

Author's note: This story is inspired by many, many works of mine, most prominently Teaching Her A Lesson, but others, too. For a complete list of characters and the stories they come from, go to the end of this post for links and AI-generated pics of the cast, provided by Griz T. Orc, who also writes some cool stuff. [Check it out.](#)

Apart from the intro piece, this was written with input from a live audience on [fiction.live](#). If you want to see which vote created what, you can [click here](#) to see it as it occurred there. Otherwise, I've compiled the narrative portion below.

The Learning Annex

DAY ONE

“This is a terrible idea,” Mr. Canon repeated. “I cannot believe you did this without consulting me. Why do I keep letting you into my life, just to watch you soak my world in gasoline and cackle over the flames?”

“Don’t be such an extra ass bitch, C-dawg,” Taylor replied, rolling her eyes. “Besides, I keep telling you, this wasn’t my idea. Just because all the good ideas going your way have been coming from me – not that you ever thank me for drowning in pussy every damn day, because, ya know, why would you – doesn’t mean that everything in your poor gas-soaked world is my doing.”

“Your ass looks incredible in those shorts, by the way.”

“Focus, or we’re gonna have to start calling you horn-dawg.” Still, she smiled over her shoulder as she shook it in his face on their way up the steps. “Remember, I’m the one who tossed Hutchings your way, and we all know how much you like smacking that smug cunt up and down your pole.”

“Really, Taylor. Whose idea was this? Abbie’s? It has to have been Abbie’s. Or Tabitha’s. Ever since they did that team-up while she was out of the country, those two have been thick as thieves pushing new ‘fantasies’ on me.”

“Match made in hell. Do you know Abbie actually let that bitch in our fucking house? Like they were, ugh, ‘friends’ or something.”

“Spare me the details of what you did to the two of them for it.”

He caught Taylor’s shit-eating grin as she rounded the landing ahead of him. Was he meant to? It was easy to assume she was in control of every little detail. Really though, years of experience teaching her had proven that she simply had a knack for believing in her own warped view of the world so hard that people found it easier to join her there than wait for her to return to the real world.

A canister of brainwashing spray hadn’t helped reverse that trend.

“C’mon. You’re gonna dig it, I promise. I’m not even gay–”

“Is that why you keep pointing that out, over and over?”

“—and I kinda dig it. And fuck you.”

Mr. Canon followed her through the door to the Community Center’s fourth floor, trying to act like he wasn’t winded. He hadn’t had energy to work out in months, even before the Serenex. Stupid standardized testing season was a bitch. Tons and tons of sex, as it turned out, hadn’t done much to make up for its absence. Probably because so many of the girls pounced on his cock and did all the work.

At least, he noted, Taylor was pretending the same. If her grades hadn’t kept her off the basketball team, maybe this climb wouldn’t have done her in, either. Maybe next year. He meant to ride her ass to success, in every meaning of the phrase. (Especially that one meaning.)

There was a familiarity to the corridor, despite never having set foot in this building. A long, tile-floored hallway extended from one end of the building to the other. This had been the county jail, once, years before he’d moved here after landing the GHS job out of college. It retained a bit of that vibe. Cinder block walls coated in layers of yellow, yellowing paint, oak doors that looked like they’d keep a bear out (or in), muted voices and dim fluorescent lights, too muted, yet not dim enough. Everything was uniform and samesy to everything else.

It reminded him of work, he supposed, and quickly suppressed the instinct to further explore that thought.

“Look, I don’t think I can do this.”

“Oh my *god*, C-dawg, are you really going to puss out on me? What good was that shit if I can make you repeat an anti-puss-outing command a hundred fucking times and you’re still such a bitch about getting your dick wet?”

“There are so many contradictions in what you just said that I don’t know where to begin.”

“Fucking waste, is what it was. Do you know what that stuff is probly worth?”

“What, you mean the scientific break-through unlocking the potential for total dominion over all mankind? I think the catalog rate was \$150 a can, but you can order in bulk at a discount. What’s your point, Taylor?”

“My point is, I – we, all your girls – filled this place with primo poontang for you, and here you are pissing and moaning about having a little fun with it. Fuck, man, how you expect to have any fun with next school year’s pussy potluck if you can’t even handle some horse freaking derves?”

“Some what?”

“Fingy sammiches, asshole. I’m being cute at you; try not to be a prick.”

“Adorable. Look, it’s not about being a pussy. Which I am fucking *not*, by the way. It’s about not letting you drag in a bunch of strangers and scramble their brains just to titillate me! It’s *wrong*, Taylor.”

“Explain how it’s different from doing it at school.”

“First off, *you’re* the one who did it at school. I did it to one bratty student, and congrats on being hot enough to entice me into that.” There was that smile of hers that made him tolerate so much of her nonsense. The one that said there was only one person she cared about pleasing half as much as pleasing herself. “Second, continuing it was necessary to keep up the charade, so the freshmen and new students didn’t wonder why everyone else in school went glassy-eyed and chanting ‘we’re so lucky to have him’ in creepy unison all the time.”

“Oh, so *that’s* why you fucked the shit out of Medina. Like, every day. For months.”

“Speaking of... Third, you’ve seen how they seem to interpret luck nonsense. Whatever I do, they’re lucky to have done it. In Katie’s case, you tied her up and dispatched your goon to instruct her to fuck me.”

“Which you did. Heartily, from what Abbie told me.”

“So at least if I succumb to temptation there, it’s only people who are there for an education, who get a little something extra along with it, and who weren’t simply turned into walking vaginas for the sake of doing it.”

“How do you have *any* fun. I swear.” Taylor shook her head. “Anyway, you should be stoked, because that’s exactly what this is. A school!”

“Just because you did it in the learning annex doesn’t make it school, Taylor.”

“Hey, whether or not these chicks learn anything is up to you. For the bajillityenth time, I didn’t do this. I’m honestly not sure who did, or how, or why. Some weird shit went down. I’m just here to make sure you don’t squander this, sitting at home twiddling your thumbs while Tabby makes you spank your hands sore. Which, by the way, feel free to warn her that the next time you tell me you don’t wanna touch me ‘cause of her literal greedy ass, I’mma make sure she finds out what a spanking really feels like.”

“Right, because you’re not gay.”

“I didn’t mean me!” she snapped, cheeks flushing. “Now come on. Everybody’s already stoked to be here, so you may as well at least say hi. If you’re really not a pussy, you can at least go in there and tell them to their faces you don’t want ‘em.”

