The Trouble with Passion - Part One

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The cold evening air blew through Lucy's hair like needles. She shivered sending cold chills down her spine. As she made her way across the campus quad she hugged her sweater closer around her waist. It was Friday and Lucy couldn't help but wish she was anywhere but where she was at this very moment. Her roommate Fiona had invited her to go to a party across campus just hours earlier. "Come with us, Lucy," her roommate had said. "My boyfriend, Carl, has a sexy friend he'd like you meet!" Lucy didn't doubt Carl's rugby friends were all gorgeous sex gods but Lucy had other matters to attend to that day. One of her professors emailed her requesting a mandatory meeting to discuss her academics. Just the thought sent butterflies through her stomach. "I can't, Fiona," Lucy explained… "I have to meet with Dr. Thacker." "Dr. Thacker?" Fiona interrupted with a puzzled look on her face. "Why would he want to see you?" "I've been struggling in my advanced media class and he wanted to see me. I think I may be in trouble." Fiona looked at me for a moment and as she gathered her keys said matter-of-factly, "Oh you're in trouble all right. Take care, Lucy!" As she shut the door to the studio apartment Lucy began to wonder what she meant by that statement. Brushing it out of my mind Lucy went to the restroom to wash up. Looking in the mirror she felt content with her appearance. Her long dark brown hair lay in waves upon her shoulders. Her tan olive colored skin was the envy of her pale roommate, Fiona. At 5'4" her petite frame held her size 34 C breasts perfectly and her daily yoga showed amazing results for her ass. As Lucy took a step back from the bathroom mirror she could hear Fiona's saying, "You're so hot, Lucy! Why don't you have a boyfriend? I would totally fuck you!" That last part made Lucy shiver to her special place. She smiled biting her lip. After some devilish thoughts, Lucy glanced at the clock and decided she better leave to go to her meeting. Heading out the door into the evening air Lucy started to wonder again about the meeting. And as she finished crossing the quad and ascended the stone steps she kept repeating Fiona's ambiguous words, "Oh you're in trouble all right." She began to wonder if Fiona knew what this was about. After all Fiona was a couple of years older and in the same major of study she was. She surely had Dr. Thacker before. After two flights of stairs and down a dark corridor she paused at Dr. Thacker's office. Looking around she didn't see or hear any other professors or students in the building. "Maybe the professor went home," Lucy thought to herself wishfully. Lucy rapped on the door twice hoping to hear no reply. As soon as she smacked the oak door a second time a soft voice from within replied, "Come in, Lucy, and shut the door behind you. I've been expecting you." Lucy paused and then shut the door behind her. "Have a seat," the professor instructed motioning to a

black leather chair in front of the desk. Lucy looked up to see Dr. Thacker seated behind a large wooden desk her elbows rested on the top of the desk. Wisps of blonde hair fell out of her loose bun onto the back of her neck. Her skin seemed like it glowed a soft honey color as the desk lamp reflected off her face. Her eyes followed Lucy across the room. Lucy sat down placing her cold trembling hands in her lap. She looked up and quietly stuttered, “Wha-What is this meeting about, Dr. Thacker?” The professor looked at Lucy for what seemed like an eternity before speaking. “Lucy you may call me Susan. I’m here to discuss your lack of passion for my art class. It seems you excel in all of the other courses here at the academy but mine. And that reflects badly on me. None of the other students seem to be having this trouble so I thought I would lend you my talents.” Lucy thought about what the professor just said. Sure she had been struggling with these past few pieces but Lucy didn’t think it had been that bad. Her thoughts were interrupted when the professor got up and walked around the desk. Sitting on top of the desk Lucy could see the professor head to toe. The professor was slightly taller than Lucy at 5’ 6” and had an average frame. Her blonde hair was the color of wheat and her green eyes seemed to dig into whoever she was staring at. The professor wore a red tank top and her voluptuous breasts seemed to be bursting out of her top as she sat on the desk. Dr. Thacker interrupted Lucy’s observation of her. “Lucy, you lack passion and without it you will not pass my class. When was the last time you had sex?” Lucy stunned by the question snapped, “Dr. Thac, I mean - Susan… I don’t think that is any of your concern.” Susan sat upright. “It is my concern, Lucy, when I see one of my bright students struggling. Now let me ask this again. When was the last time you had sex?” After a brief pause Lucy replied shyly, “Almost a year. I haven’t had a boyfriend.” Susan smiled and spoke, “Lucy, that’s exactly what the problem is. If you can’t feel passion in life be it pain or love how can you translate it to art?” Lucy nodded in agreement. But how was the professor going to help her? As if she could read Lucy’s thoughts the professor continued, “I am going to help you feel passion. This will have to be our little secret. Okay?” Lucy began to feel her pussy tighten and become wetter as she understood what the professor meant. “I understand.” This was going to the start of something amazing. Part 2 to follow soon!