



Flying Colors (The Porn Chronicles #2)

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Category: Romance

Description: Paul Lange has just started teaching literature at the university. Though confident while lecturing before a class, he finds that he lacks that same confidence in the more personal, one-on-one encounters with his students. When he is forced to confront Bradley James, Quarterback with a football scholarship—and Paul's secret fantasy guy—about his lagging grades which could jeopardize his scholarship, he becomes flustered as his mind and body lust desperately for his student. But is Bradley aware of his professor's secret desires and willing to use it to his advantage? Professor Paul Lange sure hopes so.

Total Pages (Source): 3

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:30 am

Stop looking at him—he's your student, for fuck's sake.

For fuck's sake. The phrase caused a sizzle in my belly button that burned a scalding path to my melting core.

After barely two weeks of teaching at the college and already I was submerged in filthy fantasies about one of my students.

Bradley James. Quarterback of the college football team.

Tall, blond, fierce blue eyes that burned a hole through my soul each time he glanced my way—and muscles galore.

The “muscle” I was currently fixated on was the one between his legs. He slouched in his chair, legs stretched out and loosely open. With him in the front row, it blessed me with a fully unobstructed view of his bulging package.

I didn't look right at it—I am a professional and ogling my student's cock was hardly ethical behavior.

I still looked —I am human—but I did so discreetly, keeping my head down as I pretended to go over papers at my desk, my glasses perched on the bridge of my nose.

But my hazel eyes weren't interested in what was written on the papers as they inconspicuously slid along the young man's muscular thighs and crawled all over his crotch.

For a split second, I swore his cock twitched within their snug denim confines.

Could his dick feel my eyes? Possibly sense my raging hard-on...

my tight ass aching to be impaled. Would that get him going?

As far as I could tell, he was straight as a board and into pussy—a specific pussy, in fact.

Even so, I grew harder at the prospect of such raw sexual telepathy going on between our sex organs and the slim possibility that the young man was harboring unexplored tendencies.

Now and then, I thought I caught him glancing my way with interest, but I'm ninety-nine percent convinced it was just wishful thinking.

But I'm a man to play the odds, always have been, and I was willing to bet everything on that one percent.

I forced myself to grip the pencil and keep my hands in view—when I really wanted to reach beneath the desk, shove my hand down my pants, and beat off while staring at my student's big dick.

A pleasant shiver quivered through me, and I flexed my fingers around the pencil—imagining them wrapped around Bradley's cock.

I slowly squeezed my legs together, pressing my throbbing member between my athletic thighs.

I shivered as a sweet burning sensation surged through my balls and deeper into my loins.

This wasn't the first time over the last two weeks that I sat here at the front of the classroom, pretending to engage in "teacherly" duties, as I flexed my thigh muscles against my dick and nearly orgasmed while imagining Bradley James under my desk, sucking me off.

Going on thirty, I was easy on the eyes and aging beautifully.

I could get cock anytime I wanted. Even some student cock, if I so desired.

But my interest rested on Bradley James and no one else.

Problem being—his sexy-as-fuck girlfriend.

With legs up to her neck, tits out to here, an ass to kill for, and a flowing platinum mane...

she was certainly prettier than her name.

Pepper Jordan. Made me want to sneeze when I said it.

Sneeze-inducing name or not—I couldn't compete.

They were constantly all over each other, practically fucking all the time.

Sometimes I fantasize about a threesome.

I'm not Bi, per se, but I'm open—and if it would get Bradley's cock in me... I'd fuck his girlfriend, too.

Besides, Pepper Jordan— achoo— was the kind of girl that made gay men question their homo status. So, yeah... I would be willing to suck her tits and eat her pussy—if

Bradley would nail my ass while I was doing it.

My body flushed hot, and I forced my discreet gaze away from Bradley's crotch.

Class was almost over and as much as I enjoyed having Bradley right before me as I played out my fantasies in my head—I really needed to get off.

In the locked bottom drawer of my desk were a few items I kept on hand for times like these.

Lucky for me, my class with Bradley was the last class of the day.

Once the room emptied, I could lock the door, open the drawer, and stroke myself to ecstasy with the ingenious flesh jack I kept stashed away.

For whatever reason, I was extra horny this afternoon and my dick throbbed and pulsed in anticipation of the flesh jack engulfing its engorged shaft.

The soft, tight cavern slick with lube as it glided up and down...

up and down... fantasies of Bradley James riding me like a natural-born cowboy—until I blew my wad into the sex toy.

I took a soft, shuddery breath and let it out on a controlled exhale. My cheeks burned with sexual heat and my shorts damp with “eagerness”.

