

## Sub Notes

### A TIOS Story

“What, you again?” Miss Galvin said, hands on hips, as Jordan strolled into her room. Her seventh period class, freshman from the looks of them, glanced up from their work groups, but not for long. After all, it was a substitute day, which meant ample opportunity to goof off, and they didn’t want to waste it.

Jordan smiled his most disarming smile, not knowing or caring that it mostly served to make him look less sincere. “Hi, Miss Galvin. Sorry about earlier today.”

“Was that part of your punishment, having to apologize?”

“What? No, they gave me a detention, actually. Had that coming, I see that. No hard feelings – in fact, I wanted to clear the air, or whatever.”

“By disrupting *another* class?”

He waved away her description of events. “I’m actually here on assignment for yearbook. We’re thinking about doing a spread on Northside’s substitute teachers, and since I knew you were in for Mr. Adler today, I thought I’d see if you could do a quick interview.”

“I’m not sure I…” But he could see it had touched her ego. Everybody liked to feel they were important enough to be interviewed.

“Come on, my editor’s going to be mad if I don’t at least get something from you, and I’ve already messed myself up enough today, right? Come on, you’re new here, haven’t been subbing for more than a couple weeks, right? We could use the fresh perspective.”

She looked at the class, but they had their worksheets and seemed to be giving enough effort not to merit further scrutiny. “Fine,” she agreed. Obviously. Every sub wanted to feel like they were part of the school even if they were basically punchlines to the joke that was public education. “But let’s be quick about it.”

Fuck, but she was hot. She tried to hide it well, with her blonde hair up in a bun so tight it looked like it was trying to break free from her scalp, the stereotypical thick black smart-girl glasses, the baggy sweater that hung past her butt. Underneath it, though, was a dynamo. She was tall, and though she only had an inch or so on him, she had at least four or five inches of that in two long, graceful legs. The sweater and slacks hid a lot of her shape, but he’d get to that soon enough, hopefully.

Worst case scenario: she had a gorgeous face with a surprise disappointment of a naked body – which he could fix, or just have his fun and move on. Win win.

“Great. Is now OK? I just a few quick questions.”

“And I have a few quick answers.”

And that was all the harder it was.

Without really intending to, or much caring, he did manage to learn a bit about her. Elizabeth Galvin had a degree in music theory; had lived in town all her life (but attended Central); was working with the community theater on an upcoming production; had taken a job subbing at Northside on advice from her boyfriend, none other than Coach Conrad. Jordan had had a difficult time not laughing at that; it seemed Coach Conrad's whole purpose in his education was providing him fresh pussy to break in.

Jordan could see what the Coach saw in her; she was a damn fine-looking woman. He was surprised the muscle-brained gym teacher was up to the snotty substitute's standards, but maybe she was just another bitch looking to mooch off a guy with a union job. Or maybe it was nothing more than a fling that hadn't petered out yet.

He supposed he could always ask later, if he got tired of other uses for her mouth.

There was a little part of him that was nervous. The anxiety wasn't logical; TIOS had thus far edited staff as easily as students, and when he'd gone to save her quotes, it had prompted him to create a profile for her, much like it had with Amanda. Still. He'd been a student too long for teachers – even fake wannabe teachers like Miss Galvin – not to make him a little nervous.

But the nervousness was part of the fun, after all. Besides, after *“Students often try to push me around, yeah, and it can be stressful, but I've learned to just let them.”* – Elizabeth Galvin, there shouldn't be any worries. (Somehow, the end of her statement, “because I leave notes for their teachers in excruciating detail and let them hand out the detentions” hadn't made the spread.) Better than he'd thought he'd get out of her, and even if he'd hoped for a nice *“I'm just here to serve the needs of Northside students”* or something, he'd settle for this. Besides, as Kirsten had taught him, sometimes it was better when they could squirm.

“Again? Seriously?” she said as she arrived at her car and found him waiting next to it.

“What can I say, I missed you.”

“Young man, this is getting inappropriate. I'm going to ask you to leave me alone, or so help me I'll call the office and leave a message that'll have your head spinning in the morning.” She brushed past him, sneering, and slid into the driver's seat of her beat-up old car.

