

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 16: Lauren - Cougar in Heat

Across campus, Lauren was having a very interesting day. She had spent the morning following the work schedule in her head and walking into classrooms to teach economics and entrepreneurship.

In each class the students were perplexed to find a random middle-aged woman that they had never seen before, toss her briefcase on their professor's desk and instruct them to open a text book that none of them owned.

In a few cases the actual professor of the course had walked in to find Lauren lecturing and left, assuming that their classroom had been reassigned. But on many occasions Lauren found herself in a shouting match with the instructor of the actual class. They would insist that this was their room and their students and Lauren would bellow back that she's been teaching the same schedule for the past 10 years.

Later in the afternoon, after being kicked out of a half a dozen classrooms, the 48-year-old fading blonde waddled out to the parking lot with a box of books that she had taken out of a room she believed to be her office. Her flabby older arms and back struggled to carry the heavy box and she was relieved to see an attractive grad school guy pass by her on the steps.

“Oh excuse me! Young man!” She called out to him.

He turned around and looked at her surprised. He had been completely oblivious to the fact that she was there, as he was with any woman over 40 that he walked by.

“Ma'am?” He asked.

Lauren scoffed.

“Well, first of all, you don’t have to call me ‘ma’am’. That word should be expunged from the dictionary!... Secondly, would you be a dear and help me take this box to my car?” The matronly woman asked, blowing her graying bangs out of her eyes to get a good look at him.

The 20-something nodded and quickly hurried over to take the box of books out of the older woman’s arms.

“Sure thing ma-uh Professor.” He said dutifully.

She smiled at him, relieved to no longer be holding the heavy object.

“Good boy... I’m parked right over here.” She said beeping the button on her car key.

She led him to the SUV she had gotten from her parents as a high school graduation present three years ago. In her mind, however, she had bought the car for herself as a bit of a mid-life crisis.

The grad-student looked into the car as Lauren opened the door for him to put the box down in the back seat. There was an open box of tampons back there as well as a dirty pair of thong panties on the floor. In the passenger seat was some swag from a current hip-hop artists concert.

“Uh... is this your daughter's car?” He asked out of curiosity.

She tilted her head, looking at him confused.

“No, this is my car... why?” She asked.

He struggled to say that everything about the contents and condition of this vehicle screams college girl's car but didn’t want to be rude.

“I mean... I let my daughter and her friends borrow it sometimes...” Lauren added.

The young man nodded. Mystery solved.

“You know, my daughter’s friends and I have a lot in common... like the same taste in boys...” The middle-aged woman purred with a wink and then playfully slapped the man on his firm behind.

The grad-student jumped in surprise and grinned at this cougar totally coming on to him. He had no idea that normally she was about 4 years younger than him!

Minutes later the boy and the woman who was old enough to be his mother were passionately ducking in a supply closet in the science building.

“Come for mama! Come for mama! Oh yes!” Lauren bellowed in a husky voice.

Shortly after they were getting dressed again and smiling at each other with flushed faces.

“So uh, Professor what?” He asked as he pulled his shirt back on.

“Hmmm?” She asked, rebuttoning her blouse.

“Your name, I didn’t get your name... My name is-” He began to say, holding out his hand to her.

She quickly pressed her finger to his lips.

“No names! I don’t want you signing up for one of my classes next semester. You can just continue calling me Professor and I’ll call you ‘Book Boy’ if I ever want to call on you for this kind of thing again... it’s better this way. Sexier.” She said with a wink and then walked out of the closet without waiting for a response.

The young man had to hand it to her - she had a point!

Lauren got into her car and drove to happy hour at a bar just off campus where the faculty typically liked to drink. A few gin and tonics in she began to feel the itch for some more spontaneous sex like she had just had with that college boy.

She looked across the bar and saw a bald man throwing back whiskeys. He looked sweaty and pathetic and around her own age.

“He’ll do.” She thought with a smirk.