Just fucking ring already, I silently railed at the bell. I wasn't typically so eager for the class to end, because that meant no more Bradley James to gaze at and lust over. It was his fault, though, that I needed the class to end now. My dick bulged my slacks, so hard it hurt to move.

I chanced a glance at Bradley's face... his lips. Oh fuck, baby, suck my cock... lick my balls... ram that thick cock in my ass and pound away.

I swallowed a shaky gasp and Bradley looked up, seizing my scalding stare.

Fuck!

I looked away and quietly cleared my throat, shifting in my seat as my thighs clenched harder, practically crushing my hard dick.

Fuck, I'm going to cum... My eyes drifted again, back to Bradley's crotch.

I swear his bulge is bigger. I could practically see the outline of his dick as it pushed against his jeans.

Was he getting hard? Probably thinking about getting out of class and drilling his girlfriend.

I pulled my eyes back and adjusted my glasses—then jumped when the bell went off.

Fuck me. My heart hammered my ribs from the sudden start.

I absently nodded at my students as they spilled out of the classroom, but mostly kept my eyes down as even the densest of my students would've noticed the sexual fire burning through my hazel orbs.

When the last of the students filtered out, I breathed a sigh of relief, removed my glasses, and rubbed my eyes. I rose from my chair and froze in a half-crouch when I realized one student remained—stare piercing.

Oh, God...

I swallowed hard and straightened to my meager five-foot-eight-inches, struggling to settle into “teacher mode” as I looked at the quarterback still sitting at his desk.

“Mr. James...” I cleared my throat, my heart fluttering like a jacked-up hummingbird, too aware of my massive erection.

“May I help you with something?” Why was he still here?

Had my discreet glances not been so discreet after all? Would he be so bold as to call me out—

“Mr. Lange...” Bradley slid from his chair and stood—all six feet of him, a glorious display of rippling muscles—and smiled.

My pulse went from frantic to an abrupt stand-still and I leaned against the desk, trying to appear casual when in truth, I needed it for support.

“ You asked me to stay after class.” He chuckled, low...

deep... so fucking masculine. It vibrated through me—straight to my already engorged cock.

I asked him to stay after class...

“This morning,” Bradley reminded me when I stared at him flushed and lost. “In the hall. You stopped at my locker...”

Of course—how could I forget that? I’d become so distracted by my lust and my need for release ... I’d forgotten he would be sticking around.

“I’m sorry. Of course,” I mumbled, my voice a smidge raspy.

“Are you all right, Mr. Lange?” He cocked his head and squinted, those blue eyes searing holes through my body. “You look a little flushed. Are you feeling okay?”

I’m about to fucking pass out for want of your cock—but yeah, I’m great.

“Uh. Yes.” I looked down at the papers on my desk, my brain clogging up as I struggled to remember why I had asked him to stay after class.

Bradley approached the desk. And that didn’t help my mind clear one bit. “Is there a problem with my assignments? I know I’ve been late turning some in, but...” His words trailed off as he gazed at me with an intensity that blazed through my loins.

His assignments. Yes. That’s what I wanted to talk to him about.

“Actually... your grades are lagging.”

Bradley shrugged. “Well, we have a big game coming up. The coach has us practicing overtime. It doesn’t leave much time for assignments.”

My mouth felt dry, and I attempted to summon enough saliva to swallow.

I forcibly held my eyes above the quarterback’s waist as I helplessly imagined his cock in my mouth, wetting my whistle.

I licked my lips and thought I noticed his blue eyes dart to my tongue, following its path across my lower lip.

Was I imagining things? Did I want it so bad—want him so bad—that I was seeing behavior that wasn’t there?

My damp shorts clung to my swollen erection, each slight movement of my body

pulling my focus to the steel rod between my legs .

I kept the desk between Bradley and me—for the first time in my life thankful for my reduced height—fearful I might grab his cock out of sheer desperation.

I suppressed a laugh; what would he do in such a circumstance?

I would never know because I would never execute such a bold move.

In my head, I was a horny raucous slut-boy who couldn't wait to offer his ass to this magnificent specimen before me.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:30 am

But in reality— people often described me as handsome but shy .

I spoke softly and, too often, my voice trembled, and I stumbled over my words.

I was amazed I'd forged a career as a college professor.

In front of a class, though, I was fine.

I spoke clearly and concisely, my voice strong and steady.

But one on one—especially in a personal situation—I became the timid boy, too shy and awkward to say what I really felt, what I really wanted.

That's just as well—in this case, anyway—the quarterback has a young, hot pussy to fuck. You'd just humiliate yourself if you admitted your fantasies.

