

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Fifteen: Back To School Sales

The room was bright with sunlight when I woke up the next morning. Shit, was it the next morning?! I scrambled, looking around for my phone. There it was in its usual place on the nightstand, reassuring me that it was shortly before noon on Sunday. It had been nine hours or so since I had let Abbie dose me with Serenex. I had no recollection of anything since.

My own bedroom. That, I wouldn't have expected. Alone. Even less expected. The clothes I'd worn last night were wadded up on the floor, but no one else's. Usually when a woman stayed the night there was a scent that remained after, but there was nothing. In the bathroom, no water on the floor of the shower or in the sink. I walked the house, but no signs of occupancy either present or recent. No fresh notifications on my phone aside from a few work emails, the screen still open to my text conversation with Candy. I even checked to see if there was a fresh stack of papers in my handwriting sitting on my desk, or maybe in my briefcase. Nothing. No Serenex to be seen, but I knew who'd had it last, and she could use it whenever she wanted. Nothing to worry about there. My hand was still a little sore from hand-writing out dozens of pages at Candy and Isa's dinner table, but it was better than last night.

Considering the condition in which I might have woken up, it was a good problem to have.

Hmm.

I made myself a sandwich and popped a few tylenol for my head. Last time Abbie dosed me, I'd figured it was simply a stress headache, but now I was pretty sure it was a side effect. Made sense, I suppose, if what Isa had said was true about the additives in the Serenex. I looked forward to asking her what all I'd ingested last night when I'd opened wide for Abbie. In the meantime, however, I was alone, and it was quiet, and a great many things had happened since those conditions had last been the case.

I reflected.

There were no memories, nothing after those few seconds of sputtering and grimacing at the taste. But did anything *feel* different? I focused on my emotions regarding Candy and Isa first. Still felt smug about my moral high ground approach. Still a little mad. Still frustrated I hadn't gotten that threesome in. Nothing that seemed new, no impulse to lash out at them, no sense of entitlement to their bodies. Little more than resentment at the two cunning bitches who'd duped me on our dinner date.

Abbie, then? Taylor? No. Still a pair of hot, scary brats. Cassie, no; Megan, no. Myself? Had they changed the way I saw myself? There was no fresh *rarr me no*

pussy-man brugga brugga bouncing around in there that I could tell. I didn't hate myself or love myself any more than I had last night. If I had some new compulsion, it seemed perfectly content to wait for me to rinse off my plate, do my exercises, reply to an email from Mrs. Adamson about Stephen's missing assignments, do a little grading.

Sure, I could simply pick up the phone, demand to know where the girls were and what they were doing. There was no real point to that, though.

After all, I could already see them.

It appeared Megan's absence was an on-going invitation for the Sterns to use the Brown house as a base of operations. Operations had expanded, even. My office window afforded a view of a steady stream of GHS students coming and going. I actually heard them before I saw them, hip hop music playing from Megan's stereo. In fact I smelled them before I heard them via the smoke rising from their charcoal grill. Somebody had put up a volleyball net, and it appeared the kids were simply enjoying a cookout on a pleasant spring day. All three of my girls were there, and it appeared the guest list included friends of each. I recognized most of them from my classes; I taught roughly two thirds of the senior English class sections, and my pupils were well-represented.

Whether it was a genuine effort to keep me at bay or simply kids being kids, I didn't know. It certainly imposed a requirement for distance. I couldn't very well walk over next door and ask to speak with Abbie when she was surrounded by her peers. As far as anyone knew, both she and her sister scorned the establishment as a whole, and Taylor me specifically. Cassie might not, but it would still be awkward to try to pull her away from her friends to question her. Plus, what was the rush? I felt fine. Curious as all hell, but if anything, my apprehension stemmed in large part from not feeling any immediate danger. Candy and Isa probably weren't having their best day, wherever they were, but they weren't crucified in my back yard or hanging from their ankles in my basement.

Oh shit, the basement! I sprinted down the stairs.

Whew. OK, nobody in the basement.

So there wasn't much to do but work. Work, and try not to peer out the window too often. Taylor was wearing a blue crop top, looking dynamite. Abbie wasn't far behind in a more overtly provocative bikini top and jean shorts. Cassie was the most conservative of the three in casual t-shirt and capris, but knowing that there were decent odds she was wearing a butt plug beneath them was something I couldn't easily forget. Frankly, there were a few other head-turners down there, too, but I had to keep from leering before I earned a reputation as some kind of peeping Tom.

So I took a cold shower and got back to work. Then when I found myself too distracted by the sight of Tabitha Hutchings' vain efforts to keep her breasts inside her bikini top between each spike of the volleyball, I took another one.

By early evening, the kids had moved inside. Probably drinking, or worse. Though again, nothing I could do about it. By nightfall, they were starting to disperse; every time I looked out the front window, there were fewer and fewer cars parked along the street. I was increasingly surprised Megan hadn't come back yet, but then she texted me to let me know her mom needed a little extra help, and would it be OK if I could give her an extra day. Oh, and keep an eye on Cassie for her. We'd partaken in an orgy not forty-eight hours ago, and here was this woman charging me babysitting her daughter when she knew I was fucking her.

My balls were turning brighter and brighter blue. Something else that could be laid in large part and Isa and Candy's feet. Wherever they were, I hoped Abbie and Candy hadn't heeded my counsel too closely.

At last, a little after nine, the only car left was the Sterns'. I let myself in.

Cassie was in the midst of cleaning up; Abbie and Taylor were on separate couches in the living room, both on their phones and looking in opposite directions. I had to clear my throat before anyone even acknowledged my presence.

"Mr. Canon!" Cassie squealed, running to me and giving me a tight hug. "How are you feeling?"

"Fine. Curious, but fine." I delivered my answer loudly enough to be overheard to the two sisters, but neither glanced up.

"Yeah, me too. Last night was *insane*, wasn't it? I guess you don't remember, after, but even before that. So crazy!"

