



switching it up

pat johnson

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Switching It Up
by Pat Johnson

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Chapter One

Meghan

Finally! The bottom of the last box is in sight! I never realized that moving into a new apartment was such a dreadful task, but seeing the finish line is a powerfully fulfilling moment! As I take the final item, a luxurious cashmere throw-rug out of the box, the temptation to linger over the velvety-soft sensation of the texture within my fingertips is overwhelming. My grandma made it—she was the greatest. She had hand-knit this throw, giving it to me on my twenty-first birthday. It therefore takes a pride of place dressing up the sofa, where its presence will make me feel more at home. I flick it out of its folded neatness with a flourish and drape it across the backrest, fussing with the fringe before mentally addressing my checklist of chores for the day. These boxes need to be tidied away and then I should think about choosing my outfit for tomorrow's first day of classes.

What in the world am I going to wear to class tomorrow? Sighing, I stand looking inside my closet and repeat this question. What is a lecturer supposed to look like? What do I want to project? Confidence, professionalism, maybe a little class. It's important that I come across as an open book, that I am approachable for the students and not cocky or aloof to my peers. It should be neutral, properly fitted and inconspicuous but definitely well put together. Some simple, understated jewelry accentuation, hose and some perfect shoes should meet the approval of those who want to cast an analytical eye on my style and substance.

I love the image of tailored dresses and skirts. Normally, I will compliment them with a suitable scarf or a collared blouse, my hair twisted into a high up-style with some stray wisps left down to frame my face. White gives good impact in a more formal setting, but it is far too distinctive and clinical for my purposes right now. I'm thinking color is a must. Maybe a plain blouse accented with a contrasting

scarf? My eyes dart back and forth as if something is going to magically change in this closet. I land on the A-line dress that I made for myself a few years ago. Maybe tomorrow isn't the day to show that side of myself. Heck, that dress has never seen the light of day anyway. I will leave her where she is. My eyes finally gravitate toward a well-cut black pencil skirt. It's near knee-length; appropriate. If paired with a white blouse, some black pantyhose and one of my shiny pairs of pumps, I think some of the men might appreciate that look, the sexy school teacher. Their focus on my psychology lesson may falter as they fail to peel their attention away from my calves. I will be able to see it in their perverted little faces; daydreaming about what they might do to me, rather than tuning into the lesson. Rampant late-teenaged hormones are a powerful handle for manipulation. The perfect set-up for some exam-time torture; just how carefully were you listening, little boys? It's tempting, for sure. I need to make sure I'm taken seriously, though. I laugh at myself for even thinking that far into it.

A few of my blouses are popping out at me, certainly the more colorful ones. Some of them were purchased for special occasions, others more as wardrobe staples. I walk over to the window. The colors of dusk had been beautiful while the last shards of daylight had cast highlights and lowlights across the landscape. The autumn has begun to descend—the maple trees lining my quaint little suburban street are still half-clad, turning all manner of earthy colors, reminding me of flames burning yellow through orange to tinges of red. The sparse leaf litter holds the deeper brick red and brown-toned leaves; they've only just begun to accumulate in piles around the environmental fixtures. I came to the window to admire the beauty of it all; the leaves were swirling and dancing on the delicate whirling breeze like festive autumnal confetti, joyous at finally being freed from the branches that have imprisoned them in servitude over the long, hot summer months. But the sun

actually set at least twenty minutes ago while I was reviewing the contents of my closet. I shut the window blinds and return to the closet, mindful that I at least managed to unpack all of my belongings between yesterday and today, so I have one less thing to worry about this week. Now, which of these tops will help me make my big debut tomorrow?

I pull the pencil skirt out of the closet along with a few other skirts and place them on the bed behind me. Reaching back into the closet I fish out my favorites, laying them above the skirts so I can play mix-and-match. This should make the process much easier. I'm well entrenched in my conundrum when my cell phone rings from the living room. Rushing out of the bedroom, I ponder upon who might be calling. It's probably my brother, Thomas – he did mention he'd call, so I remember now. Reaching the sofa arm in the living room, I pick up the phone, confirming my guess as I peer at the smudgy screen.

"Hi, Thomas!"

"Hey there, sis. How have you been?" Thomas has always sounded like such a grown-up, even when we were younger. Well, I guess he always was a grown-up in to my eyes, being seven years older.

"I'm doing pretty well, thanks for asking. How about yourself? What have you been up to?"

"I'm doing great, really. We're all staying pretty busy, as usual. People always have burdens to lift from their souls and we're there to help them out and get our bills paid, of course," he says with a smile in his voice. The "we" that he is referring to is he and my parents. They've been running a pretty successful psychotherapy clinic together, but I uninvited myself from that party. He continues.

"Mom told me that the college is letting you start up your Jiu-Jitsu thing over there, congratulations on that!"

My goodness, how could I have let that slip my mind? I need an outfit for that too, but that will be easy and my

“thing” doesn’t start until Tuesday. I’m fairly certain that the only reason Greenville College offered me the Psych 101 teaching position is that I have a little experience teaching self-defense. During the interview process, it somehow came up that I used to instruct a women’s self-defense course to make a little spending money while I was still an undergrad. I agreed to start the Women’s Anti-Rape program from scratch here at Greenville, in addition to my duties to the psychology department.

