

***Brandon McYntire***

***Short story***

**18+**



***Professor Viny***



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Brandon McYntire

## **Professor Viny**

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### **WARNING 18+**

There are sex scenes and vulgarisms in the story.  
Intended for adult readers over 18 years.

Professor Vina's character is only fictional. It does not describe any real character. If there is a professor with such a nickname somewhere, it is just a coincidence and has nothing to do with the character in this story.

In each class of literature, I watched closely the slow and thoughtful movements of our Professor Vina. Apparently she was a woman who always thought about her every step and every sentence in advance. It was certainly not a woman who stepped into the unknown and got lost in the faith of events. A tall beauty of slender shapes and with long brown hair to the waist, she walked slowly down the classroom between the benches, explaining the secrets of the literary world. Sometimes she put her left hand on my shoulder and emphasized what she had just said to let me know where my thoughts should go. Intuitively, she could guess where I was going in my thoughts. And so on the outside, looking cold, she explained and explained all the time. In fact, she never asked us anything, it was clear to her that she would not get any logical answer. And that's why the lessons with our professor of literature were the best of all. She didn't ask for anything from us. We just listened for an hour and sometimes we glanced at her to make her feel that we were listening and paying attention to her. Everyone loves it on our technical superstructure, because hours with it are partly relaxing for everyone. During the summer, he gets used to dressing in long, thin clothes of various patterns. She is a woman who is immediately noticed, albeit at a glance for a few seconds. It cannot be overlooked. And it works the same way in our literature lessons. You just can't help but look at her. Her calm voice brings a person to a kind of alpha level and normally gets into relaxation. I admire her how she can be so calm and composed even though she is over thirty. And as we know in class, he still has no husband. It is a mystery to us and also an often grateful topic for a class debate over a break. There are exactly 24 students in our class and 9 of them boys - ie men - because we are all over 20 years old. Everyone who is studying here has decided that we will

build an extension after graduation in the hope that we will then do better in life. No one can predict what our future will look like. Maybe we don't go to this school unnecessarily. On that day, D was exactly the middle of June, that is, June 15, 2020. The morning began like any other. The first hour of technical drawing. Our literary lesson with Professor Vina started at ten in the morning, and since we missed the engineering class, we had lessons with the professor until twelve in the morning. With Professor Vina, time dragged on slowly. The nickname Vina was given to her by first-year students. It was allegedly created after one event on a school trip. In the evening, she was a little more drunk from wine at the bar, and her fellow professors had to take her under the arm to the bus. Nothing strange, sometimes such unpredictable things happen on such trips. Well, I personally don't believe this story at all, and I think someone invented it for some reason. I don't believe that such a reserved and too-thinking woman would somehow throw ridicule on others. I personally have her nickname doesn't like it at all. Her real name is Alexandra. But at school no one will tell her anything other than Guilt. When the literature class with Viny began, a common phenomenon occurred in the classroom: Zuzana was playing with a mobile phone, Eva was adjusting her nails and she didn't notice what Viny was saying at all. Roman looked out the window and may have listened to these literary issues. Alana turned the pages of the book on the last bench, but the book was actually an Avon catalog. I sat dejectedly in my chair, watching Vina move confidently around the classroom, looking out the window as he talked. Sometimes she walked past me and ran her finger - forefinger - lightly down my shoulder to my neck. I began to notice this ritual in the last months of the school year. It started very carefully and only later did it

become commonplace. I don't know what led Guilt to do that. But I know for sure that I was frozen to excitement every time she did. She knew exactly what she was doing. You must have been very aware of what it would do to me. Even that day, at that moment, electricity passed through me. Guilt just glanced in my direction. You probably wanted to verify my reaction - how I would close after contacting her or how I would try to look disinterested. Her dress fit her body perfectly. They described them as a perfect figure. She wore a pale yellow dress that day. They weren't eccentric at all, but everyone noticed them. The hour only ran for a few minutes when someone suddenly knocked on the door. Guilt called: "Yes, come on."

The door opened and a fourth-grade mathematician stood there.

"Alexa, please, I need you in the office. We have new books to download and they need to be sorted."

She put all her personal belongings on the corner of the table and left with the mathematician. There was less bustle in the classroom and everyone was dealing with their own affairs. About 5 minutes later, the door opened and a mathematician came in.

"I would need one of you in the book cabinet, because I have to leave now and come back in the afternoon."

No one responded to her request. I was sitting right in the far bench on the left side of the classroom. She looked at me and motioned for me to get up and accept her request. I stood up and left the classroom together. In the hallway, she explained to me that I should go to the second floor of the mathematics cabinet. So I took a slow step to the second floor. The voices of professors came from the classes. The corridors were completely empty. I was approaching the cabinet, but I

was not in the mood to sort books and such. However, I could no longer back down. So I knocked on the door. No response. I waited a moment and knocked again. No one answered. I didn't like standing at the door, so I slowly opened it and went into the bottom. Guilt said something quietly on her cell phone, but when she saw me, she ended the conversation with the last sentence.