“Gee whiz, I've never been threatened by a sub before,” he said. Then, while she was still sputtering indignantly, he hit the unlock button on her door console and made it to the passenger side right before she could think to re-lock it.

“Just what do you think you're doing?!” she shrieked.

Jordan simply clicked on his seatbelt. “Pushing you around. Now drive.”

She glared. “Fine. You want to see how this pans out? Fine. But this is *not* acceptable behavior, I want you to know.”

“Excuse me?!” Elizabeth Galvin half-shouted, glaring into her walk-in closet, where Jordan was looking through hanger after hanger of boring clothes that looked like they belonged to a woman twice her age and half her sex appeal.

“I said, you really need sexier clothes. You hard of hearing? If you’re gonna be of any use to me, we’re going to need to find something that shows off that bod.”

“Any use to... I am a *teacher*, young man, and just because I am a substitute does not mean I am going to let you treat me like a dress-up – Hey! That is my underwear drawer – you are not allowed to – why, I’m going to – you... oh, you...!” She wagged a reproving finger at him, but did nothing to interfere as he looked for something more suitable.

“Ah, here we go,” he said, at last finding a pair of matching red lingerie. The panties were skimpy, though not quite a thong, and both it and the bra looked sheer enough he’d be able to see through it. Maybe not, but he was curious to find out. “Here, put these on.”

“How about no?” she snapped, hands on hips. “You can’t tell me what to wear.”

“Fine, fine, we’ll do things the hard way.” Jordan walked over to Miss Galvin and grabbed the bottom of her sweater.

“What do you think you’re—! Oh my gosh!” And then she was topless. Today’s bra was nothing exciting, basic white, and as he shoved her back on the bed to take off her slacks, he noticed they didn’t even match the underwear, some gross granny panties that somehow made her look even less sexy than she had in pants.

“Now, do I need to do the underwear, too, or are you going to handle it yourself?”

She glared at him a long moment, then huffily snatched the red set from his extended hand. “Evidently you *can* tell me what to wear.”

She arched an eyebrow in confusion as he let out a sudden laugh. By the time he ran back to the living room to add that little nugget to her spread, saved as *subgal*, she was changed.

“Damn, now that’s an improvement. You got a fuckin’ body on you, teach,” he said, approaching her and spinning her by the shoulders. Sure enough, those panties served as an accent piece to a truly spectacular heinie, a little splash of color between two tall, narrow cheeks. It was an enticing mix, giving it the simultaneous impressions of largeness and smallness. While Jordan’s taste in tits tended towards size over shape, he had to give her top marks for the latter. Cute little things, with chocolate brown nipples diamond hard threatening to cut through the fabric of the bra.

He gave them a little twist, and she groaned in discomfort. Or humiliation. Both, probably. “When your parents hear about this...” she threatened, then enumerated the punishments she imagined awaited him as he shucked his own clothes. She directed her eyes to the ceiling after a quick glance at his waiting erection.

“Oh, you were going to call my parents? I’d love to hear that. Whatcha gonna tell them? That you gave a student a ride to your home, let him strip you naked, modeled slutty underwear for him, and sucked his cock?”

He could see comprehension dawning on her inability to tattle as he explained, but the last bit got her hackles right back up. “What?! I never sucked yo—”

With a fistful of hair, he dragged that pretty little face of hers right down to where it belonged. She wasn’t very good, he had to say, but it was only her first time.

By Saturday evening, she was getting better. Somewhat. Most of the cunts in his sex ed class were pretty lackluster, too, frankly, and none of them held a candle to the insatiable cum-thirst of his Hailey. That slut sucked cock like a dog begging for a treat. In fact, almost literally like that.

Lizzy – no more Miss Galvin; they were on a first name basis now – was learning. Mostly, she was learning that the more cooperative she was, the less she lost. Or at least she lost it more slowly. Refusing to go down on him without him having to use makeshift pigtales like handlebars had cost her a picture of her face impaled on his cock. Complaining about the taste of his cum had gotten some of the dribbles mixed into her perfume. Refusing to bring him breakfast in bed that morning had meant her naked belly served as his plate. (He hadn't been careful with the syrup, but then, he wasn't the one who'd have to launder the sheets, either.)

