

Teaching Her A Lesson

Installment 2 of 3



By Isaac Byrne

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All characters participating in or witnessing sexual acts are at least 18 years of age.

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Part Eleven: Community Engagement

Caesar salad. That made sense, I supposed. In my head, it seemed like cops would eat something with more protein. I guess you didn't keep a body like Louisa Barbour's wolfing down double quarter pounders for lunch. She was a skinny little thing. Fit, yes, but not a lot of meat on her. A shame. With a face like that, she could have broken some hearts. More of them, anyway.

Instead, it looked like the one heart she was most focused on seemed very much intact. That felt good, knowing I'd patched things up between my two lunchmates. Of course, it was only because of me that they'd had their quarrel to begin with. Nothing like ordering your bodyguard to forgive and forget to do the trick. At least when your bodyguard followed any order you gave her. Not that I'd gone full "obey my every command" level of compliance, but having her hyper-focused on making me happy had nearly the same effect. Better yet, it preserved her autonomy, obviating the need to micromanage her.

Taylor, Abbie and Cassie were well in hand, literally. Megan I'd be checking in on soon. Today, if she was available. Past time to sit down with the three adults in our arrangement and make sure everything was running smoothly.

"So how have you two been holding up?" I asked casually, cracking open my own lunchbox. Egg salad sandwich. Not my favorite, but the best-by date had insisted that I finish it off today or pitch it. I'd been so busy lately I'd been neglecting basics like laundry and grocery shopping. If I didn't take care of it tonight, tomorrow I'd be stuck eating cafeteria lunch, in which case I might have to call in sick.

"We're... good. Right?" said Isa, sharing a not-so-subtle we-fucked-last-night grin with her lover.

Candy was just as guilty. "We're good. The week got off to a rough start, but we talked, and then we... yeah. We're fine."

"Good. I can't help but feel that I put you guys in an awkward position. Which is a massive understatement for the larger situation, I know. I owe you both an apology. I don't know how much of what I did was pure me, how much of it was whatever those girls put in my head, but... I am sorry I had to involve you. Apologies may be meaningless at this stage, but... for what it's worth."

They shared an inscrutable look. "Thank you for that, Mr. Canon. That's good to hear. And it's not meaningless," said Candy.

The three of us let the sentiment settle while we ate for a while. My classroom was quiet this time of day, and unlike, Candy's, the windows by the door were covered over. Originally I'd covered it because the art room across the hall had a tendency to create

distractions, but it was turning out to be a handy privacy screen of late, too. “How about you? How have you been?” Isa asked after a while.

“Me? Oh, I’ve been... good.” It was my turn to ellipsis my way around carnal details. They understood me as easily as I had them, though.

“Yeah? So, everything between you and your neighbors is resolved?”

I nodded, pausing until I swallowed to answer. “Yeah. Cassie is coming along nicely, and Megan’s being brought to heel. I’m going to hammer out the minutiae with her soon, but that’s mostly just me still being pissed about the blackmail.”

“Feel free to give her a little extra on our account, considering she’s the whole reason we got pulled into this whole mess,” Candy added.

“Will do. At least there’s no more threats to – what did you call it, Isa?”

“Hmm?” She chewed for a moment. “Oh, you mean operational security?”

“Yeah. You cops have the good jargon, I’ll give you that. We have nothing to worry about there any more. Less than nothing, really. The Browns are protecting the secret, same as the rest of us.”

“Good,” answered the social studies teacher. “Good. Hey, speaking of Cassie, I wondered if you’d given any thought to what we talked about the other day, about... instruction. A little, erm, tutoring, between her and me.” Her cheeks colored, and she couldn’t make eye contact.

I looked to Isa, expecting some reaction, but she was studying her plate. “That’s all right with you, Isa? I’m not looking to cause more drama.”

“Hey, if it makes the two of you happy...” She shrugged.

Hmm. Curious. “Well, if it’s fine with you, I guess it’s fine with me. When’s good for you? Tonight?” My casual tone was pure theater. Inwardly, the conflict was intense. Cassie was a sweet kid, not some hooker to pass around at a bachelor party. (Not that I’d ever been to that sort of bachelor party. Did that happen outside of the movies?) Nevertheless, I recognized that feeling guilty pimping out Cassie to her assistant volleyball coach was as hypocritical as it got. If I was going to give myself a pass (and clearly I was), it was only fair she got one, too. I hadn’t programmed Cassie for such things, but if I told her it would give me pleasure, she’d be up for anything. The girl was turning out to be almost insatiable. I’d had to pretend to be asleep last night when she’d gotten home from her group project, or it would have been a repeat of the night before. *Guess we’ll have to have sex another night! Probly a good thing since I haven’t had time to study up any more. xxxxxxxxo! ;),* her text had read.

“Well, the next couple nights are out. Saturday could be OK, but actually... we were hoping to have you over for that dinner we talked about,” answered Candy.

Isa arched a brow. “We were?”

“Surprise! Yeah, we were. Just the three of us, for a nice intimate meal.”

“Do I have to cook?”

“I said a *nice* meal, honey. Not finger sandwiches.”

“Sounds good to me, then.”

Candy looked back to me. “How about you?”

“Saturday would be fine.” It was one of the challenges of having a broad assortment of high school girls at my beck and call – they tended to be busy Saturday nights. I seldom was.

“Great. So then... hmm. Maybe Sunday, for Cassie? Run it by her, see if it works. I’ll have a lesson written and ready this time. You’re welcome to join us, if you’d like to participate in her... education.”

“I... yeah. I think I could teach her a few things.” Man, we really were the worst. It was telling that I was fine doing it in the privacy of my home but cringed to say it out loud. Isa’s silence made it all the more pronounced.

“Great. So how about seven Saturday night, our place?”

“It’s a date. Do I need to bring anything?”

Her foot tapped mine under our desks, rubbed it for a moment. “Just yourself. And any toys that strike your fancy.” With that, Candy stood, kissed me, then kissed Isa, and sauntered her tight little butt out of my room with a murmured excuse of having work to do.

“I... sorry about that,” I said automatically to my remaining companion. That woman! I’d programmed Candy with a willingness to aid in my plans, but either she massively overestimated the scope of my planning, or she’d simply enjoyed playing with Abbie so much it had corrupted her in a single afternoon.

“About what? The kiss?” Isa scrunched her face as if the apology had been absurdity itself. “Don’t be. I’ve known for a while that she’s had a hard time giving up on boys. In a way, I’m really glad you came along. I’m not sure how much longer we would have made it, going on like we were.”

“In that case, you’re welcome?” I laughed awkwardly. “You’re really OK with this... dinner, Saturday? Not that I’m sure exactly what she has in mind, but I have an idea.”

“She wants us to have a threesome,” Isa said around a mouthful of lettuce. “And yeah, I’m fine with it. I mean, making you happy is my second highest priority, and how better to make you happy than tag-team you with my cute girlfriend?”

I almost choked on a bite of egg salad sandwich. Isa was up in a rush, patting my back soothingly, waiting until I could assure her I was fine before sitting back down.

“Sorry, did that surprise you?”

“A little, yeah. Guess I didn’t expect you to be quite so... frank. Or accepting.”

She laughed. “What did you think was going to happen when you made me your pleasure slave? I wouldn’t be committed to pleasuring you?”

“Pleasure slave?!” I repeated, aghast. “What? I said make me happy, not... that!”

“Oh. Maybe I misunderstood. Considering how things went with Abbie, Taylor and Cassie – and Megan?”

“No.” Not yet, anyway.

“Get on that – she’s got a hell of a body on her. Honestly I thought fucking you was implicit with the make-you-happy thing. I was starting to get a little offended you hadn’t called, but I figured you were trying to be respectful of Candace. Which is sweet, but unnecessary. I can be very discreet.”

“Isa, I don’t know what you thought I was going for. I was just tired of you busting my balls. I definitely didn’t intend for you to go all ‘pleasure slave’ on me.”

“Really? Huh.” She frowned pensively while she chewed. “Why not? I would have thought I was your type.”

“That’s not it.” Was it? I did like more curves on a woman, certainly, though that had hardly stopped me from going after her girlfriend in the shower the other day. And Isa was beautiful in her own right, once I made myself stop seeing her as a cop.

“What then? You’re not worried I’d get mad, are you? Please tell me you’re not still afraid of me tasing anyone again. I am *so* sorry about that, by the way. I don’t know what came over me.”

“Taylor’s probably the one who you ought to apologize to.”

“Yeah, ‘cause that girl needs a grander sense of entitlement. I’m serious, though. If you want to tase me back, get a little payback for cheating you out of a good O...” Before I knew what was happening, she had her taser out of its holster and set it on my desk. “I can show you how to use it, if you need to.”

“Tase you?! Jesus, Isa! No, I don’t want to tase you!”

“Keep your voice down, Canon.” The officer pointed to the door. “OpSec rule number one – loose lips sink ships.”