Mr. Canon’s lip pursed. He *really* didn’t like the suggestion that he might be anything even resembling a pussy, yet he also didn’t like how obvious it was Taylor was using that to manipulate him. It made him feel like... like something he wasn’t. At all.

“Fine. I’ll go send them home myself.”

“Good. I know how you feel about being late, so we’re a smidge early. Some of ‘em are still trickling in, so... yeah. Go have fun. Meet your new class. They’re sure as shit excited to meet you.”

Mr. Canon let Taylor guide him into the nearest open room. Inside was a single young woman, around Taylor’s age. She was dressed... normally, jeans and a sweater,

but it was immediately difficult to imagine any clothing concealing a body designed to inspire lust. Glossy, jet-black hair flowed down her back, two big doe eyes regarding him with open anxiety.

“Is this him? The one you told me about?” the girl asked.

“That’s him. Meet your new—”

“WHY DONT YOU JUST THROW ME OUT THE FUCKING WINDOW AND GET IT OVER WITH!” the girl shrieked, then sprinted out of the room with tears already flooding down white cheeks. Somehow she didn’t so much as brush against Canon, despite him taking up most of the doorway. He darted after her, to make sure she didn’t actually leap out a window, but instead she went out the stairwell door through which he and Taylor had entered moments before. Her sobs of despair faded with each flight of stairs, but they still took some time before they disappeared.

Mr. Canon stared in horror. So did Taylor. The whole floor was silent now; whoever else was up here, they’d been scared silent. “What just happened, Taylor.”

She forced a cheerful face. “Eh, she’ll come around.”

Before he could reply, the door opened once more. Another girl around the same age stepped through, still glancing over her shoulder, no doubt on account of the same horror upon which he and Taylor were fixated. She was pretty – of course she was pretty – tall and redheaded. Her trepidation faded as she strode up to them, and the closer she drew the more she reminded him of Cassie. Only with far more confidence than Cassie ever had.

She extended a hand. “Hi. Are you the teacher?”

He shook it. “I am. Mr. Canon.”

“Great. Amanda Carpenter, yearbook editor-in-chief at Northside. Your students tell me you’re a great teacher, that they’re lucky to have had you. They say that a lot, actually.” The girl wrinkled her nose. “Sorry, I have this weird thing about phrasing. Anyway, I’ve been looking forward to learning all you have to teach.”

Taylor grinned. “Sorry, I think he’s only here to tender his resig—”

Canon cleared his throat emphatically. “Quiet, you. In fact, get out of here. I have work to do.”

DAY ONE (a few moments later)

“How the hell am I supposed to teach three classes at the same time, Taylor?” Canon grumbled, looking between the three classroom doors with the lights switched on behind the frosted glass.

Taylor rolled her eyes, hesitating by the exit. I was actually a little surprised she was going to back off and let me have fun without her hovering over my shoulder. “They’ve already been dosed, C-dawg. Like we were just going to put you in a room with a bunch of babes and hope they all spread their legs for you. Yeah, that’s totally the story I want to hear when you get home tonight.”

“Wait, you’re going to my place?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“No, just... I don’t know. I’ve never let you in there when I’m not in.”

“No, right, totally.”

I frowned. “Don’t touch anything.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

I remembered myself then, why we were here. “So they’re just... sitting in there? Zonked out?”

“Except that psycho who just bolted down the stairs, I guess. Don’t worry, I’ll run her down before I head out.”

“You’re a mensch. Um, anything I should know before I...?”

“The end with the hole in it goes in the lady.” Taylor grinned. “It’s idiot-proofed. You’ll be fine.”

I was denied the opportunity to retort as she swept out into the stairs.

Three doors. Who was behind them? I guessed I’d find out. I took a breath to calm my nerves – I was *not* going to puss out on something like this – and picked a door.

It’s one thing to be told there are a bunch of gorgeous women waiting behind a closed door for you to mold their minds according to your most perverted whims. It’s another to open that door and...

“Holy *shit*.”

Taylor had not been kidding. Seven women, all of them stunningly attractive. I tried to leer in every direction at once – poor me with fourteen unbelievable tits and only the two eyes. Blondes, redheads, brunettes, businesswear and gymwear and lounging around the house outfits and black leather, ghastly white to divinely dark. These women ran the gamut. Aside from being all insanely attractive. There was nobody present that didn’t apply to.

Per Taylor’s explanation, they were all of them plainly under the influence of Serenex. Eyes staring blankly at nothing, mouths open. Traces of it still painted lips and teeth in some cases, though it looked like some effort had been made to wipe most of it clean. The stuff got messy. I took a moment to study them one at a time. I’d almost

finished leering at the redheaded pair who were almost certainly related when a voice spoke softly in my ear.

“Do you have *any* limits on how repugnant you allow yourself to become, master?”

There was Isa, very much *not* Serenexed, standing behind where the door had opened on my way in. She was dressed in her new uniform, every inch of her straining not to be. I hadn't jumped or anything – not much, at least – but I still didn't like that she'd clearly staged the moment.

“What? I didn't do this! From what I hear, you and Candace and Megan set this up with some... magic... contest? You can't call me out for having fun with a magic contest. Not even you think it's wrong to have fun with imaginary people.”

“They look plenty real to—”

I held up a hand, and her jaw slammed shut. “There's my SLB.” I traced my fingers over her tattoo, rising out of her plummeting beltline. SLB - her initials, by sheer coincidence, but we both knew it stood for what Taylor had made her, and I'd reinforced. Submissive Little Bitch. “And... Megan? What are you...?”

With a laugh, my next door neighbor and the mother of my booty call in perpetuity, abandoned the facade. “You caught me! I wondered what you'd try to program me with this time. Ah, well – not like I wasn't going to pitch in and help out with whatever you need anyway, right?”

“Hard to believe the two of you *lost*,” I murmured, going back to my surveying of the women.

“My own Cassie took me down? Isn't that something? I always knew she'd eclipse me someday. Time being what it is, right? I just didn't think it would come with these, I dunno, cosmic consequences. But I'm just happy to be around and help out.”

Isa, still obeying my unspoken command to silence, grunted and pointed at the rust-pocked teacher's desk at the front of the room. No decorations whatsoever aside from a very, very old bumper sticker encouraging me to vote for Reagan in '84, but sitting atop it was a roster hanging from a clipboard. Just names, but better than nothing. I picked it up and read it over. Sure enough, two Hoopers, though no indication which was Susan and which Jessica. And...