That wasn't to say she was a quick study. No, she hated having him in her home, hated having him use her body like an amusement park, hated the way he mocked, criticized, used and abused her. And his Lizzy was not a woman who bottled up her anger, and Jordan was not a man who minded excuses to discipline the disciplinarian.

Jordan was not at all surprised when she gave him another one.

"I need to answer that," she said in response to some annoying, up tempo pop music serving as a ringtone on her phone. Right in the middle of her first butt-fuck. She'd actually been taking it pretty well, compared to some of the tight-asses in sex ed. He still hadn't been able to get Mary Buchanan to relax enough to take it in the ass, even when it cost her participation points.

"How many times do I gotta tell you, your social life isn't my dick's problem," Jordan said, giving her a forceful thrust that left her groaning.

"N-no," she moaned, and at first he thought she was begging for mercy. Again. But she went on. "It's my sister. She's coming to visit tonight. You need to leave."

"Oh, I see. All right, come on. Let's get your phone." Rather than pull out of the sub's sweet little chute, though, he instead threw his full weight on her, driving her face-first into the mattress. Little by little, he drove her closer to her nightstand, where Lizzy flailed desperately in the hopes that grasping the phone would make him stop plowing her ass. It had long since stopped ringing by the time she'd found it, but find it she did, sighing in relief that he indeed let up. More or less, anyway; Jordan lifted her by the hips back to her doggy style and kept going, but with a bit more tenderness.

"You g-gotta stop. Or hurry up and finish, whichever. But you need to... hey, what're you... that's mine! Give it back!"

Jordan just rolled his eyes and adopted a hands-free style as he held up her phone. "What's the passcode?"

"No way am I telling you my– OW!" Lizzy yelped as her student smacked her on the ass.

“Passcode.”

“I’m not... OW! Stop that!”

“Passcode.”

It took another four swats and what seemed to him as a truly melodramatic amount of blubbing before she wised up, but sure enough, a figure 4 swipe on the dots and he was in. “What are you doing on my phone? You do not have my permission to use that, understand?”

Mouthy as she was, she was at least fairly still. He didn’t even have to prompt her to turn around and look at him; he got the pic of her glaring, rebuking, toned ass cheeks mid-vibration from a cock that was, from the angle he’d taken the pic, clearly lodged in door number two. “What’s your sister’s name?” he asked.

“None of your beeswax, that’s– OUCH! Quit that!”

Jordan had already realized he could just check the call log for it, but still, he hated to waste an opportunity to help shape this impressionable adult mind. “So we’re clear. Unless you think your sister would be up for a little threeway action...?”

“No! That’s disgusting!”

“Kay. So, in a moment, I’m going to text your sister to let her know you’re balls deep on someone’s dick and you’ll make time for her some night when I’m bored of you. Now I can copy Coach Conrad on it, too,” Jordan threatened. The Coach’s number he actually had from those early days of the semester when they were still co-teaching. “Or, you can give me your sister’s name, and nobody else has to know.”

“Can I write the message, at least?”

“Three... two...”

“Fine! It’s Kate, all right? Dammit!” She pounded the mattress in frustration, which soon became a fierce grip on the sheets as her student bottomed out in her ass.

He attached the picture, typed a brief message, and hit Send. She was still rebuking him when her bowels were flooded for the first time with a man’s cum.

Kate did not wind up visiting that night. Or the next day, when Jordan informed her, using Lizzy's phone, that she was "too busy online shopping for slutwear." The woman complained, of course, but she couldn't say he was a liar.

Sunday night, she had plans for a night out with Coach Conrad.

"So how'd you meet? He's gotta be like, a decade older than you."

"I'm a decade older than you," she said dryly. Then, eyes widening, "Oh my god, are you even eighteen?"

"Relax, honeycunt, you're not a pedophile. That I know of."

"Fuck you." She glared. "And we met at the gym, OK?"

"Heh. Makes sense. You definitely keep it tight, babe."

"You are so going to regret speaking like that to me." She'd stopped trying to threaten when, exactly, these punishments would come tumbling down, but nevertheless continued to make them.

"I got chills. So why don't you go ahead and give Coach a call, let him know you can't make it tonight. Tell him whatever you want, I don't care. But you can make a phone date for tonight, at least. I'm bound to get bored of you eventually."