I thrust the taser back into her hands. “Is rule number two to distribute weapons at random?”

“Not like you don’t have a weapon of your own in your briefcase over there. At least mine’s handy if I need it.” She holstered it, shaking her head at how dull I was being. “I mean it, though. Ever since you realigned my diodes, I’ve felt awful about how I was being to you. Running you down, not trusting you, getting in the way. I wasn’t thinking about things from your perspective. Plus, let’s not forget you were a victim yourself, weren’t you?”

What was even happening here? Her hand closed over mine consolingly, but I jerked away. “I suppose, but–”

“No. No buts. I get it now. Real, fake, I don’t care, but I’m tired of feeling bad for how unhappy I made you. It’s like I entered into this whole arrangement at a deficit, and I want to make up for it. You have to let me.”

“I guess you’ll get your chance Saturday,” I offered.

“Saturday is for my Candy Crush. Don’t tell her I told you about that nickname – she hates Candy enough without the other thing. So come on. Let me do something to make you happy. Please. You’d be doing me a favor.”

“You mean like tasing you? Because you can forget about that.”

She shook her head. “I think we established that I was pretty far off the mark with that one. Still, I know one thing that definitely makes you happy...” She grinned, and her hands had two buttons down before my brain caught up. When had she let her hair down? I’d been stuck back on the whole tasing thing. Huh. She always kept it high and tight at school. With the hairpins removed, it was surprisingly long, straight and blonder as it flowed down to her mid-back, while dark at the roots. I wasn’t sure of her ethnicity, but I suspected the dark was its natural shade with the blonde thrown in to catch the eye. It worked.

Or it would work, if she wasn’t undoing the buttons of her uniform.

“You really don’t need to do that,” I insisted. What? Why was I fighting this, exactly? With my students I’d dove into their cleavage face first, but here I was pressuring this beautiful woman to keep her clothes *on*. Before I could chastise myself for thinking like a pussy, though, the school resource officer had her uniform open enough to reveal...

“Is that another shirt? What is that?”

She shrugged off her shirt, then plucked at the tight, stretchy garment beneath. “What, this? It’s a tactical compression shirt. It squeezes pretty tight, keeps my lady parts from getting in the way. Plus it keeps all the horny boys around here from staring quite as hard.”

There doesn’t appear to be a lot to stare at, I almost said.

Officer Barbour took off the tactical compression shirt.

I stared. Hard.

There was a bra beneath it, though I recognized two things about it right away. First, the bra was itself a minimizer, something I’d learned to recognize years back with a woman I’d been dating who’d worn them at her work for pretty much the same reason. They squeezed and redirected the breasts inside the cup to shave down their apparent size to lookers-on. It had been incredibly uncomfortable, she’d said, but it had kept her boss from being as much of a pig. It looked as though Isa’s had been similarly effective with me, because the second thing I noticed, for the very first time, was that her poor bra was fighting an uphill battle to do its job. And losing.

Her breasts were positively oozing out of the thing, squashed upwards and inwards and sideways, so much bulging boobage it reminded me of the corset Taylor had worn to her house last Sunday. Beneath it, a washboard stomach shamed me.

Isa glanced at the clock. “Yeah, we still got a little time. Here.” Her arms reached behind her, an unseen clasp was undone, and an avalanche of tits came tumbling down

Mount Isa. They were, in a word, incredible. The kinds of boobs I'd only ever seen in my dad's Playboys as an adolescent. Buoyant, symmetrical, perky, gravity-defying, mouth-watering, cock-stiffening teardrops.

Every minute before this when I hadn't been looking at these things had been a wasted opportunity.

"Are... are these real?" I asked, staring in awe. Her olive skin contrasted exquisitely with two wide, caramel nipples, each of which was hardening before my eyes in the cool air.

"Yeah, the department's health plan is amazing. They covered the whole procedure," she answered with playful sarcasm. "Of course they're real. What kind of question is that?"

"They're... amazing. Why would you hide these?!"

"Maybe so I'm treated to fewer reactions like this." Isa shook her head reprovingly, but then sat down straddling my desktop to reassure me that my own marveling was the exception. "You like them, huh?"

"Isa, if I'd known you had these, I would have been on you like white on rice."

"A, that's shallow, and B, is that an Asian thing? Because it might be racist, too." Even as she chastised me, she was guiding my hands to them, pressing her nipples into the palms of my hands.

"Until you said that, I literally had no idea you were Asian."

"Half Vietnamese, half whatever blend of European mutt my dad was. The adoption agency didn't even have a name for him, but my birth mom said he was a white guy." She shrugged. "But come on, this isn't time for ice breakers and fourth date stuff. Go on, play with my tits some. You can suck on them, if you want. Candy really likes to suck on them."

That was all the more invitation I needed. It was almost like Isa was a living doll, sitting there letting me use her, slurp hungrily on those exquisite mounds. Better than a doll, though, because she was a cop. My cop doll who spent her days wielding her authority over society, then melted into whatever pose I would shape her into at my leisure. Her body scooted closer on the desktop until her pelvis was pressed against my torso, powerful thighs holding her up close to keep my toys within reach.

"This reminds me, by the way – no no, keep sucking, you're good – I mentioned in passing Sunday but I let it get away from us. We still don't have any guarantees about the durability of Serenex. Taking a page out of Mrs. Brown's playbook and arranging to blackmail Candy with those shower photos wouldn't be a bad idea if–"

"She told you about that?"

"Of course she did. Cute, isn't she? God, I love that tight little body of hers. Now shush, keep sucking on the tatas. We only have until the end of the lunch period."

Anyway, blackmail would work on one of us, but if you have me, Candy, the Sterns, the Browns... you can't expect it to work on everyone."

I would have said something, but she was by then clutching my face against her chest, and it wasn't in me to struggle out of that. "It seemed like you still had plenty left to reapply doses, but we don't know if we have to do so weekly, annually, or if it's changed us all for good. Nor do we know how long the shelf life is of the canister. That's a big liability, and you know I would never let you come to harm." She stroked my hair affectionately, squeezing her nipple into my mouth. "You know that right?"

I could only nod around a full mouth of a boob that tasted too much like egg salad for my liking. Hopefully whatever Candy cooked up for us Saturday would be an improvement. Right then, I doubted I could wait that long.

"Do you think you'd be all right lending me your supply so I can have it analyzed? If that makes you uncomfortable, I under-err-ERR—" Her fingernails squeezed against my head. "Oh wow. I've never been with a man before. If it feels half as good as this, I can't wait. Please don't stop doing that. Shit, I wish we had time for you to fuck me right now. But I guess it'll be better when we can take our time. Savor."

I didn't really have a choice. And if I did, I would make the same one.

"Anyway, what was I saying? Right, the test. If letting me borrow it would make you uncomfortable, I can figure something out. I'm worried your dose might have an adulterant that isn't common to the standard variety, but maybe?"

"Take it, it's fine," I muttered, then sucked her nipple back into my mouth.

"Great. We'll make sure your girls and I can keep you happy forever." She sighed rapturously. "And ever, and ever, and god please never stop sucking on me..."

My fifth period students had to wait in the hall for Officer Barbour to put her clothes back on. She giggled as I harassed her while I tried. On a whim I asked her to salute me, and I swear, seeing her standing there in half her uniform, tits jiggling as her arm snapped into position... I almost canceled class to fuck her unconscious then and there. But the secret came first. I remembered the Serenex at the last moment, fetching it from my briefcase and tucking it into her empty lunch sack. "Careful with this stuff. Try not to let yourself get sucked into a vast mind control conspiracy," I joked.

"Try to think of some more ways I can make you happy," she replied with a wink. "Or heck, keep doing like you did and I'll count myself lucky. Now you go on and teach these kids, and I'll go make sure Taylor and Abbie are yours forever."

She squeaked when I pinched her bottom, but when she opened the door, her face was a mask of professionalism. As the kids grumbled indignantly about being made to wait, she spoke to me over the lot of them. The sudden re-emergence of her professional voice was jarring. "I'll call him down to my office this afternoon, and we'll see if we can't get more information. I'll keep you posted, Mr. Canon."

"Thanks again, Officer Barbour."

“My pleasure, Mr. Canon.”

“Hey, Mr. Canon!”

“Hi there, Robby! Hey, is that a new hat?”

He nodded vigorously, then took it off and held it up to me. “Yeah! I used to like the Cubs, but my friend Tucker’s dad said they’re a team for a bunch of dudebro frat boy douchebags. So he gave me this!”

I inspected the replacement, nodding appreciatively. “That’s quite an upgrade. Don’t let your mom hear you talking like that, though. Speaking of, is she home?”

“Yuh, huh.” He turned his head toward the hall behind him.

“*MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! IT’S MR. CANON!*”

Megan was at the door a second later, and I could only laugh at the revelation that he must have screamed that practically at her face. “Well hi there! Robby, go finish your homework and let Mr. Canon and I talk, all right?”

