**Studies in Advanced Exhibitionism**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

Studies in Advanced Exhibitionism was not a course that I ever wanted to take. However, it's one of the last few classes I need to graduate, a necessary course for obtaining a degree in Broadcast Journalism these days. I've always wanted to be a journalist. It was once again a thriving field, after all.  
  
Decades ago, what started as some schlocky, internet gimmick of live internet streams, grew into something much bigger, and spilled into mainstream media. Those online streams covered the national news while the broadcasters all stripped down, completely naked. Mostly female reporters, of course. Over time, these streams gathered more viewers than most local and cable news broadcasts.  
  
It was some years later when federal nudity laws had been passed that made public nudity legal. One very brave, local television journalist in Cleveland upped her ratings significantly by celebrating the new law, in exactly the manner you can imagine, and during a live broadcast! The rise in viewership was immediate, and for local news, unheard of since the 1970s. More and more local broadcasters started having their female hostesses go naked, until it became the norm. Cable news picked it up too, of course, taking things even further. So now, it wasn't just membership streams online, it was everywhere.  
  
One interesting thing about the change is, it isn't just the prettiest girls who become popular television journalists. There are people with body types of all shapes and sizes reporting the news. Some become quite popular, more for their their bubbly or charismatic personalities, than their naked bodies. There's no denying that the nudity helps draw audiences, though. There is always something a bit titillating about the naked form, even though the law now defines it as a perfectly acceptable manner of dress.  
  
I intended to find work at a news outlet that didn't require nude broadcasting, as there were a few good ones left. Rare, but they exist. Regardless, one still has to take this stupid course to graduate. The class was full, and I discovered many students took it as an elective, not even required for their fields of study. Once all the seats were filled, a middle-aged brunette, with silver streaks in her hair, walked briskly into the room. She was wearing heels, making her height appear at least six foot high. She was lean and athletic, though age was beginning to make its impact, via the deep wrinkles around her eyes.  
  
"Good morning, class. I am Dr. Amanda Philips. Many of you may recognize me from my time broadcasting for WYFK, one of the first, small-town stations to use nudity to help draw larger audiences. The role of journalism includes reaching the masses, and there is no question that nude reporting has been effective at contributing to that mission. Today, the public is more educated and engaged in politics and current events, than in the history of our nation. More than eighty percent of people know who their local mayor is. Twenty-five years ago, it was less then twenty percent."  
  
Murmurs were heard around the room, several students baffled how the public could have once been so ignorant of current events and local leaders. In the old days of journalism, rumors and opinions were often misconstrued as facts. Thankfully, a more knowledgeable populace improved society as a whole.  
  
"By a factor of almost nine to one, men say they would rather watch a female broadcaster than a male. And by a factor of almost three to one, women agree. It is why women in broadcast journalism generally outperform men. Because of this, we will obviously be focusing on more exercises directed for the ladies of this class. But don't worry, fellas, you will get more than enough experience yourselves." The professor chuckled.  
  
I think most of us were aware of the uneven gender distribution in broadcast journalism, but supply and demand is a thing. Dr. Philips continued, "Of course, Studies in Advanced Exhibitionism isn't only to prepare future journalists. Some of you might be here to build social skills, or inner confidence. Whatever the reasons, I promise you a fair, perhaps even fun, course. But it may also prove challenging." Nervous laughter dispersed throughout the crowd. "For instance, why don't all the ladies - those who are comfortable with the notion, anyway - take your tops off right now? Either remove your tops or pull your breasts out and expose them to the class."  
  
The teacher did just that, setting an example for the rest of us. She was confident and sassy, proud of her position. There were a few rustling movements heard in the front of class. "That's right. Go ahead if you're willing to do it now. Don't feel shy, but don't feel pressured, either. After all, it's the first day of class. Just you two, huh? The ones closest to me? No one else?"  
  
A girl to my left, with breasts as large as mine, began unbuttoning her blouse and raised her hand to draw attention to herself. The professor stepped forward. "Here's another one, but look at this. Almost forty people in this class, thirty-two women included, and only three willing to do the most basic thing to draw attention to themselves."  
  
Immediately, four or five other girls began disrobing, while the professor continued, "Don't worry, ladies. Like I said, you don't have to do this now, if you don't wish to." They went on disrobing anyway. "But if you do try it today, see how long you can comfortably stay exposed. Even after class. We'll find out which students are the most driven and enthusiastic, and then we will work to get the rest of you to match their gumption."  
  
