

Professor Cullen by Freakyhazeleyes

A Twilight Fan Fiction Story

Summary

Written for Jayeliwood's Sexy Edward Contest! Bella has a crush on Teacher Edward. Lemony One Shot!

Professor Cullen

I was captivated. No, it was more than that. Mesmerized, enraptured, enchanted, enthralled. All of these words just didn't seem to fit with the emotions I was currently feeling. The earlier feelings I had this morning of nervousness of stepping onto the college campus were long forgotten. The occasional stares of my classmates now meant nothing. The only thing that mattered to me now was not blinking. Why blink and miss a second of seemingly mythical man standing in mid lecture at the front of the expansive classroom? Of course I had heard the buzz all around campus about the fantastic Professor Cullen, but now, seeing him first hand with my own two eyes brought everything into perspective. He is fantastic. Beautiful, charming and any other adjective you could think of to express desire. His voice dripped with sex appeal, his green eyes spoke with a confidence in what he was lecturing his classroom about, and he stood with an air of confidence about his strong, grey polo clad shoulders that went all the way down through the khaki slacks he covered his strong legs with, to the black casual dress shoes he wore on his feet. I had to clench my fingers together when the desire to run my fingers through his perfectly messy bronze colored hair washed over me. I felt another blush cover my cheeks as his eyes swept over the room, and was it just me, or did they linger a second longer on me than anyone else?

"Well, guys, I guess that's it for today. Don't forget about your papers that are due next class. Oh, and Ms. Swan, please stay after I'd like to speak with you." Professor Cullen said with a breathtaking crooked smile.

Wait, what? It was only my first day, how could I have done something wrong already? My heart rate picked up and my palms became sweaty. I walked slowly to the front of the classroom as the other students were filing out. I heard the door being closed and locked.

'Oh God, he probably doesn't want anyone coming in to interrupt when he's yelling.' I gulped nervously. The next thing I knew, Professor Cullen was pressed tightly up against my back, his arms encircling my waist from behind, hands massaging my stomach very lightly.

"You have no idea what you were doing to me during class. I could barely contain my self since I saw you walk in here blushing the most alluring shade of red. I could barely take my eyes from you during the lecture." He turned me around and began walking us backwards towards his desk. My breathing was coming in short gasps and my eyes were trained on his. There was a fire burning behind those green eyes, and he lowered his hands to my bottom, picking me up and putting me on his desk. He wrapped my legs around his waist and lowered his lips to mine. I sat there, shocked out of my mind. He licked my bottom lip and gasping, he plunged his tongue inside my mouth, moaning as he went.

I finally began to respond, closing my eyes, finally running my fingers through his hair and letting out a strangled whimper. His roaming hands went to my shirt and he began tugging it off. Our lips separated briefly, and then his mouth was on my throat gently nibbling his way down. I felt his hands go towards the clasp of my bra, but he wasn't getting it off quickly enough. Pulling away, I all but ripped it from my body. He chuckled to himself and his hands went to cup my breasts. My head fell back as a low groan came from my mouth. I began to tug at the hem of his shirt and lifted it. When it came off, I placed a kiss on his collarbone and began to go lower.

His hands went to the button on my jeans and slipped it from the loop. He pulled my zipper down and tugged on them. He pulled my underwear off with them, which I was eternally grateful for since they did not match my bra. My cheeks flushed again as he took in my body and with a small growl he flung himself on top of me, pushing me all the way down on the desk. He kissed me feverishly and passionately and I became light headed. He stood up and took his pants off allowing me to see the noticeable bulge in his boxers. He lowered those as well, then stepped forward, each hand taking hold of one of my ankles. He pulled my body forward until my bottom was at the edge of the desk. He wrapped my legs around his waist. I felt his erection press against the wetness of my center. Slowly, he pushed forward. I gasped and arched my back taking in more of him. He groaned in pleasure, placed his hands on my hips, and began to thrust in and out.

My eyes were closed tightly and my body was on fire. He was leaning close to my ear and he whispered, "Look at me."

I opened my brown eyes and met green. "What do you want?" He asked, still whispering. I opened my mouth, but all that came out was a strangled gasp, as his left hand massaged my breast again. He smirked, seeing my reaction. I tried to tell him what I wanted by lifting my hips to meet his thrusts. He began going faster, sensing what I needed. I felt the heat tighten in my stomach, and my hands grabbed his shoulders as my orgasm ripped through me. Silencing my cries with a kiss, he sped up even more, thrusting into my body, and with a strangled cry of "Bella" he collapsed on top of me, his head nestled in the crook of my neck.

After both of us caught our breath, I let out a tiny little giggle. "When you said to come visit your class today I thought you wanted me to just take notes for future reference."

Edward let out a loud laugh and lay his elbow on top of the desk with his head in his hand. "Well that was the intention, but you just looked so adorable sitting there." He lifted his hand and started to brush it along my cheek. "I'm just glad you chose my last class to visit otherwise my back to back sessions would've gotten an eyeful." He said laughing at my blossoming cheeks. "So, how did the other teachers treat you? Tanya held her tongue right? No comments about how I'm marrying a younger woman?"

I sighed knowing their ages were still a sore subject for his colleagues, especially Tanya, who'd been eyeing Edward for years. She had not been pleased when Alice introduced Edward to Bella almost three years ago. Now they were engaged which just fanned the flames. Her, fresh out of grad school at 24 years old, and he, a college professor with tenure about to turn 30 in the summer. "Yes, in fact she avoided me like the plague. But the others were very nice and helpful. Angela even let me help with her lecture since that was what my thesis had been on."

He nodded his head, smiling. He lowered his nose to my neck nuzzling it softly. "Well, I'm sure with my help you'll be on your way to becoming a brilliant teacher."

Glancing at the clock above us on the wall, I sighed. "It's almost 5. We have to go now, if we want to get to the restaurant on time. Plus Alice will kill us if we're late again."

He growled low in his throat but got off the desk and helped me to my feet. We handed each others clothes as we got dressed again.

"You'd think we'd have some say in our own wedding, but no Alice just has to go overboard yet again." Edward said with a sigh.

"Well she's *your* sister." I told him with a laugh, going over to pick up my bag with my notes from the day inside.

"And she's *your* best friend! You should stand up to her before I should." Edward said, slinging his book bag over his shoulder and turning off the lights in his classroom, following me out the door.

"Yes, but I kind of owe her. I mean she introduced me to you after all." I said smiling, and twining our fingers together.

He looked at me with a beautiful smile and lifted our clasped hands to gently kiss the back of mine, where my engagement ring rested on my finger.

"And that my dear fiancée is why I don't say a word." He said opening the passenger door of his Volvo for me.

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