“OK! Bye, Mr. Canon!”

“Study hard, stay smart Robby,” I said, twisting his new hat around. He laughed as he galloped off, leaving it backwards.

“Hi there, neighbor,” she said, smiling her warm smile. It was a good reminder of why I’d always liked her. Those laugh lines came naturally, and deepened every year. She had over ten years on me, but one would hardly know it. She was her daughter’s mother, cheerful and effortlessly pretty. I’d been surprised to learn about the difference in our ages when we first met, and had even considered asking her out – then I found out she had a daughter who was much closer to my age and chickened out. Who knew how things might be playing out between us now if I hadn’t.

“Afternoon. Is this a good time?”

“Oh sure. Unless you’re here for Cassie. She’s at track practice, should be home around 5:30.”

“No I know. Here for you, actually. Is there somewhere private we could...?”

“Oh, good. I wondered when you’d have a sec to talk. Tell you what, I’ll just make a quick snack for Robby to keep him occupied, then we can nip over to your place. How’s that sound?”

“Sounds great, Megan. I’ll just head back over – come whenever you’re ready.”

“You got it. Be there in a jiff.”

It wound up being barely over three before I heard the back door open and close. That was some swift mothering right there. I called out for her to join me in the living room. To my surprise, she came in holding a pair of pink panties in her hand. “Should I be taking these back with me?”

I squinted. Were those Cassie's? Nope, these were torn off, not removed. "Nope, not Cassie's."

She dropped them with a laugh, settling into the sofa across the rug from me. The last woman who'd been on that sofa had been her daughter two days ago. They bore a pretty strong resemblance, with Megan only a tad shorter, a little bit curvier, her hair almost black, curly and only down to her shoulders whereas Cassie's was straight and dark red. Another difference? Megan was wearing teal capri pants and a thin white t-shirt. It was a lot more than the absolutely nothing her daughter had worn on that couch.

"Looks like you've been busy, huh? Those Abbie Stern's?"

"Her sister's actually."

"Taylor's?"

"You know her?"

"Oh, I know her all right. She and Cassie were Brownie scouts together back in elementary school. At least they were, up until Taylor got kicked out."

"She was kicked out of Brownie scouts? What on earth for? She couldn't have been *that* horrible as a second grader."

Megan shrugged. "I heard a few versions. Cassie claimed it was because Taylor kept using the f-word – the *other* f-word – about the troop leader's husband. But my favorite version I heard from one of the other mom's. The girls were at this two-week summer camp thingy, and apparently some of them were teasing Taylor for being chubby, so she waited until they were asleep and went ballistic. Cut all her bullies' hair with a pair of scissors she swiped from the arts and craft bins."

It was hard to imagine a girl as vain as Taylor Stern ever having been chubby enough that someone would tease her for it, but the rest of it pretty much checked out. "I'd like to tell you she's all grown up now, but..."

Megan laughed, then nudged the torn panties with her foot. "I'd say she's at least a little grown up. She always was a pretty little thing, belly or no. That sister of hers, too – she and Cassie used to have some friends in common, and there were some of us who thought she would be a bad influence just because she blossomed so early."

"But instead it turns out she was a bad influence because she's got the soul of a cobra," I finished.

Megan laughed harder than was warranted, but I'd take it. Students had heard all my good material by this time in the year, so it was nice to get a reaction. "Aren't you supposed to be neutral, even with the bad ones?"

"And if you were Abbie's mom, I'd say, 'Mrs. Stern, Abbie and I have had our days, no doubt, and she could use some work on her task management and with making positive contributions to discussion. But overall, she's a good kid.'"

"Wow, that sounds... a little too polished."

“Then I’d sprinkle the woman with holy water in case she summoned Abbie from hell as one of her unholy Antichrist powers.”

“You are such a kidder. I bet those kids go nuts for your class.”

“Right, kidding,” I kidded. “But yeah, I get a few brownie points for being young enough to know what TikTok is. Beyond that, most of the ones who hate me, hate me for the right reasons. Because my classes challenge them,” I explained, not certain she’d followed.

“And the ones who like you?”

“Just haven’t found the antidote yet.”

“Oh, you. Though that’s a bit on the nose for you, considering recent events, isn’t it?”

My smile faded, and I managed a sheepish look. “Yeah, probably.”

“Well all I know is, Cassie has practically lost her mind over you. Ever since Monday evening, it’s all she can talk about. ‘Mom, Mr. Canon spanked me today,’ or ‘Mom, Mr. Canon took my virginity,’ or ‘Mom, can I go see if Mr. Canon will let me stay over tonight.’”

Like that, I was hard. The boner from Isa’s secret perfect breasts had been difficult to hide all afternoon, especially with Taylor in the room sixth period. Only the fact that I couldn’t continue keeping the girl after class while she kept behaving well, not without drawing attention, had kept me from making her ten minutes late to her seventh. Megan’s casual acceptance of my using her daughter... it was almost as hot as the daughter herself.

“I assure you she’s made quite an impression on me, too. I just don’t rave about it to my mom.”

Megan snort-laughed, and it was so Cassie I could have closed my eyes and heard her in the room with me. “I sure as heck hope not! Really though, if she starts making herself a pest, or if she’s not pleasuring you properly, you let me know and I’ll get her mind right.”

“She’s trying her hardest. The girl only needs a little practice.”

“Practice, hmm?” Megan stroked her chin contemplatively. “Yeah, I should be able to arrange that. She’s a cute little thing, shouldn’t be too hard to find some men willing to let her get some practice in. I’ll make sure she has them use condoms. I have a few gathering dust in my night stand that ought to do.”

That certainly was simultaneously intriguing, horrifying, and arousing as hell. One offhand comment and the woman was willing to whore out her kid to refine her utility as my fuck toy. Damn. “I meant practice with me, Megan. No need to have her turning tricks for XP.”

“XP?”

“Never mind. But yeah, Cassie tells me you’ve been riding her pretty hard, trying to get her in tip top booty call shape.”

A self-conscious look overtook her face. “She did, huh. Look, that’s on me. I’m really sorry.”

“Sorry? For what?”

“I’ve been using a light touch. It’s a transition, you know, protecting her one day to shoving her out of the nest the next. It was only last month we had this long heart to heart about being careful around boys. I just had her so young, you know? I want her to be smarter than I was at her age. Now, all I can think about is how she’s going to balance her schoolwork with keeping your needs satisfied.”

That might have been harder on my conscience if not for the attempted blackmail. That was still too fresh in my mind not to take a little satisfaction in how warped her thinking had become. It reminded me why I’d invited her over in the first place, but she was still apologizing. “I’m setting some time aside this weekend to look into community colleges, or maybe something online. Something that will keep her close at hand so you won’t have to wait long when you’re in the mood for her. Don’t tell her I said so, but it was what I was hoping she would do anyway. Community college, that is, not the booty call thing. Though that is working out well!” She laughed self-consciously. “Anyway, thanks to you, I think she’ll finally come around.”

“Hey, just being neighborly.”

“Don’t you think it goes unnoticed, mister.” She nodded curtly. “I’ll keep after her. I think she’s having fun, learning the birds and the slutty little bees, even if she gets a bit short-tempered with me looking over her shoulder while she’s, erm, studying. I’m doing my best to give her pointers, though.”

“Pointers? What kind of pointers?” I asked, amused.

“She told you about the loosening, right?”

Put like that, it took me a moment to remember, but I did. “Yeah. That was your idea?”

“Sure was. I figured with a butt like Cassie’s, it’s a matter of time before you’d want to take a dip. So I stopped by the College Bookstore, picked up a couple plugs for her.”

“They sell butt plugs at the college bookstore?”

She nodded. “Not the bookstore bookstore. It’s this sex shop outside of town. They just named it that so when parents see their kid’s credit card bills, they don’t think twice about the expenditures. My girlfriend Donna works there. I must’ve driven by a hundred times on my way to work and never even wondered.”

“Clever, clever.” How had I not heard of that? I suppose it had been a while since I’d had need of a sex shop. “So how did you know how big to go?” I asked curiously.

“I didn’t. That’s why I got her two, in case you were... you know. I want my baby to be ready to do good by you.” She smiled earnestly.

I didn’t know which was swelling faster, my head or my dick. In fact... “If you wanted to know how big my gear was, Megan, all you had to do was stop over and ask.”

Her cheeks flushed, and I knew from experience that didn’t come easily to her. Put a couple beers in this woman and she had a mouth like a sailor. “What you do with Cassie, I’m happy to help any way I can. But I didn’t think it would be, what, appropriate? You know, for me to butt in, insert myself between the two of you. Not literally, I mean, inserting... yipes. Ya know, I’m going to quit while I’m behind.”