“Thanks, Thomas. Yeah, the first day of school is tomorrow, and yes, I’ll start the W.A.R. classes on Tuesdays, but I don’t know how the turnout will be. No one knows what W.A.R. is yet; I don’t think the school did much advertising about it.”

“I’m sure you’ll do just fine. I just wanted to wish you good luck, even though I know my favorite and only sister won’t need it. You know Mom and Dad send their best, as always.” Actually, I wouldn’t necessarily bet money on that statement, but his intent of making me feel a little more confident is accomplished. “Hit me up later on this week, Meg, all right? I love you.”

“Love you too, Thomas. I’ll let you know how everything goes. Bye!”

I wrap up the conversation a little more quickly than normal so that the guilt trip is avoided. It surprised me that Thomas didn’t even take that route, and I almost feel guilty for expecting him to. Being a little defensive with family has become too familiar an emotion in the recent past, as my parents finally came to grips with the realization that I still had zero interest in joining the family practice.

Thomas was the perfect child in our family. He had progressed through our parents’ rigorous childhood development strategy; our time was constantly filled with activities and classes and lessons to build us into their perfect likeness. He passed each objective they had with flying colors. His athleticism, his intellect, his compatibility

with their ideals all helped him maximize his benefit from the opportunities I know that they worked hard to give us. He graduated at the top of his class at every level. I'm proud to be his sister and I love him to bits, he is my good friend as well as my blood, but sometimes I feel like he and the rest of my family have absolutely no clue who I really am or what I'm about.

Thomas and I have always been very close though very different, bonding over football games and action movies as he essentially tried turning me into the little brother he always wanted. I wouldn't undo any of my fun memories with him, but there are plenty of bittersweet family memories alongside those precious good ones. Of course I wanted to please them, family is everything after all, but I'm not entirely sure that the stork delivered me to the right house on the night of my birth! I feel like my soul is wrapped up in the wrong skin when I'm around them.

Our parents' ideals of who I should or could be were never matched my own entirely. I kept them happy and always toed the family line, dutifully applying my academic efforts to pass the courses prescribed. I achieved highly due mainly to tutoring, constant academic guidance and time governance doled out by my parents and my brother.

So I persisted with their fantasy vision for my life for many years. Did my undergrad psych degree, went on to complete my masters. The PhD was looming dead ahead on my path, and I had planted my feet, brought it all to a screeching halt, finally found the amplitude of voice to get my point across to them clearly—I loathed the concept of my becoming a psychologist! It had taken me until my mid twenties to be able to speak up loud enough to be effectively heard. Finally some self confidence manifested inside me and compelled me to be honest and frank with them. I suppose in their minds it was a bit of a slap in the face that I didn't and still don't quite know what it is I want

to do, just that it has nothing to do with them or the family clinic.

My parents were determined that I not let all of the hard work go to waste, leading to their emergency plan; an internship within their practice. They reasoned that it might give me the connection to the reality of the business, that seeing how much influence I could have by helping people to heal mentally would somehow make me fall in love with the idea of more study and becoming a doctor, like them. It was still not what I wanted, but if I was ever to be truly free of this curse, I would need to show them that I had tried in earnest. I knew it would make no difference to my feelings. And so, I interned with them, confirming their worst fears. Their disappointment wasn't quite so bad in the end, after they had some time to adapt to the idea that I maybe wouldn't choose their path as my own. I think it had been a small relief to them that I was at least moving toward academia, applying for teaching jobs in a few colleges.

Greenville was the college to which I had applied that was furthest from home, and subsequently it was the position I wanted the most keenly. My mind was turning cartwheels when I heard I'd won the position! I felt like my life had finally launched, that I was going to be able to explore who I am and what I want to do with my life, that I finally could contemplate looking up the roadmap of life toward where I might want to go. And in that moment, I decided to stop feeling guilty for wanting to live my life for me. These first-year students down here in sleepy little Greenville will be great fun and this job will be a good chance to earn a little money on my way to finding out what or where my future may be. I can't wait to start. I've never wanted a Monday to come quite so much in all my life. I don't imagine that will become a habit!

Taking a glass of water and a notepad, I sit down on the sofa to run through my introduction to my students tomorrow. It is important to make the students feel

comfortable with me, but I dread the anarchy of students who don't respect me. I clearly need to take some authority to maintain the sanctity of the learning environment, but not distance myself. The difference in age between us will be small, so relating to their worlds should be fairly easy. Goodness, on the other hand, being perceived as the "cool" teacher might make me appear to be trying too hard, plus they will know I am new. Most of them will be first-year students; a little scared, first time away from home, so they probably won't know to even try to take advantage of me. Still, I need to be prepared for anything and I realize I am not as prepared as I want to be. At the very least, my lesson plan is ready and approved by the department head. Survival to the end of this semester is possible so long as I just stick to the script.

Looking at my wall clock, the only thing hanging on these barren living room walls, I see it's already a quarter after eight. I really want to be in bed by nine so I'm well enough rested to be up and at the science department teacher's lounge area by around 6:30 tomorrow morning. Back in the bedroom, I put away all the clothes that I tossed on the bed, except for the two outfits that stand out to me. Tomorrow morning, the first that jumps out at me will be my outfit. Goodness, I am definitely over-thinking this. If the students like me, so be it. If not, oh well. And who cares about the other teachers? Who am I kidding; I do care. As I sigh and straighten the disheveled bed-clothes, I uncover a DVD case that must have strayed from the pile when I tipped out a boxful onto the bed earlier while unpacking. *Mistress Maxine Manipulates His Manhood #7* screams the title. I giggle at the memory of finding this amidst my ex-boyfriend's tiresomely dull collection, and I wonder how it came to be tucked into my possessions. I put it on the dresser and decide to take a shower. It will help me to relax and fall asleep. My nerves are starting to creep up on me. The first day of anything is always the hardest.

