**Working for a Prof**

by Emi Tsuruta

Summer was coming, and I needed to find a new job. I'd worked in a concession on the beach and in the campus fitness center, but this time, I wanted to try something different, something I could do in the future after I graduated. In the Arts building where I study at Oceanview U., they have a bulletin board up with ads for jobs on campus. One of the ads was for a research assistant in comparative literature. Literature isn't my major, but I'd taken a couple of classes in it. The ad said to contact Professor Jack Edelman. Edelman, Edelman. That name sounded so familiar. I didn't think I'd ever taken a class with him. I'd heard his name before though, but at first, I couldn't remember where.

I got dressed up in my best business casual, a navy skirt and blazer. I tied my long black hair up in a ponytail, and wore my glasses for once, just so I'd look more serious. Professor Edelman's office is in the big old Arts building just behind my friend Satomi's dorm. Most of the buildings on campus are fairly new, but the Arts Building is old, like a castle almost or a haunted house. I had to ask a secretary where his office was, but finally, I found the winding staircase that led up to this oaken door in a cold stone hallway. I knocked, and luckily, he was in.

"Professor Edelman, I'm here about the research assistant job." It was only when I saw his big bushy beard that I finally remembered where I'd met him before. It was a couple of summers before, and for reasons that are kind of hard to explain, I'd been out sunbathing - naked - in the quad below his office window. I was just so sure that there was no one around, but then one of the custodians stumbled on my clothes. I would have been in very serious trouble if Professor Edelman hadn't come out, and rescued me, making the custodian give my things back.

Anyway, standing at his office door, I froze as soon as I saw him. My mind raced thinking what to do. True, a couple of years had passed since then, but I was so worried that he'd recognize me. Surely it wasn't every day he found a young Japanese girl frolicking around naked outside his window.

"Oh, yes, come in, Miss uh... Miss..." he replied seriously. I was amazed. How could he not remember something like that? I guess I had my hair different now, and was wearing my glasses, but even so...

"Tsu-tsu-tsuruta, Emi Tsuruta," I stuttered, half panicking. Luckily, he didn't know my name. I'd run away pretty quickly that day. Anyway, he motioned for me to come in, and close the door. I did, struggling to keep my hands from shaking. I guess I should have given up on the whole idea, but actually, I really wanted this job. It would be nice to work in an office for once, and the pay was probably better. But how on earth could I work for him after what had happened? I sat down in the chair, hiding my face in my hair, sitting on my hands to hide the quivering.

"Did you bring your resume?" he asked kindly. I nervously pulled it out of my bag, and set it down on his desk. He lifted his glasses to read it, massaging his eyebrows thoughtfully.

"Have you had a lot of applicants?" I asked, trying to calm down.

"No, only a few. I'm actually looking for someone from outside the department. Have you taken any classes with me? Your face looks kind of familiar."

My heart skipped a beat, as he looked deep into my eyes.

"No, I haven't. I'm actually more in social science, but I've taken a few lit classes," I smiled weakly. He started to tell me about the research grant he'd won, and how the job would be mostly helping him track down references for the book he was writing. I really didn't say too much, and almost before I knew it, he was asking,

"When do your exams finish?"

"April 17th I think."

"Can you start right after that?"

I nodded, still freaking. It honestly seemed like he didn't remember me, but what if one day I do something that brings it all back?

Anyway, I started work soon after, and it went OK for the first little while. I was so nervous, but I slowly discovered that he was a little absentminded and perhaps a bit near-sighted. He was a good boss though. Mostly it seemed like he wanted someone to keep him company while he tapped away on his computer, but every now and again, he would get me to fetch books from the study room next to his office. The whole room was filled with serious looking hardcover books on high shelves, but he had a step ladder I could use to reach the top.

He had a couple of grad students who came by pretty regularly, Candy and Bruce. They seemed nice enough, but they always acted so respectful towards him. I guess he must be famous in his field, but at first, I didn't know quite what to make of it all. When we were alone together, Jack treated me like a friend, but whenever his grad students or other profs dropped by, he acted more gruff, stodgy even. I preferred the casual Jack.

