**Teaching Eden**

by EmilyMiller

**Teaching Eden Ch. 01: The School**

*Eden has a new job, and a lot of interesting new colleagues.*

It was a long drive. Eden had time to think. This was what she had been working towards. Bachelors, tick. Masters, tick. Classroom experience, well that had been intense, but tick. Her certificate, tick. And then find a first proper job, well tick as well. And what a job!

Eden still couldn't really believe it. She knew there was a chronic shortage of High School math teachers, but she had not expected to be offered a position at a prestigious private school. Not with her lack of track record. She had only applied very speculatively, but the interview -- which she was surprised to even get -- seemed to have gone brilliantly. And now she was en route to her new home. That's right, accommodation was included as the school was remote; over two thirds of the students boarded. And this with no loss of salary. She had really fallen on her feet.

Sure it was a change to NYC, where she had got her post graduate qualification, and had her first experience of actual kids. And nothing was going to compare to her great aunt's co-op apartment, where she had spent two-and-a-half happy and illuminating years. Eden began to feel slightly tingly at the memory, but told herself to focus on the road. Quiet would be good after the bustle of the big city. She could do with life being a bit less full on; at least for a while. And she loved the outdoors, the location offered so many opportunities for hiking and climbing. It was going to be great.

The job was going to focus on eleventh and twelfth graders. Cool as the more advanced topics were of greater interest to her. But also probably a challenge, as she had mostly taught ninth and tenth while gaining experience. Still the school clearly believed that she could be successful. Eden didn't plan to let them down.

Another thirty minutes according to her 'phone, which was wobbling slightly on one of the dash vents. Eden hoped that she would create a good first impression.

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'Well so much for first impressions.' Eden thought. 'Could that have been any more embarrassing?'

It was early September and still warm. A floaty summer dress had seemed like a good idea when Eden had left the heat of Manhattan. It was still warm upstate, but a breeze flowed down the Hudson River Valley. As Eden struggled to get her suitcase out of the car, it gusted and her dress became a little too floaty.

"Ah, Miss Baker, welcome to Burnell."

Eden dropped her case, pulled her wayward dress down over her ass, and turned to see the Principal's extended hand and smiling face. The smile, which fell short of a leer, but not by that much, told Eden he'd seen rather more of her than at interview.

Blushing deep red, she shook his hand. "Pleased to be here Mr Pedretti."

"I knew you were the right girl for the job. I'll let you settle in. Can I get someone to help you with your luggage?"

Eden was less than delighted to be called a girl at twenty-five, and his manner was not exactly professional. But she was too flustered to remark on the rather paternalistic term or suggestive phraseology. And her dress was still flapping in the wind; she gripped the hem. "Some help would be most welcome. Thank you."

"I'll have Mr Reaser, he's the caretaker, do the heavy lifting. But your accommodation isn't here in the main building. It's the small house over there, the left hand one. It's only a thousand feet, but best to keep some distance between the live-in teachers and the pupils, don't you think? Especially ones who look like you. Here is the key."

Eden was too astonished about the accommodation to object to the objectifying. She had been told that she would be provided with living space, but her own house? She could see from here that it was indeed tiny. But still, a house! Her irritation with the Principal rapidly evaporated.

"Oh, thank you. That's... that's wonderful. I guess I'll drive over there."

"And I will send Mr Reaser to you shortly. By the way, Miss Huisman, our head coach, is in the other house. You may run into her. There is dinner for the staff at 7pm. It's not mandatory, but maybe as it is your first day... A chance to meet your colleagues, perhaps?"

"Yes, of course. I will see you then, Mr Pedretti."

"Excellent. And let's hope that the wind has dropped by then, shall we?"

Before Eden could answer, he turned and walked into the main building.

Well, thought Eden, 'I guess it could actually have been worse in one way, at least I'm wearing panties.'