I couldn't imagine pulling my tits out for everyone to see right now. It still felt so... soon. I simply wasn't comfortable with the idea yet. Still, I was disappointed in myself while I watched half the girls in class expose themselves by the end of the period. They had the balls to at least try.  
  
Here's the thing. You know how tits are all pointy when developing. Well, even when I was way past "developed" my tits sort of stayed that way. Firm, rocket-shaped boobs, destined to become droopy bananas some day. You know those top-heavy girls in the fifties with the cone shaped breasts? That's me, but decades after it's gone out fashion. I knew I was going to have to get over my body image issues to pass this course, but I just wasn't quite ready yet.  
  
Later that day, after third period class, I saw one of my classmates still topless. Another spark of envy hit me and I didn't like that feeling. Not one bit.  
  
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That evening, I pulled my tits out while watching television. I read online that just practicing alone, undressed at home, can help one get over the anxiety of being naked in front of others. Maybe that's why the professor started out with today's exercise. To see who had already mentally prepared. Determined not to have a failing grade, I promised myself I would follow through on exposing my breasts, if the option came up again in the next class.  
  
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Dr. Philips called everyone to attention. "I'd like the ladies stark naked today. Men, topless is fine."  
  
"Uh, do we have to?" asked one girl near the middle row.  
  
"If you aren't ready, you may abstain, just like last time" said the professor. "But if you intend to strip, I insist that ALL of it comes off. I'll be needing several of you up here today, in front of the class."  
  
I was shocked as almost twenty girls began stripping down to nothing. I had prepared somewhat for this, but fully naked? Already? I couldn't do it. This is because of my bottom half; my tush. I've always been timid about showing it off to people. Compared to the rest of me, it is quite small. It's round and bubbly, of course, but just not in proportion to the top half. I was red with envy seeing so many of my classmates going stark naked, while I shivered at the thought.  
  
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Classes are on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so I had the whole weekend (and then some) to psyche myself up for the next one. I practiced at home every night, going without clothes, imagining what it would be like if others were around. I figured Dr. Phillips would ask us to strip again, and eventually require some evidence of participation, but what she said in today's class caught me completely off guard.  
  
"Good morning, everyone!" she sang, as we settled into our desks. Already, there were already a half dozen naked girls sitting at them. "Are there any ladies here, who can suck their own nipples?"  
  
The question floored me. WHY would such a thing need to be known? It seemed far too intimate. While eight or nine girls raised their hands, I contemplated not following suit. Ultimately, my honest nature compelled me to lift my hand. Nervous and shaking, I halfheartedly raised it, and prayed she was only taking a poll.  
  
"I should clarify," said the teacher. "I do not mean by dropping your head, extending your tongue, and tugging and pushing on your breasts to just barely reach the nipples. I need girls who can comfortably suck on their nipples, without risk of neck injury." About half the hands disappeared. "Go on, raise your hands high, those of you who can. How many?"  
  
I raised mine higher, dreading where this was going, while the professor counted. "... three, four, five... six of you? Why don't you all come up here? Stand behind me." Begrudgingly, I shifted out of my chair, and followed the other five girls to the front of the class. I arrived last, positioning myself on the far end, furthest from the professor. Dr. Philips pointed at the one closest to her. "Sarah, right? Would you mind pulling your breasts out a bit more? And you, sir," - the professor pointed to one of the boys up front - "come up here and lick Sarah's nipples for a moment. Suck them a bit." Without hesitation, the boy rushed forward and followed the professor's instructions. Sarah was giggling nervously, but eventually that turned to a soft moan. She bit her lower lip, curling a brow.  
  
"Notice Sarah's reactions, class." exclaimed the professor. "In the past, many broadcast stations tried claiming acts like this were not sexual in nature. She was a bit off-put, even creeped out, at first. Then, she had a sensual response. We must never cross either of those lines in our work. It is why, in order to stimulate more viewership, almost all acts of bodily touching must be performed by oneself. And you must recognize what is, and is not, sexual in nature."  
  
All of it seemed very sexual to me.  
  
"Deborah Jameson?" the professor pointed to a buxom brunette. "Please demonstrate how you can suck your own breasts, while Jennifer, next to you, recites the news." The professor handed a topless, stacked redhead a couple sheets of paper. "Just read off those," she whispered.  
  
