class was required. They were neither interested nor particularly pleased to be present at the seven to ten pm class. Almost all of them had full time jobs, some with families. They would do the barest minimum to get a decent grade and move on. The high school students were all gifted students looking to not only wrap up as many college credits as possible before going to college, but to master whatever subject they took. They made teaching worthwhile. Plus, they guaranteed to tear her musings from of Mr. Sexy in the front row. Thankfully, the semester was almost over.

Tony shifted slightly in the uncomfortable seat. Man, these desks were for infants. He wondered why he bothered showing up night after night, but one look at the woman behind the podium erased all discomfort except the raging hard on he was trying to hide. Maybe he should stop trying to hide it. Maybe he should let Professor Higgins see what she was doing to him.

The only reason he was here was for her. He didn't need the course, seeing as how he already had a Master's. Initially he had come to enroll in a couple of basic computer courses to help him in his side business. He would be getting out of the service soon and he wanted to make sure all his ducks were in a row. He needed to brush up on databases and spreadsheets to track the few cases he had going. Building a security business from scratch was no joke.

It was during registration that he had seen Professor Higgins greeting some returning students. It didn't take much to find out she taught Critical Thinking while seeking a PhD in Philosophy Education. Before he knew it, he enrolled in one of her courses. He sat there every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday night trying to figure out a way to talk to her.

The woman was a powerhouse. Small in stature but nicely rounded, she was professional, cool and concise-all the things that drove him crazy. He wanted to see her hair mussed from a night of wild passion. He wanted those pillowy lips swollen from his kisses. He wanted that dark, cappuccino skin glistening with sweat and those deep brown eyes glazed over in ecstasy. Hell, he just wanted her.

Although she tried to hide it, he knew she had noticed him watching her. He tried to make it as obvious as possible without being creepy. He didn't look down, didn't take notes; his focus remained solely on her from the beginning of class until the end. Speaking to her afterwards was proving problematic as her students swamped her

with inane questions. He needed to make a move soon, if he was going to make one at all. The semester was fast coming to an end, and he was no closer to the sexy little professor than he had been at the beginning.

He sat there like a smitten teenager with a crush longing to talk to her, but never taking that chance.

This was ridiculous. He was a United States Marine for crying out loud! A decorated war veteran, a cold blood Devil Dog who charged in kicking ass and taking names later. So how was it this five-foot nothing little woman had him all twisted into knots? How was it possible he could look down the barrel of an enemy rifle without a twinge of fear, yet when it came to her, he was a certifiable wuss? This had to end and it had to end now. He just wasn't willing to go back to his empty apartment sporting an erection he couldn't get rid of and dreaming about a woman he didn't have the nerve to talk to.

Tonight was it then. He would wait patiently in his seat while the students fluttered about her before drifting off, then he would finally talk to her.

~2~

"Excuse me, Professor Higgins. Can I talk to you for a moment?"

Damn, even his voice was sexy! How did she know it would be? Of course, Lisa had seen him sitting there as the usual flood of students surrounded the lectern after class demanding to know what would be on the final next week. It was a tad bit irksome, seeing as how the syllabus had all the applicable information printed out in clear, concise language. Unlike all the other nights, he hadn't budged from the negligent sprawled position he rocked most nights until the last student shuffled out of the door.

It was a beautiful thing to behold watching him slip from behind the desk to his full height in one smooth languid motion. To say he had the grace of some large jungle cat would be cliché, if true, and not quite do him justice. He was lethal all right, but oh so very human. His muscles rippled underneath the t-shirt stretched across his chest and arms; but to compare that to anything less than the 100% man he was would be doing him a disservice. Besides, no panther or tiger had ever gotten her panties wet or her knees weak.

Snap out of it sister! No fraternizing with or fantasizing about students!

"Yes, Mr. Delgato?" Ah, man, had she really sounded all breathy and excited as she thought she did? So not good.

The wicked grin flashed her way after that bimbo-esque reply wasn't helping matters. *Oh my! What nice white teeth you have there. Is it all the better to nibble me with?*

Why that particular fairy tale flashed into her head she had no idea. He didn't look anything like a big bad wolf. He looked like a big bad Marine, and man oh man did she want to be disciplined!