If they wanted to give me the silent treatment, so be it. Cassie talked enough for all three anyway. "And after...? What happened?"

However, the loquacious young woman looked with not a little apprehension to her new friends, then back to me. "I don't really know. I went to the kitchen to keep an eye on Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour."

"Are they OK? What happened with them?"

"I don't know. I couldn't hear. They had me put in some earbuds and listen to music."

"You just let them...?" I looked at her agog. "So you mean you didn't overhear *anything*?" I looked through the opening to the living room. The non-reaction from the Sterns was, increasingly, a reaction.

"Nope. They cranked up the volume all the way."

"You weren't even curious what they were doing?"

Cassie shrugged. "I guess I didn't feel like making a fuss? They sprayed some of that stuff on my arm. It tingled a lot, but I didn't want them to put it in my mouth like the others, so I figured maybe I should play ball, let it slide."

That explained a lot. I'd gotten used to thinking of the contents of that canister as an ingested mind control agent that I'd almost forgotten you could simply splash

somebody with it and herd them like a sheep. Cassie might not even know it worked that way; her recollection was probably that she simply hadn't wanted more confrontation and so had simply chosen the path of least resistance.

Which meant that whatever the Sterns had done, they'd thought Cassie would oppose it. Regardless, she wasn't going to be any help.

I softened my expression, gave her a squeeze on the shoulder. "Thanks, Cassie. How are you doing? Everything all right?"

Oh crap. I'd asked Cassie Brown an open-ended question.

"I think so. Today helped. I really missed my friends. I've been so busy pleasuring you and watching porn that I barely saw anybody all week. Sort of weird to have a big party at my house, though. People kept going upstairs, and I don't know if they were having sex or doing drugs or what, but it was wild to think of either of those things happening here. I can't believe Justin Diggs was at *my* house! I used to have such a huge crush on him. Could you see his nipples? He took off his shirt for a while earlier, and he was so hot. Not that you're not attractive too, Mr. Canon. Was that rude? You're pretty hot, too, just in a different way. Honestly, my friend Philippa used to sort of have a thing for you. Not a *crush* crush, obviously, since you're a teacher, but she'd make these really gross jokes sometimes if she was over and she saw you working outside or something. I bet there's actually plenty of girls at school who think you're cute. You're way closer to our age than most of the boy teachers, and maybe you're not cut like Justin Diggs, but you're in good shape, and you have those big hands, those shoulders. I personally don't like that stubbly beard thing you have going on but I know most girls think they look good. Sort of prickly, though? Not my favorite. You have good hair, too. And not that people at school know but you have a pretty great shwing-shwong, too. Though a lot of people say size doesn't matter, so I don't know if a big cock is even a good thing or what. I definitely like it, but I think it's more the look than the feel of it, because it's all huge and RARR I WANNA FUCK YOU CASSIE, which I find really turns me on."

She took a breath. "So, yeah, to answer your question, if you wanna have sex, I am definitely up for it. Mom's not even going to be home tonight with Robby, so if you wanted to stay over here, that would be fun!" She bounced on the balls of her feet hopefully.

"I... we'll see." That did sound fun. There were more pressing matters first, however. Somehow. I gave Cassie a peck on the forehead and let her get back to tidying up the kitchen. On to the living room.

The Sterns still hadn't moved, their dedication to nonchalance so pronounced that simply walking into the room felt like I was pressing through a wall to get close to them. They were still dressed like they had been earlier, shorts with a crop top and bikini top respectively, yet their indifference to my presence was its own blanket.

“Good evening,” I said after a long moment in which neither so much as acknowledged my presence.

“Sup,” said Abbie. Taylor didn’t even go that far, twisting herself to face away from me.

“Can we talk about last night?”

Neither of them replied. A half-grin formed and left Abbie’s face at something on her phone.

“Fine. I’ll start. So I surmise the two of you didn’t like the decision I made.”

“Mm? Which decision might that be?” Abbie replied.

“How to handle Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour.”

“You made that decision?” She frowned, looking to Taylor curiously. “Do you remember him making a decision on how to handle Candy and Barbie, Tay?”

Her mouth said nothing, but her eyes spoke her displeasure clearly.

“We could have talked it out.”

“We *did* talk it out.” Abbie snickered. Taylor did not.

“You know what I mean. Come on. I thought we were getting along. Did I imagine that? And then over one disagreement, you tore it all down. I don’t get it.”

Abbie groaned. “Oh fuck, is he going to start talking about his widdle feewings now?” Taylor turned off her phone and sat up, facing me once more, but maintained the silent treatment in a display of the full measure of maturity I’d always presumed of her.

“It’s not a sign of weakness to have or to discuss feelings. Feelings matter.” Not wanting to sit all the way across the room but also not wanting to loom, I knelt in the middle of the floor, nudging aside a discarded pop can. “I know you’re very preoccupied with your notion of masculinity, forcing me ‘not to be a pussy’ and all that, but I think your definition of that word and mine vary significantly.”

“No shit, fuckwit,” said Abbie.

“Not being a pussy doesn’t mean trampling over everything in your path. It doesn’t mean hurting people to get what you want. It doesn’t mean you can’t ever make mistakes. Yes, it was stupid to trust those two. I see that now. But I think I turned that situation around pretty goddamn well, considering. At least I was, right up until the moment where you two stepped in.”

“Stupid?” Taylor shot the word out so suddenly, so fiercely I almost lost my balance. “Stupid is a pretty big fucking understatement. Every time we let you take charge of this, you fuck everything up until I – we – have to step in and fix it!”

“Fix it? You call that—”

“Fuck yes I do!” she thundered, on her feet. I rose to mine nearly as quickly. Eye to eye – there was no looming now, though we were both trying our best. “Don’t act like you had some epiphany or something, learning they were back-stabbing snakes. We *told* you not to trust them! But nooo, you wanted your little seduction game. Then when it

blew up in your face, who'd you call to come in and fix it for you? Me! Me and Abbie, again!"