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The house had a rustic look to it. But, as Eden closed the door behind her, she had to suppress a squeal. It was perfect. Clean and cozy and -- most of all -- hers. Hers because of her own hard work, not a relative's home to look after temporarily. Hers. Eden felt quite grown-up.

The first floor had a small living room, with a comfortable leather couch, two other chairs, upholstered in a floral material, a glass coffee table, and -- in a concession to modernity -- a modest flat screen TV. There was also a well-appointed, if not capacious, kitchen. From here, steps descended to a finished basement with a washer and dryer. From the living room, stairs ascended to the second floor. Here was a large bedroom, a smaller one, used as an office, and a slightly old fashioned, but functional, shower and bathroom. Eden was in love.

The buzzer rang and she ran down to open the door.

"Hi, I'm Reaser. The boss said something about a case." He was a large man, late thirties, maybe early forties. He loomed in the doorway. Eden was initially taken aback, but Reaser's face seemed open, kind even.

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Eden, Eden Baker."

The caretaker paused before taking Eden's offered hand. Perhaps he was unaccustomed to first names, or maybe just to social niceties. "Eli, my name is Eli. Good to meet you too. So this case?"

"Oh, of course. Let me show you."

They walked to Eden's ancient Corolla. "I got it in OK, but I think I pulled a muscle doing it. When I tried to get it out, it hurt like fuck."

Eden clasped a hand to her mouth. "I'm so sorry. I don't know what I was thinking."

Reaser seemed more animated than at any earlier point. "Don't worry, miss. I don't mind the word, nor the meaning of it. But, some advice, maybe not in front of Mr Pedretti." He gave Eden a half smile and lifted her luggage out one handed without seeming to expend any real effort.

"Upstairs, I assume?"

Reaser's previous words were still ringing in Eden's ears. "What? Oh, right. Yes that would be great. Thank you."

The caretaker ascended and descended rapidly. "Well, if you need anything... Eden. Then just ask."

"Thank you, I will."

Reaser turned and another figure appeared from behind his substantial body. A female figure in sweats, with Burnell emblazoned on her top.

"Afternoon, Reaser," said the newcomer brightly. He grunted at her in reply, and started to walk back to the school.

Eden realized she was being rude. "Thank you again, Eli." The caretaker waved a hand without turning or slowing his pace.

"Right, Sums is it?" The woman, whom Eden guessed was Huisman, had an English accent, but not one that she could place.

"Sums?"

"You're the new maths teacher, right?"

"Oh, I see, sums. Yes, that's me. Eden Baker. And you must be Miss Huisman."

"Michele. Call me Michele." The two women shook hands. Huisman was a vigorous shaker.

"I'm sorry if I'm being rude, but your accent. What part of England?"

"The UK, Sums. It's not just England. My family were originally Dutch, but we've lived in God's own country for generations."

"I'm sorry, where?"

"Yorkshire, Sums. Sheffield to be precise." She smiled, a wide and friendly smile. "Don't worry, I seldom bite. Unless..." she left the word hanging, still holding Eden's hand as she spoke.

Eden was lost for words. The head coach seemed to be a force of nature.

"Don't just stand there gawping, Sums. You'll be late for tea, I mean dinner. Speaking of which, I need to do some work and then shower. See you there?"

Eden nodded and Miss Huisman strode to her own house, a few hundred feet away.

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An hour or so later, as Eden placed panties neatly into a dresser, her mind went back to her interaction with the Principal. It had been embarrassing, yes. But, in the years since her summer at Whorey's Piers, Eden had learned more about herself. Flashing her new boss had been... stimulating.

As for wearing panties, that was the exception, not the rule anymore. It was more convenient to eschew underwear. That is, if your goal is to be semi-naked in public. If you wanted to masturbate while a stranger watched. No, panties were definitely an optional extra for Eden nowadays.

Her packing done, Eden headed for the shower. As warm rivulets ran down her body, she closed her eyes and thought about the thrill she had experienced flashing Mr Pedretti, albeit unintentionally. Her hand moved between her legs, setting new tingles running through her body.