“Julie Roper?” I blinked, studying the petite blonde sitting in a desk with a sports bra and gray leggings. “I thought--”

Isa cleared her throat firmly, though in my defense, it was right about the same moment I saw Julie's eyes regain focus and turn towards me. Rookie mistake. These women were dead to the world while they were under, but prod them, make some noise and get their attention – saying their names having been proven to be one of the surest methods – and suddenly their brains were recording anything they heard and etching it in stone.

I gave Isa a pat on the head. She shuddered in rage and pleasure, like Isa did.

Julie worked over at Clark High – we'd crossed paths a few times at district wide events. She was hard to forget, a body that had burned off every undesirable ounce and left only with two adorable perky tits and a tightly packed ass that refused to not be noticed. I wasn't a big proponent of dress codes, but how her kids learned anything but glute exercises from the woman was a mystery. As was whatever she was doing here, but whatever this was, I wasn't going to question it, like some pussy.

I paced back and forth, and back, and forth. There was no rush; this shit lasted hours. It was a small mercy that it kept them so shut off or who knows what random toothpaste commercial might be bonded with their souls.

"You should try them out," Megan said, seeing how my fingers were plainly itching to do so. After a moment, I shrugged away whatever was left of my conscience – maybe somebody'd won that ragged thing in some other contest – and took a squeeze, starting with Julie the gym teacher, if only because I'd kicked myself more than once for never having the stones to just ask her out. I guess we were way past that now.

(It felt unbelievable, by the way. Her leggings were sunk all the way up her ass crack, but it still jiggled enticingly when I slapped it.)

"Isa, you have got to suck on these things," I said, my mouth dwelling on the impressive, all natural boobage on one of the room's older women. She looked a lot like Megan, honestly. It was a body type that absolutely did it for me. As the lesbian SRO obeyed, joining me with a sulk, I watched as her eyes slid shut in contentment as she slurped away. That body must have done it for her, too.

We played. I left the women's clothing on, though did what I felt like doing with buttons and zippers, getting to learn my newest class roster. It was Megan who said – delicately, when I was between women, not doing anything to focus their attention enough that they might be alert – "Hey, you might not want to take *all* night. There's still the other two classes to... Meet? Can we call this a meeting?"

"Right. For tonight, why don't we just do something nice and straightforward. We'll fine tune as needed later on, but for now, let's at least get them with the program."

I looked to Isa. Isa was looking at the woman in the sexy party dress. Or what was left of it after my clumsy fingers broke a shoulder strap when I was lowering it to her waist. Megan looked at Isa. In the silence, Isa finally looked back.

"Oh fuck," she groaned. "Do I really have to...?"

"You're the one with the experience at this," I pointed out. Megan nodded in agreement. Pretty much the only way she ever nodded any more.

Isa scowled at me. Scowled at them. Of course, she and I both knew she really wanted to be scowling at herself. I put a hand between her legs and massaged her pussy. It had long since soaked through her trashy little toy cop uniform. "Go on."

Her thighs were trembling. Nothing got her off like being told to do something she found morally repellent.

“LADIES!” she barked. She had to repeat herself a few times, and stomped her ridiculous heels on the floor until every last member of the class was studying her in their still mostly vacant way.

“This is Mr. Canon,” she announced, gesturing to me. Their heads turned the scant distance between me and Isa, though it looked like it required real effort. “He’s your new teacher.”

I felt her body tense in my grip, so I gave her ass a hard slap and went back to fingering her through her shorts. “*Go on,*” I grumbled in her ear.

Isa sighed, and finally nodded. She spoke in a near shout. “You’re all very, *very* lucky to have him.”

“We’re all very, very lucky to have him,” half a dozen voices echoed in murmured unison.

DAY ONE (a couple hours later)

“You’re awake.” I hadn’t really meant it as an accusation so much as a... Hmm. Well, I had meant it as an accusation, but at Taylor for having me spend two hours sampling the charms of my other two classes without knowing there was a group of bright-eyed, smiling women waiting for me in here.

This was at least a smaller group. Three blondes, one covered in an eye-popping latticework of tattoos, one dressed like she was off to wait tables at an upscale whorehouse, and one who looked like every boss mankind had ever wanted to fuck. The fourth, the redhead, was wearing coveralls for some reason, though not in the sense of covering up a staggering quantity of cleavage.

The business blonde replied, smiling pleasantly. They were all smiling pleasantly. (The particularly skanky one was smiling a bit *too* pleasantly.) “Were we not supposed to be, Mr. Canon?”

“Um... well... I’m not sure. I thought you were, but...” I scratched my head. “So, do you all wanna tell me what you’re here for, then?” What they *think* they’re here for, anyway. Isa was still down the hall; I could whistle if we needed more of the special sauce.

“We’re here to learn from you, of course,” said the tattooed one. “Brush up on our writing and communication skills, or whatever else you’d like to teach us.”

There was something more than a little suggestive in there. The redhead followed, speaking in a small voice. “I just wanted to get out a little, and when I heard

about this, I thought, maybe this would be fun! Is... is this going to be fun?" I'd heard enough shy girls squeak out an answer in my classes that I knew the sound of it. How a woman *that* hot exposing *that* much of her breasts could still be shy, I had no idea.

There was something sweet about her, though. I liked her immediately. Reminded me of Randy, almost, if not physically.

"We're... going to try?" I looked to the blonde girl. She looked about my age, but like she was trying her hardest to look like every vice in the book. "How about you? What brings you here?"

She waved. Like I wasn't standing six feet away. "Hi! I'm Allie! I'm a stupid blowjob machine! Do you want your dick sucked? I'm super, super into sucking every dick in the universe these days! HeeHEE!"

The girl actually *said* heehee. What the fuck did Taylor do to this woman?!

"I, um... I'm Mr. Canon," I said, returning the wave awkwardly. "And you're...?"

"Crissy," said the tattooed one.

"Avery," said the businesswoman.

"I'm Ingrid," said the redhead quietly.

"Ugh, I'm so fucking horny I could fuck every cock in the universe! Dumb dick-dumpster-diver like, though, I'd probably forget some and then have to do it all over! Do you wanna fuck me? You would be my favoritest teacher ever, even more than the old boring ones when I was BLEH *Alice* and they actually wanted me to know stuff. Like in my brain?"