"You?! That was *my* plan!"

"Oh yessir, Major General Canon, sir! You fucking asshole. *We're* the ones that marched into the home of a gun-toting taser-worshipping mother fucking *cop*, not you! You know if something had gone wrong, we could have been fucking *shot*, yo! And it ain't the first time we've had to step in either!"

"Oh my, I must have blinked and missed all those times you swooped in to save the day."

"Yeah, ya must've, 'cause it's been that way since day one. Who let it slide when you Serenexed my chapstick and leered at me like a simp? Me. Who kept Abbie from doing all the shit she wanted to do to you that first night at your house? Also me. Oh yeah, and who was it who refused to fill everyone in on the brilliant plan with Cassie's blackmailing bitch mom – no offense Cassie – and wound up fake-dosing Barbour in the first place?! Oh wait, that one was *you*! If you'd just let me handle it, last night never would have happened!"

"Right, because two years of witnessing your conduct in my classroom has filled me with confidence in your equanimity and grace under pressure."

Ever the class act, Taylor flipped me off, the other hand slapping her bicep. "Oh right, because in your head, *you're* the big damn hero for showing up last night after everything was nice and safe, right? Once we'd stared down the barrel of the taser, in you stroll, talking all that bullshit about burying McHatchfields and whatever the fuck. And you didn't mean a goddamn word of it!"

"Of course I meant it! Having someone at your mercy is not synonymous with withholding mercy! I don't share the compulsion of some in this room to bend every person I run across to my will!"

Her eyes widened in indignation, scoffing in audible sputters. "No, you know what? Fuck this. Fuck you, you ungrateful prick. C'mon, Abbie. We're getting out of here."

Abbie hopped right up, but I interposed myself between the girls and the door. "We are not done here, ladies! What did you do to Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour?!"

"Like I said, *I* took care of it, and I did it just the way you wanted. You can thank me later." She whistled. "Let's go."

I let them past me. It was a sad comfort that I felt like I could have stopped them if I had wanted to. I hadn't been entirely sure they'd left me in a condition to do that.

"Oh, man, and they didn't use coasters." Cassie bustled in, picking up their drinks and ferrying them back to the kitchen.

I went home. That night, I slept alone.

Monday at lunch I caught up with Candy and Isa. I'd emailed them an invitation to meet with me, even rather magnanimously let them pick the location, which in turn they magnanimously requited by agreeing to meet in my room. It was unlikely to be a merry occasion, but the fact was that the three of us worked together. If we were going to be able to continue to do so, it would be better to clear the air. Besides, I was brimming with curiosity over what might have been done to them in the interim. Taylor had said she'd done it my way, but I'd long since learned not to take Taylor Stern at her word. I half-expected to see the two women arrive with shaved heads.

They arrived together, hair intact. Isa was in her usual sharp, breast-concealing police uniform; Candy in a thin white top and a long blue floral dress with sandals, a smattered collection of marbled plastic bracelets adorning each wrist. Isa didn't disguise that she was looking me over to see if I had the Serenex pocketed. Likewise, I didn't pretend not to notice the conspicuous absence of her taser. (I didn't really think she'd use it on me here in the building, but I hadn't really thought they'd poison my gravy, either.)

Once everyone's most immediate suspicions were satisfied, we sat at three student desks, pulled together in a loose triangle. If we were a bit more distant from one another than when we'd met the week before, well, who could blame us.

"How are you two holding up?" I opened broadly. Would that I could simply open more directly with *What new marching orders are you following*, but it had occurred to me that they quite possibly didn't know about Abbie's betrayal. I didn't mean to inform them of my fallibility. These two already thought I was plenty fallible.

"We're doing all right, considering," Candy answered, just as broadly. Isa merely shrugged, nodded, took a bit of her salad.

Having been given nothing, I walked further out on my plank. "Do you feel OK? Nothing... weird? From the new commands, I mean."

"Don't get pushy, Canon. We're taking care of them. You can relax. I have to say, it's... ambitious. If you pull this off, it's going to be one for the record books."

I masked my consternation with a bite of my sandwich. Ambitious? Record books? "Any progress yet?"

They looked to one another, then back to me. Isa's laugh was openly disdainful. "It's been twenty-four hours, Canon. Relax. You'll be the first to hear when there's a progress update. We'll do our part. Not like we have a choice."

There was no obvious way to press further without revealing my ignorance. Was it paranoid to be preoccupied with projecting strength to these two? Probably not, considering what they'd tried to do to me. Being a teacher had taught me one lesson as well as any general at war: showing weakness invites aggression. "Keep me posted, then. And, um, the other commands?"

“You’re the one who put them in there. You tell us,” grumbled Isa. She fidgeted with her uniform.

“You... don’t remember?”

Her left hand formed a fist, pounding the desktop loudly. “Is that our fault, Canon? The obvious ones, we sort of figured out. The rest... I guess we find out when we find out. If we ever find out what all damage you did.”

So no hints there either. Not all that shocking; I didn’t know what all had been done to me either. Hell, I wasn’t sure I knew the full extent of Abbie’s meddling the first time she dosed me. Either way, I meant to make up with Taylor when we met after school anyway. Perhaps she’d throw me a bone and fill me in.

In the meantime, I projected strength. “Maybe it’ll be an improvement. Just you wait and see.”

“Improvement?” she snapped angrily. “Since when was it your place to ‘improve’ me? Or Candace?”

“You two didn’t hesitate to improve me.”

Candy chimed in, scowling. “You didn’t leave us a choice.”

Isa nodded her agreement. “But hey, you won, right? So don’t gloat. No need to be an asshole about it.” Her fingers were gripping the front edge of the desk now, brown knuckles turning white. Whatever had been done to them sure hadn’t done anything to curb her temper.