It makes good sense to wash my hair tonight. My confidence swells during the day when I can smell the fragrant floral scent of my clean hair and feel its silky softness between my fingers. Finger-combing the wisps of hair that frame my face has always reassured me when I've been in a stressful situation. Nothing feels quite like a fresh, clean start to the week and I don't want to have wet hair as I head out the door tomorrow either. As I massage the shampoo into my scalp, I continue rehearsing my introduction to my students and review my expectations of them. Hello everyone, I'm Miss Meg Hunter and welcome to Psych 101. Gosh, that sounds so cheesy and simultaneously so pretentious...Miss so-and-so. Plus, why does saying my own name make me a little nervous? Hopefully I will get over the fear of appearing like a deer stuck in headlights before class tomorrow.

Stepping out of the shower, I dry my body and wrap my hair in a soft towel. After finishing my hygiene, I head back into my new bedroom. That curious DVD comes into the centre of my field of vision, seemingly calling my name, teasing me from the dresser top. I did put it on one day when my ex was out and I was quite taken with the outfits that Mistress Maxine wore. Corsets, suspenders and killer heels! She had quite a command over the poor guys in the movie—the way she barked orders at them and humiliated them. It had been a surprise that I was so intrigued that I'd made it through thirty minutes. I heard Dale coming through the front door and turned off the DVD before he caught me watching it. He never owned up to any interest in the kind of sex the actors were performing, but I always wondered how he could have come to be in possession of the DVD otherwise. I never brought it up, too afraid of the emotional distance that a confrontation might cause if he were defensive about it. I was glad to see him home that day though, and we went on to have some good sex. Thinking about that, I suppose I do have a little window of time to

enjoy one or two of the scenes while my hair dries. Part of me hopes I see someone hot tomorrow so I can imagine him in place of these cheesy actors; I've already semi-muted the sound, thanks to my memory of the atrocious dialogue. Do guys really get off on this? I'll go right to sleep if I manage to orgasm tonight, at any rate, and I have to admit, seeing Mistress Maxine put these guys to use is kinda interesting and hot. After turning off the light, I slide the DVD into the disc player, grab the remote control and crawl under the covers. I fast forward to my favorite scene and make myself comfortable as the action on-screen sends light flickering against the bedroom walls.

"Kiss my feet...no licking, just kiss! Don't miss a single inch...who owns your manhood, slave?"

Chapter Two

Christopher

What a perfect day to be cruising to work in a Jeep with the top down. It's almost as if the whole world, Mother Nature herself, wants me to have a great day. Pulling up to the traffic light at Barnes and 1st Street, my mind is all over the place with excitement. My focus is split down the middle, bouncing between my physics lesson plan and my last good hook-up from a few weeks ago. If I had a nickel for every time a woman told me in this past year, "I've never tried this before, but I'll do it for you," with a shy smile on her face, I wouldn't still be teaching this semester. Who am I kidding? I would probably have an extra twenty-five cents! All it seems to take is a bit of intense eye contact, just a handful of kisses, and before I know it, they're melting like a snow cone in my warm hands.

Pulling into the faculty parking lot, that reality sneaks its way into my brain and I simmer on it for a minute, laughing to myself. This year has certainly been filled with some good shenanigans and only a few crushed feelings on the part of the ladies. The thing is, I never kept from these girls the truth about my intentions being purely physical, nor did I tell them any lies to get their sex. They were well aware that I love to play, but only when we're all on the level. Some girls seem to struggle to accept that they can't change my mind about that. I know it sometimes hurts their feelings when I don't commit, won't make a fling into something more emotionally meaningful. My ethical convictions are too strong, and so I never manipulate emotions to get sex. The headache of it alone makes it not worth attempting!

One could definitely get used to this feeling; the first day of school, surrounded by a whole new group of coeds and a handful of new female professors. Last year was my first year teaching here and I didn't get a chance to observe my surroundings and feel comfortable until nearly the end of first semester. This time, I'm gonna savor it. I jump out of

the Jeep and walk towards the science building. Students and professors are moseying about, making their way toward classes. I can spot the new kids, maps whipped out, pigeon-toed as they spin in circles trying to figure out the layout of this campus. I stride across the grassy courtyard, chest out and shoulders back, scanning for any familiar faces...or some faces with which I would like to get more familiar. I start to recognize a handful of the more tenured professors. We exchange nods as we make eye contact. This really is a beautiful campus we have here at Greenville State. It's definitely got a small-school feel to it, but I like that. The old Southern architecture of these buildings is exactly what I imagine an institute of higher learning should look like.