My parent conferencing skills, my lingering resentment, and my raging hardon were marching in lockstep inside my head. Time to get on with the real reason I’d had her over. “Megan, hey. I appreciate you taking initiative on this. That’s exactly what I was hoping for when I had her use that stuff on you. To take all that energy you put into trying to clean me out into paying me back. But you can’t half-ass it, all right? Pun intended. You’re not her friend; you’re her mom. You need to be involved. If she doesn’t know how to take my cock in her ass, it’s because you didn’t teach her. I appreciate you giving her pointers, but it’s not just about knowing what men like, abstract, general. It’s about teaching her what *I* like.”

She fidgeted with her hands, eyes fixated on them in her lap. “But... I don’t know what you like. We’re friends and all – or we were, before I pulled that idiot stunt. I feel just awful about that, you know.”

“I know. And actually, since we’re talking about it, I wanted to talk to you about why I asked you to come over today.”

“All right...” It was plain that the subject had made her immediately uncomfortable. I wondered which had been harder for her: squaring her attempted blackmail with her newfound desire to assist my plans, or helping train her daughter to fuck me better. One was an extension of the other, I supposed.

“I’m going to level with you. No bullshit. I’ve been thinking about this a lot the past few days, and I want to come clean because I hate there being bad blood between us as we enter this new phase of neighborliness.”

“Right, sure.”

I steepled my fingers, rubbing my fingers together for a moment as I braced myself for this. This woman had been my friend for years, but she’d thrown that away, and now, I was going to issue the consequences.

“I’m still pretty upset about the blackmail.”

The words hung heavy in the room. It was true, at least as a premise. Whenever I thought about Megan now, I didn’t think of my MILFy friend across the fence. I thought of blackmail. I thought of how she’d tried to ruin me, take away everything I had and

then some, how she'd invaded my privacy, threatened to reveal things that nobody was supposed to know, and treated me like I was some kind of...

No. No, I was *not* that. But the fact that she had thought I was, it cast a gloom over everything between us. Yes, Abbie had created that mental fixation for me, but even had she not, I'm not sure I'd feel any differently. The fact of the matter was, I was pissed, and it hadn't gone away. Every time I pulled into or out of my driveway, I saw that house, thought about what she'd done, and fumed.

Megan, meanwhile, was meekly waiting for me to pronounce sentence. I intended just that. "Now I could read you the riot act, drag you through the mud. Tell you what I think of what you did, what it did to my opinion of you, how it hangs like a cloud over my enjoyment of my time with Cassie." It might not if the girl would stop mentioning her mother so damn much, but still. "That would only make things worse between us though, and I'd rather focus on moving forward, and how we can get ourselves back into an amiable arrangement."

"Amiable?"

"Friendly. Pleasant," I clarified.

"Oh. Oh, good!" She nodded vigorously. Too vigorously, almost. "Good. Yes. I want that, too. I've felt just awful about the whole thing. I've literally lost sleep—"

My raised hand cut her short. "So I thought about what we do about it. You've apologized, I realize, but that felt a little forced." Since I had, in point of fact, forced it. "So I reasoned that what might make things better was to give you the opportunity to pay me back."

Megan blanched. "Pay you...! I don't have that kind of money! Hand to god, I'm strapped for cash as it is! That's why I pulled that whole awful stunt. I would if I could, honest, but I..."

My stern teacher gaze was enough to gradually compel her silence. "I know, Megan. Remember, you told me you had to use your daughter's credit card to afford a fifty dollar cell phone? I know. So that's why I'm not going to ask you for pecuniary restitution. Money," I elucidated at the blank look on her face. "Instead, I was thinking—"

"I could work it off!" she exclaimed excitedly, stealing the words right out of my mouth. "That's such a good idea! I could come over and, what, I could clean your house, cook meals if you want, mow the grass, do something about that gunk growing on your side of the fence, slap some paint on that ugly ass front porch railing, whatever! Whatever you need! Oh god, that's... that's *perfect!*"

Megan heaved a sigh of relief, so consumed by her brainstorming that she remained oblivious to my smug grin. "Oh, that's such a load off. I wasn't kidding, man, it's been churning my stomach ever since we talked it over Monday. I just figured you were probably still so mad I was afraid to come talk to you about it. This is going to be

great! Don't you just hate feeling guilty about something? Not that you've ever, ya know, blackmailed someone or anything. It's been awful. Oh, wow. So yeah, what'd you have in mind? Let's get started, right? Put me to work!" She clapped her hands excitedly. I could hear her daughter in those hands.

"All right," I acquiesced, rising to my feet. Megan started to stand as well, but I moved quickly enough to stop her with a firm hand on her shoulders. She looked up at me, confused. But rather than reply, I uncinched my belt and lowered my fly.

Her eyes widened in surprise, and perhaps a little indignation. "But, but... you..."

The top button unsnapped and my slacks slid down to my ankles. My erection was at two thirds mast, pointing right at the bridge of her nose. She was going cross-eyed trying to take it in. "I think maid services, landscaping, all that... those are a smart solution, Megan. But if someone tried to bankrupt you, take away your livelihood, end your career, maybe send you to jail... how many times would they have to clean out your gutters before you felt fine about it?"

"I... I mean, a lot, but..."

"A lot. I was doing some math along these lines, in fact. If I recall correctly, I could hire someone to clean out those gutters for around a hundred and fifty bucks. To pay back twenty-five grand, you'd have to clean them one hundred and sixty-seven times. So if I let you do it once in the fall, once in the spring, you'd be doing it for eighty-some years yet before I was repaid. Maid services? Call it forty an hour, generously, two hours a week for fifty-two weeks, would take six years. Assuming we don't assess any interest. Assuming we don't consider the hundred fucking grand you initially sought."

Her eyes darted back and forth between my eyes and my cock as my boxers joined my pants on the floor. "Wow, really? Six... shit. That's... yeah. I don't want to feel like this for six years, that's for damn sure. Or twenty-some, if we... yeah. Whatever. Sorry, can't do math with your..." She peered up at my cock.

"Exactly."

"So..." Megan reached up and gave me a little stroke. My cock twitched in her hand. "You want me to pay you back with... sex? Like, you know, a prostitute, or whatever?"

"It's a significantly improved hourly rate, isn't it? And you have to admit, going the extra mile in terms of range of services provided would do a lot to make your guilt go away faster."

Her hand issued a few more strokes, and seeing that my dick didn't jump out and bite her, she simply kept it going. "Right. Sort of like makeup sex, right? Whenever Rick fucked up and landed himself in the dog house, he'd always buy me flowers. But I always wanted to tell him, 'if you really want to get back in my good graces, put that tongue to use.' Not to get too graphic and all."

“No, that’s some good advice, actually. Something to impart to your daughter, perhaps.”

Megan chuckled. “Not the sort of life lesson I figured her father would be teaching her, but maybe you’re right.” She scooted forward on the couch, and without ceremony, took my cock into her mouth. It was delightfully casual. Abbie and Cassie slurped away like the brainwashed pleasure disciples they were; Taylor grudgingly did her best to get me to cum as quickly as possible so I’d return to something she enjoyed more. Megan? She sucked me off like giving head was something she’d done a hundred times before. Which she probably had. This wasn’t some loud, showy blowjob, spit trails and slurp sound effects and moans of elation. It was a simple, friendly blowjob between neighbors. Borrowing a cup of sugar – except instead of sugar, Megan would walk out of here with a bellyful of my cum.

“So this is what you want then?” she asked after a minute, using her hands to cover for the temporary absence of her lips. “Some blowjobs? Maybe have sex or something once in a while? I’ll have to go back on birth control, if so.”

What did I want? Clearly, sex was high on my personal Maslow’s hierarchy, or I wouldn’t be fucking three students and soon two coworkers. Megan was plenty hot, that was for sure. She was her daughter’s mother and then some, and even if she might be past her prime, I doubted there were many guys who would kick her out of bed. Yes, I wanted to fuck her, and by this point, I was beyond denying myself things that I wanted from women who were only too willing to give them to me.

But was that it? The occasional, casual, sure-why-not blowjob? Have her spread her legs and let me finish, then run home to tally up her running total? It didn’t feel quite sufficient for what she’d tried to do to us. That was her tolerating the chosen outlet for my anger. If it hadn’t been for Candy, Isa and the Stern sisters providing support and distraction, I would have lost my mind last weekend. The intestinal distress had been so acute I would have gone to the doctor for it if not for being too busy with my girls. For heaven’s sake, I’d been so terrified I’d arranged to meet a police officer in a public place and drug her! Me, the same guy who’d been too intimidated by Officer Barbour to even realize what a babe she was despite working together for several years.

No, what Megan was proposing wasn’t her repaying me, it was letting her run a guilt tab with my name on the account. That wasn’t it.