We each took a few bites in awkward silence. Isa’s attitude kept gnawing at me though. I’m the asshole? Hadn’t learned a thing from the last fight she’d picked with me, had she? What did she think I was, some kind of pussy? I am not a pussy.

“You know,” I finally said as I finished my sandwich, “you two could apologize.”

Her fork dropped from her fingers. “What? Did you just say *we* should apologize?”

“Yeah. I did.”

“For what, exactly? Tell me where I wronged you, you misogynist creep. Help me understand your poor plight.”

“Oh, I don’t know, for deceiving me? For poisoning me? For trying to turn me into a neutered shell of a man?”

“You poisoned us first!”

“Only to get your help! Aren’t you a public servant? Someone poisoned me, put me in a compromising position, and then I was being blackmailed! I had nobody to turn to!”

Isa’s beautiful face twisted into a malevolent snarl. “Public... you...” Her nostrils flared. For a moment, I worried she might actually attack me. Her body was trembling with rage. Candy watched the two of us, looking every bit as anxious as we were. Her skin was flushed bright pink.

“I’m sorry,” Isa mumbled.

“Uh, what?”

She lowered her chin to her chest. “I said, I’m sorry. Mr. Canon.”

I frowned. “What the hell game is this? Whatever it is, I’m not falling for it.”

“It’s... not a game. I’m sorry,” she muttered through gritted teeth. Her words sounded forced, but... who was forcing them?

I looked to Candy, but she was only staring at her girlfriend with a strange, wide-eyed expression. Was this the Serenex? It had to be. Some command to apologize, but only after I asked for it? That made no sense. Still, the sudden reversal was jarring, not at all the defiant street warrior who’d nearly made such a mess of my plans.

Time to test the waters, then. The murky, sepia waters. “How sorry are you?”

Isa’s hands twitched furiously. Her chin quivered. Her thighs... rubbed together? “Very, very sorry. I’ll apologize again, if you want.”

This was Serenex, all right. I didn’t understand it yet, but this wasn’t the butch badass who’d held her taser to my nuts Saturday evening. “On your knees, this time.” Go for broke, right?

I nearly jumped at hearing someone else’s voice. Oh right, Candy was still here. “Yeah. On your knees.”

Candy licked her lips, nodding. Not to second the sentiment. No, that nod was to second my command to plead forgiveness. She was too riveted by the sight of Isa slinking to the floor to see the look of shock on my face. In a tense voice that nevertheless inflected a modicum of contrition, she obeyed. “I’m very, very sorry.” She took a deep, tremulous breath, eyes squinting shut. “Sir.”

I hesitated, though. They had faked me out with shenanigans of this very sort before, right here in my classroom. “How do I know you’re not just fucking with me again? You could just be telling me what I want to hear.”

Isa looked up, and in her eyes, there was real worry. Not worry that she’d gotten caught, but worry that I didn’t accept her apology. “Tell me to do something I would never normally do, and I’ll do it.”

“Oh, we’ve been down that road. Flashing your tits doesn’t prove anything.”

She shook her head. “That was easy. It was private. I knew you wouldn’t show it to anyone because it would raise questions you can’t answer,” she explained. “So ask me to do something else. Something that doesn’t lead to you. Something that proves my sincerity to your complete, total satisfaction.”

Her eyes lowered themselves to the floor. “Sir.”

If I hadn’t been hard at the way she’d uttered the words *complete, total satisfaction*, the way it hit Candy sealed it. As her lover knelt, offering herself as a sacrifice, my colleague moved up behind me. Her breasts pressed against my back,

hands settling on my waist. She caressed me softly, bracelets clinking together in the quiet room as I contemplated my response.

“Well?” she murmured softly in my ear when I said nothing. “Go on.”

“Uh...” My lunch invitation had never been intended to elicit a response like this. An argument, sure. A fight, maybe. But to have Isa fall to her knees with remorse while Candy glowed with obvious arousal? This I had not planned for. My mind went a hundred directions at once with what I might use to test her. Some of it was barely coherent, and almost all of it a poor test of remorse. But I’d been horny for almost two solid days now, and that did a lot of my brainstorming for me.

Send a topless pic to your superiors. No – everyone on the police force.

Kiss my feet.

Sign over the deed to your house.

Tase yourself.

Give me a lingerie fashion show – with Candy. At a public boutique.

Blow me.

Throw that compression shirt and bra away, and unbutton your uniform halfway down. Dress that way every day from now on.

Slap Candy across the face.

Tattoo a cannon between your breasts.

Donate your last paycheck to Black Lives Matter. Tell all your cop buddies.

Call Cassie Brown to your office and remove her butt plug with your mouth.

Volunteer to your boss to do a sting as a hooker. Sound way too eager.

Shave your head.

Bend over my desk and

“... let me spank you.” That one finally got my brain excited enough that it bypassed all my filters and went right out into the open air.

“You mother...” But Isa’s words fell off in a moan as she doubled over, landing on one hand while the others rubbed between her legs. She shamelessly played with herself as we watched. It went on for at least a minute.

Meanwhile, Candy whimpered in my ear as we watched, hands roaming aggressively across my crotch with vigor equal to her lover’s as she softly humped me from behind. “Make her crawl,” she whispered.

Isa must have heard, because she hesitated, watching for confirmation. Her eyes flitted to her girlfriend passionately kissing my neck, shame blooming in her olive cheeks.

“Crawl.”

Officer Louisa Barbour crawled. She didn’t merely move on her hands and knees. No, it was a production. A show. The black pants of her uniform clung to round, muscular hips as she slithered across the room towards my desk, stopping at the base of

it to look back. Not that she had to go far. I'd followed right on her tail. When she got close enough, I pounced. With strength I hadn't known I had, I seized her by her belt, jerking her off the floor and even a bit into the air, then slamming her on the top of my desk. She grunted at the forceful treatment, but didn't make any effort to move. Once she caught her breath, she put her toes to the base of the desk to raise her ass up as high and available as it could be.