It was true; I knew it. So, best get this over with so I could deal with my flaming libido manually.

“You need to make time for your assignments, don't you think?” By focusing on the matter at hand, I was able to inject some of my professor “persona” into my voice and words. “Your scholarship depends on it.”

Bradley leaned on his arms, placing him an inch or two closer. I swore I could smell his breath, though he wasn't that close. Still, I imagined it smelled like spearmint. He was chewing gum, so perhaps it wasn't my imagination.

“I would love to oblige , Mr. Lange,” he said, putting an odd emphasis on “oblige” that sent another rush of heat cascading through me.

“But like I said, practice takes up most of my spare time right now. Can’t I catch up after the game?

” He squinted again, almost playfully, a delicious smile dancing across his lips. “Pretty please?”

Though I had never announced my sexuality at the college, I was fairly certain most of my students were aware. Had Bradley noticed me noticing him—and decided to use it to his advantage? How far would he take it? The possibilities filled me with excitement, and I nearly burst in my pants.

Glancing at his gorgeous face, I bit back a whimper. I would pass him for the entire semester right now if he would just fuck me. Unprofessional, I know, but my hungry cock was calling the shots at the moment. Everything about him was infectious, and I started to smile back, then caught myself.

“You know the rules, Mr. James. You must keep your grades up if you want to keep your scholarship—”

“Call me Bradley.”

“What?”

His smile stretched, and he perched on the edge of my desk. “You always call me Mr. James. It’s so... formal. All the other professors call me by my first name. Why not you?”

Because I need our relationship to remain formal.

I quietly cleared my throat. “I prefer formal. I care about my students and want them to know I’m here for them, but...

when things become too relaxed, it’s easy for them to take advantage of our friendship and think it’s okay to slack off.

Therefore, I need to maintain a modicum of boundaries. ”

Bradley leaned back, eyes narrowing once more, his smile holding. “So, you think if you call me Bradley... I’ll take advantage of that?” He eased forward, his eyes relaxing, opening a fraction wider, awarding me a clear glimpse of his sparkling blue irises. “How might I do that?”

I was lost in the sea of blue, my fevered body desperate for a quick dip in those cool depths. I blinked when I realized we’d both gone silent and were just staring at one another. “Uh... I-I don’t know. I don’t necessarily mean you... specifically.” Fuck. I was losing my poise. What little I had.

“You know...” He spoke with a slightly rough voice, and I shivered from my scalp to the tip of my toes, which curled a bit inside my dress shoes. “You’re a lot different now than when you’re lecturing.”

“How so?”

“You’re less... assertive.”

I avoided his eyes, unsure how to answer; he was right.

“You’re so confident when you’re lecturing.

” He inched around the end of the desk. “But here, like this...” The smile that graced

his features drove me to my knees— figuratively.

The hot and horny slut-boy inside me was ready to literally go down.

Bradley paused at the last corner of the desk.

“... you don’t like confrontation, do you? ”

I fidgeted and lightly tapped my short, manicured nails on the desktop. “No, I... I don’t suppose I do.”

The quarterback let out a soft, throaty laugh that ignited every nerve ending in my body. My nails ceased their tapping and my eyes crawled lustfully to his face. Could he detect the slut within?

Of course, he can—he’s a man, for god’s sake! They’re all born with a functioning slut radar—even when it comes to gay sluts.

“I’m not a confrontational guy.” He shrugged.

“Except on the field. But I’m not on the field.

” He eased around the last corner of the desk.

I felt trapped, though I wasn’t... not really...

except by my own want of him. Bradley flattened his palm on the desk just inches from my hand and supported himself on his arm, head tilted as he stared at my face...

close enough I could for sure smell his spearmint breath this time.

“Since neither of us likes confrontation... maybe we can work out a little arrangement.”

My belly button tingled... as did my inner thighs... and my inner ass muscles quivered. “What... arrangement?” I couldn’t keep the sexual rasp out of my voice and stared down at my hands rather than look into that sea of blue and become transfixed.

“One that I think you’ll be in favor of.” His tone dropped to just above a whisper and he seemed to breathe his words at me. I desperately longed to face him and inhale those breathy words, draw them into my lungs—into my inflamed body.

My own words stammered when I asked, “What... what do you mean?”

Bradley reached out and fingered my wavy hair, playing with a short strand, curling it around his index finger.

I shivered—he’d never touched me before; not outside my fantasies.

Fuck—I ached to lean into it, encourage him to run his hands through my hair, grip it even...

and force me to my knees before him. If he knew that’s what I wanted—would he do it?

Was he that kind of guy? Good God, I hoped so.

