*Tiffany’s story*
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I knew I was late for class.

I decided to take the physics course despite rumors about the professor’s exam. The rumors were a) you need every single minute to pass the exam, and b) even if you have every single minute, you probably wouldn’t pass.

I was showing up 15 minutes late.

I rushed in, relieved to see an exam proctor. He was a hunk—like a young George Clooney. A well built mountain climber. I rushed up to him and lied, “my car broke down. Can I pleeeease have 15 minutes more?”

He smiled his gorgeous smile. “You better get started. You only have 45 minutes left.”
I now wanted to kick in his teeth.

I rushed to a seat up front (no one wants to sit up front during an exam—too much traffic). I plopped down in my seat. I was nervous. I immersed myself in the exam. The only hint I had of the outside world came from a startling cough from the proctor.

I realized immediately why he was coughing. In my nervousness, I was opening and closing my legs. Ordinarily, this would be no big deal, as I usually wear jeans. But in my hurry I had put on a short dress, and he was getting a good view of my knickers.

I thought that somehow his attention on what he saw between my legs might translate into more minutes. So I continued my leg twitching (I needed to anyway in order to think through the problems). I occasionally glanced up. He was no longer making any pretense about making sure people didn’t cheat—he was focused solely on my crotch.

Most physics formulas are a derivative or two from the grand old formula: distance = rate times time. Having had calculus, the physics problems proved easier than I had anticipated. But I was still in an uphill battle to answer all the questions before the time would expire.

Meanwhile, my knickers were in a battle with my lips, and my lips were losing. Soon, my knickers had worked their way into what I believe is popularly known as a “cameltoe.” I could feel the material as I twitched my legs. It was proving to be annoying, yet, knowing that the proctor was watching, exciting as well. As I became excited at the thought, I hoped he couldn’t see any wetness behind the knickers. As I looked up, I noticed that he had moved behind his desk—clearly the show was having an effect on him.

But the cameltoe was distracting me from my answers. Vit= 2as + ½at squared. Hmm. Was that right? Grr… I had no choice but to remove the distracting material. I reached between my legs, and, using two fingers, pulled the material out of me. As I did so, I no doubt gave him a quick look at what my knickers were covering.

“Time’s up!” the proctor said. “If you arrived late please stay after for a minute.” I was the only one late.

After he collected all the exams and everyone had left the room, he said, “look. I shouldn’t be doing this, but if you remove your knickers and leave your legs open, I’ll give you the 15 minutes.”

“I have a better idea,” I heard myself saying, “you give me 15 minutes, then take me to a bar and buy me three margaritas, and you can remove them yourself.”