As for the pretty young social studies teacher, she gasped and fell backward on the floor, her floral skirt splayed wide as she vigorously masturbated, fingers rubbing her pussy in a veritable blur. Frustrated by their interference, she squirmed out of her panties, lowering them to mid-thigh so she could diddle herself unobstructed. "Spank her. Oh shit, Canon, spank her," she whined.

"Face forward," I commanded Isa. There was such rage in her eyes still, but she obeyed without hesitation. I let her wait for it, crossing the room to retrieve the yardstick I left in my marker tray. It was a relic of the woman who'd taught here before I was hired on, and typically only saw use when I was restless and wanted to gesticulate with it, or as a prop when there was a sword fight in a play. It made Shakespeare marginally less unbearable.

Today, it was going to smack a policewoman's ass red.

The only sound in the room came from between the thighs of my extradepartmental coworker. I took my time, adjusting desks out of our way, making sure I was standing in the right spot, using the right grip and swing to achieve the desired result. Finally, when I was satisfied everything was set right, my arm reared back. Candy gasped. It might well have been an orgasm.

"Apologize."

A tremor shook through Isa's body. "I'm very sorry, sir."

The air whistled as the yardstick whipped down on her defenseless buttocks, and a crack echoed across the room like a thunderclap. Isa bit her lip, a squeal of what might be either pain or pleasure not quite halted in time.

"Now thank me."

"Thank you, sir!" she murmured.

SHHHHWIP!

"Thank you, sir!"

SHHHHWIP! This time on the right only.

"Thank you sir!"

SHHHHWIP! And the left.

"Thank you sir!"

Her belt had to be undone, but she cooperated eagerly in removing it. Then I was free to lower her pants, revealing a pair of plain white cotton panties. Though I had noticed it on my own, Candy was quick to point out, "Oh my god, she's so damn wet. I

don't even think I'm that wet, and it turns me on like crazy when you or your fantasy sluts abuse Isa. I can't help myself."

Even through the haze of arousal, I didn't miss those words. They weren't hers; no, she was echoing someone else's. Not exactly a revelation as she was already rounding third base on her way to yet another orgasm, but it was a handy confirmation of what was happening in her Serenex-warped mind.

"Lower your panties, Isa."

"Yes, sir." She did. I hadn't seen her pussy before. It was all sorts of hairy, by far the most unkempt of any of my girls. Still, it was positively oozing down her thighs. Her labia pulsed like they were trying to suck something into her, anything that was close enough to fuck.

"You like keeping it wild, do you?"

"Not that it's your business," she began hotly, but her tone moderated as arousal overpowered her anger, "but yes. Waxing your snatch is so pathetic. Such a beta bitch move."

I rubbed her ass, copping a long feel. Fuck, this one was one powerful ass. It was as round as Taylor's, but this one was almost all muscle. "Why is it pathetic? Educate me."

"Because my body isn't subject to outside appro—" Her retort was silenced by a smack with the yardstick. "Thank you sir!" She flinched in embarrassment at how quickly that reflex had developed.

"First thing after work, get that thing shaved and waxed. Understand?" I didn't even care what the woman's pubes looked like, frankly, but overriding her preferences was such a rush that I'd ordered it just for the thrill of it.

Isa agreed immediately. "Yes, sir."

My hand found its way between her legs, massaging that furry pussy of hers like I owned it. Hell, maybe with whatever the girls had done to her, I did. "I think I'm going to fuck you now, Officer Barbour."

"Thank you, sir!"

But even as I undid my belt, Candy was suddenly at my side, throwing herself on top of my desk beside her lover and frantically throwing her skirt up and panties down, this time to her ankles. "No no no, please, you have to fuck me first! Oh god, I've never been more turned on in my life. Please fuck me, oh please Mr. Canon! I'll be the best fuck you've ever had I promise, just fuck me!" Her ass, tight and cute, framed a sweet little peach of a pussy, waving enticingly. "Please fuck me please fuck me oh fuck me fuck me fuck me fuck—"

DING. DING. DING.

Lunch period was over.

I stepped behind Candy and pressed the very tip of my cock to her pussy, sliding no more than a single inch between her lips. One hand banged my desk in ecstasy as the other crumpled a stack of worksheets.

I withdrew.

Isa got the same treatment, her whole body convulsing as the first cock it had ever permitted grazed her tunnel for a mere moment. I withdrew again. She thrust her hips back to follow me with a whimper, but wasn't fast enough to lose her virginity. Not today, at least.

“Sorry, ladies. Time to get to work.”

“That’s enough work for today, Taylor,” I announced, ending our after school work session. I even smiled. It had been another long day, but a good one. There had been some real engagement in our discussions, one of those days when teaching felt a bit more like how it looked on TV. Raised hands, smart questions, intellectual curiosity. I’d even scored that rarest gem of all, when one of the hot popular girls loudly silenced side conversation. (“Shut up, you guys! This is actually interesting!” Tabitha had snapped at Thayne and Austin. They’d not only fallen silent, but actually apologized. With Tabitha’s endorsement, the rest of the class was engrossed.)

Between the professional high and the very unprofessional one from lunch, I was in a damn good mood. The haze that had hung over my mind since Saturday night was lifting. The way Taylor’s breasts distended the lavender and white stripes of her blouse certainly didn’t hurt.

She glanced at the clock, then back to me. “Two whole minutes early. Wow.”

“For good behavior.” I looked over the stack of work she’d compiled. Today had been spent catching up on material for pre-cal. I’d helped her with what I could, but a lot of it was spent with her watching Mrs. Seller’s math lectures posted on her SchoolWays page. Taylor was getting things done, though. Even if it was increasingly clear she wouldn’t be able to complete everything for every class, I had hopes that the effort would go a long way. It was a rare teacher who would let a student flunk their class when they’d shown earnest effort, even if belated, particularly in the case of seniors.

