

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 4

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I looked up, surprised to see someone standing in front of me. I was halfway through a spare period, marking the previous day’s math quizzes.

Lacey, unsurprisingly, had flunked. Worst of all, it was clear that she *could* have passed, if she just put even the slightest amount of effort in – one of the questions hadn’t been on subject matter we’d studied in class, it was more of a logical problem. She was one of two students in the entire class that had gotten it right...but anything that required applying learned material, she’d gotten wrong.

It was clear that she was taking the “No-Study” part of her supposed ‘club’ seriously.

“Mr. Robin,” I said, smiling at the teacher who stood in front of me. He was perhaps a decade older than me, with salt-and-pepper hair and dark brown skin. His mustache was neatly trimmed, and he had a kind smile on his face.

I’d met his wife at the previous year’s Christmas party: she was in her fifties, but still trim and fit, and she was a lot of fun to talk to. With a wife like that, I knew there was no chance that Mr. Robin would even consider straying – the only explanation that made sense was that Kendra was blackmailing him.

I didn’t know how to approach the conversation; this was the sort of thing I’d normally talk about with my wife ahead of time. I read an article years ago saying that after years of marriage, each spouse sort of out-sources parts of their brain. I was the direction-finder in our marriage, while Sarah was the diplomat.

Without her guidance, I was going in blind.

“I wanted to talk to you about a student,” I said cautiously. Mr. Robin sat across from me, in the same place that countless students and parents had sat before him. “I’m having...a strange situation with her.”

Mr. Robin nodded, encouraging me to continue. I sighed, deciding that I had no choice but to bite the bullet.

“Her name is Kendra, I believe she’s in your World History class?”

I’d expected a look of resentment, possibly even fear. So you can imagine my surprise when Mr. Robin’s face warmed.

“Ah yes,” he said cautiously. “Kendra...”

I paused, not sure how to continue. For a moment, I wondered if I’d been wrong about everything. Perhaps Kendra’s grades had improved simply because she’d begun to study harder. Maybe Mr. Robin had truly managed to get through to her, to convince her of the value of hard work.

But before I could even start to decide what to say next, Mr. Robin leaned forward. His next words were carefully chosen.

“Mr. Mancuso,” he said, his tone exactly halfway between cautious and conspiratorial.

“Don’t worry...”

Before I could even react he continued, saying the last thing I ever expected to hear from the mouth of such a gentle, sensible-looking man.

“...I’m in the club.”

With that, he leaned back, watching my reaction as carefully as I’d been watching his. My pulse was going like a jackhammer, but I did all I could to hide the panic in my eyes.

“G-good,” I stammered. “That’s...that’s good.”

My mind was racing, desperately trying to find alternative explanations for what he’d just told me. Perhaps he meant...perhaps Kendra was a member of some other extra-curricular club, and Mr. Robin was a volunteer. But no, he wouldn’t say he was *in* the club.

Or perhaps he meant...he meant...he meant that he was a...a...

No. No matter how desperately I sought an alternative solution, I knew exactly what he meant.

Mr. Robin was part of the No-Study Club. For whatever reason, he’d decided to help these girls accomplish their goal of not studying. Apparently he’d decided to betray his profession, his marriage, his very morality...all for whatever Kendra had offered him.

I wanted to be furious. I wanted to tell the man sitting in front of me how sick I thought he was. I wanted to rail against the injustice of it.

But I couldn’t.

If I gave away my true feelings, who knew how Mr. Robin would react? Or, for that matter, Lacey. Kendra. They already had the power to ruin my marriage, my career – now that they had Mr. Robin onboard, I realized they were unstoppable.

Instead of angry, I was starting to feel sick. My stomach twisted as I realized the power the girls held over me. They could make whatever claims they wanted, and – if I was correctly interpreting what the man in front of me had said – he’d back them up. He’d already betrayed everything that I’d thought he held dear; what was throwing a colleague under the bus?

And so I held back my disgust, my rage, my true emotions...and I forced a smile to my face.

“Good,” I said, hoping that I sounded even remotely believable. “Good, good good. I...I’ve been offered to join as well.”

Mr. Robin beamed, reaching out to clasp my arm. I couldn’t help but think about his wife, about the delightful woman who I’d had such a delightful conversation with at the Christmas party. About what he was doing to her.