"Bored? Oh, because I'm so sure the young women of Northside are lining up to court a young man of your superior breeding and charm."

Still, she called her boyfriend and explained that she wasn't feeling too well and was going to beg off, then made plans to call him later. When she did, it took maybe five minutes of exchanging pleasantries before even a dude-bro like Coach Conrad realized something was off.

"It's nothing," she insisted.

"Come on, Lizzy, I can hear it in your voice. What's going on?"

"I... oh! Oh! Oh gosh... I... I thought, um, maybe we could... do phone sex? Like, if we can't, oh *shit* quit that, be together, we can at least – *quit, please!* – you know, have fun...?"

"Are you... what's... is someone over there?"

Jordan gave her nipples another hard twist, but she began to improve her coping strategy. "No, just... I can't seem to control, um, myself," she lied as he plumbed away. Damn, either Coach was hung like a hamster or this bitch had a genetically tight cunt. Either way, he had to hand it to her, she juggled dirty-talking her boyfriend while simultaneously getting nailed like a common whore with proficiency. By the time they hung up, Coach was good and satisfied with his wildly horny girlfriend – so horny she seemed to be interrupting herself, even, with moans and shrieks of dismay at the distractions she was enduring.

Jordan came on her face, wiped his dick off with her hair, and slapped her farewell on that high, tight ass of hers. "See you at school soon, yeah? Make sure to wear

one of those new outfits for me, show me you're spending your pathetic little paycheck on something worthwhile."

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, because nobody's going to complain about a substitute teacher flitting around in provocative outfits, being ogled and disrespected by the students."

Jordan's eyes sparkled.



It wasn't until almost a week later that Miss Galvin wound up subbing again at Northside, and that was only after Jordan realized that, as a sub, she had no obligation to return. Luckily, sexy substitutes were in short supply, and it didn't take long before he sparked a conversation with a horny freshman that began with "hey, kid, you know that sub, Miss Galvin?" ended with an addition to *subgal* that read, "*Yeah, she's here like every other day or so, right?*" – *Dave Stephens*. It might mean he'd have to go without her every second day, but it put an end to her stalling tactic.

Jordan heard her before he saw her. A wave of quiet that moved through the hallway, followed by a chorus of wolf whistles. As she entered Mrs. Brantley's room, she was preceded by an adolescent male voice saying, "damn, I'd poison my teacher to get that ass!"

Jordan hadn't meant for "*Students often try to push me around*" to be interpreted quite so literally, but he couldn't say he minded it.

Her hands were folded in front of her as she walked in, the woman's downcast chin and shrunken demeanor taking half a head off her height. Then again, the five-inch heels atop three-inch platforms put it right back on and then some. It kept her from being able to walk in anything but the most diminutive steps, tottering across the room to hide behind their teacher's podium. Small wonder, considering the rest of her outfit. Three feet of smooth, lightly tanned leg lead up to a tartan skirt that had looked slutty on the website Jordan had made her buy it from, but was simply criminal on the leggy blonde teacher. She'd pulled it so low that it was obvious she'd at least partially shaved her bush, which was the only way it managed to cover her pussy. As she retreated to cover, the class could see that it seemed to be forced into riding up that tall ass of hers such that everyone had a clear view of the skimpy, bright pink panties she was wearing beneath it.

The podium couldn't hide the top, though; Miss Galvin towered so high over it that the sheer white blouse was fully visible, and sheer as it was, so was most of what lay beneath it. It was tied right beneath her breasts. There were no buttons. There was no bra. There was no way, frankly, to avoid seeing the dark circles of her nipples through the thin fabric.

"Good morning, class. Mrs. Brantley is out today, so I'm going to be her sub. My name is Miss Galvin, and—"

"Uh, Miss Galvin?" said a girl's voice. Genevieve, one of the honor's kids who'd been forced into the normal class over a schedule conflict and was forever bitter about it.

"Yes, um Ms...?"

"Bennett."

"Yes, Ms. Bennett."

"What in the name of all that's skanky are you wearing?"

Apparently, Jordan noted, TIOS' prohibition against shaming people for their clothing choices only stopped them from seeing one another in such ways, not from using it to bully them if prompted to by another command. Another day, another exciting lesson.

