

Preface

Joe, a portly gentleman, left his office in Manhattan heading for the train station. A stock broker by day Joe felt like a gambler as he was always risking other people's money. Joe had a flair for doing his job. Researching companies and investment strategies as best he knew how, he seemed a natural at it. Joe was best remembered for his cigar and a large diamond ring which he wore on his pinkie finger.

The crash of 1929 left bargains for those with money. Joe was fascinated with the world of finance and how one country's economy affected so many others. He however was a saver before a spender and had money and resources.

Not only did Joe do well in the market for others, but he also did well for himself, wagering on the ponies. The harsh winters were too much for his wife, Vera. When the opportunity arose, he picked up a plantation which was sitting in ruins in the south.

The owner did not survive the crash, and his thousands of acres were just sitting there. Picking up the place for a song, Joe moved his young family south where he learned to grow tobacco. Providing jobs to many of the locals, his popularity was often the subject of talk in local establishments, including the barber shop.

Dice and card games became a favorite of his pass time making a tidy sum of pocket money several times a month. Very much illegal, Joe looked for other sporting venues including Bingo which was legal in a few places under the guise of charity.

Arlington Downs in Texas became a hangout for Joe until Texas outlawed pari-mutuel betting in 1937

Joe had acquired a few horses including Arabians which to him were the purest of the breed. Training the horses, they became winners. The long train rides to places where he could race them had its effect on the horses over time.

Becoming ill in his later life, Joe was a heavy tobacco user, and everyone just assumed that was the cause of his ailment. By then, his children were into racing horses and growing tobacco.

Their daughter, Donna, had no use for the plant or plantation. She left home for college in New York where she was to learn Journalism. Writing the story of her Grandfather, he was larger than life to her. She remembered his kind, happy spirit and his sense of altruism. Helping a person who was down was Joe's legacy.

Prey

Dane knew that another brush up with the professor would probably not end well. Her insistence that his writing is exactly as she envisioned it seemed so Draconian to him that he was willing to take it to the mat.

Walking back towards the classroom, Dane waited for the other students to depart before approaching her once again.

“Mr. Stewart, did you not get enough of an earful earlier?”

Miss. Joyce, I have tried to understand your objections to what I have written here. The style I am using very much mimics Hemmingway. So no, I don't understand.

She looked at him as if she was trying to decide what to say to him. The young man was all muscle, lean and looked as though he could press 300 lbs. easily. His short blond hair parted to one side partially covered his forehead contrasting nicely with his now crimson appearance from his obvious frustration. His blue eyes were locked on hers, and she could feel the intensity of his passion for his position.

Sliding out from behind her desk, her short skirt allowed her shapely legs to be visible to him. Averting his eyes from her face to her legs, Donna smiled as she found his interest in her delightful.

She had seen him in the hallways with other girls, but no one person individually.

Looking at him once again the rather obvious bulge in his pants told her what she needed to know.

“Dane, I don't have time right now to work with you on this. If you would care to schedule some time after my classes, I can sit with you and explain what I was talking about.” Donna said.

The crimson glow of his face lightened as he was now finding her less of a bully and more of someone who was willing to listen.

“I would like that Miss. Joyce, I need to get this right. My scholarship centers around football but I must maintain a high, grade point average, or it is no dice.”

“I don't give grades that are not merited, Mr. Stewart. If you want to get high marks, you must know the material and perform.”

The harsh truth of the matter was Dane simply was not that good of a writer. He sensed that it might be the truth but rather debate it in hopes that he could change her mind.

Twirling around in her chair before she stood, Dane once again was distracted as her legs parted for just a brief moment allowing him a peek up her skirt. Donna was delighted with his interests, much like a spider seeking a fly, She wondered how far she could take this, or if she should.

Since her husband's death, the home life had been somewhat slow. Thinking better of it, she decided that playing with him was fun enough. The fantasy, however, like the seeds of victory, were planted and she might enjoy them it later.

