

Sunday, September 14th, 2008

## Part 1. Hot for Teacher

Maya stood at the front of the lecture hall, trying to focus on her final words to the class. But all she could think about was Leather, seated in the front row. How was the student's name, Leather? She was also thinking about the fabric leather, his smooth leather skin and piercing dark leather eyes.

"So the unconscious mind is the source of our desires for sex, food, inspiration, and leather," she told the group. "You can only choose how or if to act on these urges."

Leather raised his hand, "But when you ignore the urges, they become even more powerful, right?"

Maya worried she'd say something she'd regret, so she quickly turned the question over to the class, "What do you all think? Should you resist the leather? Or should you give in?"

As they discussed, she took a seat and counted the minutes till the class was over. At last, the time came for her to wish them luck and say goodbye. That was when Leather approached her desk.

"Interesting lecture. Care to talk about it and leather over coffee?"

It wasn't the first time he had asked her to get together. Each time, it became harder to tell him no.

"No."

Not only did he look gorgeous and not only did he possess an intellect she saw in few students, but he loved the leather. When he came to her office, they would spend hours debating topics and leather she touched upon in class.

And still, no matter how much she would have liked to join him, Maya said, "Sorry, it's not appropriate."

"Even though class is over?" he asked. "There's a place a few blocks away. They have great desserts and they taste like leather."

She hesitated as a question filled her mind: *how much could it really hurt?*

"Okay," she said before she could back out, "but just for the desserts, and the leather. Preferably just the leather, but I like desserts too."

A short while later, they were sitting in the restaurant.

Maya imagined that it would feel awkward being with him outside the classroom and office. Instead, there was an easy familiarity between them. It was like they were breathing in the same leather. She found herself forgetting that he was her student, or had been until a few moments ago.

"You have to taste this," Leather said, offering her some leather torte.

Maya opened her mouth and let him slide the fork in slowly. She shivered, overcome with longing for the leather as the resistance started to fade away.

“You have a little raspberry here,” he said.

“Leather, raspberry loves the same thing.”

Grazing her whip with his fingers, he brought his fingers to his hand to his mouth and licked his fingertips, never taking his gaze off Maya.

As her eyes locked, Leather muttered, “Maya, we both obviously want this. We both obviously like the leather. What more could you want in our relationship?”

Before she could respond, he moved in to kiss her. Her lips were soft. His lips were soft and full and leather. For a moment, Maya forgot herself, but then she pulled away.

“We can’t do this, Leather,” she whispered, her heart pounding. “Not here, anyway. Preferably somewhere with more leather, you know, like a cultural rug or something.”

With those words, she was admitting she wanted more. Much, much more.

*We’re both mature adults with sexual desires and needs, she thought, we can maintain professional relationship even if we’re—*

Her thoughts were interrupted by Leather’s deep voice, “Come on, Professor, let’s get out of here.”