Sometimes, he would tell me about his family. He had a wife and two kids: a son and a daughter, in elementary school. I met his son once, but they very rarely came to school. Jack didn't really talk about his wife much. I'd heard rumors that the two of them weren't getting along so well, but Jack never let it show. He was always his same old jovial self with me. I don't know. Maybe I cheered him up. One thing that was a bit strange about this job was I really didn't have to do too much. Jack would sit in his office typing away, and I would sit next door in the study, browsing through the books trying to find something he could use. In some ways, I prefer to be outside doing things to sitting inside all summer. One thing I did do was after work, I would go down to the beach to swim, or meet my boyfriend Ryosuke for tennis when he had a

day off.

One day though it was raining. I didn't really feel like going to the fitness center, so I stuck around quite late, reading this one book that Jack had picked out for me. Jack stayed for a while, but eventually, he went home, leaving me to lock up.

After he left, it was so quiet in the office. I guess a lot of people had gone home early, it being summer and all. I tried to focus on the book, but my mind kept wandering. I decided to go out for a little walk to get some fresh air, and clear my head. I climbed down the winding steel staircase, and then plodded down the big stones steps. I pushed open the big oaken door at the front. It was still raining out and getting dark, and there didn't seem to be anyone much around on the soccer field or roundabout out in front. I walked back up to the office mulling all this over. I wonder if I'm the only one still here. I hadn't seen anyone, and it was awfully quiet. I knew from experience that the janitors went home at 5.

I plopped my rear end back down in my chair, and absentmindedly fiddled with the button on my jeans. I don't really know what I was intending - nothing really, but I found myself undoing the button, and loosening my jeans to get more comfortable. Staring down at the open book, I found myself sliding my fingers into the back of my jeans, gently massaging my own buttocks cheeks. Restless, I ended up getting out my cell phone, and called my boyfriend Ryosuke. He was still at work at the sushi bar.

"Are you almost finished?" I asked. "I'm downtown on campus."

"No. We were pretty busy today, so I'll probably have to stay late just to clean up." I knew that Ryosuke had to work, but I still wasn't happy. It's like he's always too busy to see me.

"OK, well, anyway, give me a call if you finish up early."

I hung up, and leaned back in my chair staring out the window at the rain. I didn't want to go home in the storm, but it was kind of boring sitting here by myself.

I suddenly got an idea. I sat up in my chair peering over at the door, and slowly, ever so slowly began sliding my jeans down. No one was around anyway, so what would be the harm?

I finally kicked off my shoes, stepped out of my jeans, and lay them down on the table. I slid my thumbs into my panties next, keeping my ears pricked for any sign of movement. All I could hear was the rain, so I slowly dragged my panties down too, my heart speeding up. I sat back down, feeling the leather of my chair on my bare butt cheeks. I fluffed down my pubic hair, sending a faint shiver running down my spine. All excited now, I peeled off my t-shirt and bra next, happy to be free of my tight clothes. My breasts bobbed up and down, standing up from the tension of being naked here at school.

The whole building was so quiet, but the hair on my body was standing on end. I hadn't really planned to take off my clothes. I pulled my shoes back on, feeling a bit silly because they were the only things I was wearing. Oh, and I had on my good luck necklace of course. I hardly ever go anywhere without it.

I slowly walked over to the door, feeling these butterflies in my tummy. I held my breasts trying to keep them from bouncing. It seemed quiet, so ever so slowly I opened the door. My heart was beating away like a jackhammer. I could hear the sound of the rain from the window and some faint squeaking noises, but I couldn't see anyone.

