

Sociology Studies

"I'm telling you," my professor said. "If you want to understand people, truly understand them, you can't be so distant all the time. We're not simple animals that you can observe and study through a telescope."

"With all due respect," I said, resisting the urge to roll my eyes, "that's *exactly* what we are. Animals."

"Animals don't go to college. Animals don't live in multi-layered societies, ruled by traditions and cultural expectations. Take a cat from anywhere in the world, and it'll still act like a cat should. A rabbit from one place will act with the same basic instincts as one from the other side of the planet. Humans, though? We're more complex. Take a guy from Eastside and plop him in an upper-class Westend gathering, and he'll have no idea what's going on or how to act."

"We're still just animals," I shrugged. "I don't need to go to parties to know that morons get drunk at them, look for mating partners. I can observe the aftermath without getting involved myself."

"But it's not that-"

"If anything," I continued, "it's best for me to not get involved. Avoiding bias is an important part of any scientific observation."

My professor sighed.

"Besides," I said, slinging my backpack over my shoulder, "why would I want to go to some dumb, pointless house party anyway? I don't drink, don't do drugs, and sex disgusts me."

"Networking," my professor grumbled, crossing his arms. "Socialising. Being *human* for once."

I didn't even bother giving *that* a response.

Head held high, I turned away from my sociology professor and left the classroom.

He was wrong and I was right. Just like with every other time in my life a teacher had challenged me. My third grade maths teacher, who'd gotten a calculation wrong and, rather than thanking me for correcting her, got annoyed at me. My seventh grade computing teacher, who hadn't known the first thing about command-line interfaces and dared to challenge *me* on computer knowledge. My private music tutor, who'd gotten upset over me calling her a talentless hack – despite her total lack of skill or educational qualifications. And now, my sociology professor.

For whatever bizarre, baffling reason, he wanted me to *not* spend the night studying.

There was some big house party planned, and he wanted me to go there and 'socialise'. What was *that* about? I'd have to look his credentials up online later, make sure he was qualified and competent enough to be educating me.

Once again, I was reminded of the strangeness of humanity. The illogical nature of my species.

Why did men get tattoos? Intentional ink scars on their bodies that added no physical value and left only the risk of infection. Why did women get their ears pierced? Permanent holes stabbed through their flesh to hold tiny pieces of metal - it made no sense. At least I could understand parties, even if I found them vulgar in nature. They were gathering of humans seeking to fulfil two basic needs; socialising and finding a mate.

Humans were weird.

I'd spent my whole life watching them. Seeing the social groups form and change over childhood and puberty. Watching as girls became obsessed with looking good, as men tried to out-do each other in displays of masculinity.

With the mind I had, I could've focused on chemistry or physics, became an expert in mathematics. But those numbers were too predictable, too stable. Humans were far

more interesting in their complete lack of rationality.

It's why I'd chosen to study sociology.

Learning about how societies worked, about how cultures and customs shaped individuals. How animal instincts and primitive notions formed the basis for everything around me.

If only I had a professor who understood.

I shook my head in disappointment as I walked to my next class.

I shut my bedroom door, set my bag aside.

College was done for the day. Finally. Now, after I'd gotten a snack and something to drink, I could begin studying for real.

But, before that, I needed to change.

Unspoken social understandings dictated that I wear a bra whenever I left the house. But, now that I was home, I wasn't bound by those social expectations any more. And I was all too happy to be rid of the tight, uncomfortable thing.

I stepped over to my full-body mirror, looked at my reflection.

Chestnut hair framing a small face. Button nose and little mouth and eyes that looked big 'n' round thanks to the thick glasses over them. No make-up, why would I bother with that pointless ritual? Wearing neat, proper clothes. A baggy sweater with a shirt underneath, and loose jeans.

I was on the shorter side, slender and fit thanks to my rigidly healthy diet and bi-weekly workouts. I only had the one life, after all. I wanted it to last as long as possible.

My hair wasn't as neat as it could have been. Strands of hair stuck out in odd angles, with little clumps and tangles here and there. But it wasn't such a mess that I felt the need to straighten it out. I had studying to do. Sorting out my hair would've been a waste of valuable time.

I reached for the hem of my sweater, yanked it up over my head, unbuttoned my shirt and removed that too. Then I reached around by back, let out a sigh of relief as I unclasped the bra and felt the tension and pressure vanish. The bra slid off my shoulders, down my arms, dropped to the floor.

The reflection of my naked torso made me frown.

Genetics. Why did I have to have such bad genetics? Every woman on my mother's side of the family had unnecessarily large breasts, and I was no exception. Two huge globes of fat on an otherwise sleek frame.

I shook my head.

Maybe one day I'd get a breast reduction. Remove some of that useless weight, enough so that finding comfortable bras would be easier and cheaper.

