

## Professor Salvador

I don't know when it started exactly. I remember when I first realised it, of course. How could I forget that world-shattering moment? But that wasn't where the infatuation started.

Perhaps it had always been there, from the moment I first laid eyes on him. Building slowly over the weeks and months. Perhaps it only began with the private tutoring.

I guess, at the end of the day, the when or how or why don't really matter. I'd developed a crush on one of my students. All that really mattered, the only thing I needed to figure out right now, was what I was going to do about it.

Unbidden, my eyes moved to where Trevor sat.

The students were all working, writing their essays quietly, eyes on their work instead of on me. Even so, I didn't stare at Trevor for long. Best not to draw attention to my infatuation.

It was one thing for a student to crush on me. That was to be expected. Not to be vain or arrogant, but I'm pretty attractive. A student admiring me wouldn't be anything special. But for me to think and fantasise about one of them was something else entirely.

There had been a lecture about this very thing when I'd been studying to become a professor, not even a full year ago.

Spending so much time with people, being invested in their successes and failures, being responsible for them, you're bound to develop some form of attachments. Older and more experienced educators usually took on a parental or mentoring role. But, for younger and newer educators, it wasn't unheard of for them to develop more unhealthy feelings and attachments. They were, after all, much closer to the age of their charges.

I hadn't thought much of it then, simply assumed that I'd be able to maintain a professional distance. And, for the most part, I'd been right. With all but one of them, I'd kept my feelings professional and unromantic.

Trevor was the exception.

How? Why? What was so special about him that made me feel this way? We'd spend some alone time together, sure. I'd tutored him and we'd chatted, but that didn't explain *this*.

I shook my head, looked at my watch.

Why was time ticking by so infuriatingly slow?

"Did you like it, Professor?" Trevor asked with a wide grin.

I nodded, smiled back at him. "I did."

"Which track did you like the most?"

I considered the question for a moment, found it surprisingly difficult to answer. All the songs seemed to blur together in my head, making it impossible to select one from another.

"I liked them all," I answered diplomatically.

That was true. I'd never been into electro or dubstep or anything like that before, but there was something special about the songs Trevor made. Something calming and relaxing. Listening to it while driving or doing chores was fantastic, minutes and hours flew by without me even noticing.

He had a real gift.

I couldn't help but wonder what other talents he might have...

"So," I said, keeping the conversation, and my own thoughts, innocent and appropriate. "How long have you been making music for? You don't really strike me as the artsy, creative type."

"I'm not," Trevor shrugged. "Music isn't as artistic as people like to think. It's more like mathematics than painting. All patterns and psychology. The right beats and sounds in the right order to create a desired response."

That seemed a little cold to me. But then, I'd grown up listening to love-ballads and music packed with emotion. The music Trevor made was unlike anything I'd ever listened to before.

"And what's the 'desired response'?" I asked, curious.

Again, Trevor shrugged. "Depends on the piece of music. To create joy, or instil calm, or to rile a person up. With correct sounds playing in the right pattern, you can make a person feel or think any way you want."

I'd been told the same thing about words. Their power and ability to influence the world. The right combination at the right moment could change a person's life, or alter the course of a nation. I supposed music was much the same, in its own way.

At that moment, I wanted to ask more. Learn more about Trevor. Maybe spend the next two hours, our whole tutoring session, getting to know him.

But no, I had to be professional.

I was his professor, he was my student. It couldn't work. Not in the slightest.

The drive home passed in a blur. One moment I was sitting in my car, turning the key in the ignition, music playing through my car's stereo; the next I was pulling into the parking lot.

As always, Trevor's music made the time fly by.

And, as always, he'd given me a USB filled with new music at the end of our tutoring session.

A part of me wished that I was able to remember the songs. If they had lyrics, I might be able to. As it was, I could barely tell one tune from another. The fact that time passed so quickly whenever I listen to them didn't help matters.

I retrieved the USB from where it was plugged into my car's stereo, began the climb up to my small apartment.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I couldn't help but feel embarrassed with myself.

A sleek, sexy black-dress that showed way too much cleavage and leg, paired with thigh-high black boots. No bra, only a small black thong that made my ass look fantastic.

I looked sexy. Hotter than hell, if I do say so myself.

That wasn't why I was embarrassed.

I was embarrassed because I wasn't going on a date, or out partying with friends, or some special occasion that required me to dress up. It was first thing in the morning, and all I had planned for today was giving lectures on literature.

Why was I dressed like *this*?

I knew the answer, obviously. It wasn't some great mystery. I was dressed like this because I wanted to be seen like this, sexy and attractive and amazing. And not just by anyone. I wanted him specifically to notice me. Trevor.