I turn my mind back to the human scenery and the search for eye candy. Look at that; two o'clock high, there goes a cute little number. On second thought, she looks a little too innocent and childlike for my taste. Clearly still wearing the clothes she wore as a high school senior. The thought turns me off, but I still strike a charmer's smile as she gazes at me. Doing one more quick self-assessment of my appearance, it dawns on me that I probably look like I'm trying to be an Abercrombie model or something, walking around with a blazer and just one hand in my slacks' pocket. The vibe I'm giving off is probably Joe Cool, but is really my way of protecting this nagging shoulder pain. If I swing my arms naturally, the pain goes from nagging to stabbing. Keeping my hand in my pocket is a much more palatable option for now until the pain clears up, likely in a few more days. Some ass-clown of a wide receiver blocked me from my blind side with all his body weight during my football game last week. The little bastard tagged me good, but I lit him up just two plays later when he tried running across the middle of the field. As I connected solidly with his ribcage, I heard his breath and his confidence sucked out of him in one swift moment...and it felt good. It was made even better

by the fact that everyone in the arena saw and heard the impact. Our bench cleared out, players whooping and hollering on our side of the field as we sent our opponents' offensive players back to their sideline to comprehend just how lopsided the game was about to get and prepare for a thrashing. That really filled our home crowd fans with excitement, too, and they supported us with increased fervor for the rest of the night. Still, this shoulder is a few days away from being 100 percent. At this point, I just need to make sure I don't bump into anything. The pain is nothing to complain about. On any given day, damn near every football player at the pro level or with us in the feeder league is dealing with some measure of ache or pain. If they aren't, they probably don't see much time on the field, or they're a precious quarterback, unable to even be touched without drawing ire from fans and ridiculous penalty flags from the officials.

I continue my one-armed Abercrombie strut and glide up the handful of steps in front of the science building. Entering the building, I see students straggling and hear that steady white noise of hushed conversations and questions directed at no one in particular. All right, Chris, no dating students from your own class...from the department is fine, but none of your students. This affirmation helps for now, but I'm pretty sure I'll be tempted to break it within a few hours. The absurdity of it cracks me up and I realize I have a little more faith in myself than that. I finally reach the old dark wooden door leading to the office and step inside.

"Major!"

The familiar voice of my boy Nick hits my ear before I've even had time to release the door handle. I shoot back the kind of chin-up head nod that only friends can get away with doing to one another. How many times last year did I tell that goofball that I was discharged from the Army as a captain, not a major? He insists on calling me that, probably because he thinks it sounds cooler than captain. It doesn't

really bother me; it's a promotion, and he's been a solid wingman pretty much from the moment I met him, looking out for me here among the other professors and even setting up a few easy softballs for me to knock out of the park when we mingle with coeds.

He's a few years older than I am and has been teaching here for five years, but we definitely connect. Part of me thinks he was happy when I showed up because he isn't nearly old enough to fit in with the elder statesmen and women of this department, most of whom are already seated at the table as I look around the room. The digital clock on the microwave tells me that I arrived with about five minutes to spare. Coffee sounds like a good idea and I head towards the kitchenette area on the right side of the room, raising my eyebrows to ask Nick if he wants a cup. He nods yes. I don't need the jolt of energy, as pumped as I'm feeling this morning with all the new faces outside. Having something to sip just ensures that I am not lulled to sleep by the monotonous voice of our department head, Mr. Dave Chamberlain. His so-called "urgent updates" will be boring and I will probably want to pull out my own eyelashes after about thirty seconds of hearing him drone on about nothing.

It would be great to be able to sit there and talk nonsense with Nick when the old man is rambling on but that would make both of look bad, and the teachers do seem to at least respect Nick a little bit. They see me as a young playboy based on my revolving door of conquests last year and I guess I can't really blame them, I just wish they would mind their own business. Chasing ladies does still entertain me a little bit, but it has started to bore me as of late. Having fun is one thing, but too much of a good thing feels monotonous. I don't quite understand why, but something tells me that the ultimate challenge is finding one good woman and keeping her around for longer than it takes to watch the latest cliché-riddled romantic comedy. There's no way I'm going to share that revelation with the

other teachers, though. The less they know about me, the better. If they want to paint me as a two-dimensional guy, that's fine. It should lead to fewer questions. Here comes one of my "lovely" colleagues now; it's Mrs. Davison. She reminds me of a female version of a Morgan Freeman character from any of his movies; full of sage wisdom and advice I didn't ask her for. Time to be polite.

"Hello there, Mister Stephens. I hope you had a good summer and you didn't break any good girls' hearts...but that look in your face tells me otherwise." She doesn't even bother beating around the bush. So predictable.

"What can I say, Mrs. Davison? I was born this way. Never gonna stop." Hopefully, that was one-dimensional enough to get her off my case without much more questioning.

"Oh Lord, young Mister Stephens," she sighs. "I'll pray for you."

"Thanks for that, ma'am," I reply unnecessarily, as she turns on her heel and takes a seat at the conference table.

There are about three servings left in this pot of coffee on the counter; perfect. It would have been tricky trying to make a fresh pot one-handed. I fill straight to the brim a cup that I intend to give to Nick. No sugar or creamer will go in this one. I start to grab a cup for myself when the door creaks open again and I look over my left shoulder to see which old professor is walking through the door.

Holy moley, this is no goat. Tell me this woman isn't a student. She is so genuinely beautiful that I need a moment to take her all in. She's got the sexy librarian thing going on with her hair pinned up, pastel blouse and a tight dark skirt that's hitting right at her knees. Wow...the dark patterned hose and black pumps are a good touch, new gal. This is a pleasant surprise.