"Alice, then."

"You can call me Allie! Or whatever you want. I don't really care. I forget it myself sometimes. But whaddaya expect? Girl-mouths are for dicking, not talking!"

Avery sighed with forced patience. "She's... a bit of a handful, Mr. Canon. Brainwashed by subliminals in her home appliances. As for the rest of us, we're cutting edge innovations from Monarch Innovations. We... lost... something? So we've been brought here, programmed to be... well, whatever you like, though we've defaulted to our base personality algorithms."

"I'm sorry, it sounds like you're saying you're some kind of... androids?"

Ingrid came over and patted my arm soothingly. "Try not to let it get to you. It sure blows my mind sometimes if I let it wander from my job. I'm actually just here to tidy up the learning annex when you're finished, um, making messes." She giggled coyly.

"Wait, someone made a super hot sex robot, and they programmed it to be... a custodian? Are you freaking kidding me?"

"That was my job at Monarch. But maybe you'd like to teach me to be something new?"

The tattooed woman – Crissy, I thought she'd said – moved closer. Until those mouth-watering gorgeously inked breasts pressed into my chest. "Yes, Mr. Canon. We're

here...” She pressed them more firmly. My hard-on was doing the same right into her belly button. “For you to teach us a lesson.”

Avery nodded and tucked a pen behind her ear, folding her arms beneath her own stupendous rack. “I think you’ll find we’re very educable.”

“Um, I’m a dumbo hot slut who can’t learn anything, but I’m happy to show you just how dumb I am! Or...?” She bounced over and licked up my cheek. “You could just gimme a pop quiz in being, like, an easy bangable twat on legs.”

Avery rubbed at the bridge of her nose. “If it’s any consolation, her brother did his work programming her impeccably. He actually works for Monarch now.”

Allie gasped. “*YOU* know *JOSHY?*!”

Ingrid patted her shoulder, and the girl dropped to her knees by reflex. “I think he’s your Joshy now, sweetie.”

DAY THREE

Amanda tried to maintain a gracious expression as she joined her other two group members in the front of the room. At least one of her partners was committed to the project. Naomi had been looking at her phone through pretty much the whole time Amanda and Tabitha had been preparing. The girl had introduced herself as a college dropout, though that was no excuse for not trying to carry her weight in Amanda’s book.

And especially next to the towering redhead and the slender brunette, she had some weight to carry, frankly. Big boobs were neat and all – Conner obviously liked them – but sometimes they came with... baggage. Amanda had of course diplomatically ignored that the girl was the weakest link in more ways than one.

Mr. Canon was seated in the back of the room, that eerily intense cheerleader nestled in his lap. Damnable cliches. Ah, well. She considered herself very, very lucky to have him as a teacher at all.

“Good evening, everyone,” began Tabitha. Amanda’s smile was forced. They’d agreed she would open. Tabitha claimed to be one of the best and brightest at GHS, where Canon taught by day, but so far as Amanda could see, her only real claim to student greatness was her devotion to sucking up to their teacher.

The class murmured their replies. Except Evelyn, who was studying the fingers on one hand while the other reached down between her legs. Whether she was jacking off Mr. Canon or jilling herself, she couldn’t tell.

Amanda quickly asserted herself, “Tonight, we’re hear to discuss proper spanking techniques. Now I know what you’re thinking...!” She mimed a laugh. ”Amanda, we didn’t sign up for night school to learn how to spank!’ Too right.”

“I came here to be *spanked*,” Tabitha cut in over Naomi’s yawn. “As one of Mr. Canon’s favorite full-time students from his day job, believe me when I say, it may sound unconventional, but I reached the pinnacle of my academic achievement under his firm, guiding hand.”

The girls looked at Canon with some dismay. Amanda understood. She was very, very lucky to have gotten into this class at all, but still, she hadn’t expected to have to surrender the sovereignty of her ass for it. Ah, well. Mr. Canon was a stern man. (Tabitha had laughed at that especially hard, for some reason she wouldn’t explain.) Amanda might not be looking forward to this, but an opportunity like this didn’t come along twice.

Except for Tabitha.

“Now, Naomi here is going to help us demonstrate,” Amanda said, turning to their busty blonde classmate. “Aren’t you Naomi?”

“The kinky shit I put up with,” muttered Naomi. Still, she did what she was supposed to do and bent down over the teacher’s desk, her so very round ass pointed demonstratively at the class.

Tabitha patted the girl on her rump, a look of pity obvious on her face. “Naomi here is doing a wonderful job here of showing us all...” She cracked down hard on the girl’s butt. It sounded like it must have hurt the slender bookworm’s hand. Naomi yelped in pain and surprise, though how she could be surprised by it, Amanda had no idea.

“What *not* to do,” Amanda finished.

Naomi’s head swiveled around, her brows furrowed. “Hey! I said you could use me as a guinea pig, not--”

Amanda silenced her with another smack. The girl looked openly outraged. “What the hell do you two think you’re--”

“Naomi, you’re expected to participate in class discussions and assignments, or I’ll ask you to leave,” said Canon, squeezing Evelyn’s tits under her top. The girl’s head swiveled from side to side like it was about to spin off and fly around the room or something. There was something creepy about her, Amanda thought, and not for the first time.

Naomi fumed, but she at least did it silently. She at least had the good sense not to ruin a good thing.

“Look at this presentation,” Tabitha went on, elaborating in excruciating detail about how much Naomi was doing wrong. Amanda had to hand it to her; she’d had her ass spanked red more times than she cared to recount by Mr. Lyons in sex ed class, but for Tabitha, it wasn’t a diversion. It was a science. Poetry in motion. She’d masturbated herself to a wildly dramatic orgasm just planning the project – extra credit, Mr. Canon had announced, at which point masturbating in the open had become the norm.

Such advanced teaching methods. She was very, very lucky to have him.

Tabitha went on, Amanda adding to it or demonstrating on Naomi as appropriate. (Not that any of this was appropriate.) Her back? Unarched. Pathetic way to display the fullness of her curves. Her top? On. As if any teacher out to spank a bratty student wouldn't rather see her tits oozing out to either side as she rested them bare on his desk. Her shorts? I mean, come on, spanking a girl with her shorts on? Her underwear was actually decent, earning her a grudging moment of approval from Tabitha who squeezed those plump buttocks around the thong splitting them. Still, when Amanda interjected with a rain of percussive slaps, she squirmed and thrashed and even tried to struggle loose from where Tabitha was sitting lewdly on her back, smashing those enormous tits the way Naomi should have known to in the first place.