English 101

"Did you have any luck with Miss. Joyce," Mark ask?

"She agreed to meet with me after class to discuss this with me." He said.

"She is tough Dane; you need to find someone who has taken her class and see how they made it through."

"This scholarship hinges on good grades. Without it, I am back on the farm."

"Surely she would not flunk you knowing how important this is?"

"I think she would. She is one of those who only cares about what she is teaching and not what is important to me."

"Since her husband passed, she has been a real bear!" Mark said.

"That is too bad; she is a knockout, a MILF type knockout."

"Not a MILF, no kids. Teaching is her career."

"No kids?"

"No, why, do you like her?"

"I am not sure Mark. I was getting some strange signals from her."

"Signals?"

"Probably nothing, She is interesting that is for certain."

"There is a trail of broken hearts and wet dreams before you, regarding her. Everyone wants her class until they realize that she expects results. It is almost as if she likes to punish people and see them sweat."

Dane allowed his thoughts to drift for a moment thinking about her punishing someone. The image of her dressed provocatively evaporated as Mark looked at him and asked. "Where did you go?"

Dane chuckled and looked at Mark. "Nowhere, I have to get to my next class, see you later."

The image of Donna's bare legs played in his mind as the chemistry professor prattled on about acids and bases.

"Mr. Stewart which is it, Acid to water or water to acid?"

The panicked look on Dane's face was all he needed to see.

"Mr. Stewart, if you don't pay attention in this class, you could get hurt, or hurt someone else. Acid to water is the right answer!"

"Sorry sir, I will do better."

"See that you do Mr. Stewart!"

“Holy crap, that was embarrassing!” he thought.

A few in his class snickered at his embarrassment while some sympathized. This professor was anything but engaging. One young lady had total empathy for him. As he sat there trying to focus on the teacher this red headed bombshell was focusing on him.

Doing his best to put her out of his mind, Dane went about the rest of the day fairly unscathed.

Spring break was two weeks away, Dane was beginning to think maybe going back to the farm in Iowa would be a good thing. Many of his friends were planning a trip to Florida. Dane was not blessed with a silver spoon at birth, so this trip was not going to happen. Making excuses to his friends, he would stay there and catch up on his studies. Between football, practice, and school there was little time for anything else.

Chemistry was anything but interesting to Dane. Lateral passes and good strategy against the other team is what played through his mind. Now there were the legs and what might have been a provocative overture from his English professor woven into the thoughts of what he should be thinking about.

Reading in bed never seemed to work out well and this time was no exception. Holding Donna close he could smell her perfume and feel her curves under her dress as they danced at some function. Her laugh at his jokes and her smile captivated him. Running his hand down her back caused her to wince slightly as if she was anticipating his next move. Should he place his hand lower, dare he? Her firm bottom was now beneath his fingers as he skillfully guided her around the dance floor. Her enticing smile at his actions soon found the two in the backseat of his car parked close to the ocean.

Squirming under his affections, the lacy black bra was quick work for his skilled fingers. Her more than ample mounds of milk white cleavage seemed to breathe a sigh of relief after being released from their bindings. Her smile and delight from his face as he gently started to kiss her between her breasts had Dane ready for the next step. Looking into her face the color disappeared as a familiar chiming sound invaded his thoughts. Still, in his clothes, the curtain over his bed danced in the breezes from the open window facing the north lawn. The reality of life was now a hard truth. In an hour he would be facing Miss. Joyce again and she would be fully dressed and expecting something from him.

His dream had left him cramped inside his jeans, making it a somewhat awkward trip to the communal bathroom down the hall.

The steam from the shower hit him as he opened the door to find the figure of his friend Mark in the Shower.

“What happened to you last night?” Mark asked as he shampooed his hair.

“I had some studying to do and ended up falling asleep trying to read that boring ass book.”

“Dude, you can’t read in the bed, try some Red Bull and just get through it.”

“It is not only that book which has me troubled but that chemistry, that is boring too!”