She’d been able to see the hamster running on his wheel behind my eyes, and had gone back to blowing me while I worked it out. At last, I spoke. “You want to know what I want? All right. From now on, I’m your boss, and you’re my employee. My... my servant. And it will be up to me to decide when your service has been sufficient.” Servant. Better than the term Isa had chosen for it. Still hot, though. I was getting close. “From now on, you don’t use my first name, or ‘buddy,’ or ‘man,’ or whatever. I’m ‘sir,’ or ‘Mr. Canon.’ You will dress in a way that pleases me. You’ll talk in a way that pleases

me. Whenever I say, you'll pleasure me without hesitation or question – unless that question is how you can do a better job.”

She could feel the tension in my balls, and her neck was pumping vigorously, coaxing me onward. I closed my eyes, content to let my neighbor finish me off, trying to think what we could try in round two. Doggy style? I did like her ass. Round, womanly, ample. Maybe I could fuck her tits instead. It wasn't as physically pleasurable as some other methods, perhaps, but it was still pretty damn good and I'd found it empowering. Or should I just bend her over my lap and spank her? Could be therapeutic. Or–

My eyes opened. “Why did you stop?”

My neighbor's chin rested in my lap, her mouth close enough to my cock that I could still feel her breath on it, but her eyes had a far-off cast to them. She didn't look up at my question, and after a moment I snapped my fingers in front of her face, but she didn't react to that either. I snapped again. No more than a reflexive blink. Was she having a Serenex relapse or something?

Suddenly, right as I was about to give her a shake, a tap, something to make sure she was still with me, Megan spoke. “So... it's humiliation, right?”

I started. “What?”

“That's what you want, right? To embarrass me. Take the cute neighbor lady who'd never given you a second thought as a man down a few pegs on the totem pole.” She looked up, studying me.

Never given me a second thought? Ouch. “No, that's not... I mean, you blackmailed me! Don't try to make me out to be the bad guy, Megan. You're the–”

“It can be two things,” she interjected. “And I'm not protesting. I'm just... here. I'm having an idea. Sit tight.”

Without warning she turned, leaving my cock twitching, drying, in her wake. “Megan! What do you think you're doing? What happened to enthusiastic cooperation and support?” Had I finally found the limits of Serenex, mid-blowjob? Of all the times to hit the wall!

“Just... trust me, OK?”

“For a woman who–”

“I know what I did, and I feel awful about it. I promise. But if I'm ever going to regain your trust, you have to give me a little room to operate. So... please? Please, Mr. Canon, sir?”

That wasn't sarcasm. Damn, that deference was the most sincere thing I'd ever heard, or an amazing approximation of it. I'd never thought it possible I could come from a meek tone alone, but I came closer than I was proud of. “Fine, I guess, but I really did want you to–”

“It will be better this way. I promise. Just... sit tight.”

“You better not be up to anything, Megan, because I swear, I’ll...” Hmm. What would I do? I’d let Isa run off with my Serenex, and I couldn’t think of any conditions I might impose on her more binding than what I’d already done.

My neighbor wasn’t waiting for me to finish my threat, though. She blew me a kiss as she made her way to the back door, speaking as she went. “You said you wanted me to take initiative, right? So don’t go anywhere, OK?”

The door closed behind her.

What the fuck.

Between the three quarters of a blowjob and her abrupt departure despite my protest, my mood plummeted. After Isa’s little tease, then this... I’d quickly gotten used to having outlets for my urges, and this sudden deprivation of them would not do. After a stunned moment I stood up, getting my pants back on and making for the back door, the closest one to the Brown house.

My hand was on the knob when I heard an engine start. I stepped into the back yard right in time to see Megan’s SUV backing out of her driveway and onto the street. I could make out the presence of Robby’s head in the car seat in back.

She was running! How? How had she escaped my influence? She couldn’t. Could she? I hadn’t actually *seen* her get dosed by Cassie the other day, but her reaction had been unquestionably Serenexy. So what had she... how had she...?! No. She couldn’t have. Could she? Where the hell was she going! What was going on!

Little by little, I convinced myself it wasn’t another betrayal. No way she’d let me do what I’d been doing with her daughter only to break down when it came to her own mouth entering the rotation. Teacher instincts kicked in. I paced back and forth, rehearsing what I’d say to her. This time, no more Mr. Nice Neighbor. Whatever slack I’d thought to give her in interpreting my wishes? Gone. No, from here on out, she would do what I said, when I said it. If I had to drive across town to get the Serenex back from Isa, so be it. Megan evidently could not be trusted even when given the narrow freedom of “cooperate and support.” From now on, she would simply *obey*. Oh, would she ever. I’d have that conniving, thieving, lying bitch *crawling* across our lawns to *beg* to be allowed to please me!

I was angry. I was frustrated. I was so horny I could explode. I picked up my phone and brought up Isa’s number. Our last message had been the other day before Cassie had inadvertently dosed her again for me. I typed hastily.

Show me your tits again.

Mercifully, it was received and replied to in moments. *You got it, C. Pic or housecall?*

See? See, Megan? Is that so fucking hard?! But maybe there was more to it. Maybe she’d come back, finish me off, apologize, grovel... I grit my teeth. *Pic will do for now.*

It took a few long minutes, and when her reply came, it took some time to download. Bless her heart, it was a video. Isa looked to be in a public bathroom somewhere, the camera presumably placed on the sink judging by the stability. In front of it stood Officer Barbour in her police uniform, hair back in its tight arrangement. She had foregone the compression shirt, which was abundantly clear because her uniform was unbuttoned but still tucked in, the middle spread wide to display her perfect, perfect tits. It began and ended with her standing at the camera hitting the record button, but for twenty-four glorious seconds, there was the sound of *Caissons Rolling Along* playing from the phone while Isa marched in place, hand frozen in salute as she gazed up and left. Her tits wobbled around like crazy, and while it caused one side of her top to slip back over her chest mid-way through, the overall effect was nevertheless divine. She grinned and blew the camera a kiss before ending the recording.

Thanks, Isa.

Any time! ;) She included an emoji of a smiling yellow-faced police officer, then the eggplant.

I was still watching it on loop and telling myself it was a waste to jerk off when I could call over any of my girls to take care of it for me when the growl of an engine sounded again from outside. I hurried to the window, peeking through the blinds in time to see the Browns' garage door closing behind her vehicle. Back already? It had only been a half hour or so. Good. Must have realized she couldn't... do whatever it was she'd been doing. Running away from home?

I took to my chair, fuming at the proximity of my betrayer. The only thing stopping me from storming over there and demanding her then and there was young Robby. I might have done some questionable things of late, but I wasn't about to abuse the kid's mother in front of him. No, I'd just have to knock, humor the boy, then oh-so-politely drag Megan back over here to finish me the second she—

Knock knock knock.

The front door. Before I could get up to answer it, it swung open. There was Megan, and on her heels, Cassie. Even if Megan hadn't said something earlier it would have been obvious she had just come from track practice, still dressed in a baggy t-shirt over her volleyball shorts and running shoes. Her dark red hair was up in a messy bun and a pair of white socks came up past her knees, which was oddly sexy. Or maybe I was just horny, blue-balled by the woman behind her.

"Hi, Mr. Canon!" the girl said with an excited wave.

"Good afternoon, Cassie."

She took her shoes off by the door. "Mom came and took me home early from practice. She said you needed me real bad – super dumb of me not to have my phone on me in case you called. I thought about trying to sneak it into my shorts but I think it would slide down when I was running and then it'd just break anyway and then you

wouldn't be able to call me over to pleasure you even after practice. I even thought about my bra too, but that would be even worse since my boobs bounce way more than my thighs, plus it'd looked really dumb, too, and I didn't want the girls to ask why I needed my phone on me so bad because what would I say, that I needed to be ready to run home to fuck my neighbor? Not that I want to lie, but obviously sometimes you have to tell little white ones. Anyway so it was in my locker, except I didn't see any messages from you, but Mom said it was urgent? It was super embarrassing to have my mom show up and drag me out of practice in front of everybody by the way, but I suppose that's what I get for not planning ahead. And still not as embarrassing as being an uncallable booty call, which doesn't even make sense, ya know?"

As Cassie prattled on, my gaze settled more and more fixedly on her mother until finally I took advantage of her need to breathe to get in a word myself. "Megan, what do you think you're doing? If you think you can pawn off your debt on your daughter..."

"Trust," my blackmailer said. Only that monosyllable for me, then she turned to her daughter. "Cassie, why don't you make yourself a little more presentable? The girls in your videos don't wear ugly, bulky things like this, do they?" She plucked at the t-shirt with disdain, though it was scarcely less flattering to Cassie than Megan's own plain shirt was for her.

Cassie wasted no time in squirming out of the thing, seizing the opportunity to say more words as she did. "Oh, right. Yeah, sorry about that. I don't wear the shirt to practice or anything, but I was all hot and sweaty and Mom gets P.O.ed when I forget and get sweat all over the upholstery. It's so warm out today – isn't it awesome? I'm such a summer person. Do you think my sports bra is cute, or dumb? I don't really know. Like, bras are cute, or can be cute if it's a cute bra, but I don't know if sports bras are just bleh. The boys on the boys' team stare sometimes, but I think they'll stare at anything. I heard that this party last weekend that a guy – I know his name but I don't wanna snitch since you're a teacher and I think he's in one of your classes – had sex with this girl from another school who weighs like two hundred and fifty pounds. And this guy isn't even that bad-looking. But ya know, maybe I do look cute in it? I like it, anyway."