The redhead went straight into the role play. "In today's news, President Morrison declared an act of aggression against Morocco, for spicing their food too heavily." As Jennifer rambled on, Deborah pulled her tits out and lifted them to her mouth. Soon, she was licking, kissing, and sucking her nipples, while the redhead next to her played it up to the imaginary camera.  
  
Once Jennifer was finished with the fake report, the professor asked Deborah, "At any point in that exercise, did you feel objectified or sexualized? Were you at all uncomfortable?"  
  
"Well, no," said Deborah, with her tits still hanging out of her blouse, wet from her tongue.  
  
"But if someone else sucked your nipples for you, you might. Like what happened with Sarah?"  
  
"Probably. When you do it to yourself, it just feels good and gives me something to do, while keeping the audience engaged. It becomes a question of 'Why not do it?'"  
  
"Exactly," shouted Amanda, waving a finger in the air.  
  
"Can I try?" asked Sarah.  
  
The professor clapped her hands. "You can all try. Why not stay up here for the duration of the class and demonstrate this method, while I continue on with today's lesson?"  
  
The girl closest to me raised her hand. "Ma'am, I'm not sure I am comfortable with this." At least I wasn't the only one thinking this was way over the line, I thought. That was, until she continued her chain of thought, "We are allowed to go completely naked, right? So by extension, wouldn't it be okay to touch oneself any way they see fit? Especially while one of the other anchors is doing their thing?"  
  
The professor shrugged. "Just so long as you don't make it sexual in nature."  
  
A girl in the middle row raised her hand. "Last week, I saw an anchor do a piece on premature ejaculation. They brought two men into the studio who suffer from it, and when they demonstrated exactly how it happens, it didn't feel sexual in nature at all. It felt clinical. Even when the second guy released a large quantity of semen on that one anchor's face. Still, I heard it received hundreds of complaints to the FCC."  
  
"Ah, I see you are up on current events," said Dr. Phillips. "Issues like that crop up from time to time. You may recall when Ann Morris, a well-known news anchor in New York, did a piece on the anniversary of the film, Deep Throat. The FCC tried to fine the broadcaster a half million dollars, but they lost the appeal, remember?"  
  
One of the boys spoke up, "I know about that one. When Miss Morris demonstrated what the movie was about, the man didn't ejaculate or anything. The station proved that putting context into the reporting did not make the piece sexual in nature, even though the topic of discussion was about a film that revolutionized the sex film industry. If I remember, it was a very complicated case."  
  
As the group continued its conversation, all five girls next to me had stripped to nothing and began sucking their tits. The one girl was fingering her ass, as well. I felt like a sore thumb. I was about to scooch off the stage, when the professor caught me. "Ma'am, um.. what is your name?" She scanned her notes.  
  
"Autumn Albright," I whispered.  
  
Dr. Phillips waved her finger at me. "I'm sure you can demonstrate better than anyone. Go ahead. Don't be shy. After all, you shouldn't be, because you have a great look for the camera." I wasn't sure what she meant by all that, but nervously, I found myself reaching up, unbuttoning my blouse. The teacher was getting impatient. "Come on. Faster now. I need to get to my next point." She turned and addressed the class, offering more details and insight on how anchors could best use their bodies to draw ratings.  
  
Once I slipped the blouse off, I took a deep breath. I stared at the floor and nothing else, as I slowly pulled the two behemoths out, over my bra. The girls next to me were slobbering over their own nipples, licking, pulling and biting them, all while intensely listening to the professor. I glanced up, horrified to see three guys in the front row staring at me. They weren't focused on any of the other girls at all, even though they were the ones working so hard to keep the audience engaged. One guy seemed hypnotized by my tits, jaw dropped, slobbering. It made me feel very horny, but also very embarrassed.  
  
The professor turned, seeing my nude state and paused. "Well, look at you," she exclaimed. "Very nice." Then she addressed the class again. "We know, by tracking the ratings, that large breasts tend to draw the highest percentage of new viewers. Let's address Miss Albright's look." She turned again to me, whispering. "You're absolutely stunning, so please don't take offense to this valuable input."  
  
Professor Philips walked behind me, calling for one of the girls to turn on some additional overhead lights in the room. As they came on, she spoke. "In front of the cameras, you will be under very bright lights, and they're going to show every mole, freckle and pore. Also, we can all tell Autumn prefers a one-piece bathing suit, based on her tan lines. We suggest working on eliminating tan lines, and you can use body spray, lotion or foundation, to smooth out the color of your skin, even hide freckles."  
  
