

College Dayes

Emily Sinclair

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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

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The talking stopped as Fiona Demarco, Dean of Admissions, moved across the stage – her heels clicking loudly in the silent auditorium. Stepping behind the podium, she adjusted the microphone and stared out at more than three-hundred young women now sitting in silence. Her stern gaze falling on the faces of the mostly eighteen year old crowd, she spotted a few older women and gave them a disapproving shake of the head for waiting so long before starting their college career.

Placing her hands on either side of the wooden dais, she stared at blondes, brunettes, redheads and raven-haired plain-Janes and exotic beauties that made her heart beat a little faster than normal as thoughts of what she wanted to do with the sexiest members of the Maidenfair’s College for Girls raced through her perverted mind.

For their part, the incoming freshman stared up at the stage in utter silence as they were all warned of the Dean’s icy demeanor and short fuse. A few, however, looked past her coldness and at the stunning body and face of a still very attractive forty-three year old woman. Her long black hair was pulled back in a ponytail to better expose her flawless olive skin, full lips and large pale green eyes. The burgundy dress she wore was tailored for her exquisite body and hugged every curve like a second skin while strategically placed cutouts teased at the treasures hidden beneath.

“Welcome ladies to the Maidenfair College for Girls,” Fiona started. “My name is Dr. Fiona Demarco and I am the Dean of Admissions. As I look out at the crowd I see many young, fresh faces and even a few older ones...”

“Do you think the rumors are true?” Lidia whispered to the woman sitting to her right.

“What rumors?” the raven-haired girl whispered with a sideways glance at a woman she did not know but suddenly wanted to.

“You know, the ones about her being a dyke that preys on naïve freshman. And that she has some sort of torture chamber hidden campus she takes them for punishment.”

“I don’t know, but we should be quiet and listen to what she’s saying before...” Suddenly realizing the entire room was quiet, she looked up to the stage and the irate woman standing behind the podium and gulped with fear.

“Is there something the two of you would like to share with the rest of the class?” Dr. Demarco asked, looking directly into Lidia’s eyes. The frightened young woman remained silent. “Go on, tell us what’s so important you find it necessary to interrupt my speech. Stand up and tell everyone your name, young lady.”

Feeling three-hundred sets of eyes bearing down on her, Lidia sank into the chair, but not far enough to escape the Dean’s stern gaze.

“I said stand up and tell everyone your name,” Dr. Demarco repeated with a ‘don’t test me’ tone to her voice.

Getting to her feet, face flushed with embarrassment, Lidia bowed her head so she did not have to look directly at anyone. “M-My name is Lidia Dayes.”

Long brown hair, piercing green eyes and full lips, Fiona liked what she saw in the pretty eighteen year old. Looking down Lidia’s lithe body, she stopped at her perky breasts capped with puffy nipples that were clearly visible beneath the thin material of her white blouse. *God, I could suck those all day*, she thought as her gaze continued to fall. Flat belly. Slender waist. Pleated black skirt hiding a sexy ass and the tops of her long toned legs.

“And what is your major, Ms. Dayes?”

“Criminal justice. I’m planning on going into law enforcement.

“Well, Ms. Dayes, what was so important that it couldn’t wait until after the orientation speech?”

“Nothing. It wasn’t anything important at all. Sorry I interrupted.”

“I’m not continuing my speech until you tell us what you and that young lady to your right were talking about, and none of you get to leave until the speech is over so you might as well say it now or we’ll suffer in this stuffy room together until you do.”

“*Just do it and get it over with,*” the young woman that was talking to Lidia whispered. “*Trust me, it’s far better than the alternative.*”

Lidia wanted nothing more than to run out of the lecture hall and never look back, but she dared not move for fear her legs would turn to jelly and she would fall flat on her face. “I was just asking if she thought the rumors were true,” she said pointing to the girl to her right whose name she had never gotten.

“And what did she say?”

“She told me to be quiet and listen to your speech.”

“I guess you should have listened,” Fiona smiled. The rest of the crowd laughed. “What rumors were you inferring about?”

“The...the ones about...you.”

“You’ll have to be a bit more specific Ms. Dayes. Are you talking about the rumor that I’m a muff-munching lesbian that preys on innocent students, or the one where I take naughty students and faculty to my secret dungeon here on campus where I teach them to be well-mannered, obedient women? Or perhaps you mean the one that proclaims I’m a cold-hearted bitch that lives for making everyone else miserable? There are a great many rumors running around about me so please be more specific.”

“I guess all of the above,” Lidia replied with a little more confidence – hearing Dr. Demarco talking about it so bluntly bolstering her own courage. “So are they true? Are you a lesbian that preys on students and dominates them in your dungeon?”

“Yes,” Fiona replied “I am a lesbian. I make no attempts to hide that fact. I’m very happily married to a wonderful woman and proud of it. As for the second rumor...well, I guess you’ll just have to be naughty to find out. Ladies, I would like you all to take a good long look at Ms. Dayes standing there. Take a look at her and know that you’re looking at a student that will go far here at Maidenfair. In the ten or so years that these rumors have been floating around no student, new or old, has ever had the guts to ask me about them in person, let alone in a room of more than three-hundred. It takes guts or stupidity to do what she just did and she does not strike me as stupid.”

Feeling empowered by Dr. Demarco’s words, Lidia smiled ear to ear as she took her seat and was promptly set on again by the Dean of admissions. “I did not tell you to sit down Ms. Dayes. You will remain standing for the rest of the speech,” Fiona commanded – not out of any sense of cruelty, but solely so she could continue looking at the young woman’s perfect body with focus on those large, puffy nipples. When Lidia got back to her feet, she continued. “Now, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, it is my great pleasure to welcome you to the Maidenfair College for Girls this morning.

“Maidenfair puts the student at the center of everything it does; your experience and your success is important to each and every member of staff who works here. Your arrival at university marks a new chapter in the story of your life. But this chapter is a bit different. While the preceding ones were largely written by others – your parents, guardians, families, teachers

and the like, you will now be the principal author of the next – you have the opportunity to determine the direction, the plot and the tempo of your story. This can seem as daunting as it is exciting, as challenging as it is empowering. But the great thing is that you are doing something that you have chosen to do, not something that was chosen for you by others.

“While you are here at Maidenfair you will have the opportunity to learn new things, acquire new knowledge, develop new skills, and enhance your personal attributes in profound ways that will equip you for life after college. At the same time you will meet new people who will become your friends for life, with whom you will share memories of your college days for many years to come.”

The orientation address went on for another half hour during which Dr. Fiona Demarco told them in far too many words the importance of taking responsibility for their learning, to make the most of their time at Maidenfair and to embrace the differences of those around them.