She looks around and seems to recognize a few of the professors already. As she turns towards me, I avert my eyes and bring my head back towards my coffee as smoothly and quickly as possible. Surely it was smooth

enough that she didn't notice me gawking at her shapely legs. From my peripheral vision, I can tell she's making her way over here. What is she doing?! I don't even have an opening line ready! Why didn't anyone tell me to expect her? Think fast. She's right beside me, placing an oversized lunchbox on the counter directly to my left and pulling out a coffee thermos.

Ever so nonchalantly, I manage to pretend the coffee maker is suddenly the most interesting object on the planet and has captivated my attention. Meanwhile, I have actually shifted my body about six inches further from the counter and leaned back just a bit so I can check out her entire package without being noticed by her. The shape of her hips and ass is extraordinary. She definitely has the hourglass silhouette. And those shoes...I can't keep my eyes away from those legs as she shifts her weight back and forth from left to right foot, occasionally letting her shapely heel pop out of the back of her shoe.

Images of her bent over this counter with that beautiful, plump ass beckoning me have smeared themselves all over my consciousness and I'm not trying very hard to clear my mind of them. Focus, Chris. It's been about thirty seconds. She should be looking this way to at least acknowledge my presence and get some coffee. My safety mechanism is to scrunch up my lips and brow in a slightly disapproving way so I have some degree of cover when she looks over at me. Perfect timing. Just as I finish taking mental snapshots of the entire length of her body, she looks over at me and catches my quasi-mean face. I soften it up and return the slight smile she wears on those perfect, full lips.

"Good morning," she says in a tender voice. Her gaze is split between me and the coffee machine.

"Good morning to you, ma'am," I reply. With all of my ogling, I didn't even bother coming up with a line. Shit. Military instincts kick in and I go with the tried-and-true

respectful approach. “Care for a cup of joe?” I ask as I close the gap between myself and the counter.

“That sounds great; I’ll just take the last of what’s in that pot,” she says, reaching towards it. I barely have time to move Nick’s cup out of the way as she reaches in front of me, nudging my arm in the process and sending a surge of pain straight to my shoulder. I fail to stifle the grunt and it probably sounds like I have constipation. Fantastic.

“Sorry about that—you okay?” she says.

My brain is still in a slight fog from the sharp shot that coursed through my body, but I pull it together with the grace of an old-school film star.

“Oh, I’m fine; I was just thinking about something. Welcome to the department.” I smile at her as I grab Nick’s cup and head toward my seat at the conference table, fully aware that I left with no coffee for myself.

It doesn’t even matter right now. As the pain goes away, my mind’s eye returns to her and my visions for her, for us. I can focus on how badly I muffed that opportunity. Why didn’t I offer to make her a fresh pot of coffee? I’m that selfish ass who couldn’t even be bothered help her out on her first day. She looks like such a sweet girl. Sitting at the table beside Nick, I vow that I will treat her like a real person before fucking her brains out. We only exchanged a few words, but I could see in her eyes that she’s probably an innocent little sweetheart of a girl...probably has an interesting story that I’ll sit through, a variation of a sheltered, unexposed girly girl life that I’ve heard many times before. She’ll get my undivided attention, though.

“...aaaaand you’re not even listening. Holy shit, man. Did you have fun undressing new girl with your eyes? You should have seen the look on your face when she walked in.” Nick pulls the coffee cup towards himself and begins to sip. He has been talking to me in a hushed tone since I first sat down and I had no idea until just now.

“Sorry, man...who, what now?” From the corner of my eye, I see new girl sitting down at the far end of the table.

“Forget about it bro; we’ll talk later,” he says as he turns his attention to Mr. Chamberlain at the front of the room. I shift my body language and eyes toward the front but I am completely checked out. The drone of Chamberlain’s voice becomes a backdrop as I imagine my first legitimate conversation with new girl. Damn, I want to get to know her...to get to know all of that!

Random words during this meeting pierce my consciousness. My ears pick up on “staff orientation night Tuesday” and then conveniently shut themselves down again. Tuesday night at the sports bar down the road; I remember seeing the event posted to our shared online calendar. That could be a good opportunity for me to have some face time with the mystery girl in a friendly setting. My killer instinct, temporarily knocked of track earlier, is back at 100 percent now. I even start nodding my head approvingly as I begin to fantasize about how everything could play out in the next couple days.

My eyes happen to meet with Mrs. Davison’s directly across from me. Shit. She’s been watching me this whole time, I bet. She shakes her head and mouths something at me while our eyes are locked. It’s probably something along the lines of “I’m watching you” and I couldn’t care less. My only regret in this moment is that my face had been so damn easy to read.

Tuesday night can’t get here soon enough!

Chapter Three

Meghan

The heavy cedarwood door of the meeting room resists but eventually yields under a fair degree of my bodyweight. That saying about minding the door doesn't hit me on the ass on the way in springs to mind. If it did, perhaps it could project me airborne across the room some distance! Not the best image with which to introduce myself to the academic community of Greenville though, so I make sure I'm well clear of it as it closes. The smile is still on my lips from this silly thought as I make my way to the coffee machine. I knew I'd catch some looks this morning; the new blood is bound to attract some inquisitive attention. There's a guy at the coffee machine filling a mug, he glanced up at me as I walked in. He's just a little bit damn fine, at a glance. Broad shoulders, beautiful musculature, a strong and self-assured posture. I bet the ladies like him. He's probably one of those self-obsessed jerks who trade heavily on their appearances and college football careers. I hope I'm wrong, but I'll be cautious here, I think. Professional and strictly business with this one, but it can't hurt to window shop him a little. That butt is a glorious hand-full. I'll be sure to open the door for him in future. After you, please, sir.

