

The Fall Of Teach

Chapter 2 of 3

Cindy watched. Observed.

It wasn't her place to participate – only to set the dominoes up and gather the data on how they fell. The minds she altered, the people she twisted and manipulated, they were her subjects. Her mice in a maze. Feeling empathy towards them, allowing herself to care overly much about their free will and independence, was a trap. If she allowed herself to be held back by such trivial things as her own emotions, she'd never uncover all the secrets and abilities Wanderers possessed.

No holding back, she swore to herself. No single step forward was going too far, even if it meant walking off a cliff. No holding herself back. Ever.

She forced all feelings aside as she watched the event unfold in front of her – an event she'd set into motion herself.

An older man seducing a younger woman. Both of them married, though not to each other. The older man's son was the woman's husband. She was his daughter-in-law. And he wanted nothing more than to screw her, put the baby in her belly that he knew she wanted to have.

Just a few days ago, the thought of it would've made the man sick. He'd have been disgusted with himself at the very idea. Now, though, he was a different person. A new person.

Cindy pushed away the ethical and moral concerns of her actions, watched the scene unfold silently.

At first, the daughter-in-law resisted the older man's advances. But, try as she might, the woman was unable to defeat the desires Cindy had embedded within her. In just a few minutes of her father-in-law's lewd suggestions, she submitted, allowed him to fondle and grope her. In these, the early hours of the morning when they'd just woken up, were preparing to leave for work, they would both have excuses for their actions. They'd been 'tired', 'mistaken', they hadn't been 'thinking clearly'. All the things they'd tell themselves to explain away their actions.

When clothes started to disappear and body-parts began to emerge, Cindy turned away from the couple – floated out of the room and drifted away into the morning.

She didn't need to watch them fuck. She'd seen plenty of that stuff already. All she'd wanted was to see was their limits. How long they could resist her touch, her manipulations.

Not very long, to say the least.

Cindy closed her ethereal eyes, willed herself to return to her body. And, just like that, she woke up in her bed.

Body sore and aching, brain tired and drained. As she blinked her eyes open – her physical body's eyelids – Cindy felt a wave of weary exhaustion crash into her, overwhelm her. She didn't have the energy to sit up in bed, could barely keep her eyes open.

Lately, this had been happening more and more often.

She'd return from her Wandering to find her body worn out and tired, in need of rest and sleep. A worrying problem.

Until a few weeks ago, Wandering hadn't strained her body or brain in the slightest. Cindy could be out all night, floating around the city and experimenting with her powers, and return to a refreshed body when morning came. Before, Wandering had affected her body the exact same way as sleep did; refreshing and rejuvenating her. So she'd stopped sleeping altogether. If she could recharge her body and brain while out Wandering, what was the point in sleeping any more?

Yet now, something was different.

Instead of being refreshed, her body was exhausted after Wandering all night. She

was tired, drained. Her body ached and groaned and begged for sleep.

Was she unknowingly pushing herself too hard? Wandering too much? Was she over-using Wanderer powers and somehow negatively affecting her physical body in the process?

She fought the urge to close her eyes and sleep, pushed herself upright.

Cindy had classes to teach today, she couldn't afford to sleep in.

The night was still young when Cindy closed her eyes, willed herself back to her body. Hours and hours before she usually returned to her physical shell. She was, after all, worried about the state she was constantly finding her body in these days.

Only, there was no sensation of movement. No change in Cindy's surroundings or what she felt. She opened her eyes, found herself still in the exact spot she'd been before – hovering above the city.

She closed her eyes again, willed herself back to her body.

When she opened her eyes, she hadn't moved. She was still drifting silently, looking down at the bright city lights. Still Wandering.

That's when the panic began to set in.

What was going on? Why couldn't she reconnect with her physical body? Had something gone wrong?

She glanced left and right, eyes wide.

What if, she thought silently, she'd pushed herself too far somehow – had become entirely detached from her physical body? What if her real body had died? What if she could *never* return to it again?

Cindy willed herself into motion, flying fast through the city streets.

If she couldn't will herself back into her body, she'd race to her home and possess it manually – just like she'd possessed the bodies of others. If that didn't work...

Well, she could worry about *that* if and when.

Streets zoomed by, lights stretching out in her vision with the speed she was travelling at. In seconds, she came to a halt outside her home, floated quickly through the building's wall and into her bedroom.

A new wave of panic and dread rocked her.

Cindy's body was missing.

She searched the rest of the house – maybe her body was on autopilot, some kind of sleepwalking anomaly – and found nothing. Cindy searched the rest of the street, going from house to house, room to room. Nothing. No sign of her body anywhere to be found.

She drifted back to her own bedroom, thoughts racing with countless possibilities.

There was still so much she didn't know or understand about Wanderers. So many secrets yet to uncover. This, her missing body, was something big. Something important. If her body was going on walks by itself, acting independently, Cindy needed to know – needed to study it. At the very least, it explained why her body was always exhausted when she returned to it after Wandering.

In her dark, silent room, she waited. And waited.

And waited.

Dreadful, agonising hours had passed by the time it finally happened. Cindy's body returned to her home. Cindy watched with wide, analytical eyes as her own body stripped out of the casual clothes it was wearing, put the discarded attire neatly back in the drawer where it was supposed to be, and climbed back into bed – assuming the same foetal pose that Cindy usually slept in.

As its eyes closed, the physical body relaxed.

