

The Fall Of Teach

Chapter 1 of 3

"We're not ghosts or spirits," Cindy told the other three; her little gang of Wanderers. "There's nothing magical or mystical about what we are or do. These aren't our souls leaving our bodies or anything similar."

She moved her gaze from one face to another. Tubby and Lanky and Shorty. Two men and a young woman.

"What's the best way to put it?" She asked, more to herself than for the benefit of the other Wanderers. She's studied their condition, their strange abilities. Had spent so much time contemplating, experimenting, learning. "These," she said, pointing at her own incorporeal body, then pointing at each of the other three in turn. "Are visual manifestations of our minds."

It was hard to describe, to explain the nuances.

How was she supposed to educate these people when all three already believed something totally contrary?

"When you close your eyes, will yourself away from your body – when you Wander; that's not your soul or spirit leaving your body."

That much was true. Souls were unquantifiable – if they even existed at all. There was no way these ghostly figures in front of her were actually the detached souls of three individuals. Such an idea was absurd. Preposterous. Beyond silly.

"What's actually happening right now," she continued, speaking slowly and clearly as she'd learned to in her day job, "is mental projection. You are, on a subconscious level, projecting your conscious mind to another place. Here."

None of them seemed to grasp the gravity of Cindy's words.

They were listening – Shorty more than the other two – but they weren't *truly* taking in what Cindy was telling them.

"We are called Wanderers because that's exactly what we do. We let our minds wander - literally. For most people – normal people – the most that happens when their minds wander is they start to daydream. For us, we can do *this*."

She held out both arms.

"This isn't spiritual," she said, eyes flicking momentarily to Tubby in his ridiculous historic military outfit. "It's scientific. You know that feeling you get when someone's staring at your back and you can *feel* it, even if you can't see them and none of your other senses are aware of them? The feeling you get when someone's watching you and, by all logical reasoning, you shouldn't *know* they're watching you; but somehow you do. That unnamed, unnatural sixth sense. Wandering is an extension of that, only on a whole different level."

"Why," Lanky said, sounding particularly bored, "does this matter? I mean, knowing why we can do the things we can doesn't really change anything, does it? No offence, Teach, but I'd much rather be out there having fun right now than listening to another one of your lectures."

"It matters," Cindy sighed, "because knowing what we are will help us understand *exactly* what we're capable of."

How could none of them see it? *Feel* it?

There was so much more to being a Wanderer than toying with minds for entertainment, possessing bodies for the hell of it. These three saw their powers as an iceberg floating on cold waters – huge and vast and interesting. Yet not one of them – save Cindy herself – realised the truth. For as big as the iceberg might look above the water; beneath the waves it was colossal.

How would they ever learn what a Wanderer was truly capable of if they were content to abuse only the few tricks they'd learned so far?

"Have you never wondered why we can only touch minds?" Cindy asked them

earnestly. "We can't interact with the physical world in any tangible way, other than our ability to manipulate minds. Have you never questioned that? If we were 'spirits', surely we'd be able to do more interesting and divine things than twisting people into fucking people they normally wouldn't. But no, all of our abilities – literally all of them – are related to the human mind."

Again, Cindy looked into the eyes of each of her compatriots. Searching for any small glimmer of interest.

The only one who didn't look bored, like they wanted to be somewhere else, was Shorty. Both men, predictably, were more interested in Cindy's chest than the words coming out of her mouth.

She sighed again, waved her hand in agitation.

"Class dismissed," she said, turning away from the three. "Go do whatever you were planning on doing tonight. We'll meet back here at midnight again tomorrow."

Whatever time Cindy didn't waste working, she spent Wandering.

For some reason, Wandering had a similar effect on the body and brain as sleeping – refreshing and revitalising them. At first, that'd struck Cindy as odd. Surely, if her mind was so active that it was being projected and portrayed anywhere she desired, that'd cause her brain more strain, not less, right? But no. Instead of taking a toll on her, Wandering took strain away.

She hadn't actually *slept* in months. Not since she'd worked out that she no longer needed to.

Instead of sleeping, she'd Wander. Her body would recharge itself and she was free to spend that time doing whatever she wished – mostly learning whatever she could about Wanderer potential.

Tubby and Lanky liked to use their abilities for sex. Either to watch it, or participate in it. Shorty, on the other hand, never seemed to openly use her abilities at all. Whatever that girl did with her Wanderer abilities was a mystery to Cindy.

Cindy – she wanted to learn, to *understand*.

It was, she knew, a symptom of her failed dream.

As a girl, she'd wanted to be a scientist. To save the world in one way or another. To be remembered for great, world-changing discoveries. And, unlike most people with dreams, she'd actually chased after hers. Studied, gotten her education, put herself out there.

And failed.

Her only reward for a lifetime of dedication and dreaming was an ever-changing classroom of asinine teenagers to teach rudimentary science to. How did the saying go? Those who can't do something, teach it instead.

That – teaching – had become so much a part of Cindy Orion that even the other Wanderers had given her the nickname 'Teach' without ever knowing it was her actual, real job.

But discovering she was a Wanderer, learning what that meant?

That was her ticked out.

Her gateway to a Nobel Prize.

First, though, she needed to know more. Know *everything*.