Leaving the bra and shirt on the floor, I put my sweater back on.

An hour later, I was in a group chat with my friends – men and women from all over the world, who thought with the same rationality and sense as me. Social outcasts, mostly. But intelligent and knowledgeable. The kind of people I could chat to for hours, debating and learning new things and discovering new ideas.

That was when I got it – the strange email.

A notification popped up on my screen, letting me know I had a new email – which I promptly opened up.

The sender was an anonymous person using a college email address. The subject line? A single word – 'experience' – without capitalisation or punctuation. And, most interesting of all, the body of the email was nothing but jumbled letters and numbers and symbols. At a glance, there seemed to be no sense or logic in the text – just pure, unfiltered randomness. But, the more I looked, the more I felt an odd sensation.

It was like I was staring at a puzzle. A mystery.

Something in the back of my mind was telling me to keep reading, keep looking at it

and searching it – urging me to find the hidden meaning, the secret message.

I must've stared at that message for a good hour or two because, when I looked away from the screen, the sun had gone down.

Feeling a sudden ache in my skull, I decided to call it a night.

I shut off my computer, went to bed.

I woke with a start.

My eyes shot open, my back jerked up into a sitting position. I clutched my chest, eyes wide.

It took minutes for the panic to subside.

And then I was left wondering what I'd been so panicked over in the first place. A nightmare? Was I really the kind of girl who got so worked up over a bad dream?

When I tried to remember what I'd dreamed about, I was met with a blank hole. A forgetful haze.

I climbed out of bed, shuddered.

It was earlier than I'd usually wake up, but I doubted I'd be able to go back to sleep. So I did the only thing I could – I started getting ready for college. First, bathroom. Pee, brush teeth, shower. Then I returned to my room, started going to drawers in search of something to wear.

Only... Were these my clothes?

I saw lots of sweaters and geeky shirts – the kind that belonged under a business suit, not on me. And so many jeans and trousers. Since when did I wear *trousers*?

This had to be a prank. *Had* to be.

Worst of all was my undies drawer. Where I kept my panties and bras. Only, these weren't mine. They were all blank and boring. Granny panties and thick, ugly bras. Clothes I wouldn't be seen *dead* in.

I snatched up the tiniest pair of panties I could find – white and flowery, cotton. Still the kind of undies a nun would wear, but a younger nun – not some wrinkled granny nun. The bras, though? None of them were even close to good enough. So I didn't bother with any of them.

Over that, I picked out a yellow dress. Knee-length, and way too modest up top. It looked flat and blank, but at least it wasn't *totally* hideous. It'd have to do.

Next up was make-up and-

Where was my vanity table? Where was all my make-up?

Come to think of it, where the hell were my posters and photos of me with friends? What was all this crap on my walls? Periodic table of elements? Where had *that* come from?

"You're still sleeping," I told myself, shaking my head. "This is the nightmare. The fuck?"

Still shaking my head, I left my room in a daze.

Thankfully, the rest of the day was much less weird. None of my friends were at college for some reason – or, at least, I couldn't see them anywhere. So I made some new friends instead, chatted to a group of girls who were confused at first, but were soon laughing and chatting along with me. Got invited to a small party taking place that weekend and instantly agreed to go!

After the college day ended, I headed off campus. Since my wardrobe had been replaced by some asshole, I needed a bunch of new clothes. Plus, I needed to get new make-up and some condoms for the party.

Hours and hours later, I stumbled back into my bedroom. My arms filled with shopping bags, my back killing me.

It was a good thing I had so much money in my bank account. Much less now, that was for sure! But these were necessities.

I dumped the ugly contents of my drawers on the floor, filled those same drawers with my new clothes. Then I got rid of the dumb computer in my room – what did I need *that* for? - and converted the desk into my beauty area.

After all the shopping I'd done today, I couldn't help feeling a hint of disappointment.

If only I had a boyfriend to show all my new clothes off to. We could've had a fashion show. Me trying on different outfits and him helping me out of them.

Oh well.

On the bright side, no boyfriend meant no obligations!

I could sleep with whoever I wanted worry-free.

I climbed out of bed, stretched.

Outside, the sky was already bright. Looked like I'd slept through morning classes. Oops.

I smiled, walked over to my dresser and began picking out clothes. So many things to choose from! What would look best on me today, though? Since I was going to be at college, I might as well dress the part.

Short plaid skirt. That was a no-brainer.

And a white blouse – a size or two too small for me, but that'd just make it all the more snug!

And undies... What should I wear underneath?

There!

A string thong. Black and sexy. Perfect!

I put it all on, rushed out of my room and headed to class.

Professor what's-his-name – the sociology one – had set up special classes for me, because I was so excellent and smart. It was great that people were finally acknowledging my talents! I'd missed out this morning's class – sexology – but I'd make up for it in my afternoon class, fellatiology.