She didn’t even bother to introduce herself. She just flirtatiously walked her fingers across the shoulders of his suit jacket and when he turned around, she loosened his tie for him and gestured to the bathroom.

A few minutes later when the man timidly entered the ladies room she pounced on him like a cat in heat and began to shower his bald head with kisses.

Soon she was having anonymous sex in a confined space once more, albeit with a much less attractive partner. Being perimenopausal her biological clock was throwing her sex drive into overload.

“Uh... do you work at the school...?” The sweaty bald lawyer asked.

“Uh huh...” Lauren purred as she bounced on top of him, groping her own saggy chest.

“That’s interesting. I work there too - I’m head counsel for the university... You know, I don’t think I’ve seen you around on campus before - which, I suppose isn’t that strange, it’s a big school! I’m sure there are lots of folks there that I’ve never met... but you do look awfully familiar.” He rambled as she rode him in the stall.

“Uh huh... maybe a little less talking and a little more thrusting...” She purred with a forced smile.

“Oh right... it’s just going to bother me for days trying to figure out who you remind me of... I’m Ted Macguff by the way!” He said, awkwardly reaching out to shake the woman’s hand as they fucked.

Lauren let out an exasperated sigh at the fact that she told him her name. She tepidly shook his hand and then pulled off of him. The mood ruined.

“Oh uh, you’re done. Okay! I guess I’m a bit rusty... haven’t really done anything like this since my divorce... you’re really beautiful by the way!” He said with a warm smile.

He leaned in to kiss her and Lauren faded back away from him, dodging the kiss. She quickly brought her panties up her cellulite-riddled legs.

“Yes, well, thanks anyway...” She said, sounding disappointed.

“Hey! I never caught your name or what you do on campus!” He said, oblivious to how badly he had botched this.

Lauren was about to give him her line about it being sexier to not know her name but then sighed, he had already told her his and let’s be honest - she was NEVER going to hook up with this short, sweaty, bald, middle-aged loser again.

“It’s Professor Sterling. I teach economics and entrepreneurship at the business school.” She said trying to be civil - he was her co-worker, after all.

Mr. Macguffy snapped his finger and pointed at her.

“That’s who you remind me of! That student Sterling! With the sexy webcam!...” He said, happy to have figured out who she looked like. “I uh... had to watch her and her friends - for work! It’s a whole thing. The Dean’s put them on a secret probation and give them Kinsey House to see if she can give them enough rope to hang themselves with!” He blabbed as he pulled up his pants.

“What!?” Lauren asked, shocked by what he just told her.

“Heh yeah. I mean - you didn’t hear it from me but the Dean’s looking for a way to kick all those girls out. Thinks what they’re doing is hurting the

school's reputation - though she can't say that because, you know the world we live in - it's all gotta be 'body-positive' and 'respectful of people's lifestyles'." He said as if those were wacky concepts in his opinion.

"I can't believe her..." Lauren fumed.

"Hey - but you really do look like the ringleader of these girls... I mean, with an added 30 or so years of course! ... You're not her mom or aunt or something right?" The lawyer gulped, realizing that he might have blabbed to the wrong person.

Lauren didn't respond, instead she just marched out of the bathroom and down to the Dean's office.

"Is she in there?" Lauren asked the Dean's secretary.

"Yes... Do you have an appointment?" The secretary responded, looking at the Dean's schedule book.

Lauren didn't bother to answer, she burst into the office, startling Dean Saunders who was sitting doing some online shopping at her desk.

"Excuse me! Can I help you...?" The Dean asked curtly.

Lauren shut the door behind her and folded her arms.

"Oh I know you can." The blonde woman said, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm sorry... do you have an appointment Miss....?" The Dean inquired, wondering who the hell this woman was.

Lauren marched right up to her desk and pointed a finger in the Dean's face. The Dean who was now around her own age.