I have dozens of light-colored freckles all over my body, especially in the middle of my chest. Lots of redheads have them. I noticed everyone in class taking a closer look at these features. Just then, a boy from the front row interrupted. "Excuse me, ma'am? Professor?"  
  
"Yes, Mr. Smithers?"  
  
"Um, what about the male reporters? I know you haven't asked us to strip yet, but it may be a job requirement for us, too. I was wondering how they handle something like getting an erection on set?"  
  
"It has been known to happen. It's always best to ignore it. Not to address it, unless relevant to the reporting."  
  
"That's good," he sighed.  
  
"Why do you ask?"  
  
"Well, I happen to have a boner now. I mean, it wasn't an issue until Autumn got naked, and I'm not sure why I have one... but if you asked us to get naked today - you know, us guys - well, it would be embarrassing for me, I think. If it happens to me on the job one day, I just want to know how to handle it."  
  
"We can practice handling it right now," beamed the professor. "Why don't you strip and come up here. Stand next to Autumn."  
  
"Oh, uh... but..."  
  
"Come on. Nothing to be ashamed of. You're a young man. These things pop up from time to time." A minute later, this hunk of a guy stood next to me, his thick cock erect, parallel to the floor. "See, that's not so bad?" said Professor Amanda. The boy looked uncomfortable.  
  
"Um, so what exactly do you want me to do?"  
  
"Let's set the scene. Autumn, I'm charging you with interviewing this young man, Joe Smithers. Just ask him anything. About his life, hobbies, whatever you like. Between questions, while he is answering, I'd like you to suck your nipples, like the others were a moment ago. You want to draw in the audience, but remain respectful and non-sexual to your interview subject, as well. Got it?"  
  
"But, how...?" I muttered. I didn't understand. Of course this was sexual. Wasn't it?  
  
Joe and I faced each other, his hard cock pointed directly at me, not a foot from my reach. I was flustered and didn't know where to begin. "Um... uh... umm... Mr. Smithers. How long have you had your penis?" The class erupted in laughter. "No, uh, I mean... how long have you had your erectio... uh, no, I mean..." The class was still rolling from my nonsensical, irrelevant questions, while I struggled to come up with a good one to ask. Finally, I blurted out. "Why don't you tell me about where you grew up!" I wanted to bury my head in my hands in shame, but remembered the professor's instructions, so instead I buried my head in my tits.  
  
While Joe answered, detailing his years growing up in Podunk, Michigan, I sucked and licked my nipples. I wasn't sure how to do it "non-sexually" because I only ever do it when I masturbate. Even then, not all the time.  
  
"Autumn?" the professor asked. I must not have heard her clearly, because she said my name again, this time louder.  
  
I pulled off my tits, looking to her, more laughter erupting throughout the room. "Yes?" I asked.  
  
"Autumn, Joe finished answering your question. Please, follow up."  
  
"Oh, uh... I'm sorry." I must have completely disengaged from the conversation while sucking my tits. How long had he been talking? "What would you consider your dream job, after graduation?" I went back to licking my nipples, this time more focused on listening to the interviewee while I did it. My pussy was throbbing.  
  
"If I could follow my dream, and not starve doing it, I'd be a photographer. Erotic photography, specifically. It's a very niche field."  
  
I twisted my nipples while asking him the next question. "What exactly defines erotic art these days?" Considering how nudity itself has been watered down over the years, I often wondered what is considered "erotic" that isn't porn. Based on Joe's answer, I wasn't far off.

"Personally, I love shooting with one subject at a time, and employing toys in my theme."  
  
"Toys?"  
  
"You know. Intimate toys. What people use to get themselves off. Here, I can show you." Joe brushed by me, his cock almost knocking against my left hand. His desk was in the front row, where he opened his backpack, producing a cherry-red vibrator, with a clitoral stimulator. He hopped back over to me, "My Human Sexuality professor let me borrow this for the weekend. I'm going to shoot the model, and the backdrop, in black and white, while leaving the vibrant color of this toy intact. If it all comes out like I hope, I'll be entering this project in a few photo competitions."  
  
"Well, good luck on your dream," I retorted, about to move on, when the professor interrupted. "Why don't you demonstrate how you do a photo shoot, Joe? I'm certainly interested."  
  
"Absolutely! Photography is my passion."  
  