Eden's musings moved on to the massive shape of Reaser. Of her own naked body swung over his broad shoulder, as easily as he had lifted her suitcase. She slipped one, and then two, fingers inside herself, moaning.

But the image at the forefront of Eden's mind, as she pushed herself closer to climax, was of Michele Huisman. The coach's hand holding Eden's. Her green eyes sparkling. Her light brown hair scraped back from her face in a sporty ponytail. Her obviously toned body not concealed completely by her baggy clothing. Her removing those clothes, letting Eden see what lay beneath.

Eden bit her lip, screwed her eyes shut, and panted and heaved as her fingers did their work. As she pushed herself into a realm of pure pleasure. When she came, she breathed one word: "Michele."

While she dried her hair. Eden wondered whether there might possibly be some added benefits to her dream job.

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Eden decided that discretion was the better part of valor and, for dinner, went with black pants and a burgundy, knitted, cotton top. Plus panties.

She entered what appeared to be an anteroom, leading onto the dining hall. A group of people stood, sipping wine. Mr Pedretti welcomed Eden and took her on a tour of her new colleagues, his hand in the small of her back. Again inappropriate, but -- if she was honest with herself -- Eden liked the feel of it.

Miss Huisman was standing with another woman and a man. The Principal made introductions. "I understand that you and Michele have met. This is Olivia Cohen, she's Drama. And this gentleman is Carl Gugino, Languages."

Eden exchanged pleasantries with the two teachers, but found her gaze shifting to the coach. She scrubbed up well. Her hair flowing over powerful, toned shoulders encased in a turquoise sleeveless top. Even through both this and her bra, the shape of Michele's nipples was easy to discern, as her fullness pressed against the lightweight materials. Eden's unaccustomed panties began to feel ever so slightly damp.

Mr Pedretti maneuvered Eden around the room. She met specialists in English and Art and Science and History and Music and Technology and Social Studies. There was no way she would remember all the names. There was also the non-teaching staff who focused on finance and security and admissions. Even Mr Reaser was there, though standing rather uncomfortably by himself.

The Principal spoke above the general chatter and invited everyone to sit down. Walking into the hall, Mr Pedretti's hand steered Eden to a seat next to his. Mr Gugino sat on the left of her, with Michele and the Technology woman opposite; Eden had already forgotten her name. She felt a a little disoriented. Crowds of new people sometimes made her uncomfortable. Unless of course she was indulging her secret hobby. But everyone was nice. The food was surprisingly good and there seemed to be no shortage of wine.

Eden reined herself in on the alcohol front. She had her first class after lunch tomorrow and the last thing she needed was a headache. Around 9pm, she explained that she wanted to do some final class preparations, and then have an early night. Miss Huisman offered to walk back with her. Once away from the light of the main building, Eden felt Michele's hand clasp hers briefly.

It was just for two seconds, a squeeze that she held momentarily, and then released. The coach's head was tilted down, gazing at the path ahead. "Was that OK, Sums? I sort of got the vibe earlier."

"It's more than OK, it's nice, Michele. But I'm tired from the drive, and I do really have some work to do. Can we take a rain check?"

Michele smiled, her eyes still facing forwards and down. Eden was glad she had not offended her new friend. "That's fine, Sums. Why don't I leave it to you, OK?"

"OK, thanks." With that, Eden pecked the other woman on the cheek and turned left while Michele turned right, each heading for their respective homes.

Later, Eden was struggling to concentrate. Feeling she maybe needed to get something out of her system, her hand slipped into her PJs. She wriggled back into the couch and moved her legs a little further apart. Yes, this was what she wanted. Visions of green eyes swam through her mind as her fingers played out a familiar tune on an intimate instrument.

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Eden had arrived the day after Labor Day. Her first class was thus on the Wednesday. And it was a short week. It was tough, children -- even the older ones -- love to test out the new teachers. Sometimes Eden didn't feel that much older than her students. But she coped, she found a way, she hoped she began to win some hearts and minds.