"So you know my name?"

He seemed to glide closer until he was damn near flush against her. He wasn't touching her, but she could feel the heat from his body damn near caressing her.

"What else do you know about me, professor?"

Was she crazy, or was his voice even deeper than before? And was that a slight accent she detected?

"I know you don't need this course, and that you have a couple of degrees under your belt," she tried to sound professional, but just couldn't manage to keep the wistful note out of her voice.

For cover, she turned to gather up her lecture notes. Where the hell did she put her briefcase? She had to get out of here before he did something colossally stupid.

"Checking up on me?"

Oh, Lord his voice was right in her ear! If she moved back ever so slightly, she would be in his arms. *Can't do it, mustn't give in.* Oh, who the hell was she kidding? She was seconds away from melting against the man. Especially when his arms came up on either side, trapping her against the lectern. Yep, she was a goner. A quick look down at those light caramel arms and very large hands and she knew what was about to happen. She wouldn't stop it even if she could.

She smelled like pure temptation. It wasn't so much the light scent she wore. Tony could swear he could smell her heat. The hard points of her nipples pushed out against the silk fabric of her blouse, beckoning him to take a little taste. And damn that voice! It was all breathy and soft. It was a siren's voice, leading a man to his doom. She didn't sound like that when she was teaching. What man wouldn't respond? "Tell me to back off and I will." It was the only warning he could muster. He wanted her so damn bad! "All you have to say is no, and I will walk out here and never bother you again."

Okay that was a lie. He would walk out, but he would be back. Every freaking semester if that's what it took. The woman had worked her way under his skin. How the hell could he possible just walk away from that?

At thirty-two, he was man enough to admit that he had been hooked, and old enough not to be afraid of it.

Instead of the dreaded words he didn't want to hear, she moaned ever so softly, her body shifting back. The light brush of her backside against his swollen member sent a bolt of pure electricity through him. He had to grip the sides of the podium to keep from grabbing her. He had to take several deep, calming breaths before bending down to whisper in her ear.

"Be very sure, Lisa, 'cause this isn't going to end here." While his hands may be being good, his hips cantered forward, rubbing the evidence of his interested against the soft cushion of her well-rounded ass. "Are you sure Lisa?"

Please, please say yes! He needed to touch her. He needed to slide his hands underneath that quasi-conservative skirt. He needed to see why there were no panty lines despite the fact the black material hugged her hips like second skin. He needed proof of the wetness he suspected he would find at her core all over his fingers, all over his tongue, and finally all over his dick. Was she a screamer, or did she just moan softly? Could he make her scream? These things he needed to know. "Tell me, sweetheart before it's too late to pull back. Do you want this?"

Yeah, it was too late to pull back.

"Yes."

There was no other answer, but for emphasis, she moved her hips backward to meet his forward thrust. He felt all big and thick against her ass cheeks. Her heart thundered at the prospect of that filling her. How long had it been? One year? Two? She could barely remember her last relationship. But then again, she couldn't think of much other than the man pressed up behind her.

She could have sworn she heard a muttered "Thank you, Lord" before she felt him move. He didn't rip her panties off and plunge in as she had thought, and secretly hoped he would. Instead, she felt his hands move slowly down her thigh, then her skirt rise inch by agonizing inch. She shifted from one foot to another, trying to urge him on, but he took his time moving the material up her legs until she could feel the cool airconditioned breeze against the flesh of her backside.

She wanted it fast, hard and commanding, but he took his sweet time, almost casually fingering the lace edge of her thong. The light caress seemed to go on forever, pulling ever so slightly, but not going anywhere near where she wanted him. She didn't care about the needy little whimpers escaping as she tried to wiggle his fingers closer to her wet and wanting pussy. The man just wasn't budging.

"Do you know how long I wanted to touch you like this?" The deep baritone directly in her ear couple with a teasing bite on her lope sent shivers of pure pleasure down her spine. Her breasts heated and tightened, the lace of her bra irritating her nipples already pulsating with the need for a more direct touch. "I sat there night after night, my dick so hard I could fucking drive nails. And all I could think about was this."