The class howled with laughter, followed by a prolonged bout of derisive commentary (mostly, but not all, from the girls) and brazen cat-calling (mostly, but not all, from the boys). Jordan smirked at her, though she didn't seem to pick him out of the crowd. Besides, she had no way of knowing this was his doing other than coercing her into buying the outfit by threatening to send pictures of her cum-splattered face to her facebook page. (Instead he posted them anonymously on her tumblr, with a minor blur that left it ambiguous as to her identity.)

"If you persist in this behavior, class, we are going to have a bad day," she said, trying to be assertive as she produced a bottle of water from her purse.

"In that skirt? How could I have a bad day with you standing there in *that*?" asked Howie.

"I gotta say, Miss Galvin, I'm all for women owning their sexuality through sex-positive attire, but... you really, really crossed a line," said Heather, seated next to two of her Pride sisters in matching crop tops, acres of cleavage spilling out. Jordan made a mental note to tit-fuck the shit out of those suckers again next period, though he expected some other babe would distract him between then and now, as often happened.

"A line that says 'I'm a huge fucking tramp,'" said Debbie quietly, but loudly enough.

Miss Galvin, seeing she was losing control of the class, was taking a drink out of her water bottle to stall, but squealed in alarm when Jordan, after feigning getting up to blow his nose, turned and bumped into her. The bottle slipped in her grip and a gout of the stuff sprayed her top. As she tried to right it, though, he pretended to help and succeeded only in dumped the other half of the bottle all over those pretty little titties of hers.

In an instant, her top went from sheer to practically invisible. And she realized it immediately.

Jordan pretended, half-heartedly, to be concerned. "Oh gosh, Miss G, your boobs are super visible right now. Hey, Howie, be a gentleman and get some paper towels, eh buddy?"

Howie, after sparing another moment to gape, was off in a flash. Students throughout the room were openly taking flash pictures. They didn't even need the flashes in the fluorescent light of the classroom, but it was a more dramatic announcement of their recordings, all the funnier to watch her panic as her near-topless

state was captured by a dozen or more phones. By the time Howie returned, the first uploads were already getting likes and comments.

“Uh, here, Miss Galvin,” he said, holding out a huge wad of paper towels dispensed from the men’s room.

“Howie, come on – her hands are wet. She can’t dry her ta-ta’s with wet hands, can she? Go on, do her a solid.”

As shocked as the class had been by Miss Galvin’s whorish appearance, there were literal gasps as Jordan moved behind her, took her wrists in his hands and pinned them behind her back. That sweet, powerful ass of hers was pressed against his crotch, trembling in apprehension, as Howie watched her to dissuade him.

“This is very inappropriate,” Miss Galvin said in a small voice.

“Go on, man. She ain’t stopping you, is she?”

She was not.

Miss Galvin closed her eyes in shame and, if the heat radiating from her pussy through his khakis was any indicator, maybe even some arousal as Howie Fleming, vice president of Latin Club, dabbed at her wet, practically naked tits with what was by the minute less of an effort to sponge her off and more an acceptance of her unspoken invitation to be felt up.

He took his time about it, and after that, she spent the rest of the period sitting behind Mrs. Brantley’s desk muttering disconsolately to herself between the occasional male student taking the opportunity to approach her desk to check out her tits up close. A few even asked her to pose for a selfie, which she was too mortified to muster the gumption to refuse.

She never got around to taking attendance. Simon Driscoll, once he saw the pics online, would never forgive himself for ditching, though he got off scott free.

The bell finally rang, and with a mixture of judgmental and lust-filled looks, Mrs. Brantley’s first period class went into the hallway and prepared for second period, Jordan’s own favorite period of the day.

“Jordan Lyons?” came a small voice as he neared the door. He hung back, letting the others filter out until he was alone with his pet sub.

“Sup, Lizzy?”

“Would it be all right if I change into my normal clothes later?”

Jordan just laughed. “Oh come on. Aren’t teachers always saying you learn more from us than we do from you? And I bet you learned a lot last period.”

“Please? I brought a change of clothes in my purse, but... it felt wrong to put them on, since we bought these and they’re brand new, and you specifically asked and all...”