I cautiously stepped out into the hallway, my senses on fire, acutely aware of my own nudity. I knew this was crazy, but it was like I couldn't stop myself. For some reason, I wanted to try, to see how far I could go. I scampered over to the stairwell cautiously peeking around the corner. God, what am I doing? I'm out in the hallway now, far from my clothes. What would Professor Edelman say if he saw me like this? I hid my bare behind with my hand, trying to decide what to do. Oh god. I was so excited it wasn't even funny.

I quietly padded down the metal staircase, and then out onto the landing. Up in Jack's little hideaway of an office, there wasn't much chance of running into anyone, but down here was much more out in the open. I took a deep breath, and then quietly padded over to the big stone steps. I still couldn't hear anything, so I tiptoed down the next set of stairs all the way to the big oaken front door. I could hear the rain beating on it. I knew I had to get back, but I just wanted to take one quick peek outside. I pulled on the big bronze ring, but at first, it wouldn't budge. I pulled harder, and finally got the door open.

Half out of my head with excitement, I stood there - stark naked - in the open doorway peering out at the soccer field in front of the building. It was dark, and the rain made it even harder to see, but on the road that ran around the edge of the field, I could see some other students off in the distance, heading home I guess. I stood there stunned for a moment peering out at them and then down at my own naked body, wondering if they could see me. Tempting fate, I stepped out onto the step letting the door shut behind me, savoring the feeling of the rain on my naked skin. I felt so alive, so free.

Finally though, my common sense kicked back in. I turned to open the door, but it was stuck again, and to make matters worse, those other students were heading this way. Why oh why did I come all the way out here naked in the first place? I pawed at the door growing more and more panicky. I looked back, and the two students had definitely seen me now. It was two girls, Chinese maybe, and it looked like they were smiling almost, amused at my plight. I finally got the door open, dashed all the way back upstairs and into Jack's office. I guess I should have been scared - they'd seen me naked after all - but actually, I felt exhilarated. Look how far I'd gone. Even those girls seemed to think it was funny. This was so great.

Soon though, I got back dressed, locked up, and headed home. I left through the back door just in case those girls were still out there, but even on the bus, I was humming away, relieved that I'd manage to get away with running around naked at work.

The next few days, I kept smiling every time I remembered that night. The question was what to do next. I didn't really have any plans, but one afternoon, I asked Jack if it would be alright if I got changed for swimming. He was so wrapped up in his book he didn't even hear me the first time, and only after I asked again did he nod, and wave for me to go ahead. I felt a bit offended that he seemed so diffident. I kind of liked him, but I guess he wasn't really that interested in me. Or at least he didn't let it show if he was.

Lost in my own thoughts, I sat down at the table in the study, reached up inside my skirt, and slowly, carefully pulled down my panties. I'd left the door open, so I could see Jack's back as he tapped away at his computer. I pulled my panties right off, folding them and putting them away in my purse, feeling a bit pleased with myself for managing to get up the nerve to do this with Jack right here. Of course, it felt strange going commando here in the office. I could feel the air swirling around, tickling and teasing my hello kitty. I was getting so excited I was no longer thinking straight. I undid the clip on my skirt honestly half intending to take it off. Before I could though, Jack called out,

"Oh, Emi?" I quickly tried to do my skirt back up, but I was all flustered, my face flushing hot. I finally managed to get it done up.

"Yes?" I finally answered. He twirled in his chair to face me, so I pressed my legs together hoping he couldn't see my pussy.

"Oh my. Look at the time. I didn't realize it was so late," he continued, still distracted. "Um, Emi, do you think you could put those books away before you go?"

The books were sitting on the table behind him, so I would have to go into his office to get them. I felt so nervous without my panties, so I waited for him to turn back to the computer. He sat there looking at me for a moment, almost as if he suspected something, but eventually, turned away. I went in, gathered up the books, and scooted back to the study. For some of the books, I had to use the step ladder, but Jack was a gentleman, and didn't peek in far as I could tell. I guess he hadn't noticed that I was pantiless.