“Oh yeah, I heard about him calling you out.”

“Who said something?”

Stepping into the shower, the athletic body of Dane dwarfed Mark. Mark now appeared like the proverbial nerd.

“Marcie told me.”

“The redhead?”

“I think she likes you?”

“She giggles too much for me; I like people with a little more substance.”

“Never the less, she is going to Florida with Susan for Spring Break.”

“You like Susan don’t you?”

“There is nothing formal, we talk and work on some school stuff together from time to time.”

“At least she is not giggling all the time.”

“No, but that giggle is cute Dane, besides I think she is smart.”

Dane looked at him through a cocked eye.

“My budget does not include the money to go to Florida, and my parents are adamant about me not working so I can get through this in four years quickly.”

“You can share our room, that would bring the cost down substantially.”

“I cannot afford to get into any trouble, that scholarship would be gone in a heartbeat!”

“No trouble, a little fun in the sun, some beach dancing and volleyball, watching girls in bikini’s try and spike the ball...no trouble!”

“You are making a compelling argument my friend, are you going to be a lawyer?”

“If computer science does not work out, it is an option; my parents just want me to be happy. Since dad is an attorney, I think he would not mind me being part of his firm.”

“Why would you not want to be a lawyer?”

“That involves law school after this, that is just more than I can think about, what about you?”

“My parents would love for me to go into agriculture, but I am not sure that is what I want to do.”

“You probably already know a bunch of that from growing up on a farm,” Mike said.

“And that my friend is why I am thinking about a different venue altogether.”

“What is your passion?”

“Journalism interests me some, but I am going to make it as a quarterback somewhere.”

“Dude, you need to have a fallback plan, and if farming is not your thing I would go with something that you are passionate about.”

“Journalism than, any good professors here for that class?”

Mark looked at him and started to laugh.

“What is so funny?”

“Guess who the best teacher is in that subject?”

Dane looked at him as his countenance sunk, “Miss. Joyce?”

“Yep, better charm her old buddy!”

Normal

"You were apparently not paying attention today," Susan said.

"Why do you think that?" Mark asked.

"Never mind, what is on your mind anyway?"

"I was talking with Dane about spring break and got to thinking about it myself."

"Just what are you thinking?"

"Susan, I enjoy spending time with you, I was looking forward to spending some time with you in Florida."

"What is so unique about Florida?"

"Sand, ocean and you in a Bikini for starters."

Susan blushed at his admitting the truth of it.

"What is your favorite color?"

"Why?"

"I still need to purchase a bathing suit so, if you have a favorite color, I will keep that in mind."

"So you like me too?"

"Dah! I am also looking forward to the sand ocean and you in only some shorts."

"I am not the athletic kind Susan."

"I don't know what you are talking about, what I see and know of you, I think you are fantastic."

"If Dane comes I think you will see the difference; I shower with him on occasion."

"I never understood why the boy's bathroom has showers like that and the girls are private."

"I don't think guys care too much about stuff like that unless of course, they are gay."

"I won't even see Dane, so stop worrying."

"What do you mean you won't see him, he will be there I hope."

Mark, I might see him, but I won't "see him" does that make sense?"

"Like I might see Marcie but will not be looking at her, is that what you mean?"

"This will test things, she is much curvier than I am, if you focus on me we might have something."

"Dane is much more masculine than I am, so ditto."

The short blond moved over close to Mark and curled up in his lap placing his arms around her. "This feels right!" She said.

Their relationship had gone from a fundamental friendship to something more than uncomplicated, and now he knew it.

"I think Marcie does want Dane to come; I believe she likes him," Susan said.

"He has limited funds; I believe he is worried about that."

"There is a part time job board by the admitting office; there are people that that work at the school that needs handyman stuff. Since he grew up on a farm, he might make some extra cash that way." She said.

"I will tell him, his parents don't want him working but if they did not know...."

"College is about more than books and learning. It is about relationships and life and fun too. He should not be cheated from that aspect of it."