Finally! One thick digit traced the seam of her nether lips, pausing to apply ever so slight pressure on her aching clit. It wasn't nearly enough, but it was something.

"Please!" Lisa had never begged for anything in her life, but she would gladly beg this man to give her what she instinctively knew he could. Surely her plea wouldn't fall on deaf ears. He hadn't seemed a cruel man.

"Please what, baby?" his beautiful voice rasped back at her, adding a new wave of sensations to her already desperately ready body.

That damned finger wasn't plunging inside her! He just casually petted her little cat as if they weren't about to burst into flames.

"I need you inside me! Your finger, your cock, your tongue. Anything!"

It was too late for bullshitting around, and Lisa was no child. She wanted, she needed, and damn it all the man had made implicit promises with that devastating body and those "I am gonna fuck you so good" eyes.

"Good girl."

Her panties were gone with a decisive rip, his fingers dipping deep into her honey pot before returning to her love button. One, two, three thrusts were all it took and she was off to the races.

Tony was afraid that for the first time in his life he was going to lose it in his pants. He had to get inside her, but he didn't want this to go too fast. Holding her tight, he waited until the last tremors from her explosive orgasm before withdrawing his sodden fingers. Nothing in the world could stop him from licking every drop off his digits. Manna, pure manna.

"Don't move," he instructed, struggling to get his pants down over a rock hard erection that refused to be cooperative. He couldn't really blame it, he couldn't wait to feel the ripples he felt around his fingers all around his dick.

Putting on a condom was also a challenge, but he managed, barely.

Positioning himself behind her, he gave her one last chance for an out. "Are you sure you want his, sweetheart? Because once I have you, you are mine!"

And he meant that. Everything about Lisa turned him the hell on. She was smart as hell, and sexy as sin. He wanted more than just this night. He wanted to see if this could be forever.

"Yes, damn it, I'm sure! Fuck me now!"

Oh, hell yeah he was keeping this woman.

She was so tight, so incredibly wet; he was in danger of losing it just trying to work himself inside. If she hadn't moved her hips back forcefully, seating him to the hilt, he might have. She tightened her vaginal walls squeezing him so closely it was like having his dick by a python. And damned if he didn't love every minute of it!

"More!" she demanded, rocking her hips back.

For a few moments he did nothing, enjoying the sight of her ass as it moved back and forth, taking what she wanted. It was a glorious sight, her full globes eating him up inch by inch. His balls filled and grew tight just by watching. He was going to have to stop her soon, but this was something he could see every day for the rest of his life.

Reaching under her blouse, he moved his hand up to cup both breasts, pinching her nipples.

"If you don't stop, I'm going to have to spank you," he growled, not meaning it in the least. Well, yeah, he was going to spank her, but not for this.

Ever so slowly, he slid out, having to still her insistent movements with his hands and one sharp smack for emphasis, and man was it sweet. The ripples went straight to the head of his cock, the most sensitive part of that particular organ. Her answering groan was merely icing on the cake.

Quickly so he couldn't change his mind and slide back inside her welcoming warmth, he dropped to his knees, turning so that his mouth was directly in front of her pussy.

He didn't dive in, not yet, but blew against her rigid clit. He could have sworn he saw it throb. His mouth watered as he stared. It was going to be a long night. Lisa jumped at the first stroke of Tony's hot tongue against her slit. The man actually curled the end to circle her nubbin, suckling gently.

"So good," she moaned, throwing her head back. "Oh, damn Tony, that's so good!"

By the time he was snaking his tongue inside her, she was walking the edge of insanity. One hand locked in a death grip on the podium while the other had a similar one on his head. She really hoped he could breathe, but she couldn't stop herself from riding his face. The man was serious about his task! He was even humming, sending vibrations all through her.

"Shit! Tony, I'm going to come!"

He might have encouraged her, he might have told her not to; she didn't know and she didn't care. It was too good! When she came, she actually saw little white lights in front of her eyes, behind closed eyelids no less!