Taylor handed me the work she’d finished and began to pack up her things. She gave no sign that she meant to stay and talk, doubtless still angry from the weekend’s disagreements. As she made her way to the door, I placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. She stopped, but didn’t turn. Perhaps it was only Abbie’s mandated repetitions of *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* that made her stop at all. She certainly didn’t make it easy to guide her, even so.

“I don’t suppose either of us feel like we need to apologize for our actions.”

“Only if you feel like apologizing to me.”

“I don’t. But I don’t want to keep being angry with you for it, either.”

“Cool. Can I go now?”

“I talked to Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata today.”

She hesitated before responding this time, her voice taking on a bemused tone. “Did you now.”

“I did. Any particular reason you felt like lying to me?”

She tried to pivot, but I held her in place. She didn’t struggle. Much. “I didn’t lie about shit. What are you talking about?”

“You told me last night that you’d done to them exactly what I wanted. That’s definitely not what I discovered during our meeting at lunch.”

“Oh? And how did it turn out?”

“That spectacle at lunch was one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen.” My hands slid down her arms to her hips. “One of.”

“Wait, what? Hot? What did they do that was hot?”

The temperature of my blood lowered fifty degrees in an instant. “You know. How they just, you know, caved...? Right...?”

“Um, we didn’t do anything like that, C-dawg. What are you even talking about?”

I stumbled back, stunned. “No. No fucking way! Those... those rotten, lying, conniving fucking bitches are trying to reel me in *again!* They must think I’m the biggest moron on the planet! Jesus, to think I...!” My fists clenched as I paced back and forth ranting and raving. How dare they! The fucking cojones on those lesbians – to think I’d fall for it again. And I had! Damnit, had I ever! Why, when I got my hands on them, I would...!

Then I heard Taylor laughing hysterically.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry! Really. I couldn’t resist. God, of course that was us. Man, the look on your face, C-dawg. I couldn’t fucking help myself.”

I glared, but sure enough, after a moment I couldn’t help myself either. I’d long thought that Taylor Stern was going to give me a heart attack, but I sure hadn’t ever counted on it coming like *that*. “Shit, you freaked me out there.”

“Good.” She flipped her hair back haughtily. “Someone’s gotta keep that huge fucking ego of yours in check.”

“So your plan to put my ego in check was to make two beautiful women grovel for my affection?”

“If I had any use for them, they’d be groveling for me.” She snickered. “But it worked, yeah?”

“It did, I suppose. Though it was decidedly *not* like I’d said I wanted.”

She craned her neck until she could just meet my eyes with one of her piercing green orbs. “You mean all that make love not war shit?”

“Language. And yes, that.”

Taylor sauntered up to me. Her long fingers darted inside the front of my slacks, seizing my belt authoritatively. “Huh. Because you sang a pretty different tune once we had you under.”

“I... what? What are you talking about?”

Taylor flipped her hair with a jerk of her long neck, heedless of how it whipped me in the face in the process. Was she trying to show off her tits, or was that just a happy side effect? “We told you to give us your honest opinion of what those two deserved. With the Serenex flowing, you dropped that holier than thou act. Told us what you really thought. Pretty harsh, I gotta say, but we salvaged it.”

I frowned. “What did I say?”

“Punishment. No, ‘retribution,’ that’s what you said.” She chuckled. “I gotta hand it to you C-dawg, even with your brain soaked in Serenex, you got that way with words. How’d you put it... ‘to teach them the meaning of betrayal, and to have them thank you for it.’ Something like that.”

Only someone who hadn’t known her long would take Taylor at her word, but somehow, it rang true. The notion did sound more like me than like them. The results I’d seen at lunch had indubitably been more a man’s handiwork than a woman’s. Had that really been my idea? I could believe it of myself. That didn’t mean I wanted to, though.

“So you made Isa betray her own integrity, and Candy betray her lover. Is that it?”

“If all that means what I think it means, then yeah. Something like that. Abbie and me, we—”

“Abbie and I. Nominative case, Taylor. We’ve been over this.”

She shook her head irritably, removing her hands from my belt. “God, you know how to ruin shit. Anyway, we cleaned it up, made it hard and simple so they can’t squirm out of it. Took some of your advice from when you were sober, too, made sure they got off on it. Hook ‘em with pleasure, right?”

I took hold of her hips before she could back away. “Now that I remember saying.”

“Yeah, so we made sure they both get off on it, bigtime. Isa subs harder the more pissed off she gets with us.” She snickered darkly. “Like to see her tase me now when just the thought of it makes her wet her granny panties. And Candy can’t help slutting herself up when Isa breaks down.”

“That is pretty much what I saw, yes.”

She looked at me over her shoulder, eyes sparkling with self-satisfaction. “Abbie was gonna leave off after the other basic stuff. You know, no more backstabbing us or tasing anybody, yadda yadda. But then I was like, they wiggled out once, so how do we stop them from being sneaky bitches again? And I thought, let’s make them tell us right away if either of them figured out a way to slip out of our control. So I did. They figure out another loophole, we’ll know it before they can do shit about it.”

I pulled my student’s bottom tight against me. “That’s... actually pretty brilliant. I have to hand it to you. Unexpected. Creative.” I didn’t add *ruthless*, but I thought it.

“Yeah? Look at you, got my crotch against yours and suddenly the compliments are flowing.”

“Just tell me you two did explicitly make sure she isn’t going to tase us.”

“Duh. Trust me, Barbie’s our bottom bitch now.”

The analytical part of me wanted details, but the rest of me told it to shut up and not ruin a healing moment. Besides, the Sterns might not be the best students, but when it came to raw talent for manipulation and bullying, they were leagues ahead of me.

“Good. Do I get to know what the ‘ambitious’ part of their new commands is?”

“Ambitious?”

“Yeah, they said... I forget how they said it, but it sounded like we were up to something.”

She rolled her eyes. “That’s Abbie’s shit. I’m no snitch, but you can chill. It’s nothing to get excited about. If it works, you can thank her; if it doesn’t, won’t hurt anything.”