"Cut the crap Rachel! First of all, it's *Professor Sterling*. Second of all I know about the secret probation you've put on the Cam U girls and i'm telling you -

they're good girls! You need to back off of whatever witch hunt you're doing with them!" Lauren stated firmly.

Dean Saunders raised an eye as she looked at the brash woman yelling at her. Then she caught the name she had given and saw the family resemblance in the lined face of the middle-aged woman leaning over her desk.

"Ah, you must be Lauren's mother. Well... I suppose this meeting was inevitable. Though honestly I thought - or at least *hoped* that you'd be on my side, considering the *smut* your daughter is publicly peddling." The Dean said smugly.

Dean Saunders moved around her desk, rotating her computer screen to face her uninvited guest in anticipation of needing to show this uninformed parent the filthy truth about her daughters 'extracurricular activities.'

"My *daughter* Lauren? No, *I'm* Lauren. I'm talking about the girls living in Kinsey House right now - Hannah, Amber, Kaitlyn, Courtney and Becca. The girls I oversee as den mother." Lauren explained, looking at the Dean like she had three heads.

She assumed that the Dean just couldn't be bothered to learn anyone's names including the universities tenured professors or even the students who she was threatening to have expelled.

"You're.... Lauren?" The Dean asked, perplexed but then brushed it off as perhaps a case of this woman naming her daughter after herself. "Where do you teach, Professor Sterling?" The Dean offered, trying to steer the conversation in a better direction.

This question seemed to upset the Dean's uninvited guest in a way that she hadn't intended.

"Are you kidding me Saunders!?! Here! I teach here! As I have for the past eighteen years! I was here before you got your cushy position and I'll be here long after the board cans your ass!" Lauren hollered.

Dean Saunders stood there speechless. She had been ready to respond with how camming sends the wrong message to students and that Professor Sterling wouldn't want them tainting the reputation of her own school but now she didn't know what to say. This Professor Sterling just seemed unhinged.

"...You work *here*. At this school?" The Dean asked warily.

Lauren pointed her finger at the woman.

"Don't try to gaslight me." The older blonde warned.

The Dean took a step back but her calm, cool demeanor didn't break. She examined the woman carefully. She clearly had to be Lauren, the student's, mother. The family resemblance was just too uncanny. Either that or this was Lauren herself from the future...

Dean Saunders' eyes widened as she looked at the woman and remembered what that odd duck, Andrew had said about giving the girls some maturity. Could this be... no, it couldn't... could it? Rapid aging like this wasn't possible.

"Ah yes... of course, Lauren. *Professor Sterling*. I'm sorry... I get names and faces a bit muddled sometimes..." The Dean replied, playing along out of morbid curiosity.

Lauren backed off a bit now that the administrator acknowledged who she was.

"Yes well, I suppose that happens a lot when you get to be our age." The aged blonde responded in a less hostile tone.

The Dean was staring at her now. She followed every line, blemish and folds on the older woman's face trying to imagine it 3 decades younger.

"May I ask, where did you study?" The Dean inquired wondering if the girl had a memory of being a student here.

Lauren looks surprised at the question.

“Well, I did my undergrad here and then post grad at Columbia.” Lauren responded.

The Dean smiled, nodding. So she did believe that she was a student here – just in the past.

“Hmmm, I also attended Columbia. I was there from ‘92 to ‘96. What years did you attend?” Dean Saunders asked.

“I was there from ‘95 through ‘99.” Lauren stated matter-of-factly.

The Dean’s mouth opened with a bit of wonder and bafflement. If Lauren had attended grad school in the late 90s that would put her age just shy of 50. Only a few years younger than the Dean herself!

Rachel Saunders snorted and begrudgingly thought that Lauren actually looked remarkable for a woman pushing 50. The Dean had been no beauty queen like Lauren Sterling had been in her younger days but had always thought that she had aged gracefully, but the blonde woman in front of her put her to shame. Then the Dean thought about how Lauren looked *terrible* for a girl of 21 and snickered to herself.