"I have to finish, Doctor, I have some urgent work in the office now, I will come on Tuesday as you ordered me."

She looked at me and placed the cell phone on the table. I stared at the pile of books on the ground for a moment. There were an estimated 100 of them and they were spread out on a burgundy rug. In addition to this carpet, old furniture and notice boards are also reminiscent of the experience of communism at this school. She sniffed at a pile of books on the carpet and said, "Come here to me. We can do it. In every class where there is math, we have to write a number in the book ..."

As I knelt beside the books, a white bra that shone from her dress immediately struck my eyes, as they had a rather deep neckline. I pretended to focus on those books, but Guilt noticed my uneasiness. She began to style her long brown hair and basically just tossed it from one side to the other.

"You see, this one belongs to the first grade, so we have to write the number one and the number of students in the class ..."

All the while I watched her perfect figure and beautiful ass, which the yellowish dress encircled. And I also noticed trimmed nails that I would like to feel on my back. She was wearing a very appealing scent, maybe you were only put it on a while ago, as she assumed what a situation could occur ... As they say, opportunity makes a thief. We translated those books into separate kicks when Vina remembered something.



"I'll be right back, I just have to run for a minute."

I don't know where she needed to bounce, and I didn't pay any attention. I was translating the books, and after a short moment I heard the door close quietly behind my back. I didn't look, I didn't notice, and I didn't even realize that something unusual was happening behind me. After about a minute, I realized that I didn't hear any voice or noise as if I were alone in the room. Well, I wasn't. At that, Vina walked across my back from the lower back to my neck. Electricity ran through me and instant excitement. I wanted to ask what was going on or ask some embarrassing question that people used to ask in such situations. I could feel her breath on her neck and her tongue moving slowly here and there along my neck. Yes. And it's here! It was just a matter of time and place, when and where it would happen. She kissed my neck, whispering, "Don't turn around, stay like this."

She stroked my hips from behind with her hands and slowly my belly. She began to breathe deeply and I could feel her breasts clenched on her back. She was still in the position of dictating woman. From i put my hands back and tried to grab Guilt, but to my surprise I did not touch any clothes, but a longed-for body. I found out that he doesn't even have a bra, just a thong. She slowly took off my T-shirt and pulled down my shorts. She was still in the back. With ease, she walked over my penis, which was ready to fight. She pulled off one last piece of my clothes and I was already completely naked with my professor behind my back. I watched her beautifully groomed hand play with my cock. She was breathing deeply until she began to moan. She whispered in my ear, "Close your eyes and do nothing until I tell you."

I didn't resist, and I held on as she wanted. Suddenly I felt something wet and warm on my penis. It was clear to me

what was going on. "You can now!" I looked ahead in the gloom. Guilt sat in thongs on the table, licking my cock and shoving it deep into my throat. She smoked it so that at times I lost the strength to stand. The beautiful breasts pulled out and pulled back and forth again. Her beautiful nails dug into my skin and she warmed and gradually took a deeper and deeper grip on my cock. Eventually she reached the very end and put her mouth down to my eggs. She stayed that way for a short while, and at the same time I felt her hold her breath. I was in the grip of paradise itself. I was not in the seventh, but in the seventies heaven. Slowly, she began to pull back and pull my cock out of my throat. I lost ground under my feet. But I tried to hold on. Took a deep breath and licked me further. She looked at me and asked me the expected question: "Where do you want to spray? Into my mouth or on my chest? Tell me, because you're going to squirt! Fast! Where do you want to ?! "

I couldn't speak anymore and I started pounding her in that beautiful hand, everything directed at her mouth. She understood what was at stake and did not resist. I didn't have time to cooperate and I started squirting in her face, in her mouth ... where it went. The guilt was calm. She used her fingers to put my semen down her face and licked it so that nothing would be wasted. She stroked my crotch to let the excitement go to an end. She slowly stood up to me, wrapped her arms around my neck, and whispered in my ear, "Now I'm going to lie on the table, I'll spread your legs, and you'll repay my love."