Behind her back.

“You won’t regret it,” he said eagerly. “Believe me, Mr. Mancuso, these girls...these girls!”

He sat back, a huge smile on his face. I decided to try to make the most of it, to try to understand how he could justify what he was doing.

“You don’t ever feel...guilty?” I probed. Mr. Robin shook his head without a moment of hesitation.

“There are things you’ll only experience once you’ve joined us,” he said mysteriously.

“Things you can’t even imagine.”

He paused, and then added, almost as an afterthought. “Besides, they’re right.”

“Right,” I said, nodding slowly. “Right about what?”

“The club,” he said, his eyes twinkling. “You’ll see.”

I had more questions, but he squeezed my arm affectionately, then patted it. “You’ll see,” he repeated, and he was gone.

I looked up a few moments later, as my classroom door re-opened. Had he forgotten something?

But when the lithe figure slipped through, it wasn’t Mr. Robin – it was Kelly, the redhead of the Club.

“No!” I said instinctively, standing up and backing against the wall. “No, no, no, no.”

Kelly didn’t slow down, stalking towards me like an animal. She stopped less than a foot away, me in the eyes. She was the tallest of the four girls, very nearly my height.

“No what?” she purred, looking like butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth. “I didn’t even ask you anything yet.”

“What do you want?” I asked sharply.

“I’m here for my grade,” she smiled.

“Your grade?” I said, confused. “Kelly, you’re...you’re not in my class.”

It was true. Kelly was the one member of the No-Study Club (which I was finally forced to admit might actually be real) who didn’t have any classes with me this year. I’d taught her before, of course – in her first year of high-school, she’d actually been one of the strongest students.

But then two things had happened: puberty had hit her, as hard as Lacey and Kendra. She didn’t have quite as impressive a rack as her club-mates, but she made up for it with her ass and legs...her legs were beautiful, long and lean, the perfect shape, and her ass was firm and round. Conversations would stop, even between faculty members, when Kelly swayed down the hallway.

She was probably the most traditionally beautiful of the four, two. Lacey looked (and often dressed) like a porn star, with a face that somehow seemed to be begging to be plastered with cum. Kendra had full, dick-sucking lips, and when she smiled at you, you knew that she’d eat you alive. Vanessa had striking Latina features: long black hair, and dark eyes that were always sparkling with mischief.

But Kelly was different. She was a natural beauty, with green eyes, white skin, and red hair that fell to her waist. She could’ve been a Disney princess, or an ad for some kind of carrot-top master race.

The second thing that had happened: she’d become friends with Lacey. And it hadn’t taken long for her attitude to shift and her grades to plummet; she went from top of the class to barely passing.

“No,” she said, fluttering her eyelids – again, I couldn’t help but think she’d be right at home in an animated film. “But I’m in your wife’s class.”

My eyes widened. “No!” I said, even more firmly than before. “Kelly, I...”

“Please, Mr. Mancuso,” she said breathily, leaning forward to show off her exposed cleavage. “I know I can make it worth your while.”

Kelly didn't dress quite as provocatively as the other members of her club, but her outfit still left very little to the imagination. She was wearing a sundress, cut low enough to show off the swell of her breasts. It was tight enough to highlight her curves, and the hem was short enough to give a good view of her thighs. A thin silver chain hung around her neck, constantly dipping between her breasts, drawing attention to her generous cleavage.

"You know I can't," I said, shaking my head. "I'm married. I'm your teacher—"

"Well," she giggled, "not *my* teacher..."

"I'm still a teacher, Kelly," I said hoarsely. "There are boundaries. There are rules. This is wrong."

"Mr. Robin doesn't think it's wrong," she whispered. Her fingers traced a line along my arm, sending shivers up my spine. "Mr. Robin thinks it's very, very right."

I closed my eyes. "I don't care," I said, realizing I sounded like a stubborn five-year old. "It's not happening."

"Oh, it will happen, Mr. Mancuso," she cooed. "We'll just take it nice and slow."

Her finger trailed downwards, grazing the bulge in my pants. I kept my eyes closed, but made no move to fight her off.

The next thing I felt wasn't her hand gripping my erection, but her lips, softly pressing against mine. She tasted of strawberries, and I did nothing to resist, even as she pushed me into the wall.