He opened the door. “Tell you what. I teach a class next period, but I’ve been meaning to take a day off. You come in and sub for me one day soon, and do a good job

and teach my class something good, and maybe I'll think about letting you try on some of that boring shit you filled your closet with. OK?"

"Great. Thank you," she said immediately, looking sincerely relieved. As he put one foot out the door, she rushed over to him, almost falling into him on account of those preposterous shoes, and added quickly, "Oh, and Jordan? What's your class? So I can be prepared."

He reached under her dress and gave her pussy a few long strokes. Yep, just a little wet. Like he'd thought. "Don't worry, Lizzy. You're qualified."

Kirsten Vaughan had long since decided that Mr. Lyons was far and away her least favorite teacher, probably all-time, and he gave her fresh reasons to hate it all the time. His class was boring as hell. He made her dress like a slut, or sit around naked in the often chilly classroom. He called her degrading names, punished her brutally for even the slightest perceived shortcoming, and his grading scale was insanely arbitrary. Last week she'd lost participation points for not having shaved her pussy, when three weeks earlier he'd explicitly said he liked how she looked with a little bush.

Plus, the sex wasn't even very good, and his dick almost always tasted like some other girl's pussy. Or ass.

Today, however, she was looking forward to class. Because today, Mr. Lyons was having her help him with a special project. She strode into class right before the bell – he was such a prick about tardiness – and quickly stripped out of her clothes. Once upon a time she'd done so behind the changing screens, but she'd realized after a while that it only conveyed she had something to hide. A body like hers, these bitches should envy every second they were in sight of it.

“Olivia, is she here?”

Olivia was giving her nipples a few firm pinches to get them nice and hard, like Mr. Lyons liked. “No. I checked the screens, but no sign of her.”

“Dumb cunt's running late on day one,” Kirsten grouched, running her fingers across her snatch to make sure it was baby smooth. No more bullshit loss of points on that one.

“Go easy on her, Kirsten,” said Olivia, though the wolfish grin on her pretty face said that, as always, the only person Olivia wanted mercy for was herself. She was a good sounding board, letting her know when she was going too far and giving her opportunity to heed pleading to show leniency.

Kirsten, of course, would not be going easy. Mr. Lyons had made that very clear yesterday.

*“So here's the situation, tits-for-brains,” he said, squeezing her boob condescendingly. It was more annoying than ever, as she was trying to get dressed for third period and she couldn't exactly put her bra back on with his hand there. “Tomorrow, I'm going to have a student teacher in here, and you're going to be my little helper.”*

*“Help with what? I'm not a teacher.”*

*“No you're not. But you are one hell of a bitch, and that's the kind of help I need.”*

*“What's that supposed to mean?” she said, abandoning hope for the bra and going to work on her belt.*

*“How long did it take for you to start hating my class?” he asked with that smug grin of his. “Not just disliking, but really loathing it.”*

*“I dunno. Two weeks? But if it helps, I hated you as a person since at least middle school.” She flashed a sardonic grin.*

*He pulled her onto his lap. “For every day you can cut that down for our student teacher, I’ll credit you a day’s participation grade.”*

*Her eyes narrowed, but even as Mr. Lyons dragged a finger across her pussy, she couldn’t help but smile. “What all am I allowed to do?”*

“About fucking time,” Kirsten said when the woman finally arrived. She thought she recognized her from Mr. Adler’s class a week or two back, but she must not have been subbing at NHS long. Though attired as she was, it was hard to imagine forgetting her. The woman was dressed like an absolute tramp – sort of like the dress Hayleigh had worn to junior prom, but somehow with even more skin showing, shorter and skimpier and plungier. In fact, it was so wide-set in the middle that part of a nipple was showing.

“Sorry I’m running late, everyone,” the woman said. “I’m Miss Galvin, and I’m going to be your sub today...”

“Sub?” interrupted Vanessa. “Mr. Lyons said you’re supposed to be his student teacher.”

The woman looked perplexed. “What? No, I’m only subbing for today.”

Kirsten scowled. If this skank was only supposed to be here for one day, how was she going to get her points? No way. “No, you’ve got to be our student teacher. You have to,” she insisted.