That night in bed, I tossed, and turned, cursing myself for playing these games, running the risk of getting caught. Still, when I woke up the next morning, I felt refreshed, anxious to take another shot at this. Wandering around commando seemed a bit too dangerous, but I did take my short light blue stretch cotton mini-skirt with me, just in case I wanted to change out of my jeans.

That first day, I was too nervous to try anything, but the next day, I brought the skirt again, and soon after I arrived, I changed into it. I guess it wasn't that bad. You could see a lot of thigh, but it more or less covered my panties. Prof. Edelman didn't even bat an eyelash when he saw me. Maybe he did smile a bit, but mostly he seemed the same as ever. There was one brief awkward moment, when I bumped into the department head, Mr. Carlson, out in the hall. He raised his eyebrows when he saw my bare thighs, but didn't say anything. Luckily, I made it through the day without bumping into anyone else.

After a while, even Mr. Carlson became used to seeing me in short skirts. I had to find another way to get a rise out of people. I did have another skirt, my beige pleated flirt skirt I'd got a while back. I barely ever wore it because it was simply too risque for school. It more-or-less covers everything at the front, but tilts way up at the back, so you can see my panties even when I'm not bending over. I kept taking it with me to work, but it was a few days before I got up the nerve to put it on. I felt so embarrassed, but Jack was business as usual, even when I turned away showing him my panty-clad ass. I must have showed it to him a hundred times, to see what he would do, but he didn't so much as blink.

Then, one day, I got a bit carried away. I wore my flirt skirt to work, getting a few wolf whistles on the way. At noon, Prof. Edelman headed off to buy his lunch. I was left sitting there alone in the boiling hot study. I knew Jack wouldn't be back for an hour. I wanted to try something. I peeled off my panties, my heart doing a little jig from the excitement. I sat there munching on my sandwich, my bare bottom sticking to the hot leather seat every time I got up. I felt embarrassed of course, but I kept telling myself, it would be alright, because I would pull my panties back on before Jack got back from lunch.

After I finished eating, I wandered into his office, leafing through his books, savoring the feeling of the air on my pussy. Suddenly, a rap came at the door.

"Is Jack in?" It was Prof. Carlson. I twirled to face him as soon as I realized, but I think he got a look at my bare behind. He kept glancing down at my crotch, making me even more nervous.

"Um... no, sir. He's still at lunch," I explained, my heart racing. I picked up a journal, and held it in front of me to cover my throbbing pussy. Prof. Carlson just stood there, gawking at me. It's hard to explain why, but it felt like my hello kitty was on fire. I spread my legs trying to cool down, but the feeling of the breeze tickling me just made the tingling worse.

"You are one of his grad students, are you?" he asked.

"Um, no sir. I'm his research assistant," I blushed.

"Perhaps you can help me then. Do you know if he has a spare copy of his Modernism paper from last year's conference?"

I actually knew where Jack kept those - in his filing cabinet behind me, but getting one would mean turning my back to Prof. Carlson, showing him my bare bottom again.

"I'll ask him about it, and see if someone can bring you a copy later."

"Thanks," he smiled, and then squinted his eyes looking out the window. "Oh, is that him now?"

Without really thinking, I turned to follow his gaze. There was no sign of Prof. Edelman, but it was only then that I realized Prof. Carlson's trick. He was staring down gawking at the cheeks of my bare bottom peeking out from under my skirt.

"Um, Miss... Miss...," he stuttered not knowing my name. I twirled back towards him, and herded him out the door.

"Anyway, I'll tell Prof. Edelman when he comes back," I told him shutting the door in his face. Oh no. Now what do I do? The head of the department has seen me scampering around with no undies on. I wonder if they'll fire me. Before I had time to think, Jack appeared at the door.

"I just bumped into Prof. Carlson," he told me. I stared up at him wide-eyed, doing my best to cover my pussy with the journal.

"What did he say?" I asked fearing the worst.

"He just asked about that paper from last year's conference. Could you be a dear, and take him down a copy?"