She lay her guilt on the table and spread her legs wide. The beautiful shaved vagina parted a little from the excitement and asked everything she could. I stepped on the carpet between her legs and licked her vagina for the first time. Bottom-up and top-down. I slowly began to fulfill her need. I

licked her vagina and watched Vina play with her breasts here and there. He squeezes them, stretches them and sighs deeply. I made love to her vagina and sometimes I sent my tongue deep into her vagina. Then Viny moaned with pleasure. I stroked her thighs and kept adding pace with my tongue to her vagina. Suddenly I felt Guilt begin to sway. The vagina began to rise and contract. I watched her breathe faster until she suddenly cried out and immediately covered her mouth. Scream at the same time expelled the white love juice from her vagina, which I immediately licked. Vina, meanwhile, was excited on the table, tearing at her beautiful body and sighing like a race in a sex contest. I stroked her thighs in my crotch and watched her orgasm slowly subside. A strange smile appeared on the face of guilt. I stroked her for a moment, feeling a hard cock rising towards her vagina. We looked at each other and argued with our eyes. I caught my second breath, I lay carefully on Guilt. She looked at me contentedly with her desirable eyes, but I didn't know how to proceed. I didn't have protection. We were lying on the table in a missionary position and preparing for the third issue. I didn't have much time to think about everything, Viny grabbed my cock from below in her left hand and stroked her clit. She groaned and sighed deeply. Suddenly I slipped into her, as she had determined.

“Ahhh! Come and do what you have to do! Fully! Work!”

The guilt turned to a dragon I had never known before in a matter of seconds. But at the same time, it occurred to me in the head whether someone would not hear us, or whether someone would not enter the bottom and find us like this in flagranti. But in the next intoxication, I forgot these thoughts. I started pounding on Vina and she held me tightly around my waist so I wouldn't change my mind. We set both paces and in

the cabinet we could hear the clapping and sighing, which was gradually accelerating.

“Ahhhh, Viny, my darling! God !!!”

Guilt looked me straight in the eye, at times she lost her breath and at some point set the direction.

“Come on, come on! Faster! Faster! Look me in the eye! Make fun of me and look me in the eye! Don't stop!”

Guilt held my cheeks and looked me straight in the eye. I pushed so hard that the table began to move forward with us. I felt the blowjob begin to approach. I slapped her crotch from below, and I noticed that they had opened the cabinet on the right and immediately closed the door. In that excitement, I couldn't pay any attention at all. We continued. Suddenly I felt him slowly but surely approaching the massive cumshot. Guilt wrapped her tightly around my neck, looked me in the eye, and set the direction, “Now! Yes! Squirt! Yes! More! Come! Not yet !!!”

I didn't see the world around me just Vin's wet crotch, her wet vagina and my squirting cock in her beautiful vagina. I stared deep into her eyes and sprayed the last drops of semen into her. I gasped for breath. Sometimes she jerked with me until my body returned to normal. Guilt kissed me passionately, her tongue deep down my throat. I felt that she was satisfied and even very happy. We kissed, stroked and kissed again for a while. When we both remembered, we quickly did a cleanup at the sink. We got dressed and looked at the clock on the wall. Less than an hour passed. We realized we would still have time to do what we came up with in the cabinet. We started sorting the books and laid out everything as planned. In the meantime, we still kissed, Guilt stroked my neck...

We cleaned everything. By the end of the second hour, a good half hour remained. We agreed that I would go to class

earlier as if nothing had happened. Viny stopped me at the door, gave me a few more proper and deep kisses. She whispered in my ear, "Thank you, I've longed for this, my darling."

I walked out the door into the hallway, down the stairs to the first floor, where our classroom is. As I walked down the hall, a professor of mathematics came out opposite me. Quite a nice woman in her fifties with very mischievous eyes. When she saw me, she smiled and stopped me for a moment.

"Like a young man?"

I smiled back at her, and immediately began to explain to her how the literature teacher and I were putting the books in order. The mathematics professor smiled darkly and suddenly grabbed me with her right hand between her legs.

"I didn't know book sorting was so passionate and exciting:" I looked at her in surprise and slowly took her hand off my shorts. It was immediately clear to me who had opened the door to our cabinet at best.

"If I only knew how it goes with books, I could have stayed there!"

She walked away with a wide smile and I remained scalded. I couldn't process my feelings and thoughts. It was a really honest and thorough job. I entered the classroom and took my place. Nobody even looked at me. After a while, our professor Viny entered the classroom and sat down quietly at her desk. She glanced around the class and gave me a short smile. The class was over, Viny took her things and left the classroom with a greeting.

At the end of the school year in June 2020, I received an offer to clean and take old papers for collection from the mathematics cabinet.

I knew that such an offer was not rejected and I accepted it full time - during the whole class I took time off in the mathematics department ...

## **Professor Viny**

Post-secondary superstructure at a technical school. For someone, nothing special and mostly boring in class. But for some, there will be situations that will affect him for life, but which he must not share with anyone. School desks sometimes write stories that no one ever tells.

Secret loves and secret encounters. But what happens if it's a meeting with a professor ?! If you receive a link or rather a request for help in the cabinet?

I knew that such a requirement was not rejected and I accepted it full time - during the whole class I took time off in the mathematics department ...





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