"Mm, Mr. Mancuso," she breathed, pressing her body against mine.

I moaned, the taste of her filling my mouth.

"Kelly," I pleaded. "We...we can't."

"We can," she said firmly, and I opened my eyes to find her green gaze filling my vision.

"We can, and we will."

"Kelly," I groaned, reaching out to grip her wrist. But she moved her hand, tracing it up to my neck instead.

"Yes, Mr. Mancuso?" she said playfully.

"No," I said, pleading. "Stop, please."

"You're a married man," she purred.

"You're my student," I said weakly.

"I have a boyfriend," she smiled. Her hand cupped my neck, pulling my mouth back to hers.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, when her tongue withdrew from my mouth and she finally pulled away.

"Two reasons," she whispered, and I just stared at her, feeling helpless. "Firstly, because the club means something to me. It's important."

"Okay," I said, not sure what else there was to say.

"And secondly...because I can. I want to. You're married, and you shouldn't be doing this. But I want you, and I'm going to take what I want."

She pulled back and paused, her lips pursed in a smile, like she knew something I didn't know. "Or is that just one reason?" Kelly asked.

Before I could respond, the school bell rang, signaling the end of class. The teenage girl gave me a quick peck on the lips and withdrew, shooting me a look over her shoulder as

she left the room.

I collapsed onto the floor, breathing heavily, trying to get my bearings. What was I going to do? How was I supposed to handle this situation?

I could feel my cock straining against the front of my pants, and that was doing nothing to help matters.

The plan had been so simple. Get support from another teacher and use it to take the girls down, to show them how things worked. They were students – their job was to learn, to study, not to use their bodies to get whatever they wanted.

But Mr. Robin hadn't been the ally I'd anticipated; instead, he'd turned out to be another weapon that the girls could use against me.

So what could I do?

I couldn't tell my wife. I couldn't go to the principal, not without incontrovertible evidence. And I couldn't go to the police.

Perhaps I could quit? If I quit, they'd have no reason to go after me.

No. If I quit, they'd just target whoever replaced me. It was about more than just self-preservation: what these girls were doing was Wrong, with a capital W.

They had to be stopped.

But I couldn't do it alone.

As the next class began filing in, my attention was drawn to a male student in the front row. Matt. He was tall, muscular, and had a handsome face...but, most importantly, I happened to know he was Kelly's boyfriend.

Some teachers stay more plugged-in to the gossip network than others, but the four members of the No-Study Club were four of the most popular girls in school. When any of them started dating someone, it was an *event*.

And Kelly had been with her boyfriend for almost two years now.

As I began teaching statistics and probability, my mind was whirring. Was there any way I could use him against her? Three of the four club members had boyfriends: Kendra was dating the school quarterback, a handsome white kid called Brandon, and Vanessa was dating one of our star basketball players, Eric.

Lacey was the only single girl in the club.

I didn't know any of the boys that well, but they seemed like good kids. I'm sure they wouldn't approve if they found that their girlfriends were propositioning teachers...or hell, in the case of Mr. Robin, more than just propositioning.

I knew I was playing with fire – hell hath no fury like a highschool girl in love – but I had no choice. I had to do anything I could to bring down the No-Study Club.

Anything.

That night, my wife was more subdued than normal. It took me a moment to realize why – so much had happened that day, I'd completely forgotten about our attempted tryst. I don't know what I felt worse about; the fact that I'd been unable to get hard, how much it hurt her...or the fact that it had left my mind as soon as it happened.

She didn't talk about it, but I could tell it was bothering her. She stayed close to me, resting her head on my shoulder. She held me tighter than usual, and I held her back.

That night, I tried to go down on her. Partially as an attempt to repay her for the previous night's efforts, but also because...well, going down on my wife had never failed to get me hard before. Although we hadn't done it in six years and almost 120 pounds, I knew it would work. I loved Sarah, no matter what she looked like.

But she pushed me away as soon as I started.

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked. "I just want to make you happy."

"Don't," she said, voice soft. "Just...don't."

"Baby...Sarah..."

"I'm tired, and I just want to go to sleep. Please?"

I respected her wishes of course, and it wasn't long before I joined her in a long, restful sleep.