He glances up as I share counter space with him, my quest for coffee pressing me to interact with him a little. As I glance at him, he does look like a Mr. Serious. His knitted brow and intent focus soften though as he feels my gaze upon him. My goodness, those eyes are breathtaking. I offer a simple "Good morning" and his friendly response is a comfort that quells the inklings of first-day nerves that have started to flutter in my stomach. His lips are full and round; he is a very attractive man. He seems a little awkward in his responses, but he's welcoming and friendly. Not quite the arrogant jerk I was imagining, which is refreshing. As I lean past him to take the pot, I accidentally bump his left arm. He recoils but swiftly attempts to cover it up, forcing a smile

and stifling a subtle gasp. The creases in his forehead seem to indicate he's masking pain. I feel sorry for hurting him, but it was a pretty casual graze. He won't acknowledge it though, so perhaps he has some sunburn or a new tattoo there.

It seems a little perverted to admit it, but as I leaned past him just now I shamelessly enjoyed the faint aroma of the scent he's wearing. It's a delicious little secret of a scent, Mr. Serious, all musky and rich and dark. In the right place and time and circumstances, Mr Serious, your presence and that heady scent could be intoxicatingly sexy, I think to myself. He is a very handsome man though, and I'm sure he's well aware of his effect on the ladies.

He saunters off to his seat as I finish preparing my brew. As I stroll toward the conference table, I feel the eyes of a few of my peers follow me. The attention is unnerving enough that I run a hand over the curve of my buttock to feel for any telltale crease in the fabric. That unwelcome idea of my dress having become tucked up in my underwear plagues me. I reach down and gently tug the hem of my dress but feel no yield in the length of my skirt—it's safe to say I haven't had my knickers in a bunch just yet. I hope their glances are just healthy curiosity because I'm the new person.

There is a little space at one end of the conference table and I settle in amongst my peers, ready for the meeting to begin. I recognize a few faces—some of the staff were present at the induction day last week. It isn't long before Professor Chamberlain arrives and begins his address. It's a fairly stock-standard, predictable housekeeping session, opening the door toward what's intended to be a productive and successful semester. Professor Chamberlain is a sage old soul, but sweet enough. Not a fraction of ill-intent is evident about him; he's wise and friendly with a definite air of moral righteousness. He provides a welcome memory jolt for the orientation evening tomorrow night that had slipped

my mind. But first I have two days of lectures with these new students to get through.

My mind wanders as the monotony of Prof. Chamberlain's voice drones on well past what could be considered a reasonably concise address. My thoughts turn to my new students and their feelings as they set out on this first day of their college careers. Having some adult maturity on my first day is a definite plus, but my recollections of first day experiences as a student are still sharp in my mind. My role in setting up these students for academic success is a big responsibility, but I feel capable of it. First day does still unnerve me a little, but I know I'm not feeling a fraction of the anxiety that some of these kids are just now.

The completion of Professor Chamberlain's address is appreciated. I'm impatient to get started on my first day and hastily make my way toward the door after the meeting is officially closed. Mr. Serious is immediately ahead of me and I can't help but admire the view of that nice, round butt. He holds the door ajar and glances up to meet my eye as I reach the doorway. I smile and mouth a "thank you" before striding purposefully toward my classroom. Let's get cracking!

Home certainly is a welcome sight this evening. It has been an epic first day. Not a bad day, but it is satisfying to ease off my heels and take off my skirt and blouse. I realize it's probably considered slovenly, but I can't be fussed with getting fully changed for dinner. My silk kimono feels lovely against my skin as it clings seductively around my curves, the waist tie holding it closed at the front, though it's prone to drape shamelessly open at times. It's hardly glamorous, yet I feel beautiful when I wear it. It's perfect for when I'm alone at home. I ponder the thought of whether I'd ever feel comfortable enough with a partner to allow him to see that real side of my life, but dismiss the idea and make my way to the kitchen to prepare something to eat.

I'm barely hungry, probably due in part to being tired. Regardless, I make a quick and simple dinner and pour a half-glass of wine to enjoy with it as I catch the evening news. It's a slow news day so my mind is doing most of the entertaining, rehashing the day's events and the exchanges I had with my students. They are a great bunch; I'm really enthusiastic about our potential greatness here. I was able to promote my WAR class that's scheduled for tomorrow, and I feel confident that the girls in particular see that my office door is open for them. The morning's lectures had run to plan. Today was really about introducing the course and setting the ground rules, nothing too heavy.

My mind reaches back further into the day and hovers over this morning's staff meeting. The reminder about orientation dinner jumps out in bold—I need to sort out an outfit for that, but I did mull it over a little during lunch. I must pull out my shortlisted garments after dinner and make a decision. I think I need to show some of my fun side, but also keep it a little classic. I have a perfect blue dress with a flared skirt and some matching heels. My concern is that it is a little sexy, and I'm wary of being seen as sexy in this setting. Especially by Mr. Serious. He'd be easy to fall for, I'm sure many girls have made that mistake. No sense inviting the wolf to the table.