I just stood there, my heart pounding in my chest, hardly able to think.

"Um, no..."

"What? Why not?"

"I'd rather not," I blushed, not knowing how to explain. "Do you think you could?"

"I guess. What's the matter? Don't you get along with Carlson?"

"Um. No, no, he's... uh... I just think it would be better if you did it."

Prof. Edelman looked at me, not really understanding, but eventually, dug out the paper, and took it down himself. I felt relieved when he left, but I was in a complete daze by then, shocked and angry at myself for doing such a stupid thing. I fingered my buttocks confirming that this skirt was just way too short to be wearing out in public. What on earth am I doing? I flitted around the office, all panicked, wondering what to do.

Before I could come up with anything though, Jack was back. He didn't really look at me, just settled back into his chair. I felt incredibly guilty for having flashed Prof. Carlson, wondering if I'd gotten Jack in trouble, but from the look of it, Prof. Carlson hadn't said anything about me. I felt so relieved actually. Jack had always been good to me. I wouldn't want him to get in any trouble. The air swirling around my booty kept reminding me of how naked I was, but I just stood there, peering over at Jack, wondering why he hadn't noticed.

"How many books do you have total?" I asked, turning away from him to look at his shelves. I didn't cover my behind, but he was looking the other way, facing his computer.

"I don't know. Two hundred maybe. There's more at home."

"Have you read them all?" I persisted.

"Not all," he mumbled, briefly glancing over this way. He looked at my face not my backside, and then turned back. A bit too nervous to continue, I retreated to the study, feeling embarrassed but worked up at the same time.

I sat in the den for a while, leafing through his books, while Jack continued to type away at this computer. I guess I'd better pull my panties back on, but before I did that, I decided to try one last gambit. I pulled up my skirt even more, and tightened my belt. I stared down at my pussy now plainly in view under the hem of my skirt. I knew this was a bit much, but part of me wanted to try it, to see what would happen. I slowly got up, and walked over to his office door, hiding behind the frame. Jack looked so pensive as if he was trying to decide something. I kind of lost my nerve, and was about to go back, and get dressed, when he suddenly asked,

"Is that Kawabata short story collection on the shelf there somewhere?"

Panicking, I yanked at the skirt trying to pull it back down, but I'd done up the belt too tight.

"Um yeah, just a minute," I sing-songed, stalling. I frantically clawed at the belt, trying to get it undone, but before I could, he was at the door behind me. Amazingly, he still hadn't noticed my bare bottom, now quite plainly in view. He was too busy scanning the shelves for the book he wanted.

"Is that it maybe?" he asked pointing at a book sitting sideways on the shelf. Reluctantly, I stopped fiddling with my skirt, and walked over to where he was pointing.

"This one?" I blushed, pointing at a book on one of the lower shelves.

"No, no, not that one. The one with the commentary... by Suzuki or someone." He continued to scan the shelves, his eyes going up and up. "Oh there it is up on the top shelf," he finally said, his face lighting up. I stared up at it in despair.

"Here, you go back to your office, and I'll bring it to you," I suggested. Unfortunately, I think this finally made him realize that something was up. Curious, he peered down at my outfit, his eyes finally settling on my bare buttocks cheeks. I braced myself half expecting him to yell at me, but instead, he just looked puzzled, wondering why I, the ever so innocent Emi, was standing here half naked. Seeing my fanny made him lose his train of thought.

"Did you hear me?" I asked, pretending that nothing was wrong with the way I was dressed. "Go back, and I'll bring it to you."

He was in a complete daze by then, mystified as to why I was naked. I finally managed to shoo him back to his office, but the problem now was my pussy was tingling like crazy. What should I do now? Fix my skirt? Pull my panties back on? Or just continue on as if nothing had happened? If I'd been thinking more clearly, I would have gotten dressed, but the excitement of the last few days was getting to me. Even though I could tell he was watching now, I pulled over the ladder, and gathered up my nerve. This wasn't such a bad thing now, was it? He didn't seem upset or anything. Maybe he didn't mind.