"Passions make for great interviews," said Amanda. "Do you have your camera with you?"  
  
"I have one of them. I don't have lighting equipment, but I can explain how I would normally build the set."  
  
"It's settled then. Autumn, would you mind continuing the interview?"  
  
I was frazzled, but nodded, shrugging my shoulders. It took a few minutes for Joe to fetch his camera and get things settled. He had some of the girls move to the opposite sides of the room, so he could pull up a chair to center of the room. He turned to the class. "Normally, I have two or three light reflectors. They'd be positioned here and here, in this scenario. Lights would be over here...," he pointed off center, at the floor. "... directed toward the chair." Joe pushed me at the shoulders, leading me to it.  
  
"Wait. I thought I was interviewing and someone else would play the model."  
  
Professor Amanda answered, "The best stories are the ones where the journalists submerge themselves into them, Miss Albright. Like reporting from a war-zone, or even a fluff piece on gardening or cooking. Back in my days, I used to have a cooking portion on my morning show. While I interviewed the chefs that rotated through, I also played the role of sous chef."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," I sighed, sitting at the chair. I was already stark naked, with all the attention on me. How could it get worse than this? Joe handed me the vibrator and stepped back. I noticed his erection had never left him. "So, umm... how exactly do you decide what to shoot?" I asked, continuing the "interview".  
  
"I almost always have some poses in mind, but I also like to improvise. Often, a model brings her own character to the work, which can influence the decisions. In your case, I would have you kick one leg to the side... wide, like this." He helped push my knee further out, fully exposing my pussy. "Though this may feel awkward to you, it will look great on camera... I just need you to push your hips out." I followed his direction, mindlessly. It was the only way I was brave enough to do it - to just not think about it. "Yes, like that," Joe said. "Good, your pussy is already wet, so go ahead and slide the dildo in about halfway. Tilt your head up, and give me a look of ecstasy, if you can fake it."  
  
I called to the professor, asking, "Ma'am, how could this be allowed on network television?"  
  
"Autumn, nudity is allowed. You do not have to be dressed to report the news. What you're doing is reporting on someone's work. Their passion. Don't you remember Barbara Walters' last interview? She reported on a cult that followed the teachings of Marquis de Sade. She subjected herself to twenty lashings and three orgasms during that interview, but it was perfectly fine in the context of the interview. She wasn't there to get her rocks off. She was educating the audience, like you are now. Now dig deep and follow through on this fascinating interview."  
  
While the professor had been talking, Joe had been helpful enough to position my hand on the vibrator in the exact manner he wanted, before helping glide it into my open pussy. "Okay, arch your back a bit," he whispered. "Eyes up there. That's perfect. I'll take a few steps back and put you in frame. Just don't move a muscle."  
  
I lay spread open on the chair, hips out, head back, with one hand frozen in place holding the vibrator in my pussy. I tried to keep focused on the ceiling, but I couldn't help but draw my attention back to all the people watching me. "The challenge is, Autumn," said the professor. "You still want to participate in the process, but you must also continue to move the story. Keep the audience engaged."  
  
My eyes shot back to the ceiling and I immediately asked another question, "So in most of these erotic photos..." In the corner of my eye, I noticed Joe was looking at me through his camera now. "You're only simulating erotic acts. Not actually engaging in them?"  
  
"That's right," he said. "Something like this requires perfection. We're trying to tell an entire story, in one frame. One photograph. It's hard to get things right with the models moving."  
  
This teacher interrupted again. "So it's like those advertisements for food, in a way. They make the food look absolutely delicious, but often times, the stuff they're showing you isn't even edible. Fake food, essentially."  
  
"That's a good way to put it," said Joe. "Like, we normally wouldn't turn the vibrator on while doing this shoot, but we want to create an image that makes us believe it is on. And that it's driving the subject into orgasmic bliss."  
  
I hadn't moved my hand since we began. The vibrator filling my pussy wasn't exactly pleasurable, but it also wasn't unpleasant. If it had been on, I probably wouldn't have been able to hold the pose. I asked Joe if that was the reason he didn't turn it on.  
  
"Exactly!" he smiled. I could hear the camera clicking. Was he actually taking pictures? He was off to my side, hard to see, while I was maintaining my current posture. "However, sometimes we stimulate the models, if it's necessary.  
  
"Um..." My voice quivered. "Under what conditions... would it be necessary?"  
  