"It's nice, Cassie," I managed. It was. Hot pink, like the nipples it hid beneath it. Her breasts were pressed flat by the thing, forcing them higher up on her chest. It reminded me somewhat of Isa and her absurd minimizer, though Cassie's chest was no match for that masterpiece of mammaries.

"Thanks," she said, then looked sidelong at Megan. "Um, Mom? I think we might, ya know, do stuff now, so maybe you wanna go home or something?"

"C'mere, Cassie," Megan said instead, walking toward the rear of the room. "Come here both of you, in fact."

I didn't like that she was taking charge, but Cassie's long, coltish legs and her tight round ass in those volleyball shorts drew me on like a rat before the piper. Megan stopped next to the antique radio I'd inherited from my grandmother, a bulky wooden box with nonfunctional dials and knobs. I hadn't known what to do with it, but it was an interesting piece and served as well as anything to hold junk mail.

"On your knees, Cassie," Megan said softly, but firmly.

Cassie's eyes widened in indignation. "Moooom!" she whined. "It's weird enough when you watch me studying porno! You can't hang out and watch me give Mr. Canon blowjobs! It'd be too freaking gross! Right, Mr. Canon?"

I didn't answer. Not that I meant to cede control of the situation to Megan, nor to let her weasel out of this, but... well, I was at least intrigued. "Do as your mother says, Cassie."

She made a bratty face at her mother, but settled down to her knees in front of the radio. "Fine," she grumped.

"Do you like her to have her tits out when she blows you, sir?" Megan asked in that same sultry tone. It dripped with deference. Most intriguing indeed.

"I think I would today." My response was born less out of my desire to see Cassie's breasts again, and more out of my zeal to watch Megan undress her firstborn daughter for my entertainment. "But you take it off for her, Megan."

The order having come from me seemed sufficient to quell Cassie's mortification, though as Megan knelt to unzip her daughter's sports bra, she gave a yelp. "Gosh dangit, Mother! Your fingers are freaking icicles, Jebus!" But Megan only tousled the girl's bun-bound hair and drew the straps down off Cassie's shoulders, baring those cute round tits of hers for me.

Without asking permission, she turned to me next and got to work for the second time on my pants. Cassie licked her lips as my cock came into view. "Oh wow, that's so hard already! Mom, have you ever seen a cock that big? No, never mind, I actually don't want to—"

"No, I haven't."

"—know. Gross! Anyway, wow. Can I suck it, Mr. Canon? I watched like dozens more pornos since the other day. I almost got yelled at in study hall because I was watching it at my desk and Mrs. Olegario saw my earbuds in and snuck over and got in my face to chew me out, but she didn't see what was on the screen. And I was in the back of the room so nobody else could, don't worry. Not that anybody'd think I was studying porn so I could be a hotter cocksucker for you or anything — that'd be too crazy, right? Not that it's *crazy* crazy, you know I love sucking your cock, but you know most people would be all wuh-wuh-whaaaat? Cassie Brown is Mr. Canon's booty call? Also is cocksucker a yucky word? One of the guys in one of the pornos kept calling this actress

that, and it seemed kinda dirty, you know? Not in a bad way, but... I dunno, not dirty, but more like *durrrrrty*.”

She stopped, looking up at me expectantly. When I didn't say anything, she asked (perhaps again; who could keep track), “So yeah, can I give you a blowjob?”

“It doesn't bother you that your mom's watching?” I probed, curious.

“Why? There's nothing wrong with pleasuring you, Mr. Canon. And I will protect your secrets obviously, except it's not a secret from Mom, right?”

“Right.” I smiled, turning to Megan. “Well, Megan?”

“Be a good little cocksucker for our neighbor, Cassie,” she said, planting a soft kiss on Cassie's cheek as she pushed her daughter's mouth towards my crotch. The girl most definitely did not require the push. As soon as she was greenlighted, she was passionately engaged in sucking me off. There were immediate differences in her technique that even I recognized through the haze of arousal clouding my eyes and judgment. (Was I really going to let Megan off the hook so easily? Oh, but the way Cassie is making that little ring around around my head and dragging her lips up...) She was heavily over-producing and over-supply saliva, licking up and down the length, moaning in desire, spitting on the shaft as she stroked it with one hand, making out with the dome as she did so. She wasn't very coordinated at any of it – it necessitated an apology as she accidentally spit on my foot – but once I realized she was only trying to emulate what she'd been watching on pornhub, I shrugged it off and let her have her fun. The radio was even situated in front of a window overlooking my back yard. It made for a handy position with which to brace for balance, too. With Cassie giggling self-consciously at her own excessive zeal, I got to gaze out at the neighborhood as my neighbor's teenage daughter sucked my cock, invisible to all but me. The girl was right. It really was a lovely pre-summer day out.

I didn't realize Megan had left until I heard the door close behind her.

“That bitch!”

“Who, Mom?”

I didn't answer, but Cassie didn't seem to care, more than happy to be allowed to ooh and aah over every little twitch and dribble. It really was something, her enthusiasm, though right then I was focused on Megan. For a moment, I'd wondered if she might actually be attempting a good faith effort at recompense. Her question about taking her down a few pegs... I'd thought maybe she meant to get down on her knees and enact a mother-daughter scene with Cassie. That would have been good. Not that Cassie needed any help. Still, rather than lower herself to pleasuring me firsthand, she'd dragged her own daughter out of track practice and passed the buck. This was not going to stand, no way. In terms of recompense, this counted for nothing.

In the meantime, however, I didn't have the heart to deprive Cassie of her diversion or risk demoralizing her about her as-yet unpracticed technique. Watching

this high school girl suck me off was a bit like watching a high school play, in a sense. The acting was well-intentioned but hamfisted, the words were inaudible often as not, and the costume was both cheap and wholly inappropriate to the setting. Though as she rose up to sandwich my cock between her tits, moaning in her imitation of a porn star's pleasure in providing pleasure, I granted that at least I was getting the show for free as a faculty member.

Then... Megan was back. Outside.

"Ow!" Cassie yelped as I thrust my hips forward, bumping the back of her head into the radio box.

"Oh man sorry, Cassie! Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It was actually kind of hot? You thrust like you were having sex with my mouth kind of, and I mmf..." I thrust back inside her mouth, more gently this time, and she purred in contentment as she resumed.

There was her mother. Of all the things I hadn't expected to see, the woman let herself into my back yard via the gate between our properties. She was standing in my garden, pulling weeds. It had been on my to do list for weeks. The clover, dandelions and thistles were a jungle in miniature, crowding out any space I might have devoted to the usual herbs and veggies. I had never done any gardening growing up, but Amy Cook-Burfield had gotten me started a few years back as a way to fill time during the summer months, and even if it was more bother than it was probably worth for the food, there was a satisfaction to be had in it.

Then again, I was presently learning that there was a great deal more satisfaction to be had in watching my sexy, busty MILF of a neighbor do it for me, clad only in a bikini that was too skimpy by far to be bending over like that.

Megan had exchanged her casual outfit for an American flag bikini, a blue star over her right breast, red and white stripes on her left and on the bottoms. The first and only time I'd seen her wearing it before had been last Fourth of July – or maybe the one before? Whatever. The encounter had been brief, merely me wishing her and the kids a happy Fourth as she loaded Robby into the car on their way to an extended family barbeque. There had been a wrap on over the bottoms, but the top had been more than enough to stick in my memory. I'd had to fight to maintain eye contact; Megan was a good deal more well-endowed than Cassie was turning out to be, and her breasts had positively bulged out of the thing. My rocket had glared red for some time after, that was for sure. While an attractive woman, she seldom dressed for overt sex appeal. I couldn't imagine right then why not.

Megan was wearing nothing but this two-piece bit of Americana and a pair of leather gardening gloves. She didn't look in my direction even as she turned to face the house. Her breasts swung side to side like they never meant to stop with each jerk of her arm, tearing weeds out of the earth with a vigor that suggested they had somehow

personally wronged her. Then she turned around the other way, and... god. Each time she bent and stood, the stars and stripes crawled a little higher up the crack of her ass. Every so often, Megan hooked her fingers under the bottoms and tugged them back to decency, then got right back to work. Cassie vigorously fellated me all the while.

It was hard to say which view was best: from the back, bikini briefs trying their best to become an American flag g-string; from the front, bent at the waist, her enormous bust bulging out such that I could hardly see the cups of her bikini; in profile, the curves of her ass and tits cooperating to make a silhouette of raw sexuality; crouching, her tits jiggling madly as she struggled to rip a small sapling from the ground, or crouching from the other side as her bottoms conformed to her exact shape.