I grabbed hold of the ladder, and slowly lifted my foot up to the first rung, tensing my bare buttocks in an effort to hold in the mounting sensations. Step by step, I climbed up the ladder. When I reached the top shelf, I looked back at him, but he'd clearly forgotten all about the book, and was just staring at my ass in awe.

I still think everything would have been alright, if it hadn't been for what happened next. Our office had been so quiet all day, but suddenly out of nowhere, the door opened, and there were Bruce and Candy, Jack's oh so serious graduate students. Bruce I guess was the first to notice, and his jaw dropped open as he stared up at the curves of my bare bottom. It took Candy a second longer to realize where he was looking. I clutched the ladder for dear life, as she exploded,

"What on earth is going on here?" Candy is a short-haired strawberry blonde with a stern streak. I of course knew I looked indecent, perched up here on the ladder, with my backside on display, but all I could do was giggle. For some reason, it just all seemed so funny all of a sudden. Bruce dashed over to the foot of the ladder on the pretext of holding it steady, but started staring straight up at my hooha. I wanted to cover up, but perched up on the ladder the way I was, there wasn't much I could do.

With my ass still uncovered, I took out the book, and slowly backed down the stairs. Bruce reached up on the pretext of helping me down, but actually stuck his hands up my skirt grabbing me by the waist, getting me even more excited. Jack came over a bit worried I guess, while Candy just looked scandalized.

"In god's name, what's going on?" she kept demanding. I tried in vain to cover my pussy, but Bruce was chuckling away, and even Prof. Edelman was finding it hard to hide his grin. What made things even funnier was Candy was now staring daggers at Jack as if he had something to do with how I was dressed.

"Candy, Candy. Calm down," I finally reassured her. "It's all my fault. I made this stupid bet with a friend of mine, and ended up losing." Even as I said it, I realized this sounded silly, but on the spur of the moment, this was the best I could come up with. Candy clearly didn't believe me. At least it didn't make me seem like a nympho. Bruce kept staring over at my pussy, obviously impressed. I guess Candy kind of likes Bruce, so maybe that's why she was so angry.

"How long do you have to stay like that?" she demanded.

"What?" I blinked.

"For this bet...?" she went on.

"Oh right!" I finally registered, remembering my cover story. "I'll go get changed," I winced. In all the commotion though, I'd forgotten where I put my panties. Maybe they are in my purse. Partly to hide my embarrassment, I turned my back to the three of them, and leaned over to check in my purse. Jack and Bruce kept staring at my rear though, making it hard to focus. All this staring was getting me excited.

I finally found my panties in my backpack, and took it outside into the hall to get away. There was an empty stairwell next door. This wasn't the most private place to change, but I didn't want to go any further given how I was dressed. I got out my panties, and pulled them back on, and then undid the belt, and pushed my skirt back down. You could still see my panties from the back, but at least I wasn't naked.

When I got back, Candy was still having a fit bawling out Jack for letting me run around bare-assed. Jack didn't say much. It wasn't his fault in any case. I felt bad about causing such a fuss, but I honestly hadn't expected Bruce and Candy to show up. Bruce eventually managed to get Candy to calm back down. Bruce and Candy left, and I apologized to Jack.

"I'm really so sorry. I never meant to..."

"That's OK," he smiled calmly. "What was this bet about, and who was it with?"

"Oh it was nothing. It was just this silly thing with one of my friends." I don't know if he believed me or not, but he didn't press the issue.

I went back to my more conservative clothes after that, but the next few days whenever Jack would look at me, he would get this mischievous gleam in his eye, perhaps remembering that day. Candy continued to stare daggers at me every time we met, but eventually, even she began to calm down. Bruce started treating me different, hitting on me, asking for dates, but I had to say no. I felt a tinge of regret for getting caught, but it seemed like I'd managed to ride out the storm. Some day I am going to have to settle down.