Guys and girls turned to look at me as I made my way through the college campus, raised eyebrows and disbelieving stares.

Guess I was just that popular.

Rushing as I was, my skirt flapped up and fluttered around my waist, giving anyone who might be looking at me an unfiltered view of my undies. But that was fine. We were all adults here. Wasn't like they were seeing anything they hadn't seen before!

Unless they *hadn't* seen a girl's downstairs before...

In which case, they were very welcome for the glimpse!

I pushed my glasses up my nose, continued staring down at the text on the desk. An open book, filled with words and diagrams and pictures. The reading material for my next class.

Might as well get some studying done during lunch!

The book was called 'Anal: A Comprehensive Guide To Backdoor Entertainment'. A long name for a rather short book. But I wasn't going to complain. Shorter books meant it didn't take as long to finish one and move on to the next. Besides, this one was very enlightening and educational. It had full-page diagrams! I *loved* full-page diagrams. It was like reading, only easier – and these ones were so detailed and clear.

Like the diagram a few pages back. It'd had six squares each with a different picture – a step-by-step guide demonstrating how best to prepare an anus for penetration.

Practical skills. The kind that'd come in handy with every-day life. Not like some *other* classes they taught at this college. Theoretical physics and ancient history – the kind of knowledge that was utterly useless in the outside world.

People who studied that nonsense were wasting their time.

I turned a page, felt my glasses slipping down my nose again, pushed them back up.

"So," the tattooed man said, dragging the word out as he looked me up and down. "What do you want done?"

I looked at the walls. On one side of the large room, there were pictures. From roses to skulls to dragons to meaningless symbols and markings. Along with the pictures were photos – arms and legs and chests and backs, displaying the tattoos. On the other side of the room, the wall was similarly covered in photos – only this time, it was mostly of faces. Close-ups of lips and noses and ears, all with rods of metal or rings or hoops through them.

Tattoos and piercings.

Without thinking, my fingers found themselves on my earlobe.

All these years – my whole life – and I'd not gotten my ears pierced yet. Why was that? And why did I feel oddly uncomfortable?

I pushed the thought away, walked over to the piercing side of the shop, eyes browsing the photos. More out of curiosity than anything else. I knew exactly what I was here for.

"Take your time," the tattooed man said. He had large gauges in his ears, faded flame tattoos up his neck. "If it's your first time, we can-"

"I know what I want done," I said, turning to him.

He raised an eyebrow. And, when I lifted my top and flashed him my tits, his other eyebrow shot up too. Holding my top up with both hands, I pointed at my nipples.

"Can you do these?"

"Humans are social animals," the sociology professor said. "We might like to pretend otherwise. But, at the end of the day, we are what we are. Animals. Driven by needs and impulses. Eat, sleep, drink. These are the ones everyone knows. But, often overlooked, is our need to socialise."

Blah, blah, blah. Why was he lecturing me on *sociology*? This was supposed to be a crash-course on how to tease men.

"We, as humans, *need* to be a part of a community. A social group. *Where* in society we fit in, *how* we become a part of these groups, is important to understand. It is our job to deconstruct our social surroundings, investigate how these bonds around us came to be and what-"

"Sir," I interrupted, crossing my arms.

He smiled at me.

"I forget how much you've changed," he said to me, eyes lowering to my cleavage. "I don't know how, what with how much you show it. But somehow I do."

I rolled my eyes. What was it with me and dumb teachers? "If you think I've changed," I muttered, "it just shows how little you knew me to begin with."

"Very true," he smirked.

"Well...?" I said when he didn't say anything more. "What about my *actual* lesson? Or did you 'forget' that too?"

"Some things, however," the professor chuckled, "never change. Yes, yes. Your lesson for today. Teasing, wasn't it? How to elicit erections and interest from the superior sex. I'll warn you now, this is going to be a very 'hands on' lesson. That should be fine. Your major is very much on the practical side. But, just in case. If you wish to leave now, I'll mark you down as-"

"Oh my *God*," I breathed in exasperation. "Get on with it! I have things to do today! Geez."

"Now, now," my professor said. "Didn't your mother ever teach you not to treat people as 'things'? Never mind. Today's lesson is on the proper application of 'teasing' – the art form in which you utilise your body movements and expression to entice men. More

advanced classes will teach you how to add vocal stimuli to enhance your teasing but, for the time being, we're going to focus solely on the physical aspect. Starting with basic teasing poses..."

Finally.

I didn't have a notepad with me – my miniskirt and tight blouse combo didn't have pockets to carry one – but I was *really* good at remembering stuff. Especially educational lessons!

So, I leaned forward in my chair, eyes intent on the professor as he went into detailed instructions and explanations.

Now *this* was meaningful learning.