Mrs. Davison introduced herself this afternoon and told me to watch out for him, apparently he's a bit of a ladies' man. Chris is his name, and it would seem that he isn't held too high in her esteem. She came across as a bit matronly and overzealous, but I will be cautious around him. There's no harm in looking though, and he is definitely easy to look at. The memory of his pillow-like lips flashes across my mind. They would be very kissable. It has been a long time since I last had a lover and just sitting here on the couch thinking about the visual appeal of Chris has started a warm sensation passing across my labia. I shut off the TV, frustrated with the lack of stimulation it's offered me

tonight, and I let my mind take care of this evening's entertainment instead.

I picture him beside me here on the couch, drawing me close with his strong arms as I nestle into his collarbone. Those deep pools of chocolate eyes would have me magnetised under his sustained, intense gaze. I imagine the velvet softness of his lips as they graze almost mistakenly against my lower lip before I respond. I nuzzle at the nape of his neck, exploring him with tender kisses and then engulf his earlobe with my lips, gently suckling at the tender fold of soft-skinned flesh. His hair bristles from the chill as my breath blows over his skin. His strong arms manipulate my body to be pinned beneath him. He hungrily kisses me and bears his weight down on me, forcing my legs open to allow his hips to nestle within my thighs. Just thinking of feeling his contained hardness pressing against me is making my body ache with lust.

My goodness, I'd love to be grasping those beautiful buttocks as I pull him against me, tilting my pelvis to receive his dry-humping thrust. The muscles in my vagina are gently contracting; I can feel that there is a definite will on the part of my body to explore this fantasy a little further. I indulge myself a little and do a few Kegel flexes and feel the juice ebb from within me, pooling on the gusset of my panties as they cling statically to my vagina lips, a warm and moist and very sexy sensation.

Now Chris is tearing hungrily at my blouse, trying to liberate my breasts and flesh for his mouth and hands to explore. He manages to gain access to a nipple and the sensation of his touching and tasting has my back arched in ecstatic pleasure, moaning in appreciation. He struggles to retain his own ecstasy, returning to kiss my lips as he sneaks his left hand up behind my back, reaching for my scalp and grasping a handful of hair, pulling it firmly but gently as he tips my head back to expose the form of my trachea, kissing it with passion. My orgasm bubbles below

the surface of my abdomen like a pot of pasta on the boil. He would feel so good against me right now, I'm so hungry to feel him inside me for real.

"Let me fuck you." He is moaning. "I need to be inside you. Baby, I want you so much..... Please. Let me take your panties off. Come on, baby, I know you want it too".

"I'm not ready for that," I coyly respond. I'm totally ready, but even in my fantasy, it seems wrong to want it.

"Please, baby, let me lick you just a little? We don't have to go all the way," he offers. "I promise. I will stop if you ask." He punctuates his comments with the most passionate, wet and sensuous kisses beneath my earlobes and on the nape of my neck. He seems to know I am absolutely cock-hungry and fighting it with every ounce of my willpower. I'm clearly struggling to deny it any longer and he just needs to get across that line. Then he has me where he wants me.

"Oh... okay," is all I can manage as I return to kissing his deliciously soft lips.

Chris stands and pulls me up, unbuttoning the remnants of blouse before unzipping my skirt and pushing it off my hips, exposing some black lace panties. He admires the view for a few moments before sliding them down over my stockinged legs, leaving me naked bar the stockings and heels. I undress his top half, freeing the deliciously manly chest he's been containing beneath his clothing. He is magnificent. I can't help but press my lips to his skin and kiss his beautiful body. He leans back and places my arms around his neck. He cups his hands around my buttocks, lifting me up to lower me onto the couch, pushing my knees apart, kneeling above me and kissing me deeply, passionately. He sinks down to kneel on the floor and tastes my clitoris in the most incredible open-mouthed technique. I moan and squirm at the sensation. His fingers manipulate my labia expertly before he gently enters me with one finger.

“You’re dripping wet!” he tells me. “Does that feel good, Meg?”

“Oh God, yes!” I utter in an outward breath, struggling to stop myself for asking for more, from letting on how hot I am for his sex.

“You’re so horny. Such a hot, hungry girl. Let me make you feel good,” he coos, kissing me before I can respond with any objection. “Good girl, Meg.” He undresses his lower half as his kisses bear down on me, pinning me beneath him. My hands smooth over his torso, feeling his toned body, pulling it closer to me. He feels so good. He takes my hand and guides it to hold his dick, helping me to stroke him. He is so big and hard! He leans back to retrieve a condom and roll it on, then leans in to kiss me whilst guiding himself to my entrance.

Expertly, he enters me deeply, forcefully. My involuntary escaping breath gratifies him. He’s inspired and thrusts deep and hard inside me again as I struggle to manage the fine line between pleasure and pain. He is so forceful, it’s both agony and ecstasy at the same time. A barrage of his powerful strokes beat against me, my whole body yielding to absorb the force and intensity. He pins my hips down to get more resistance against his thrusts and finally explodes with an accompanying loud moan. He falls against me and I see his spirit has entered a parallel universe. His final ebbing throbs have him quivering; I hold him to me and kiss his forehead, allowing him to rest on top of me.