“What’s so funny?” Lauren asked, putting her hands on her wider hips.

The Dean shook her head still trying to make sense of it all.

“Oh nothing, it’s just... *you’re* Lauren Sterling.” Dean Saunders exclaimed gesturing to the peer in front of her.

“Yes, of course I’m Lauren Sterling. Rachel, we’ve spoken many times.” Lauren replied in exasperation.

“But you were my pain-in-the-ass student then.” The Dean muttered to herself.

“I’m sorry? What was that?” Lauren asked not hearing her but sure that she had just said something rude.

The Dean gave the miraculously aged woman a fake smile.

“Professor Sterling, please, forgive my manners. Would you like to sit?” Dean Saunders asked, gesturing to the chairs in front of her desk.

Lauren hesitated but then sighed and sat down. It would be nice to be off of her feet for a few minutes. Her body ached and her feet were throbbing. Women her age really should stop wearing heels!

The Dean walked back around her desk and sat back in her own chair.

“So you’ve been teaching here for almost two decades!” The Dean remarked.

“Yes, I’m happy to say I’m not the only woman on the business school's teaching staff anymore like I was when I started!” Lauren smirked.

The Dean nodded.

“You must have been incredibly fresh faced when you were first hired.” The Dean remarked ironically.

Lauren fluffed her hair and smiled demurely.

“I like to think that my face is still pretty fresh...” Lauren replied, silently reveling in the fact that she looked so much better than the worn down, bitter-looking Dean despite the fact that they were only a couple years apart. Some women just seem to let themselves go after 40...

“Oh of course... and you teach-” The Dean continued to probe.

“Can we stop talking about me and get back to the subject at hand!” Lauren interrupted.

The Dean’s mouth thinned and her eyes narrowed.

“The girls. Yes of course... Well, I don’t need to tell you that what they are doing is vulgar and reflects poorly on our student body at large. I need to act in the best interest of the institution and *all* of it’s students...” The Dean explained stiffly.

“There’s nothing wrong with the girls doing these shows. It’s empowering for them and let’s them celebrate their youth and their sexuality... I had one when I was their age!” Lauren tried to argue.

The Dean raised an eyebrow.

“You... had a cam show? When was this? The mid 90s? Did it require an AOL CD-rom?” Dean Saunders teased, curious to hear how the aged woman would rationalize it.

Lauren paused for a moment trying to remember how she did it at 21 back in the very early days of the internet.

“Well no... we filmed sexually empowering sex tapes on an old camcorder... but the concept was still the same - just because these girls have the opportunity to build a mass public following doesn’t make it wrong! Show me any actual wrongdoing. There’s no ‘morality clause’ in the student charter. This is a free speech issue and you know it! That’s why you’re doing this all in secret!” Lauren exclaimed passionately.

The Dean was about to angrily argue in response. No one talked to her this way! Especially not a student... except Lauren wasn’t her student at the moment, was she? The Dean took a deep breath and calmed down, flashing the woman across from her an almost sinister smile as she looked at the 48-year-olds softer jawline and saggy chest.

“Okay. You’ve made your point... I’ll ease up on the girls for a few days. Who knows? Maybe they’ll grow out of it by then. I mean, *you* stopped making your little smutty shows when you got older, right?” The Dean asked with a wicked grin.

“Hmph, well these girls are smart and self-confident. I don’t see them being deterred by agism in beauty standards. I think if you give them a chance you’ll see that we have as much to learn from them as they have from us.” Lauren said, standing up and marching out of the office purposefully.

Dean Saunders watched as the former coed stormed out still in awe of the fact that she had aged 30 years in a few days and didn’t even seem to realize it. She walked out of her office to her secretary's desk.

“Get Andrew Dobek on the phone right now. Tell him I need to speak with him...” The Dean said coldly before marching back into her office.