I could barely admit the truth to myself for the shame of it.

Yet, for however guilty I might feel, however much I might be silently judging myself for crushing on a student, I didn't go back and change my outfit.

If anyone asked why I'd dolled myself up, I'd tell them it was because I had a date later. It might raise eyebrows, but I wasn't dressed so provocatively that I'd be reprimanded for it. At least I hoped I wasn't.

Just in case, I threw on a red cardigan before leaving for work. My mind, as was becoming increasingly more common, wandered to my forbidden crush.

"You look nice today, Professor Salvador."

The complement, coming from *his* lips, sent thrills of joy and satisfaction through me. I hid it, only allowing myself a small smile.

"Thank you, Trevor," I said and, before I could stop and think about the words I was

about to say, continued speaking. "You don't have to keep calling me that, you know. You can call me by my name when we're alone like this."

It was only after the words were out of my mouth that I realised what I'd said. In one sentence, the professional distance I'd built up began to crumble.

"Okay then, Jessica," Trevor smiled.

That single smile made my chest ache, my knees weak. God help me. If a smile had that much of an effect on me, what would happen if things ever went further?

I distracted myself with work, tutoring Trevor and sinking into the new comfortable pattern of explaining to him everything he didn't understand. Time ticked by, almost as fast as if I were listening to that lovely music of his. Before long, the tutoring session was coming to an end and Trevor was packing away his things, getting ready to head home.

A mad part of me wanted to keep him there somehow, in my cramped little office. I could offer him an extra long tutoring session or something, give him a reason to stay just a little bit longer...

"Hey Jessica," he said, drawing my attention. "I've been thinking. And, well, I think I need more tutoring if I'm going to pass. As much as you've helped so far, I don't think it's enough. Would it be possible for me to have more one-on-one tutoring time with you?"

"Sure," I answered instantly, far too eager.

"Cool. If you give me your address, we can study for as long as we need. I'll come by on Sunday, if that's okay with you."

Alarm bells rang in my head. A loud voice warning me against it. The lines were already blurred by my infatuation; if Trevor ended up visiting me at home, it could only end one way. I couldn't start that kind of relationship with a student. I had responsibilities, duties as an educator to not get personally involved with one of my charges.

And yet, in that moment, stupidity and infatuation and lust won out. I nodded my head to him, told him where I lived.

Music was playing as the doorbell rang. Trevor's music. I was so nervous, so excited and uncertain and anxious and thrilled, that I needed something to calm me down. So I put on the music. It helped, as it always did.

When I opened the door, saw him standing there, I couldn't stop the smile from spreading my lips.

I'd dressed up special for this. Sunday was my one day off, I usually spend it relaxing or taking care of little chores here and there. Today, I'd spent it getting ready for Trevor.

"Come in," I said. "Come in. I've got food cooking right now. As soon as it's done, we can get down to business."

Soon enough, we were eating together. Chatting away about this and that while a USB drive filled with new songs played in the background. The more we talked, the more at ease I felt. Calm and relaxed, happy and comfortable. And horny. Slowly but surely, I was getting hornier.

It started as warmth, butterflies in my stomach. But, as Trevor spoke, as the music continued playing, the butterflies in my stomach turned into a tingling between my legs. When his leg accidentally brushed against mine under the table, my body shivered, trembled at the contact.

The innocent conversation we were having shifted, moved onto more dangerous and personal grounds. We talked about relationships and love, I told him I was single. We chatted about loneliness, I told him it got lonely living alone, that having company over was nice.

When he put a hand on me knee, held it there, I didn't object.

In that moment, I could have stopped everything. I could have forced myself to remember why he was there in the first place, suggest that we get to our tutoring session. I

could have asked him to leave, or told him it was inappropriate. I could have told him to stop. If I wanted to, I could have ended it all there.

But I didn't want to.

When Trevor's hand lifted from my knee, started slowly moving upwards, I spread my legs open for him.

His hand disappeared up my skirt and, a moment later, I gasped aloud. The feel of his fingers down there was unreal. Naughty and sexy and wrong and amazing. Ripples of pleasure flowed through my body as my student's magical fingers made their way inside me.

The next minutes passed in a haze, a blur of pleasure and sin.

Trevor's music was still playing when he rose from my small, usually one-person dining table. I was disappointed then for a moment, thinking that it was over. Disappointed that things weren't going to go further. And then he placed his hand on mine, grasped it, lifted me to my feet.

All I could think about at that point was how warm his fingers were. How strong his grip was.

"So," Trevor's voice said, eyes roaming over my body. "Which one of these rooms is your bedroom?"

I didn't say anything. Couldn't. Instead, I wrapped my fingers around his and led him to it.