"Thanks, Naomi. Unwittingly, you've illustrated the most important lesson of all when it comes to giving your ass to your sexy male teacher." Her eyelashes fluttered adoringly at Mr. Canon, who was only somewhat distracted by the strange, finger-wagging handjob Evelyn was now kneeling to provide.

"Oh yeah? And what the fuck is that, you skinny flat-chested cunt?" Naomi growled.

"Perhaps Amanda would assist us? Amanda, mind assuming the position?"

Amanda had not agreed to volunteer for this. Honestly, as excited as Tabitha seemed to be for their assigned topic, she'd not thought she'd even have to submit to it herself. Still, she was going to get an A in here, same as she did with the sexist pig Mr. Lyons. Mr. Canon could teach him a lot about how to wrangle a class full of gorgeous, horny high school girls. She was so lucky to have him.

She bent over, holding still as Tabitha flipped Amanda's skirt over her ass, and then eased her panties down her legs until they stopped around her knees. Amanda felt exposed. Helpless. Whorish. She felt like she was going to get that A.

"Are you ready to be spanked, Amanda?"

"Ready as I'll ever be," the editor-in-chief replied. She arched her back, pert round butt at the ready.

Tabitha's hand rested softly for a moment. "And this is what Naomi showed us rightly. When a girl has misbehaved such that her teacher feels she's earned a good, hard, spanking..."

Amanda gasped as a finger – no, a thumb! – slipped into her ass. "He doesn't want her to like it."

With her hole being violated in front of her teacher, her classmates, her fleeting sense of decency, Amanda squealed and tried to squirm loose, but having *that, there!*, made resistance too difficult. Before she knew it, Tabitha was using her asshole as a handle while she showed everyone how much more satisfying it must be for a teacher, such as Mr. Canon for example, to hold a slutty little schoolgirl down and smack her

bratty little ass until she screamed for release. (“Release,” Amanda thought, was a nebulous term, and perhaps deliberately chosen. Maybe this Tabitha girl *was* smart.)

Mr. Canon nudged Evelyn aside; she fell on her bare butt (no cheerleader panties for her) and flopped on her back, masturbating as if she were looking into the depths of space through the learning annex’s ceiling and roof. He took firm hold of the thin brunette, and demonstrated that he’d been paying attention. Naomi got some of it too, though it was painfully obvious that she was phoning in her resistance. Amanda put some heart into the struggle – imagining that Mr. Canon was her sex ed teacher and not the sterling model of an educator that he was helped.

Then he was sliding his dick inside her, and while it was obviously inappropriate, she had to admit, it felt pretty fucking good. To think, if any old teacher fucked her like this, it would probably feel horrible. Maybe even... rapey? Lucky for her, she had Mr. Canon.

And then it was lucky for Tabitha, too.

The class timer, signaling the conclusion of the night’s lessons, rang right before he made it to Naomi.

DAY FOUR

“So, Jessica, Susan. You said you wanted to talk to me after class, so... let’s talk.”

The two women shared a long look. Jessica did up the top button of her blouse. Susan had come to class in a turtleneck, but she looked like she wished she could do the same. Susan deferred to her daughter, though both had an air of having a lot to say.

“First off, I want to say that I’m very grateful for this class. My mother and I, we both consider ourselves very, very lucky to have you as our teacher.”

“Very, very lucky,” echoed Susan.

“That said, we’ve been discussing it, and... I think we’re a bit concerned about the tone of the class? We’re both women comfortable in our own skin, don’t get us wrong. Still, this class...?”

I managed to look innocent. Not something I was great at. “What about it?”

“I think it’s fair to say that the curriculum is... non-traditional,” Jessica said.

Her mother nodded aggressively. “To put it mildly. The nudity, the sexual misconduct, and frankly, the at times disrespectful way you interact with some members of this class.”

“Oh? Which one?”

Jessica’s jaw set firmly. “There was a moment earlier today where you Facetimed yourself coming on Stephanie’s breasts, Mr. Canon.”

“Facetimed her *spouse*,” added Mrs. Hooper.

“They’re not married, actually. And don’t let her fool you. She loves when I do stuff like that.”

“Is that why she called you ‘a rotten motherfucker’ and ‘a disgrace to this and any profession?’” countered Jessica. “Look, I’m saying this partially out of concern for you. Obviously your students look up to you. You’re a wonderful teacher. We’re very, very—”

“Just make your point, ladies. I have girlfriends waiting for me at home.”

They didn’t like hearing that. Jessica steeled herself with another deep breath. “At my firm, if a man were behaving the way you are, no matter how well-liked he was, he’d find himself in hot water in an awful big hurry. So we were thinking, perhaps it would behoove you to conduct your class in a more orthodox fashion.”

Susan nodded, looking like she wanted to say the same thing. Or shout it. She was the only married woman in my classes, and seemed to take particular offense to my indiscretions.

I stroked my chin pensively. I’d been anticipating something like this. I’d been in the teaching racket for a while now. I knew when a student didn’t like my class. An intriguing stress test of the “we’re very lucky to have you” approach, too.

“All right. So hey, while we’re here, let’s talk about your Where I’m From poems.” I opened my briefcase and retrieved them; they were sitting right on top. It was an assignment I did in my regular job, inviting students to do some free verse about their lives. It was a good ice breaker, and built confidence for the craft.

Here, I was honestly just curious what had produced the fucked up results I had filling my class. These women had been messed up in the head before my Serenex ever got there. Some interesting results. Chanda, in my other section, had been raised from birth expecting to be auctioned as a sex slave. Emily had enslaved herself to some dude, just to be polite from the way she described it. And Evelyn? Fuck me, I was worried Evelyn was into some seriously, seriously weird youtube accounts.

As for these two...

“So I like what you did here. Great syntax, an honest but not too direct address of the prompt. Enough deviation to show some creativity, but not so much that it’s not recognizable. Easy to grade, I guess I’m saying. And emotionally honest, too. Your address your struggles to be taken seriously in your office, and Susan, coping as a mother with empty nest syndrome... that’s great stuff.”

Jessica looked relieved to be having a normal discussion with her teacher. “Oh? You really liked them? I can take criticism if you didn’t.”

