

Assiduity Twenty Two

by J. Mykell Collinz

We're on the carpet in the front room, leaning back on a floor cushion, taking in the sunset through the big bay windows. There's not a trace of makeup on Uzma's angelic face, her walnut blond hair is in pigtails, she's wearing a white blouse with a blue pleated skirt, and she is shoeless in pink bobby socks.

"You look like a school girl in that outfit," I say.

"And you look like the teacher who wants to touch me," she replies, spreading her legs to offer access.

I slide my hand underneath her skirt and feel the silky smooth skin of her inner thigh. I reach the undergarment protecting her cleft of Venus and my fingers gently massage her labia majora cutaneous folds beneath the fabric.

"An oral examination will earn you extra credit," I say.

"I need all the extra credit you can give me," she replies.

I'm normally not the kind to kiss and tell. I've always been a very practical man who stays within his limitations. Yet, for Uzma, I'll change. Role playing excites me more than I would have expected and I dive head first into her fantasy.