Sex. Both Lanky and Tubby were obsessed with it. To them, the powers of a Wanderer were a means to an end. A way to live fantasies that would've been impossible otherwise. Be it creating silly, porn-like scenarios where women lost their inhibitions, or else occupying the bodies of men who had far better luck with women than they did. Neither of them were very adventurous when it came to exploring their potential.

Or perhaps they saw something Cindy didn't.

Unlikely as it may have been, there was a possibility that Lanky or Tubby had unlocked some secret that Cindy hadn't. Some motive or reason behind being a Wanderer.

Was part of being a Wanderer about sex? Did using the powers for sexual gratification unlock some hidden meaning?

Unlikely. But not impossible.

Cindy needed to test it – test everything.

If for no other reason that ruling the option out, being able to finally label those two men as deviant ingrates once and for all.

She drifted through the empty city, heading to an address she'd found on one of her school's databases. The address of a male student, a handsome moron that all the girls seemed to love. Of all Cindy's students, that boy was the most likely to have a girl in his bed tonight.

Sure enough, after a bit of searching, Cindy found the right house and the right room.

Two bodies lay on the one-person bed. A male and female, both fully clothed and attractive. Making out while music played.

Suppressing the urge to roll her eyes, Cindy flew over to them.

The boy – Lukas – was dark-skinned and very athletic, the school's star athlete. Short black hair, dark eyes, a strong jawline. Tall, too. He was wearing his sports jersey, red and white. And his hands, of course, were slowly roaming his date's body.

Lukas' date was a girl Cindy didn't recognise. She wasn't in any of Cindy's classes, that was for sure. A surprisingly homely, quiet looking girl. Nerdy, even. Cindy had been expecting a fake-tan bimbo to be in Lukas' bed. But this girl was far from *that*. Wearing a sweater-vest and neat trousers, dark hair flowing around the bed's pillow, bright eyes staring lovingly at her boyfriend's face.

Cindy reached down, sank one hand inside Lukas and the other inside his date.

At once, both of their minds opened to her.

Two tidal waves of information crashing into her in unison. Two lifetimes of memories and emotions and feelings. An onslaught of thoughts and emotions.

Cindy smiled, used one identity as an anchor to the other.

She pushed away all thoughts and feelings and memories that weren't specificity related to the other individual. All input and information from Lukas ceased, save for his memories and thoughts and feelings around the girl – Lailah. Same with her, all her thoughts and feelings and memories vanished except for those related specifically to Lukas.

A little trick Cindy had picked up a while ago, and hadn't yet taught the other Wanderers. Touching two minds at once, while overwhelming, would make narrowing down their information and knowledge on each other much easier.

At once, Cindy knew everything she needed to about their relationship.

And she was surprised to find that Lukas, the school's 'hunk', was a virgin. Or, at least, that was what Lailah believed.

No, no. That wouldn't do at all.

Cindy needed them to have sex – so she could monitor what happened, see if there was some secret Lanky and Tubby knew that she didn't.

It didn't take much effort.

Both were committed to abstinence but, at the same time, both also wanted to fuck the other *real* bad. That, paired with the regular teenage hormones and impulses, was all Cindy needed. She was, after all, the most adept at using Wanderer abilities. What would've taken Tubby days and Lanky weeks, took Cindy seconds.

Taken over by their lust and desire, Lukas and Lailah began shedding clothes quickly. Their kissing grew more passionate and hot, bodies writhing against one another.

When the boy sank his cock into his girlfriend, Cindy sank her hands into them both.

She could feel the warmth, the heat and arousal and desire.

Tingles shot through her body – her real, physical body – and she felt its echo all these miles away.

Focusing was difficult, growing even more so the more intimate and sexual the pair got. But Cindy persisted, resisted the temptation to slip inside Lailah's body, or else return to her own to pleasure herself.

Nothing. No secrets. No hidden information.

Not anything Cindy could use.

That settled it. Lanky and Tubby were just perverts. Just like she'd always known. They knew nothing that she didn't, and only half of what she did.

Cindy drifted out of the bedroom, leaving Lukas and Lailah to their clumsy, lust-fuelled fucking.

"Cindy Orion," Shorty smiled. "That's your name, isn't it Teach?"

The words were surprising. How in the world had the girl worked *that* out?

"Yes," Cindy shrugged. "It is. How did you-"

"Oh," Shorty grinned wider, an eager brightness in her eyes that Cindy had never seen before, "you know..."

Cindy opened her mouth to ask the question again, demand an answer. Had Shorty been stalking her, following her for some reason? Was it just random luck that she'd come across Cindy's real name?

Before she could say anything, though, the younger woman vanished.

Cindy stared at the empty spot for a long moment, then let out an annoyed, perturbed sigh.

It was bound to happen eventually. The nickname thing the Wanderers had going on couldn't last forever, not with Cindy's plans to eventually make the whole thing public one day – and cash in on that Nobel Prize money.

So what if Shorty knew who Cindy really was?

At least it wasn't Tubby or Lanky who'd discovered her name. God only knew what those two perverts would get up to with *that* information, especially with how the two of them stared at Cindy's ethereal body.

She set the thought aside, wandered through the city in search of useful test subjects.