But Saturday could not come quickly enough. Two whole days of downtime. The weather was fine, the blustery conditions had abated. Summer seemed to want to have one more glorious weekend. Eden had no big plans, the grounds of the school were extensive, encompassing woodland, grassy areas, and meadows sporting the last bloom of wild flowers. There was even a lake, long, thin, and concealed by thick growth of trees.

Eden set out in the sunshine, her summer dress on above light hiking shoes. Water, a sandwich, a blanket, a towel, and her Kindle were in her sack. The sky was blue and, when a puffy cloud didn't occlude it, the sun was unseasonably warm.

She did various loops, exploring the different terrain and the boundaries of the estate. After what must have been a few miles, the sun had risen higher, and Eden found a shady place beside the lake. She read a little, but it was still hot and the air was heavy. The cool, calm surface of the lake called to her.

Eden was somewhere in the center of the long side of the lake. She could see neither the left nor right shore, while the one in directly in front of her was barley 30 feet away. She briefly scanned her surroundings. Eden wasn't shy, the opposite, but also conscious that she was new in role and didn't want to gain a reputation. All around her seemed still and quiet. Pulling off her shoes and ankle socks, Eden unbuttoned her dress. For today, she had reverted to her no underwear norm, and so stood naked at the side of the lake, enjoying the sun on her bare skin.

She stepped tentatively into the water. It was cold, then that was what she wanted. Her caution was more around whether the bed was muddy or covered in rotting vegetation. However, it seemed to have been dredged at some point, and her feet felt only smooth stones and less smooth gravel as she waded out. She thrilled as the cold water splashed against her pussy. The center was deep enough for Eden to swim and she splashed up and down, her amateur attempts at backstroke allowing the sun to warm her face.

Refreshed, Eden made for shore. As she did there was a rustling sound behind her. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Michele on the far shore, dressed in running kit. She had seen Eden already and stopped dead in her tracks. Eden waved, aware that her nude ass was fully on display.

"Hi, Sums. Enjoying your skinny dip?" Their proximity meant the coach had no real need to raise her voice.

"I am Michele, why not come join me?"

"Not a big swimmer if I'm honest, Sums. I could run round to where you are, but it will probably take twenty minutes."

"I could come over to you, I suppose. Then Eden had another idea. "Actually, why not just stay where you are for a few minutes first?"

Eden turned and walked back to her belongings, rapidly toweling herself dry. Then she sat on her blanket, facing Michele and leaned back on her elbows, moving her knees apart.

"Well, Michele," Eden said with false coyness. "Twenty minutes? Hmm... Maybe I could encourage you to record a new personal best." As she spoke, Eden moved her legs a little further apart and stroked her wispy pubes gently.

"Whatever works for you, Sums." Michele was clearly trying to appear nonchalant, and equally obviously failing miserably.

Eden smiled to herself, more than aware of the effect she was having on her colleague. The situation was having an effect on her too. She ran her finger-tips between her inner labia and transferred the moisture to her mouth. Michele stood statue-like on the far shore.

Eden lay back, wanting to use both hands. But remained acutely aware of the other woman's gaze. She found her clit with one hand and slipped two fingers from the other into her dripping opening. As she began to moan, Eden made sure her noises were loud enough to carry across the water.

Knowing Michele's eyes were on her added the extra zest that Eden loved. She felt her body responding to her own digits, but also to the delicious feeling of being watched as she pleasured herself. The exquisite combination meant that she didn't take long. As waves of intensity pulsed through her convulsing body, she made sure of one more thing. As she crested her climax, she intoned a single word.

"Michele!"

Raising her head, Eden saw her friend, a hand down her running shorts, and her face flushed red.

"Fuck, Sums! I'm going to see if I can get to you in fifteen."

With that, she leaped into the woods and Eden lay back down. Luxuriating in the sun and anticipating Michele's imminent arrival.

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