“A little exchange of favors.” He slowly ran a single knuckle down my slender neck. Could this be real? I shivered too hard for him to miss. “I give you something you want... and you give me something I want. Simple as that.”

I knew what he wanted; his grades fudged.

I was fairly sure he knew what I wanted as well; to be fucked.

As much as I wanted it, though... the “teacher” in me balked at the notion of tampering with grades. “What is it you want?” I asked, for sake of clarification.

He smiled. “To pass this class.”

“So... rather than applying yourself, you want me to change your grade?”

Bradley stroked a fingertip along the tendon in my neck. “Oh, I intend to apply myself for a passing grade. Or... parts of myself, anyway.”

“I-I can’t do that.” Who said that? The words were foreign to the flaming desire burning through me. Why would I turn him down? I’d been fantasizing about the quarterback for two weeks—I could hardly think of anything but fucking him. Now, when he offered it to me—I tell him no? Why?!

I understood why an instant later when Bradley closed the small space between us and brushed his knuckles down my arm; I wasn’t actually telling him “no”...

I simply wanted him to come after me. I wanted him to insist on fucking me.

I wanted to feel wanted by the object of my fantasies... desired... lusted after.

“You’re an independent... man.” Bradley dipped his head and grazed his mouth across my ear, the tip of his tongue darting out, probing. “You can do anything you set your mind to.”

My breath caught and my dick jumped as his wet, slick tongue flicked my earlobe,

his fiery breath sifting down my neck. I felt his fingertips on my back, dancing along my spine... lower... lower... his palm curving around the gentle swell of my firm ass... squeezing.

I gasped softly and his lips touched my neck, dropping steamy kisses.

“We... shouldn’t...” I whimpered.

To my horror , he backed off, apparently taking me at my word, and walked to the door.

No... no-no-no! Fuck no! I didn’t mean it—it’s just part of the game! DON’T GO!

Bradley James halted at the door; had our “telepathy” kicked back in? He grabbed the handle, and I whimpered inwardly, furious with myself for not simply being straightforward with him and begging him to fuck me—leaving no room for confusion or misunderstandings.

FuckFuckFuck—

A barely audible click stalled my erratic thoughts. A familiar click.

The “click” of the door lock.

The Quarterback turned on his heel and faced me from across the room. I stared back; eyes wide. Bless the gods of whores—he was still in the game.

“We should .” He emphasized his delayed response by kicking my chair, rolling it out of the way, then stepping behind me and pushing his crotch to my ass, pinning me to the desk. I hadn’t “imagined” his erection—his cock was hard as granite, grinding through the thin fabric of my slacks.

A shaky “Uh” popped out of my mouth and my fingers splayed across the top of the desk, palms pressing firmly to the cool, hard surface. I didn’t move as he ever so slightly rolled his hips.

The ache assaulting my dick and balls nearly drove me mad as it webbed into my loins and lower stomach, surging up into my chest, my throat, and my face. I felt like a virgin about to get fucked for the very first time—the excitement, anticipation, and lust spiking through the roof.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 6:30 am

The Quarterback bent forward and gripped the edge of the desk on either side of me, his breath puffing across my ear.

“I see the way you watch me... eyeing my cock when I open my legs.” His tongue dipped into my ear, and I shivered hard.

“Why do you think I sit at the front of the room?” He grinned.

“So, you can get a good look.” Nudging the lower desk drawer with his foot, he whispered, “And I know what you keep in there. I picked the lock one day when you were out of the room.” He pushed tighter against me.

“And I’ve listened outside the door. You thought you were being quiet...

but I heard you.” Bradley pumped his crotch on my ass.

“I heard you say my name while you fucked yourself with your toys. Begging me to fuck you ... to give it to you harder. ”

My breath came in short, shaky puffs... carried forth on whimpers of sexual agony.

He grabbed my earlobe between his teeth, biting just hard enough to make me whimper again. “Are you gonna beg me now?”

Radical shivers coursed through me, and my head dropped forward, hair falling into my eyes. “ Yes...” The moan shuddered off my parted lips, and I arched my slim hips, nuzzling my firm, petite ass into his crotch.

The Quarterback growled and pushed off the desk, his urgent hands working open my pants, yanking them off my ass. My jock strap exposed my ass cheeks, and he groaned, grabbing handfuls of each cheek as he dropped to his knees behind me.

My breath caught sharply when his strong, wet tongue licked my crack, then wriggled lower, forcing beneath the cotton cage to tease my full balls.

“Uh!” I gripped the desk, body going rigid, legs shaking. I bit my lower lip— hard— as he tongued my hole, a keening wail squeezing up my throat. My ass was ultra-sensitive, and a couple of licks and plunges and I was there— gasping and panting and ready to unload. “ Oh, my God...”

