

# The Professor

A BWWM EROTIC ROMANCE



LOLA ALLEN

Copyright © 2024 by Lola Allen

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places, websites and names are the product of the author's imagination. Nothing in the text reference any real people, places or entities. All similarities are purely coincidental.

# *“Shh...Don't Wake the Baby.”*



“We’ve got a few minutes of blessed peace...” James whispered back, “what do you say we make the most of it?”

“You won’t get any complaints from me,” I replied, stifling a yawn, “although, I am shattered.”

“No one said having babies would be easy.” James said, as his lips grazed my cheek and began to work their way down my neck in a way that made me sigh in pleasure.

“I know...you did try to warn me...mmmnn...” his mouth had now wandered to my chest, his fingers fumbling with my front-fastening bra; his tongue had found its way to my nipple, and was now licking and sucking on it, until it became fully erect, standing at attention. Awoken by his touch. I bit my lip; the sensation was ticklish, yet turning me on at the same time. My breasts felt heavy, as if engorged. I was still breast-feeding, after all. “If you don’t watch it, James, you’ll get some of this breast milk in your mouth. Then Ella would be really angry at you, for stealing some of her supply.”

“Call me professor, Syanne...it really turns me on when you say

that.” He was growling into my ear, “It makes me want to fuck you long and hard...turn you the hell out.”

He had just made me gush into my knickers; my heart pounding as my breathing began to grow shallow. I loved it when he talked dirty to me, when he got lowdown and nasty. It was what I thrived on. What made me tick.

“Professor...” my breath caught in my throat as I looked into his eyes. They were intense and wild; brewing up a storm, reeling me in slowly. Not a single day went by when this man didn’t make me lose my mind. I still couldn’t believe that he was mine; out of all those other women – he chose me. He still made me weak in the knees, with just a single look. And now, I was soaking wet and dying for him to get inside me already. Before the baby woke up, or we lost our momentum. “I’d like you to fuck me now...fuck me good, like you always do...” his firm dick was pressing against my thigh, releasing juices from deep with me.

“Very well...” he replied, huskily, “you asked for it.” Then he spread my legs apart and began to lick and suck my clit, making me drip all over the sofa. He was going deeper and deeper with his tongue, as if he wanted to reach the innermost part of me. I was moaning in pleasure; clasp my legs around his head. Closing my eyes as he took me to heaven, time and time again. I was in raptures.

“Yes...baby...” tears started into my eyes, “after all this time, you really know how to make me feel...so darn good...oh, yes...”

He stopped licking and made his way back up to my lips, kissing me slowly and passionately; his tongue dancing with mine. “I’m just getting started, Sy...” he bit his lip as his gaze pierced mine, looking into my very soul. Now I was shivering all over as I read the desire in his eyes, submerging me in waves of lust. I was feeling so horny, I wasn’t sure I could wait. Still keeping his gaze, I reached into his trousers and took hold of his dick; I began to stroke it up and down, enjoying the sensation of it growing in my

hand as he groaned into my ear. “Mmmnn...Syanne...” the sound of his groans was driving me crazy, spurring me on as I bent my head down and encased his beautiful dick in my mouth. Just like a tasty lollipop. My tongue was flickering over his tip, then licking and sucking the length of his dick, as I plunged it deeper and further into my mouth. His thickness was intoxicating, and had me licking him all up, never wanting to stop. “Oh...Syanne...” he was thrusting his dick against my mouth, as if he was in agony, “Mmmnn...” he was turning me the hell on with his moans, making me so wet, I was becoming delirious. I needed to feel his thick cock inside me; filling me up so I could think about nothing else except how good it felt. As if he could read my mind, James began to take off all his clothes, standing before me in just his birthday suit. My eyes wandered over delicious body, my tongue salivating as I lingered on his twitching dick...it looked like he was ready for me. Then, I began to take my clothes off too, as James watched me in awe. “Just as sexy as ever.” He whispered into my ear, nibbling on my lips and neck.

“Fuck me, James...”