"I have some extra money; I will convince him. Dane is a great guy."

"Is this a bromance?"

"If I were gay I could see it. Of course, he is far from that, so anyone that approached him like that would probably get their ass kicked."

"I don't see him as a violent person or even one that condemns that kind of thing."

"We have not talked about it; it has not come up."

"Has he said anything about Marcie?"

"Don't repeat this but he thinks she giggles too much."

"Aww, I think it is adorable the way she is so good natured."

"If he sees her in a bikini, I think he will forget about her giggling."

"So you have noticed her!"

"Susan, yes I have seen her and about four hundred other girls here, it is you however that is in my lap."

"Forgiven good sir, right answer."

"Red by the way."

"Red?"

"Favorite color."

"Susan smiled thinking about how skimpy of a bathing suit she should get. How naughty could she be and still keep the respect of her classmates."

"Find out Dane's for me; we will have to do a little maneuvering to make this work."

“Does Marcie have a thing for him?”

“Earth to Mark, there are probably four hundred girls on campus that have a thing for him.”

“I thought he might be attractive, but I had no idea,” Mark said.

“I am sure that is why Marcie giggles, she is nervous around him.”

“How skimpy of a bikini should I get?”

Mark was clearly uncomfortable with that questions. Was this a setup?

“Susan, I really don’t know about such things. My sister never asked me about anything like that, so I have no input worth mentioning.”

“Your sister would never ask her brother about such a thing. What would you like to see me in?”

Mark pulled her hair back making the way to her lips. Gently kissing her she could feel the bulge in his lap grow. “I think I should leave now before this gets out of hand Susan. I think I will trust your good judgment and I will find out his favorite color.”

Susan was trying hard not to giggle herself. The kiss was magical, but the response was so much more fun!

Getting up, she saw him to the door, noticing the bulge was still there she tried not to appear like she noticed. “Good night Mark!”

With one more quick kiss, Mark turned to escape the situation into the calm night air.

The Spider

"Ok, I think I understand what you are asking for," Dane said.

"I believe that you have an idea what I am looking for; you apparently should find a tutor, however; if you expect to make it through this class Mr. Stewart."

"I thought I was better at this than what I am. Where do I start?"

"I can give you some pointers, but I don't have the time to tutor you, Dane."

"I was looking at the job board at the admin office; I saw you were looking for some handyman things done. Could we work out a barter arrangement?"

Looking up at him making eye contact, Donna was unmistakably amused by his idea. "Do you have skills in that area?"

"I grew up on a farm Miss. Joyce; you learn to be handy."

"Why were you looking at the job board? Do you need money for something?"

"My parents are against me taking a job as they want me to focus on school and get through in four years. I thought if I could pick up a little money here and there, it might help."

"If you need money and your parents don't want you to work, why not just call them like most college kids and put the bite on them?"

"I don't want to be like those kids. I have a budget for normal activities just not extracurricular activities."

"Spring Break, you want to do something for that!"

"My roommate is trying to get me to go with him and a few others to Florida."

"I see, have you ever done anything like that before?"

"No, never actually left Iowa until this year."

"Girl back home?"

"The neighbor girl and I are friends but nothing serious. Why do you ask?"

"Dane, spring break is typically testosterone, estrogen, and semen with some alcohol to loosen things up."

"I had no idea; I expected sand, ocean, and volleyball with some of the others, from other colleges."

"It starts innocent enough but, some of those kids are not even legal to drink much less should they be doing this."

Donna pushed back from her desk as once again her dress exposed her legs up to just below her thighs. Dane once again looked at her and then back into her face.

“Do you like what you see Dane?” She asked point blank.

Blushing somewhat he looked back at her, “I do actually, this is going to get complicated isn’t it?”

“You’re not as much of a rube from the country as I thought you were.”

“I would like to think I am not a rube but, I will be honest with you and tell you that I have never been with anyone,” Dane said.