He sucked his finger and squeezed it into my ass, immediately seeking out my magic button and going to work. I dropped my face into my arms and whimpered, gasping for breath and vigorously rocking my ass on his finger. He’s done this before—he knows exactly what to do. This isn’t his first time.

“Fuck, Mr. Lange,” Bradley rasped, running his thumb over my balls as he slid his finger in and out of my ass. “You seriously want my cock, don’t you?”

The upper half of my body quivered against the desktop as my legs shook badly. “ Yes...”

“Since I’m such a good student...” He stood, and I heard him unfasten his pants and wrench down the zipper.

I pushed up on my arms again, breathing hard, eyes glazed with lust.

“This what you been wanting, Professor?”

I flinched when he smacked my ass cheek with his hard cock then “popped” it against my ass crack a few times, rubbing the plump head up and down between my cheeks.

“Oh, my God...” I whimpered.

He stripped the jock strap off my hips and down my legs, then nudged my balls with his cockhead, pushing closer as his hard cock rubbed the underside of my throbbing erection. He reached around and grabbed both our dicks, stroking the engorged shafts, and wetting them with our precum.

“Uh- uhuh...” I clutched the desk, shaking, so close to cumming.

“Say it,” he breathed in my ear. “Tell me what I need to do to pass this class.”

My throat constricted, crushing my words. I whimpered again and bumped my bare ass against his lower stomach, pushing my cock through his fist.

“Tell me,” he whispered hoarsely, so ready to give me what I’d been fantasizing about.

“Fuck me,” I cried out, startling myself. “Oh God —fuck me, Bradley—please fuck me!”

Bradley released our shafts and a deep, hard grunt exploded out of him as he grabbed my hips and shoved his cock balls-deep into my ass— over and over and over—slamming me against the desk, his powerful, demanding hips furiously slapping my ass.

The sound of his thick meat tearing into my tight hole nearly drowned out our cries and grunts—and it thrust me to orgasm without added aid.

“Oh fuck—uh-uh-uuhhhh!” Cum exploded from my cock, squirting the desk and the floor.

“Fuuuck— yeah!” Bradley let out a guttural roar and roughly clawed away my shirt,

reaching around me and ripping it open, popping buttons loose and sending them skittering across the desk and onto the floor.

He gripped my chest as he bent me up and back, his thrusts going wild, knocking me against the desk and causing it to slide forward a few inches at a time, screeching across the tile.

I clutched his hands and threw my head back, mouth open wide, hot breath billowing from my throat on another flurry of— “Uh-uh-uh!”

“Fuck— fuck!” He flipped me around and threw me down on my back on the desktop and rammed his cock back inside me, hands smacking the desk on either side of me as he hovered above me—face a twisted mess of wild lust. “AA AAHHH-ah-ah-ahhh!!” Bradley panted furiously, pounding me into the desk.

Spreading my legs wide, I drew them up toward my chest and hooked them over his shoulders, grinding my heels into his back. His shirt was gone. I don’t know when he got rid of it, but his muscles felt good against my feet—flexing, hot, slippery with sweat.

He palmed my chest again, dropping his head, biting my nipples, sucking my flesh as he fucked me like a madman. His head jerked up suddenly, face straining, teeth clenched. He beat his cock into me with greater urgency, hammering my ass. “Fuck-fuck-fuck! I’m gonna fucking CUM!”

His cockhead drilled my prostate, bringing me back, fast and furious. I couldn’t believe it—I’d never cum twice in one session. But here I was, about to—

My dick exploded, splattering ropes of cum all over us both and I choked on my cries, my short nails digging into his arms, scraping flesh.

The Quarterback grunted deep and fierce—and slammed in, hips jerking, body

practically convulsing as his hot cum surged through me. His face remained tight, jaw clenched, as he fucked through the orgasm, his juices spilling out of my ass, draining onto the desk.

A forceful exhale burst from him, and he slowly straightened as I weakly lowered my legs. He stepped back and his heavy cock slipped from my flooded ass, hanging thick and impressive even in its flaccid state, cum dripping from the tip.

I sat forward and took it in hand, squeezing the hot, wet flesh in my fists. He groaned. I smiled and bent down, sucking his limp cock, drawing out the last drops of cum.

“Fuck...” He shuddered. “Next time... I want you to suck me off.”

Next time. I hadn’t dared hope this would happen again.

He raised my head and kissed my wet, cum-flavored lips. “So,” he rasped against my mouth, “how is my class... performance?”

I shiver beneath his touch, already conjuring fantasies of our next time. “You’re passing with flying colors.”