The look in his eyes showed that he meant business, as he began to thrust into me slow and steady. He felt sublime; the weight of his body almost crushing mine as he went harder and faster. He was pumping me so deep, I thought I would explode. I was going wild; he was making me lose my breath.

“Harder, faster...*deeper*...”

He complied.

“Oh, yes...yes, baby...”

“Mmmn...”

I was running my fingers all over his buff body; weaving my fingers through his hair, winding my legs around his waist, as I almost squeezed the very life out of him. “Oh...James...”

“Syanne...” his lips were around my nipple again, and I could feel a gentle, pulling release. My breast milk was gushing into his

mouth, and he seemed to be enjoying it. “Mmmnn...” he sucked harder, making my nipple begin to throb. Still, he was pounding me and working me, grinding me into the chair as my hair shook all over the place. He was making my breasts bounce up and down until they hurt, as they were so full of milk. Somehow, it felt so good.

Shit, this man knew how to fuck. He was making me grow wings and fly. I felt so uninhibited, so free. Euphoric...orgasmic. “Ooohh...”

“Who’s your professor, Syanne?”

“You are, James...”

He pounded deeper, harder, gyrating his body into mine in a way that made me shiver all over and start mumbling gibberish.

“I said...who...is...your...professor...Sy...?”

“You are...you are...oh...yes...”

“Mmmnn...yes, Syanne.” He paused for a minute, “But remember...the baby is sleeping, we gotta keep it down.”

I paid him no mind, I had entered another dimension as he was banging me, turning me out and making me lose my mind. I was about to come and I couldn’t hold back any longer. It was just something about the way he was making love to me, it was so sensual, so damn sexy, so...

“YES!”

“Syanne...shh...”

“YES!”

“You’ll wake up Ella.”

“Oh, YES!”

I screeched my head off as James’ cum splattered and rolled down my thighs. It mirrored the explosion of relief I felt now that all my horniness was gone.

“That was amazing!” I smiled at him, still catching my breath, “*You’re* amazing.”

## THE PROFESSOR - BONUS SCENE

He smiled wryly, “I hope you still feel that way in a few minutes’ time, because...”

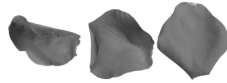
“What?”

“Wait for it...”

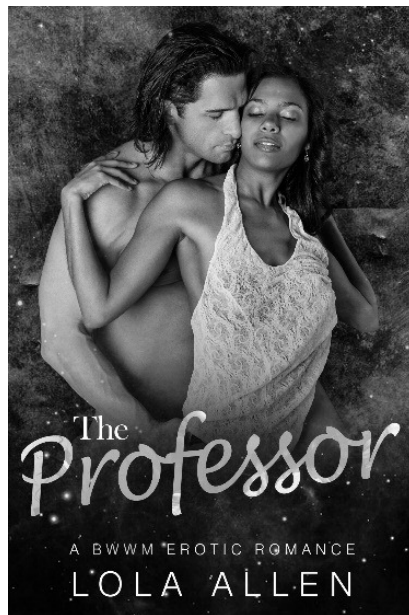
Then, just like clockwork:

“Waah...waah...waah...” the shrill, tinny cry from Ella made its way down the stairs, relentless in its urgency. I clasped a hand over my head, “Oh, no.”

James sighed resignedly, “Should you go, or I?”



**I HOPE YOU ENJOYED READING THIS BONUS SCENE  
from *The Professor*.**





# *Your Feedback Matters*



Thank you so much for reading *The Professor - Bonus Scene*. Did you enjoy reading this story? Then please leave a review. I really enjoy hearing from my readers and look forward to reading their opinions on my books.

Be sure to check out some of my other books.

Other books that I've written with a sensual theme include:  
Rhonda's Revenge, Waiting in the Wings and The Heartless Game.

As an independently published author, I welcome the opportunity to connect with my readers. You can reach me at:  
contact@lolaallen.com or on X: @lolaallenaauthor



*Want to read more by Lola Allen?*



Find more of her titles at:

[www.lolaallen.com](http://www.lolaallen.com)