“No, it’s fantastic. Illuminating, really. I did want to ask you, especially, about this line.” I skimmed the page with a finger as both women leaned in. “I’m DJ Gaspar’s girl, his to fuck, his to tittyfuck, oh gosh I love when he tittyfucks my big titties.”

Jessica cocked her head to the side. “Too explicit? I assumed with the content of class discussions...”

I patted her hand. She drew it back like I’d pinched her butt. Right. I turned to Susan. “And you, could you read that last stanza of yours for me?”

Susan took the paper, pushing her glasses down her nose as she read somberly,
”I’m a slut, I’m a slut, I’m a slut, I’m a slut
A big slutty slut who sluts herself sluttily
I’m the biggest, easiest, sluttiest slut in the universe
For DJ Gaspar.”

Susan looked up at me. “You know, now that I hear it out loud, I ought to have used a thesaurus.”

I nodded. “That’s not a bad idea. So I take it, this ’DJ Gaspar,’ he’s someone you have some kind of... relationship with?”

The girls nodded, smiling fondly. Their cheeks flushed in unison red on red. “It’s personal, and private.”

Jessica put an arm around her mother, though. “It’s OK, Mom. Yes. DJ Gaspar is someone we’ve just sort of known for years and years is the master of our hot, fuckable bodies, the man we exist to satisfy in any way he could ever demand of us.”

“He helped show me and my girls our real potential. DJ Gaspar saved us, you could say.”

Jessica nodded. “Right. DJ Gaspar is the best thing that ever happened to our family.”

“I’ll bet,” I said. Suspicions confirmed. Weeks of teaching Allie two nights, plus all my own experiences with Serenex, had taught me a lot about the cadence of a brainwashing victim.

Speaking of...

“Hold still.”

“Why, what are you—”

I sprayed them both across the chest in moments, holding my breath until I was sure the fumes had cleared. They fell totally still in seconds. I opened each Hooper woman’s jaw and gave them another spritz right down the gullet. Susan coughed a bit, but swallowed it down.

“Ms. Hooper,” I said, loudly. The two of them looked up dreamily, stoned on that stuff.

“Mm...?” managed Jessica. Impressive, being able to verbalize on that shit.

“You know me as Mr. Canon... but my first name? It’s DJ Gaspar.”

A few hours later...

“Oh my effing gee, Mr. Canon, why didn’t you tell us you were the bestest most fuckabliest man on the whole wide world!” exclaimed Jessi some hours later as I fucked her mom on the stack of poems.

“Aren’t we slutty?” Suzi asked, beaming at me as she grunted up and down my shaft. “Like, thesauruseses are SO dumb. Almost as dumb as me and my fuckslut daughter, right Jessi?”

“You’re totally right, Mom! Can I have a turn next? Mr. Canon doesn’t even know how big of a huge big slut I am yet!”

“Nuh uh, I’m a greedy little slut piglet! All mine!” Suzi stuck her tongue out at her daughter.

“But pweeeeeeease, Mr. Canon? I’m suck a good fuck! I was put on earth to be a fucktoy for DJ Gaspar! And that’s, like, you!”

“You were put here on earth to respect your mother, Jessi. Now finish your assignment while I take care of her.”

Jessi frowned at the paper, at the crayon in her hand, and resumed doodling pictures of what I could only assume was me fucking her entire family. I wasn’t licensed to teach art, but for my money, I thought she had some talent.

DAY SIX

Schoolgirl Stephie
Adult Learning Class
June 8, 2023

“Why I’m Glad To Be A Submissive Little Bitch”

I write this under duress. That really shouldn’t need to be pointed out, since almost every part of my life is under duress at this point. For the record, Candace is helping me edit this and she advises me not to begin with a point that’s contrary to my thesis, but I don’t care.

I knew I wanted to be a police officer from a pretty young age. I have policemen in my family, which means I have the police in my blood. I was a three-sport varsity athlete in high school. I was never team captain but I did get made runner up for Track & Field. Considering how people reacted when I outed myself senior year, I think it’s even more impressive that I got that.

I was raised to think I could go out and accomplish things, that I could take risks and do my best and if I didn’t make it then it was better to try and not succeed than to not try and be a failure for not trying. Boys always said I was bossy, which is one more reason I’m glad I’m a lesbian. When I was hired as a policewoman, it was one of the proudest days of my life. I didn’t

want the assignment as SRO, really, but that was the opening they had and I figured in time I could get out there doing some real serving and protecting.

Candace reminded me I should say I'm glad I got this job because otherwise we never would have met. Which is mostly true, except I'm not always sure it's worth it. It makes me so fucking angry to think that the best woman I've ever been with might be a mistake because being with her is what led to me becoming some kind of cheap ridiculous toy cop in an expensive ridiculous cop uniform.

Back. Just thinking about that uniform got me so pissed off I started playing with my pussy. Candace says I have to be honest about this, and I'm a submissive little bitch so I'm doing what she told me. I came when she told me she was proud of how hard I'm working at this stupid class. It's so degrading to have your own fiancée get off watching you write an essay acting like you're glad to be a slutty parody of yourself.

I don't even get to be glad about the parts of my job where I get to do policegirl stuff. (Candace says for the rest of the essay I have to call my job "policegirl." I fucking hate her sometimes. Not the real her, but what you turned her into. A bully that makes me hornier than I ever thought it was possible to even be.) Anyway, being a policewgirl sucks now. I used to get to at least break up fights and be a support and help kids process their stuff, but now all I do is make sure you get away with all of this. Every time I think of a new way we could get exposed I rush over and put out the fire. Even if it means using more of that poison on people. My pussy gets wet just from the smell of that. Sometimes I feel like I could almost cum in my panties, if I ever wore panties, just from the sound it makes when I spray it into someone's mouth and make them more your slave, like me.

(Candace says I should be graphic and disgusting about my feelings. She won't stop fingering me and playing with my boobs. And a submissive little bitch like me can't tell her to stop. I can't tell anyone to do anything. I can just spray them, and brainwash them for you, or I can squeeze my big titties together and beg them.)

Sometimes I look at myself in the mirror and wish I had never been born. At least then you probably would have gotten caught. But then I'd never have found out how much harder my slutty pussy cums when a man is fucking me instead of a woman. I fucking *hate* that Candace made me type it, and I hate even more than it's true. Nothing will ever make my brain melt out of my ears like your dick, Canon.