She would have melted to the floor if he hadn't picked her up. Her legs wrapped around his tapered waist automatically, sighing in extreme pleasure when he slid back inside. If she could, she would have kept him there forever. He filled her to perfection, taking up space in every nook and cranny.

"You make me crazy, baby," he murmured, stroking deep and long while she dangled there, unable to help but helpless to keep still. "You feel so damn good around my dick, in my mouth. I want to stay inside you forever."

Yes!

She wanted more. Two of the most mind blowing orgasms, and she wanted more.

"Don't stop! Please, don't stop!" Her hand clutched at his shoulders as if by doing that she could keep him there.

"I don't think I could if I wanted to."

The confession warmed her heart in a way such a simple statement had no business doing. This could be something, or it could be nothing; she had no business reading more into it than was evident. For this moment, she would close her eyes and pretend it was the promise he hadn't really given. Now wasn't the time for deep thoughts. Especially when he moved her against the wall, his thrusts becoming deeper and harder. Every stroke seemed to pile fireworks on a smoldering fire. It seemed impossible, but she was about to come again-and hard.

"Shit! Oh, shit!" She could barely draw breath, her chest heaving with the effort.

She didn't know when or how, but her blouse hung open, her bra pushed under her mounds. He pressed so close, her nipples rubbed against the soft fabric of his tshirt. He was cupping the cheeks of her ass in his large hands, clutching while pulling her down on his cock as he surged up. Every touch, every sensation added to the ecstasy.

She was so close, so damn close!

Tony felt it from the base of his spine to his balls. She quaked, her body compressing until he too exploded, his body shaking with the detonation. His head

swam as he buried his face against the side of her neck. Surely he had died and gone to heaven.

He stayed there, buried deep inside her as their bodies gradually cooled.

Damn, he really hadn't planned on doing this here in a freaking classroom. A thousand and one doubts danced through his head as he returned to Earth. Would she think this was some kind of professor fantasy fetish thing on his part? Was it on her part? What if she really wasn't that into him? Had he imagined the chemistry between them? Not just the sexual chemistry because that sure as hell was very real and present, but the intense interest he thought he saw in her eyes whenever she glanced his way. What if that was just wishful thinking?

Shit, he shouldn't have done this now. He just lost his head. Being close enough to touch, yet never touching for four and a half months had damn near driven him crazy. Sleeping with her probably diminished him in her eyes. She was a classy lady and he had just treated her like a horny co-ed. That couldn't speak well of him.

Unable to hold it off any longer, he slid out of her, not really wanting to do so.

"I hope it's not too late to ask you to a late dinner?" Damn, he sounded as awkward as he felt.

She was quiet, too quiet as she righted her clothing. He wanted to do that for her, but wasn't sure how she would take it. Maybe she would slap his hands away. Maybe she would welcome it. He wished he knew. "Look, this wasn't some onetime thing," he rushed to tell her when she didn't say anything at all. "At least not for me. I want to get to know you better. I-I'm sorry I came on all hard and heavy, but honestly, Lisa you're hard to resist."

Fuck! Now he had said too much. He was such a dumbass!

"I would love to have dinner with you, Tony."

It wasn't very loud, but he heard it loud and clear nonetheless. His heart soared with hope. To hell with being a macho man about it, he was really into her. So he felt like a teenager whose crush had just shyly smiled in his direction.

"Really? You mean it?" If his boys could see him now, he would never live this down. But if his boys only knew what it's like to find a diamond like Lisa, maybe they'd understand. "I am serious. I want to get to know you better. A lot better."

Damn, just like that and he was hard again. And she noticed. Luckily, the sight of the growing bulge in his pants drew a sly smile to those lovely lips. He needed to spend some time exploring those lips. Feeling like there was no time like the present, he gave her a soft, but lingering kiss, hoping his intent was evident in the action.

"But I think maybe we should go to my place for dinner," she added breathlessly. The sound made his chest swell with pride. Only a real man could make a real woman sound like that.

"I think I like that plan."