No. None of those. The crawl. Megan Brown, on her hands and knees, crawling in the dirt as she tidied up my yard, posing and posturing for me as her cocksucking daughter obeyed her mother's command. Eye candy to stimulate me, an enhancement for her daughter's blowjob.

"Don't you dare stop," I grunted to Cassie. She gulped down a mouth flooded with eager saliva, but didn't slow for a moment.

Cassie's theatrics had succeeded in momentarily distracting me when I was roused by a voice from outside. It was faint, but standing right in front of the window, I could make it out all right. Standing on the far side of the fence in the alley behind our houses stood another neighbor. I didn't know his name, but I recognized his face, and more so the sight of the dog on the leash in front of him. The elderly little cocker spaniel seemed perfectly happy to stop walking and sniff around at my fence posts.

"Afternoon, Megan," he said. "Heck of a day to be out getting your hands dirty, eh?"

She rose to a kneeling position and waved back. "Well good afternoon to you too, Pat. And how are you today, Gypsy?"

The dog did not respond. Pat, however, didn't look to be eager to pass up the opportunity to talk to our scandalously underdressed neighbor. I wondered if he could see me, but with the direction of the sun, I should be nothing but blinds and a dark room to him. "She's doing fine. We had to take her to the vet the other day, but..."

"What's going on out there? Are there people out there? Was that my mom?" asked Cassie, rising up slightly to let her tits take over for her lips.

"Your mom's just helping me with a little gardening, and somebody decided to be social. Pat, I think I heard her say."

"Oh, Mr. Gough!" She made a face. "He used to babysit for me for this one summer. I remember he used to get so grumpy over the dumbest little things. Like this one time, when..."

I wasn't paying any attention to her babbling. I wasn't paying any attention to the chit chat between the two neighbors outside. I was completely riveted by the sight of

Megan's ass. As Pat blathered on about Gypsy's runny nose, she casually reached back and adjusted the spangled spandex to go right up her butt. With a subtle tug before returning her hands in front of her, she wedged it up so high it split her pussy lips clearly enough that I could make them out from all the way over here. What did it look like on Pat's side? No way he didn't at least notice the camel toe – unless his eyes were being pulled in by the gravity of those ripe American tits of hers.

I was only dimly aware of the conversation, but it did eventually turn to something marginally less banal, at least in that it involved me. “Now wait a tick here, Megan... isn't that your house next door?”

“It sure is, Pat.”

“Oho. So, are you just being neighborly then? Or if you just like pulling weeds, I'd be only too happy to let you come take a crack at my wife's flower bed!” He laughed, though everyone listening understood he'd be ready to cheat on his ugly old wife with this patriotic goddess in a heartbeat.

“No, I'm just doing a favor for Mr. Canon. Well, not doing a favor so much as repaying one,” she amended.

“Put your mouth back on it, Cassie,” I ordered.

“You got it, Mr. Canon. Sorry, I'll get better at the titty-fucking thing, I prom-mth,” she replied, sucking me back into her mouth. I would have had her stand up and strip out of those hot little volleyball shorts except that there was the small chance that Pat might catch sight of me, and thrusting would be a bit too suggestive. Besides, Cassie was terrible at keeping quiet when she came. Or at any other time her mouth wasn't otherwise occupied.

“Oh yeah? A favor?” Pat said. When Megan didn't elaborate, he pressed more directly. “What's he done to get a pretty young lady like yourself out doing his yard work for him?”

“Pat, you flirt,” she answered with a laugh. Her ass flexed and unflexed, waves of buttock rippling for my eyes alone. “It's just a tit for tat thing. He's tutoring Cassie, you see.”

My fingers clenched down on the surface of that radio.

“Oh, that's right. He's the teacher over at GHS, isn't he?” Gypsy laid down, head resting between her paws.

“That's him,” she confirmed. God, it was like she was twerking at me without moving her hips. Between mother and daughter, I didn't know which ass I loved better. Both, I decided. I loved them both better.

“What's he teach?”

“English, but really, he's teaching her all kinds of things. Making sure Cassie is ready for college in the fall.”

“Our Cassie is headed off to college!” Pat exclaimed. “Seems like only yesterday she was starting middle school. They grow up so danged fast, don’t they?”

“Even as we speak,” said Megan with a laugh. She glanced over her shoulder for a moment and winked at my window before turning back to Pat. I gripped Cassie’s head to make sure I didn’t ram it into the radio again as I started to thrust.

“Well, I see I’m starting to bore Gypsy, so I guess I best get her on home. It was good seeing you, Megan!” He waved again, coaxing the dog to her feet and resuming their walk.

“It’s good being seen,” she replied, fishing her bottoms out of her crack as she turned back toward my window. For a brief moment, she pulled the stars triangle aside to flash me one glorious breast before letting it snap back into place.

I waited until Pat was on his way before I lowered the upper pane of glass. “Hey Megan! Megan, could you come in here for a sec?”

She nodded. “On my way, sir.” There was a playfulness to the way she said it, but a seriousness in her eyes that said she took the request as a command. That she meant to obey.

Megan let herself in the back door and strode over to where Cassie was still blowing me. Without a word, the girl’s mother turned her back to me, lifting her hair. It took a moment before I understood her intent. Cassie’s head remained in the firm grip of my left while my right plucked at the exposed string on Megan’s bikini top. She took a helpful step forward to complete the untying, shrugging the straps off her shoulders and letting the cups fall to the floor.

“Guess we have to burn it now, don’t we, sir,” Megan purred. She turned to face me. My god, those tits. I’d been waiting for hours to see another pair of tits like these. Big and round and womanly. Nothing against Cassie, but there was no substitute for a pair of heavy, fat tits. Holding together well for her age, too – I almost wondered if she’d had them done. A conversation for another time.

The woman slid the bikini with her foot, using it to protect the floor from her dirt-stained knees as she joined her daughter. There was no hesitation in slipping out of Cassie’s mouth and offering my pulsing shaft to her mother.

“I’m sorry if I tracked in any dirt, sir. I’ll clean it up as soon as I finish in the garden.”

I was coming even before her mouth was on me.

“Mom! That was *my* blowjob!” protested an indignant Cassie. When her mother only continued teasing spurt after spurt out of my balls, she looked up to me pleadingly. “It’s not fair, Mr. Canon! You know I love it when you come in my mouth! It’s my second favorite place for you to come. At least that I’ve seen so far. Favorite is my pussy. Though maybe that’s just because I like having sex with you so much? Yeah, I guess in

terms of just where I like the come, mouth for sure. It's like I can taste your pleasure, you know? I guess you probably don't know, but... but now she's hogging it all!"

"Megan?" I said softly as my balls finished draining. "Share."

"Yuh, hurr," she said, mouth open wide, gleaming with its slimy pearlescent bounty. A thick tendril dribbled out of the corner of her mouth and down her chin, splatting silently on one sweat-glistening breast.

"Well, Cassie? Don't let it go to waste."

How many years had it been since Cassie had been fed at her mother's breast? Megan merely knelt there, eyes overbrimming with dutiful shame even as her mouth overbrimmed with my cum. Once Megan's tit was slurped clean, Cassie shifted to the mouth, a wide open kiss that tilted her mother's head down to get at her rightful reward for what really had been a fucking incredible blowjob, excesses be damned. Megan cooperated gamely until her daughter at last sat back, licking her lips in satisfaction.

"Man, that was super gross," Cassie said, nose wrinkling. "Not the cum, obviously, but kissing my mom like that I mean. The girls in the pornos do it all the time, though, so hopefully I made it look good for you. Real, real weird doing it with my mom, even though I guess in porn girls make out with their moms all the time, though those aren't their real moms, and half the time the actresses are practically the same age which I do not get at all. But since you're still hard, I guess you liked it, huh Mr. Canon?"

"Yeah, Mr. Canon. Did you like it?" Megan asked innocently.

"That was a good start, Megan." I helped her to her feet. "I'll start working on a proper list of chores for you."

"My mom is gonna do your chores?" Cassie exclaimed, fighting back a smug grin. "I hope getting you off isn't one of them, or at least you save some for me because ever since we started messing around, it's practically all I think about. It's so fun to pleasure you! I never had real orgasms before. I used to think I had, but I think that was just, like, flutters or something. But now I want to come over here and fuck you every day – not that you have to do it every day or anything. Just whenever you wanna call my booty over. Gosh, it feels amazing."

I helped her to her feet as well as Megan tucked herself back into the bikini. Man, that thing really did not want to contain all that boobage. It was probably the most patriotic thing about it. A smudge of dirt had transferred from knee to bikini to the exposed portion of her star spangled titty; I gallantly brushed it off for her. I took a few steps back from the window, then slid Cassie's tight black spandex shorts down just below her ass. She bent over automatically, her flexible body bracing itself with a firm grip on her ankles.