So there you go. You can poison a girl to make her worship your cock so much that she wants you to fuck her 24/7 even though she hates you with all her heart. Just writing this essay, I've come every single paragraph. And I fucking hated English class even when I was an actual schoolgirl and not just another interchangeable set of holes and titties for you to fuck in your shitty night school.

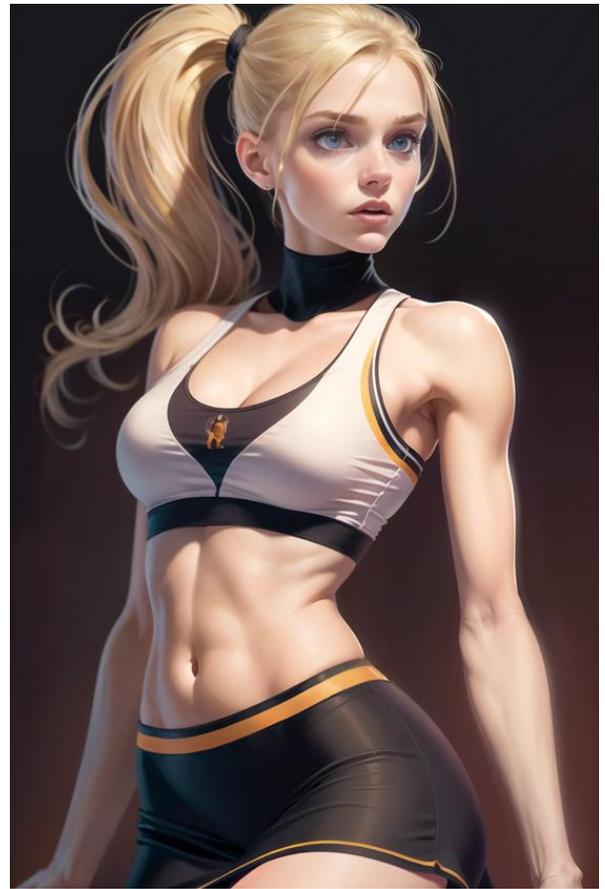
Please fuck me. I'm so fucking horny. Just come over and fuck me like we both know you want to. And fuck Candace – the bitch deserves it for making me write that. Fuck my fiancée while I watch and let me suck your cum out of her pussy and then make me suck your dick and cum on my face and make Candace lick it off and when I start to cry have her say something mean and then you do your bullshit act like you don't love every second of this and then fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.

You've literally made me cum my conscience out, you fucking asshole. So I guess that's why I'm glad to have to be in your stupid little class so you can treat me like shit and make me cum.

School Aged Class: The Jailbait		
<i>Name</i>	<i>Story origin</i>	<i>Image</i>
Chanda	Losers	

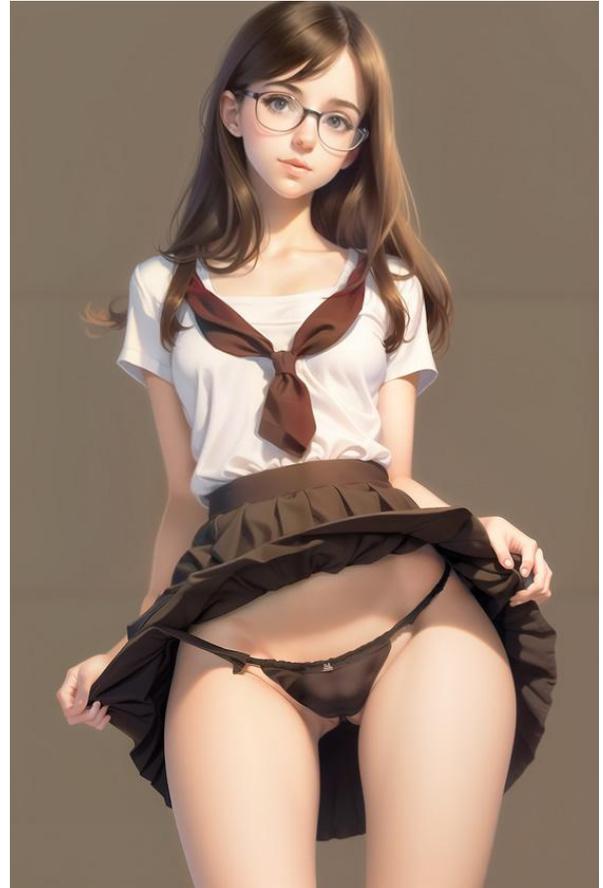
Evelyn

Critical Tits



Tabitha

Teaching Her A Lesson



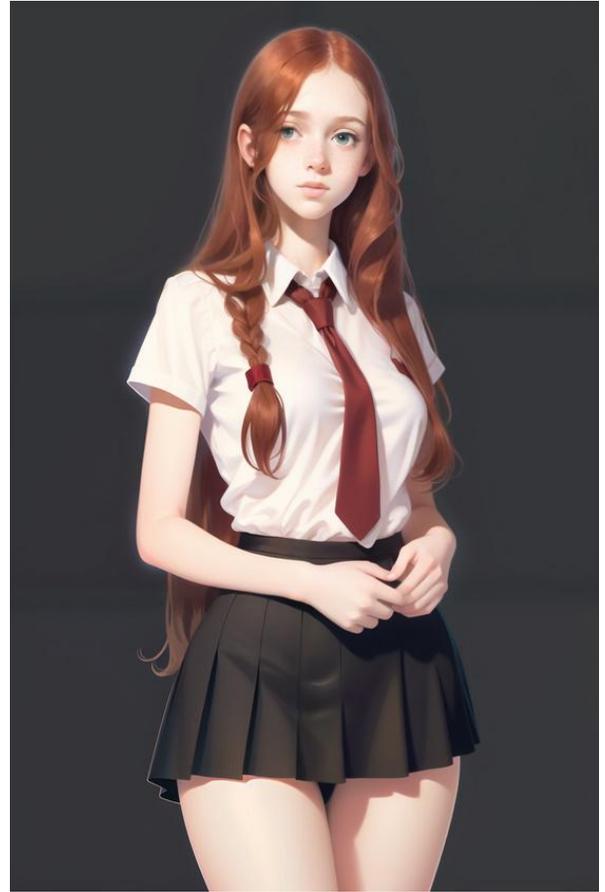
Emily

Tolerance



Amanda

This Is Our Story



Naomi

The Creep



Jody	Tolerance	
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Adult Aged Class: Milfs and “Milfs”		
<i>Name</i>	<i>Story origin</i>	<i>Image</i>