“If I agree to help you in this, and other areas, I want to know if you can keep a secret?”

“I believe that I can ma’am.” He said.

“Splendid, remember that “ma’am” part, it is critical to our friendship.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Dane, I want you to think about this before you agree, I assume you know what a madam is?”

“A woman in charge?”

“Yes, and you know what happens to bad boys who are late?”

“I think I can guess Ma’am.”

“Does that interest you?”

Dane’s stomach was doing flip flops as he looked at her while taking a peek down her low cut blouse.

“All that is earned Dane,” she said Noticing his gaze at her.

“There is something about you that interests me, ma’am,” Dane said.

“You should probably read another book before you decide if this, interest you or not, you may have to find this one online.”

“What should I look for?”

“Look for a book about England’s infamous dominatrix. I will expect a verbal report on it. Do you agree?”

A shudder went through him thinking about what she had in mind. The view of her ample cleavage and incredible legs made Dane want more. The mystery of who she was, had overtaken his trepidation about the subject she was talking about. “I will look for it.” Ma’am he said.

Smiling at him, she glanced at his fly to notice that it was straining under the internal pressures from within. “I will be leaving here Friday at 2:45. I will be at this address at 4.” She said looking at him while handing him a card. If you are at this address at four sharp; then I know you have agreed to our terms. If not, I only ask that you never speak of this to anyone. This would cost me my job, and I have no intention of losing that. I would, in fact, deny it, do you understand?”

“I do.”

“Standing now face to face she looked at him in the eyes. I can teach you so much more than prose and grammar Dane Stewart.”

“That is good because I think I want to major in journalism.”

“She looked at him in a new light shaking her head; then you had best be excellent at keeping secrets and being on time!”

Leaving her room, Dane had beads of sweat on his forehead. “What have I just agreed to?” He thought.

Donna sat back down at her desk with a huge smile on her face. That was fun, let’s see how much I stirred him up!

Wednesday morning came way too soon as Dane was dreaming wildly about Friday. “I am not going to show, that would be just too nuts.” He thought in the morning light.

Making his way through the first two classes, he ran into Mark. “Dane, have you thought any more about Spring Break?” “I figured I had a source of extra money, but I don’t think that is going to pan out.”

“Dane, Susan and I are turning into a thing. She said that Marcie likes you, this could be a fine time!”

“I don’t know how I feel about her Mark.”

“Susan asked me my favorite color; she is going to buy a bikini in that color.”

“I think you would look strange in a bikini Mark,” Dane said laughing at him.

“You know what I mean.”

“Sorry I could not resist, what has all that got to do with me?”

“Marcie is her roommate, and will be there, Susan said to find out your favorite color.”

Dane thought for a second, Marcie was well put together. Seeing her in a bikini might be worth the extra effort.

“Ok, Blue, tell her blue. I guess I can come up with the funds from somewhere.”

“Did you check that job board thing?”

“Yes ... I have a gig Friday night ... Doing some handyman stuff.”

“Wow, do you have tools?”

Dane thought for a minute, “I think she has all the tools that I am going to need.”

“She?”

“Dr. Joyce needs some handyman stuff done.”

“Can she use more than one person?”

“No, as a matter of fact, I am not supposed to talk about it, so forget what I told you ok?”

“Why would she care?”

"I think it is because she is single and does not want to start any rumors."

"If you do anything with her that is worth a story, will you hook a buddy up?"

"Yea, I think this is more carpentry, roof repair or something like that. I told her that I was thinking about journalism, so I am really in for it."

"Dane, she is a beautiful person. She has been at this school for years. She is tough, and a bit of a control freak from what I am told, but she is fair and kind."

"Control freak, right. Umm, how much money do you think I need for spring break?"

"Dane just get what you can; I can make up the rest for you. Besides, when you become a famous quarterback you won't forget me with tickets will you?"

"Mark, I hope that our friendship lasts many years to come. I would really like to have you and your family come watch me play."