Mr. Lyons emerged then from behind one of the changing screens, typing with one hand while the other held his laptop aloft. “I believe she’s right, Miss Galvin. Aren’t you my student teacher...?”

“Well yes, of course,” she said, now looking perplexed at why someone would doubt it. What was with this bimbo? Make up your mind.

“Good, good. All right, so for today, I want you to take the period, get to know your students, get a feel for the class. I’ll be at my desk if you need anything, all right?”

“Oh. I didn’t prepare any... well then.” Miss Galvin sat on the front of Mr. Lyons’ desk as he seated himself behind it, confirming to the class that she hadn’t worn underwear, either. Slut. “I suppose we could start with introductions. As we established, I’m Miss Galvin, and—”

“Wait, someone said you’re Coach Conrad’s girlfriend. Is that true?” asked Lauren.

She paused a moment. “Um, yes, Mr. Conrad and I are dating.”

“Is that weird?”

“Working alongside him? No, I don’t—”

“No, I mean, isn’t he like way older than you? You don’t look that old.”

“Don’t you think that’s a little personal?”

“I’m not trying to be rude, but I’m just saying. You look, like, my mom’s age, and he’s, like, my grandpa’s age.”

“He’s thirty-seven, as a matter of fact, and I doubt your mother is only tw–”

Kirsten raised a hand, and the woman, sensing the girl’s authority, stopped immediately. “Yes, Ms....?”

“Kirsten Vaughan.”

“Yes, Ms. Vaughan.”

“Can I ask why you decided to dress like a slutty princess?”

Miss Galvin’s nostrils flared, but it was Mr. Lyons who took the opportunity to reassure her. “Go on, Miss Galvin. I encourage openness and honesty.”

Her mouth twisted a moment, but the class looked too interested in the answer for her to attempt a dodge. “Mr. Lyons thought these clothes would be... appropriate.”

“Appropriate for what?” asked Neveah.

“For work.”

“Oh, do you have a second job as a cheap escort or something?” Kirsten probed.

“Excuse me? I’m the only one in the room who’s even wearing clothes! Well, unless you count the headband on that girl.”

Heather’s jaw dropped. “Slut-shaming? Seriously?! You came here to teach us sex ed, and you want to tell us we need to uphold the fragility of the patriarchy by conforming to outmoded standards of–”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, Heather, save it,” Mr. Lyons said. He had minimal patience for what he called her feminist hysteria.

Kirsten didn’t let it drop so easily, though. “Heather’s right, you guys. If you want to come into our class and show us the ropes, how do we even know you’re qualified? How do we know you know anything about sex?”

“I do,” Miss Galvin protested, already clearly on the defensive. “Maybe if you told me where you were in the curriculum...? Anatomy? STD’s? Pregnancy prevention?”

“This week we’ve been learning about giving tandem blowjobs,” supplied Stacy.

“Tandem *what?!?*”

“Blow. Jobs,” Kirsten repeated. “Sucking dick. Giving head. Putting the male penis in the woman’s face orifice and providing stimulation to climax then swallowing down his semen. If you prefer it in anatomy terms.”

“But... But I...”

Kirsten rolled her eyes, crossing the room to the teacher and, before she could react, tugging her dress apart so her boobs popped into the open. The blonde stood aside, pointing, laughing in a way that commanded those wise enough to fear her to laugh with her, which prompted those lacking such wisdom to laugh with them. Never

failed. Even that stuck-up new girl Amanda pretended to laugh along. “I can’t say I believe that, Miss Galvin. Itty bitty titties like those, I bet you’ve had to suck your fair share of cocks, eh?”

The woman didn’t cover herself; she at least had the decency to not be ashamed of her nudity, like the rest of the students. “No! I mean, yes, I’ve... done that, but not because—”

“You don’t have to bullshit us, Miss Galvin. Come on, I bet you do it all the time, right? Look at those bright red lips, guys. She’s advertising it, that’s what she’s doing. She wants everybody to see her in her slutty little dress with her slutty red lipstick and think, ‘I bet Miss Galvin sucks a mighty fine dick.’ Is that right?”

“Miss Vaughan, I am trying to be patient with you, but I must insist you keep a civil tone in this classroom!”