If it were anyone else, I would have been nervous. Abbie, though, could use my Serenex whenever she wants. “Fair enough. I suppose I can handle a surprise now and again. Just... keep an eye on her for me.”

Taylor grinned, taking a step forward, planting her feet on mine. It didn’t feel great, but it brought her close enough that her chest was brushing against mine, so I allowed it. “I’m flattered you think I’m less likely to abuse that stuff than she is.”

It was a very fair rebuttal. “Hey, and for what it’s worth, good work today, too. It’d be nice if you wanted to graduate as much as I want you to—”

“I bet it’d be nice for you if I wanted a lot of things as much as you did.”

Also fair. “Cute. But if you keep this up for the next couple weeks, you’re going to be able to walk that stage, no problem. Doesn’t look like we can do much for your ceramics grade at this point, but that’s not a required credit.”

“And also it’s ceramics.”

“Exactly. But really, you’re doing well. Just don’t let up in the home stretch, OK? You still owe me that essay – and this time, it better be a serious effort.”

She sighed. “God, you are so much more fuckable when you’re doing your teacher thing, you know?”

“Yeah?” I pulled her tight against me. It really wasn’t fair that it felt this good to touch her. “I’d say you were more fuckable as a student, but frankly, you’re pretty much insanely fuckable all the time.”

“That right?”

I cupped her buttocks in my hands. God, it was perfect. “As someone who’s becoming a bit of an expert in fuckable women, you, my dear, are easily the most fuckable.”

In turn, Taylor draped her arms around my neck, mussing my hair, dragging her fingernails against my scalp. “Oh yeah? Let’s see then, how many girls have you fucked since you last fucked me? Since I’m so fuckable and all.”

I winced. “Well...”

“So there’s my sister, obviously. Cassie?”

“Um, yeah.”

“Her mom?”

“Not actual sex, just—”

“That’s a yes. Barbie? Candy?”

“No!” She waited, hearing the technicality in my voice. “We started, barely, but we, ah, didn’t have time.”

Her nose took an upward swipe at my lips. “Right. So that’s two other high school girls and three adult trolls. And you started at a deficit to begin with after stiffing me Friday night.”

“Come on, that wasn’t my fault!”

“Wasn’t your fault? What, somebody make you write ‘I’ll make Taylor beg for sex’ a hundred times when I wasn’t looking?”

“I wasn’t about to take advantage of you.” Seeing she was about to raise fresh objections, I hurried on while kneading her tender, inviting posterior affectionately. “You were drunk. Plus, you hate me.”

Taylor licked up my neck, murmuring into my skin, “So what? You hate me, too.”

“Well, yes,” I admitted. When had we made our way to my desk? Suddenly, though, her thighs were abutting the edge of it. “But that’s what I love most about you.”

She laughed her nasal, mocking, throaty laugh that had tormented me for two years in this classroom. One hand slowly extended into the air. What was she... oh, right.

“Yes, Ms. Stern?”

“I have a question, Mr. Canon.”

“Ask away.”

“Straight-up, Mr. C.... how long have you wanted to fuck me?” Her head twisted to one side, then the other, studying me intently. “No bullshit. And I don’t mean when did you first notice I got a body. I’m asking, when did the thought first enter your head, ‘I wanna stick my dick in Taylor Stern.’”

I lifted her by the ass and set her on the edge of my desk. “Probably when you and Abbie came to my house that night. You know, after the first dose.”

Her hands suddenly seized mine firmly as I tried to undo the front button on her shorts. “I said no bullshit. When did you *really* first think about it.”

She let me rub along her hips while I thought. I’d been fantasizing about her for so long – and for so much of that time, pretending to myself that I wasn’t – that I could hardly remember. Like she’d suggested, I had noticed her body early. A nun would notice Taylor’s figure. She was the quintessential blonde bombshell. Long legs, womanly hips, enticingly rounded ass, big proud tits trotting along ahead of her. Had she been blonde when I first saw her? I was pretty sure. Since then she had varied the shade between dye jobs. Last winter’s dark red had been interesting. Not that I minded the current light brown.

My fingers twirled through her tresses. God, I loved that hair. Thick, long, and always looking like it had been brushed no less than a day or two ago. Like the girl whose wickedly beautiful face it framed, it was simply too much to be fully tamed, no matter how much it was crying out for someone to try.

Taylor let me think, distracting me only in ways she couldn't help. (Nor would she if she could.) Every breath she took, the stripes of her skin-tight top shifted as if trying to cling tighter, find a way to show the full shape of her boobs more accurately. Since they had been burned into my mind ever since I'd first made her show them to me, I had to admit it was doing a good job. With a body like Taylor's, the only real shame was that I couldn't see her ass and her tits head-on at the same time.

Huh. There it was.

"Do you remember that tornado drill a ways back? The one where Principal Horen dragged it out for like twenty minutes because the sophomore hallway wouldn't shut the hell up?"

She made a face, puzzled but intrigued by the reference. "Yeah. I think my knees are still bruised from that shit."

"I'm pretty sure that's from the shower floor, but maybe." I knelt down, planting a kiss on each knee. I stayed down there once they'd both been tended to. The view from this angle was somehow even better. "So yeah, I remember, I was just doing my job, standing around glaring and shushing people. And it happened during our class, and of course you were being a pain in the ass about it."

"All those drills are stupid as hell. Like people gonna be calm when the school's blowing up. And those active shooter drills? Shit, I got a human shield pre-selected in every fucking class. Bring it, Sandy Hook."

There it was, the reminder of how terrible she really was. A sobering if futile reminder of the other reason I shouldn't be touching her. "Anyway, I remember you were down there, in that position, hands and knees and hunched over. Except you, well... you were wearing this, um..." Why was it so hard to say? I'd seen her naked, but that had been in some other reality, a fantasy made real. This story was something that had happened here in the real world, where she was a student and I was a teacher and everything about us was wrong.