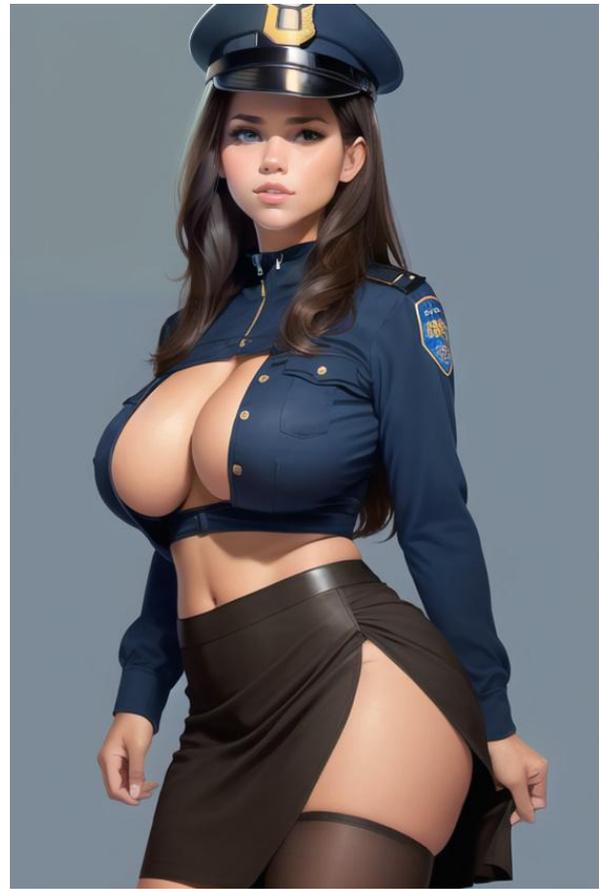
Megan

Teaching Her A Lesson



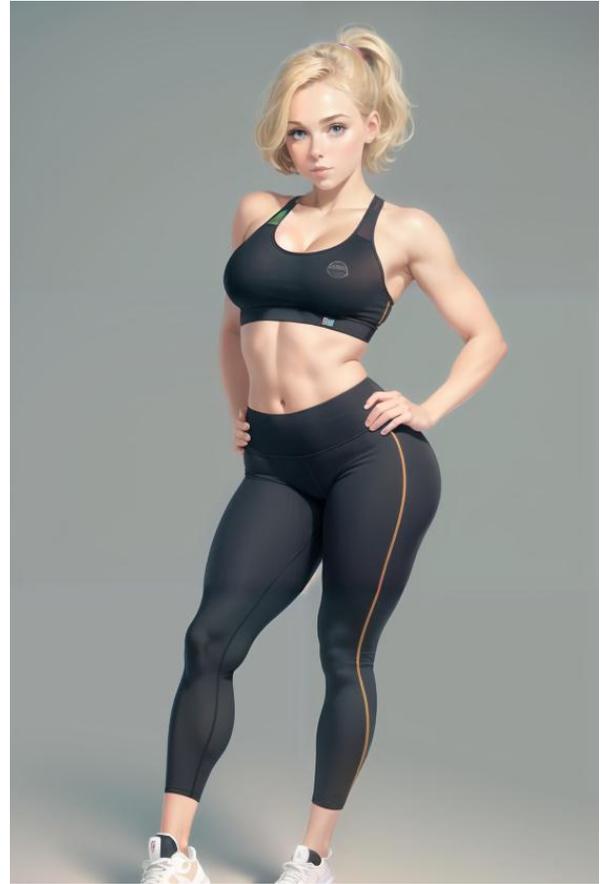
Isa

Teaching Her A Lesson



Julie Roper

Character Creation:
Charm Person



Jessi Hooper

Neighbors From Back
When



Suzi Hooper

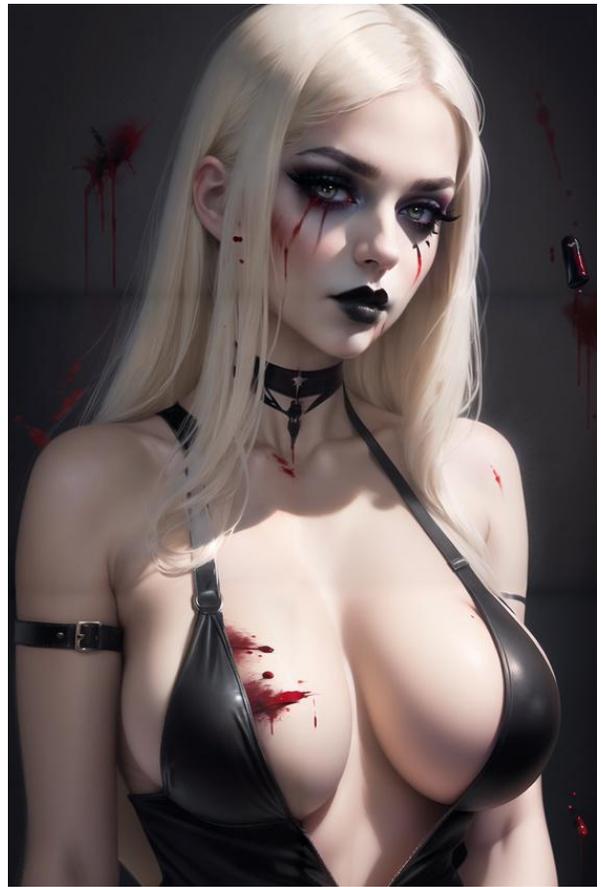
Neighbors From Back
When



Cindy

Heaven Hath No Wrath

NB: The picture here is Cindy from Critical Tits, a different Cindy from a different story written 7 years later. Apparently I like to write about Cindy's who suffer hard. Anyway, this picture is awesome and I miscommunicated its creation so I'm including this because, come on.



Erika

My New Girlfriend



Morgan	Tolerance	
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Programmed Class: The Bots		
<i>Name</i>	<i>Story origin</i>	<i>Image</i>

Avery

Heavy Is The Head



Crissy

Heavy Is The Head



Ingrid

Heavy Is The Head



Alice/Allie

Alice's Smartpartment