"Good job, Autumn," said Professor Amanda, encouraging me. "Keep the interview flowing."  
  
"In cases where we can't get a convincing pose from the model, I sometimes have them work themselves up to orgasm, simply to experience the feeling. I might snap a few stills as they do, so they can look at them later and then work their poses and expressions from there."  
  
"Wow," I said, faking interest. I just wanted off this ride. It was embarrassing, because I was dripping wet. It had to be obvious to everyone in the room, with my legs spread so far open. "How long can a shoot take?" Joe stepped towards me again. His cock was hard as stone, and now wet at the tip, dripping in pre-cum. I wanted to say something, to address the issue that I thought this interview was far too sexual in a real-world work environment. But Joe answered spoke, before I had a chance to express my opinion.  
  
"Sometimes a shoot takes less than an hour. Other times, all day. Just depends on the model and the conditions." He flicked on the vibrator to its highest setting, without warning me. I screamed out. "Relax," he chuckled. "I'm just going to demonstrate why using the props during a shoot doesn't work well."  
  
The vibrator hit like a mac truck. Autonomously, I began driving it in and out of my pussy, because leaving it in one place for even a second, was just too much. I could feel it wiggling in there, warming up, working every nerve. And I could feel myself leaking even more.  
  
"See? Sex can be fun and sensual," said Joe, addressing the class. "But it isn't always as titillating in action, when your medium is a photograph. I'll show you." He stepped back and snapped a couple more pictures, while I fucked myself in horror. I knew if I didn't stop soon, I was going to cum in front of everyone. And I wouldn't be able to stop fucking myself, once I start climbing that mountain. I moaned out loud. More like grunted, then I dropped my head back even further, rolling my eyes back. I grabbed the dildo with both hands, pulling it in deeper still. Joe stepped back to his original position, snapped a few more, and then said, "Thank you, Autumn. You can stop now. I'll show you the difference on my tablet."  
  
I didn't stop pumping, staring down Joe while I tried to speak, "You mean... uh.. you'll, um... show us photos... of..."  
  
He stepped next to me. "Yes, the posed photos, versus the ones now, where you actually are experience sexual pleasure. You'll see, the class will believe the posed shots look best."  
  
I was unable to stop it from happening, as Joe reached down, pulling the vibrator out of my pussy. "No!" I cried, cumming hard as the device slid out of me. I tried in vain to stop it from happening, but orgasmic juices sprayed the chair and even a bit of Joe's hand. The entire class became silent. You could hear a pin drop.  
  
The only sound in the room was the buzzing of the vibrator, now in Joe's hand. Finally, he turned it off. "Uh, Autumn, are you alright?"  
  
I sat there, shaking, squishing sounds from all the wetness beneath me. "I'm uh... I'm..." My chest was beet red, my face flush, and sweat poured down my brow. I didn't even have the strength to close my legs, and I gave up trying to talk, too.  
  
Dr. Philips strolled back to the center of the room, calmly walking toward me. "Up until the end, you very well, Autumn. You had a good flow, get us engaged in the piece. Very well done. Unfortunately, you lost control of the interview at the end. That wouldn't be acceptable for broadcast media. I think, maybe you should try it one more time, but maintain your composure to the end, no matter what the subject matter."  
  
"Another interview?" I asked meekly.  
  
"Not everyone is an erotic photographer, Autumn. We can do a different subject. We'll just pick another student to try this with, okay?"  
  
Finally, I scooched up in the chair. I was still naked, a bit disheveled and very horny. I gave myself some mental encouragement. 'The professor just wants me to try again. No biggie. I can do this!'  
  
Dr. Philips turned and pointed to the closest person to her, a tall guy, with sandy blonde hair. He looked like an athlete. "And your name is?" she asked the student.  
  
"Paul Winston."  
  
"Why don't you be the next interview subject, Paul? Hmm, you look a bit a older than most of our other students."  
  
The man blushed, "Well, uh... I had a job for about ten years, before deciding to finish my degree."  
  
The professor clapped her hands. "Perfect. Autumn, why don't you interview Paul about his old job?" She turned back to Paul. "Can you make it interesting?"  
  
"I think so," he said.  
  
"Are you feeling ready, Autumn?"  
  
I nodded. "Sure, I can try this again." I got myself positioned in the chair and looked to Paul. "I guess I should start by asking, what was it you did for a living, before coming back to school?"  
  
"I was a porn director."