"Come on, spit it out. Shit, you can take my clothes off but you can't describe 'em?"

"You were wearing these pink athletic shorts. You know the ones I mean?"

She nodded, her smirk still slight. "I know the ones."

"Yeah. And with you bent over like that, they crept right up the crack of your ass. I swear it would have been harder to imagine you naked if you were just in your underwear, you know?"

“They do do that. That’s why I barely wear ‘em any more. Fit nice and comfy, but for some reason they ride right up there, and once the wedge starts, it only deepens. Gets even worse in the front, believe me.”

“I believe you. And yeah, that was a sight, but... it was weird. Taylor, you wear tight shirts almost every day. If you’re not, it’s because you’re wearing a short dress. Except that day, you were wearing this really baggy t-shirt. It was white, I think? I don’t remember what was on the front, since you were... yeah. Down there.”

She didn’t deny my assessment of her fashion sense. “Doesn’t ring a bell. So I had a white shirt on, and...?”

“So finally everybody – even you – settled down while we waited for those sophomores. And I was doing a heck of a job not staring at your ass, but–”

“Aw come on, in those shorts?”

“–but you got fidgety. Everyone was. But you started doing this thing where you sort of thrust your hips up to stretch them out, and... I wasn’t even trying to look, but there was nothing for it. Hand to god, I was behaving myself–”

She tapped me on the head. “We’re all impressed by your self-control. Now get to the part about wanting to fuck me.”

“Well... when you did that, the front of your shirt – because it was really loose, right? – it was hanging way down. So from behind, I could see right up your shirt. Except you weren’t wearing a bra. You only did it a couple times, but yeah. That was it. For a microsecond I got to see the underside of your boobs, your ass in the air, those shorts... and I was done. Went home that night and sprained my wrist.”

Taylor snorted, but the snort accompanied a laugh. She looked pleased. “Gross. Though shit, yeah, I think I actually remember that? I don’t go without a bra too often, for obvious reason, but yeah. I liked to match those shorts with this blue tank top I got, but that fucking cunt Mrs. Horen saw me in the hallway and called me out for dress code. She made me wear one of those bullshit shame shirts, and I was like, ‘fuck you, Whorin’ Horen, you gonna make me dress like a cow, you’re gonna have to deal with the udders.’ Damn, I don’t remember the tornado drill though. It’s hella funny to make you blush sometimes and all, but I think that one was just honest thot shit.”

“Honest thot shit,” I repeated, shaking my head. “Anyway, there ya go. That was the first time I thought about it.”

“That’s a better answer.”

Her tongue sticking out one side of her mouth, Taylor pulled both arms in through her sleeves and began working beneath her blouse. The girl wiggled and squirmed until finally her result was achieved. A royal purple bra slid out of her sleeve and then dropped onto the floor by my desk. She then slid the hem of her top up, revealing inch after inch of golden tanned stomach until she finally stopped the progression right beneath her breasts. I could just see that little crease where her boobs

ended and her tummy began. A thin sheen of boob sweat glistened, but hell if I minded. Let those poor prisoners go free.

“Was it like this?” she teased.

I took her hands in mine and guided them further upward. When I saw the bottom of a nipple, I stopped, then tugged it back down. “There. Right like that.”

“Yeah? Little bit of under-titty and you ran home and stroked that cock black and blue, eh?” There was the full smirk. It was an expression so bitchy it almost required a genetic predisposition to being a bitch. Damn it, it made me hard. Which was perfect timing, since I was about to do what I’d first thought of doing the day of that tornado drill.

Until we heard a key entering my classroom door.

Randi followed her custodial cart into my classroom right in time to see me picking up a stack of papers off the floor, having barely had time to sweep it off my desk as a cover for why I was kneeling. Taylor, with impressive reflexes, had whirled off the desk to crouch beside me. Thankfully the desk made for handy cover, because she’d forgotten to tug her blouse back down under her boobs. After grouchy scolding Taylor for her tantrum, I helped Randi straighten up desks while Taylor angrily stormed out of the room, trying not to look like she’d had to stuff her discarded bra under her skin-tight blouse.

An hour later, we lay sweating and catching our breath on my bed, giving ourselves a few minutes recuperation time before the next bout. She’d beaten me home, and had been waiting for me naked when I walked in. The little brat had even managed to chug most of one of my beers, asking me if I still had my qualms about fucking a drunken teenager. I told her I’d make an exception this once. She drank the rest of the bottle as I poured it down the length of my cock into her waiting mouth, for once not grimacing about the oral.

“What about you?” I asked.

“What about me what?”

I turned my head to look at her. Hair more tangled than ever, skin glistening with a sheen of sweat, tits bulging upward in a futile resistance of gravity, pussy dribbling heedlessly onto the sheet I’d put on only the day before while watching her prance around in that crop top. “You know what I mean, Taylor. I opened up to you about the tornado drill, and for me it’s a story about being a lecherous old creep lusting after innocent schoolgirls.”

“Who’s innocent?” Taylor rolled over until her momentum carried her right back on top of me, straddling a cock that began responding immediately with fresh vigor. Her pussy grinded back and forth, slick with our combined cum, working me back into fuckable shape. She’d given me time to think, so I returned the favor – though like me,

she was distracted by her tits. (My hands on her nipples might have had something to do with this.)

“Well?” I pressed when she rose up to direct my cock back inside her hot, wet tunnel. I couldn’t help but moan, but then went on, “You can’t get out of this with your pussy, Taylor. That’s cheating, and you know how I feel about you cheating.”

“I never cheat,” she breathed, hands interlacing with mine for support as she began her ride. Green eyes slid closed as red lips fell open.

“Come on. When did you first think about having sex with me?”

Taylor bellowed in pleasure as she bottomed out for the first time. Her tits, hanging forward from her chest, wobbled as a small climax shook her body. “I still haven’t, C-dawg.”

“Bitch.”

“Prick.”