As I sit here alone on the couch with these thoughts, my pussy feels like it is glowing and numbed, reminiscent of how strong alcohol affects my mouth and brain, that spreading warmth. I have never imagined being fucked like that in my life. So animalistic and hot. This guy really has had an impact for someone who merely offered me a cup of coffee. I can’t understand why he’s had such an effect. The fantasy lingers in my brain as I will my mind to relax and dwell just a few moments longer in this imaginary sexual

paradise. My body is begging to feel some touch—fantasies alone won't get me to my utopia. I think I've earned a little pampering tonight, and a warm shower will be a great place to worship my body before bed.

The plumbing in this apartment is suboptimal—I start the hot tap as soon as I enter the bathroom and hope the hot water comes through as I strip. I loosen the waist sash and shrug the kimono from my shoulders. My unclasped bra falls to the floor and I caress my skin, running my hands from the breadth of my hips over the contour of my waist before surfing the curves up to cup my full breasts, one in each hand. I encircle each nipple with my fingers, tracing a path around the areola before pinching the nipples and tugging them upward. I slide my hands back down over my torso to unfasten my suspender belt. Amassing a nylon and lace ripple before my hands, I negotiate the contours of my thighs, knees, and calves as I finally push the stocking off each foot. I stow the clothes in the wash basket and again run my hands over my hips and butt. I think about how good it would feel to have Chris worship my skin in such a way, to caress and explore the texture and geography of my body. To feel him grasp the flesh of my butt and pull me to his bare chest while I kiss his neck, his lips, his earlobes. His hands and arms looked so strong, they would feel incredible as they pulled me close and held me tight.

The steam from the shower has started to accumulate in the room, so I open and adjust the cold tap and step under the torrent of warm water and watch it cascade over my breasts. I load the loofah with bodywash—not my normal, everyday bodywash, but my special occasion one. I'm particular about scents—I don't enjoy overbearing personal aromas in a social setting, even if the scent is pleasant. This bodywash is therefore only for intimate moments. Tonight I allow the intoxicating headiness of the floral and musk notes to overwhelm my senses—it wipes out all of my other thoughts and my consciousness is numbed to a peaceful

lower plateau. My hands glide the cleansing, sudsy loofah over my skin, skirting over my more intimate regions.

I soap my bare hands and imagine Chris washing me now. My fingers glide down over my labia, cleansing my inner thighs and outer labia region before using my index finger to expose my clitoris and cleanse the inner labia. She is so greasy with love goo that my fingers skim over my vagina lips without feeling any skin—just a slick of moisture. Even though I have only just touched her, she is engorged in readiness for Chris. I wish he were here with me now. It's been so long since I felt the passionate heat from a lover entering me, making love to me. My clitoris is standing up like a beacon, so sensitive and hungry for touch. My middle finger flicks over her and I breathlessly moan at the incredible sensation of those nerves firing pulses of ecstasy up through my vagina. A more purposeful circular motion around the hood of the clitoris has the sweetest buzz creeping up my spine. I rinse the suds off to rid myself of the lubrication—feeling slight dragging traction between the skin of my finger and the skin of my clitoris is much better, the water is all the lubrication I want.

I graduate my touch from being barely there to rubbing hard, each sensation being equally capable of giving me orgasm. I settle on rubbing hard and imagine Chris watching me from outside the shower alcove. I'm performing for him, letting him watch my perverted self-gratification. He instructs me to cum and mentally the barriers fall away to allow this volcano of lust to erupt. My back arches as the immense orgasm quakes through my body, my impassioned moaning catching me off guard in its intensity. The pulsating contractions of my uterus and vaginal muscles leave me quivering as the orgasm subsides, clenching in decreasing strength and frequency like aftershocks from a tremor. That was magnificent. As I stand beneath the water for a further minute or two, allowing it to rinse my relieved body, my mind is perfectly still.

Recollecting my focus and presence, I shut the water off and step out. Time for teeth, moisturizer, and the promise of a restful sleep.

Day two at Greenville is done and I'm happy the intensity has dialed back a little since yesterday. My students were a little livelier today, though I imagine they will take a few weeks to settle entirely and relax into the academic journey. I got some personal greetings this morning and some approaches for discussion after lecture, so I feel encouraged that they see me as open. We are all integrating into the college way of life well, it would seem. I made an unofficial Facebook group for each of my classes and am encouraging them to use it as a resource for study and asking questions so all can share the benefit. Using student response by email for self-nomination to join the group for this has proven a hit – as a student, I always hated passing around the piece of paper and sharing my contact details so openly in class. So far almost half of my students have joined the online groups. I'm impressed by that. The department heads were a little reluctant initially, but saw the merit in the end.

The first WAR class was informal, a social gathering really. I had four students turn up, a good size to start. I put the group through some introductions and activities before starting the first training session. They are a lovely bunch of girls—all were enthusiastic in their first attempts. I'm going to draw up a circuit schedule and develop a routine so they can become more familiar with some of the self-defense moves.

Tonight's orientation evening is due to start in an hour. I have finally decided to go with the sexy blue dress; it's so pretty that it makes me want to wear it and the shoes are desperate to be shown off. I'm figuring that the starched collars I'm dining with won't be exceptional company, and an early night is highly likely. I'm glad about that. I really don't need a new family of critical and vocal people in my