And a Wanderer emerged from inside it – drifting up and away from the body she'd just been possessing.

"Shorty!" Cindy practically screeched. "What in the *hell* do you think you're doing?"

Even as the naked girl spun in the air, eyes widening in shock upon seeing Cindy's ethereal form in the bedroom with her, the realisations began to bombard Cindy. This was why her body and brain were always tired when she returned to them; while she'd been out Wandering, someone else had been using her physical body and had prevented it from resting. And the reason she hadn't been able to simply will herself back into her body; the vessel was already occupied by someone else.

Wanderers could possess the vacant bodies of other Wanderers.

It was new information. Vital information.

"What the hell do you think you're *doing*?" Cindy repeated, floating over to the stunned girl. "How dare-"

Shorty smiled at her. A blood-chillingly cold smirk, eyes empty save for harsh, gleeful contempt. That look – the sheer wickedness of it – froze Cindy in place.

And, a split-second later, the girl was gone.

She'd willed herself back to her own body. Left Cindy floating there stunned, shocked, a cold shiver running up her spine.

What- what had the girl been doing in her body?

Cindy didn't go to the midnight meeting the next day. She stayed in her room, waited patiently while drifting a few feet away from her physical body. If Shorty was stupid enough to try possessing it again, Cindy would confront her.

Sure enough, not long after midnight, Shorty appeared – floating casually through a bedroom wall and drifting over to Cindy's body. When she caught sight of Cindy floating nearby, the naked girl smirked.

"Shorty!" Cindy began, "Stop this, I-"

The girl didn't stop moving. If anything, she flew faster, darting towards Cindy's body before Cindy could even react.

"Wait!" Cindy cried out, but it was already too late.

The ghost-like apparition of Shorty was gone. Cindy's body began to shift, eyes blinking open. It sat up in bed, stretched its arms out with a familiar smirk on its face.

"You really shouldn't leave yourself open like that," Cindy's body said, voice jarringly familiar. Odd to hear someone else's words spoken with her own lips. "Leaving your body and waiting for me like that? I thought you were meant to be clever, Teach. Or should I call you Cindy? Miss Orion?"

"Bitch," Cindy growled. Though, as she'd expected, Shorty couldn't hear the word. Anchored to the physical world by the body she was possessing, Shorty wouldn't be able to interact with any other Wanderer unless that Wanderer was also possessing a body.

"I've gotta say though, Teach. You've got one hell of a body. I can see why most of your male students jack off thinking about you," Shorty said, standing up and walking over to Cindy's dresser in search of clothes. As she began putting on a pair of jeans, she continued, "I'm actually thinking I'll visit one of them tonight. Make some of his fantasies a reality, if you catch my meaning."

Cindy lunged, swept her ethereal arm through her physical body – tried to drag Shorty out from inside it.

There was resistance, the sensation that she was grabbing hold of something. But not enough. Cindy pulled her hand back, just like she usually did when pulling a person's 'mind' from their body, but Shorty's ethereal form stayed exactly where it was – inside Cindy's body.

"You should stick around," her body said, smiling widely. "I'm sure you'll enjoy the show. It'll be like watching porn."

She finished putting clothes on, walked over to the bedroom door and opened it.

"You know," she tilted her head to one side, put a finger to her chin in mock-

consideration. "Speaking of porn, I know a *very* interesting website you'll wanna take a look-see at. I'll have to show it to you later."

Her body began walking away. Cindy had no choice. She followed after it.

A student's house. She was outside a student's house.

"His parents aren't home," Shorty – still in Cindy's body – said, standing a few feet from the front door. "I made sure to check. Same with the other two students of yours I've fucked. You probably don't believe me about that, do you? Or, more like, you don't *want* to believe. Here, look; I made sure to get plenty of proof."

Shorty reached into a pocket, pulled out Cindy's phone and quickly tapped Cindy's four-digit passcode in. How she knew what that number was, Cindy had no clue. A few more taps on the screen, Shorty opening a web browser and typing in a webpage address, and a video began playing.

Cindy's body, riding the cock of a guy she recognised. A student, one who'd been particularly shy and awkward around Cindy at school recently.

"That's enough to get you fired, right?" Shorty said as she slipped the phone back into her pocket. "If it ever becomes public, I mean."

Then, oddly, Cindy's body sat down on the short path that led to her student's house, it leaned back and laid down on the ground.

"It'd be such a *shame* if an anonymous, concerned citizen shared links to those videos with your school's authorities, wouldn't it? There would be scandal, disgrace, you name it. You'd become a pariah, reputation ruined. Plus, aren't there laws about abusing positions of power for sex? I wouldn't say I *coerced* anyone, but – legally speaking – isn't there a *huge* problem when a teacher sleeps with their students?"

Cindy could possess the student inside that house. Float into the building, take control of the boy's body, and force Shorty out one way or another. It might mean she'd have to get rough with her own body, but surely that was better than whatever Shorty had planned.

"The way I see it," Shorty said, laying down on the ground with her eyes closed. "You've got a choice, Teach. I'm going to give you back your body here and now. And then you get to decide; either *you* fuck the horny little student in there yourself, or *I* send out your little porn clips to everyone you know. School staff, students, their parents. You name it."

A glowing, naked girl floated up from inside Cindy's physical body, a mocking smile on her lips. She drifted a foot away from the now-vacant body, crossed her arms.

"The choice," Shorty smirked, "is yours."