“Actually,” interjected Mr. Lyons, “I encourage frank discussion in the classroom. I want them all to feel unfettered by, you know... institutional norms, or whatever.”

“But she’s—”

“She’s been here three months and you’ve been here three minutes, so maybe shut up and let these sexpots teach you a thing or two. All right?” Mr. Lyons retorted hotly. The woman plainly had many things she wanted to say, but as she drew breath to say them, he cut her off. “Remember, you’re here as a my student, too. Don’t you want to pass?”

Miss Galvin glared – hard. Hard enough that Kirsten knew she’d be bent over his desk for some form of ass-related recompense if she’d looked at Mr. Lyons like that. “Yes, Mr. Lyons.”

As it turned out, their student teacher was indeed not well-trained at sucking cock. Kirsten spent much of the period putting her through the ropes. The vindictive young blonde began by donning one of the strap-ons from the educational supply closet, seating herself on a desktop, and inviting the pretty young teacher to suck her dick. Miss Galvin wasn’t enthused. At first, anyway. The criticisms mounted the longer it went on.

“You’re not using your neck. Half of the blowjob is in the neck.”

“I literally don’t know a guy who could get hard having a girl suck him off like that.”

“It’s less about technique, more about passion.”

“You’re *sure* you’ve done this before...?”

“How can someone go to college to learn to teach oral sex and be this mediocre at it?”

And so on. A lot of it was just hazing the new teacher, seeing how she responded to pressure like they would with any new teacher. In most classes it’d be abusing hall passes or bullshit excuses for homework, but since Mr. Lyons didn’t assign homework –



“what happened in sex ed,” as the poster on the wall read – and they couldn’t use a hall pass with no clothes on. So this would do.

It turned out, their new teacher was an easy mark.

Soon enough she started to give it some effort, bobbing and gagging a bit. Still, it wasn’t fifteen minutes in before she stood up and announced, “All right, class, I think I’ve proven myself now, yes?”

Kirsten, however, simply laughed. “Proven yourself? A fifteen minute blowjob we had to coax you through, you didn’t use your hands at all, I definitely heard your teeth hit plastic several times, and... you guys, she didn’t even ask where I wanted to come!”

A chorus of disapproving murmurs rippled through the class. “I... I suppose I’ve always found that men are grateful to have a woman willing to do that at all.”

“Yeesh, where’s the sex positivity?” griped Tamara. “You say it like blowjobs are something dirty.”

“And,” Kirsten said before she could protest any further, “you did it without distractions, too. I could train a monkey to suck dick with no distractions.” After all, she thought, giving Maggie Bray a look to let her know she was well aware whose face in the room bore the most simian features, Mr. Lyons did it every day.

“And teach it to dress itself with a semblance of dignity,” added Olivia. Kirsten gave her a nod. She usually knew when to hammer Kirsten’s perspective home and when to let her fight her own battles. That flirted with the line, but she’d take it out on her at lunch. Something small – maybe invite someone to sit with them and give away Olivia’s seat, force her to sit with the tier 2 kids for the day.

“Distractions...?” the woman looked uncertain.

“Olivia, be a dear and get another strap on.”

If Miss Galvin’s technique had been mediocre before, it really began to suffer when Kirsten came around behind her, flipped that tiny little skirt over her hips, and started drilling her pussy. Every time she nearly recovered, her student upped the ante. Bend down and play with her nipples. Smack her sweet little buttocks. Shove a finger in her ass. Trade the finger for the phallus dangling in front of Kirsten’s sopping wet, hungry pussy.

Mr. Lyons wound up having to give her a pass to third period; she got so caught up butt-fucking Miss Galvin she didn’t even realize it was time to get dressed. God, that had made her horny. She’d have to find Angelica and Owen and work something out after school.

“So, how do you think your first day went, Lizzy dear?” Mr. Lyons was asking her as Kirsten laced up her final boot.

Miss Galvin groaned, slumped over his desk, the strapon still hanging out of her ass. “I... hated... that,” she whimpered.

Kirsten locked eyes with her teacher. “Thirteen days participation,” she mouthed, signaling it again with her fingers.

He nodded, slipping his cock into Miss Galvin’s mouth as she exited the room.