I had to speak up to be heard over Cassie's moans of delight as I slid into her dripping wet pussy. "Now get your ass home and take care of Robby, eh Megan? I'll take care of this one."

Megan bowed, treating me to one last sight of her swaying tits. For tonight, at least. “Thank you, sir.” She gave Cassie’s ass a sharp smack, then turned and left us to our fun.

Part Twelve: Additional Responsibilities As Assigned

“You stood me up yesterday.”

It was Friday during the last passing period of the day, in between my senior English and prep period. All teachers were expected to conduct hall duty during these transitions, keeping an eye on the students and keeping them from dawdling overmuch. Most days, I skipped this obligation during this time and went right from Taylor’s class into my prep, closing the door behind them and heaving a sigh of relief. Today, however, I was in a good mood. A comparatively easy week professionally thanks to Pixar, and indubitably the best week of my life personally. Sexually anyway. I had plenty of time to decide if there ought to be a distinction between the categories before I sat down to write my best-selling and very anonymous memoirs. I had pretty much floated out into the hallway after class, wishing my students a great weekend and high-fiving Patrice for her leadership in our discussion. It had been a fine note to end the week on. That young woman was going places.

Taylor, however, was not, at least not since I dismissed her class. She was lurking in the doorway of my classroom, speaking to me over my shoulder and frankly startling the crap out of me.

“I... oh, crap, you’re right. I’m so sorry. I had some things to take care of after school,” (where by “things” I meant “neighbors” and “take care of” I meant “fill them with cum,”) “and I forgot all about it. Crud.”

“Yeah. Cool. While you were out having fun, I got that stupid essay done. The one you said I cheated on.” She thrust a stack of papers into my hand.

“Oh yeah? Well first, good on you. I’ll look it over during seventh and we can talk about it after school. Second, really? No staple, nothing? And third, you *did* cheat, so maybe lose the indignant act.”

“You got a stapler.” She brushed past me and went into the halls. I almost remembered before she rounded the corner that in the building, I wasn’t allowed to stare at her ass, no matter how good it looked in those pink denim shorts.

The essay was an improvement, at least in that it hadn't been plagiarized. The assignment had been fairly broad. As I'd phrased it on the assignment sheet, they were to identify something that people often think about wrongly and explain why they're wrong and what they need to do differently. It was an exercise in critical consciousness, inviting them to channel their personal frustrations with an issue, attempt to understand why the world was the way it was, and look for ways to change it. It got all sorts of perspectives, from the usual cliché pro- and anti-choice diatribes, to local topics like the lopsided support for girls athletics, current events like defunding the police, and for a few, more risqué subjects like arming teachers. (Lucky for Oscar I graded his essay before I gained the benefit of all this anecdotal evidence to prejudice me further against letting people like me bring dangerous objects into the building.)

Taylor's first go had been something I'd seen dozens of times, a call to legalize marijuana. Like most of the others who'd picked the topic over the years, she'd doubtless assumed that forcing me to read it would be a satisfying opportunity to stick it to the man. Unlike the others, however, she'd let someone else do her thinking for her, and thus way lead onto way until we landed ourselves in this whole Serenex situation.

This time...

"Taylor, what in the flying hell is this." I threw her essay down on her desktop once she'd settled into place for our after school rendezvous.

"What? I thought you of all people would like it." She folded her arms smugly.

I tilted my head, reading her title aloud. "'Why teachers who fuck their students should be granted clemency.' Jesus, Taylor. I hardly know where to begin with this. Your lack of candor here... I'm at a loss! What if someone had seen you writing that?"

"Nobody did."

"Oh yeah? What if someone had walked up to the printer while you were printing? What if you got absorbed in what you were writing and someone snuck up on you, read over your shoulder. Then you brought it to class – what if it had fallen out of your backpack, or... damnit, Taylor, all it would take is someone seeing that top line to blow the lid off everything!"

"Oh, come on. It doesn't even mention your name until the third paragraph. You're paranoid, C-dawg."

"As we both damn well should be!" Flabbergasted, I snatched the paper up again, but didn't know what to do with it. My fingers reflexively crumpled it a bit, then slapped it back down in front of her. "Poor judgment Do you mind explaining why you decided to write it in the first place? Even if I took the paper on its merit, you'd still get an F."

Her jaw dropped. "An F? What the fuck for?!"

"Language, Taylor. This is still my classroom. And why? You really have to ask why?" I ticked the reasons off on my fingers. "It's unsourced. It's vulgar. It's satirical. You had an audience of one and you set out to antagonize them!"

“Bullsh– crap. How did I ‘antagonize’ you?”

“You compared me to Kevin Spacey!”

“No, I compared you to Kevin Spacey in *American Beauty*. Where he fucks that flat-chested blonde bitch. That guy is awesome. Or he was, once he quit being such a little pussy. I would fuck that guy.”

“Bad news for you, then. Kevin Spacey is gay, and I’m pretty sure he’s living in a hole somewhere with his mother. And why do you even know that movie? That came out before you were born.”

“You do know you’re like eight years older than me, right? So if it was before I was born, you were what, five? Just switch on over from Blues Clues to watching some suburban dad get stoned and fuck cheerleaders?”

“A friend recommended it.”

“And you recommended it to me. So I watched it.”

The fact that it seemed to be the one course of action I’d ever proscribed that Taylor had listened to was something else, but I wasn’t about to let her off the hook. “That still doesn’t excuse this. For heaven’s sake, Taylor, it’s so graphic in places that it would be better categorized as erotica than essay!”

She frowned, flipping the page a couple times and scanning with a finger. “Was it this part? ‘Watching him jizz all over my hoebag sister’s boobs didn’t seem to do her any damage, and might have even helped moisturize her ashy skin.’ Is that what you were talking about?”

“That is indeed a part of what I’m talking about. I’m serious. What prompted this? I’ve been wracking my brain trying to understand you here, and I’m coming up with nothing.”

“And how is this satire?” she pressed. “Why can’t I be serious about this?”

“We’re in a strange circumstance, yes, and while it seems to be working well for at least three of the four of us that appertain to your thesis – you can judge your own plight for yourself – I think it’s fairly obvious that this sort of thing playing out all over every high school in the world would be a fairly bad development.”

“Do as I say, not as I do, huh?”

The truth was, I was well aware that our situation was beyond problematic. Every time I began to feel guilty, though, I reminded myself that I had three hot teenage girls to fuck at my leisure, and only a complete pussy would turn down such a thing. And since I wasn’t the one who’d affixed that macho perspective in my mind, and that macho perspective was the only thing keeping me going at it, I could hardly be to blame. I was a victim as much as they were.

“We’re not going to debate the ethics of it. I didn’t create these circumstances. If your point was to try to make me feel guilty, you failed before you started. Let’s not forget that you were the one who started this by throwing yourself on my lap and trying

to wrestle that chapstick away from me, remember? If I hadn't bought that Serenex to intervene, you would have been expelled!"

"For a guy who's been drugging and fucking three high school girls, one of their moms and two of his coworkers, you're pretty judgy, you know that?"

"How did you know I..." I stopped, rolling my eyes at falling for one of my own teacher tricks. So much for not having the lot of them know I'd added Megan into the mix. "Look, what I've done has nothing to do with what you did. Don't cloud the issue. If you're acting out for attention, so be it, but if there's a deeper motive behind it, I need to know that."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you're my student. Because you're involved in this whole mess with the Serenex. Because I... look. It doesn't—"

"No no, finish. Because you... what?"

"You're deflecting again. Answer me."

"Were you gonna say you care? That was it, wasn't it?" She adopted a mocking tone. "Was oo gonna show your big soft bewwy? Just say it. Admit you have a sick pervy crush on me and we can deal with it. It doesn't make you a pussy to admit you have feelings, you know."

"I do not 'have feelings' for you!"

"Oh yeah? Then how's come you had me over the first night you had open for an all-night fuckathon, while Abbie's been throwing herself at you with open legs and you ain't done shit?"

"Because..."

I wish I could say that it was the sound of the door opening that cut me short. Randi made her way in as surreptitiously as ever, maneuvering her cleaning cart toward my desk and emptying the wastebasket. Seeing I was with a student and that she seemed to be interrupting, she mumbled a hasty apology. "You want me to come back later to tidy up, Mr. Canon?"

I eyed Taylor, and she stared right back. "No, it's fine, Randy. It's a Friday in the spring – I'm giving her the weekend off. Gotta save my energy, after all. I have her little sister in Saturday class tomorrow."

"Oh, Abbie? Have fun with that one," Randi said dryly, taking her vacuum down from the cart and unraveling the cord.

"Oh, how could I not." I smirked at Taylor's sullen glower. She snatched her paper off the desk and threw it at me before storming out, papers scattering everywhere. The custodian's head whipped around at the girl's unforeshadowed tantrum. Taylor was out the door before either of us could do more than sputter in disbelief. Knowing what was on those pages, I let her run, throwing myself into snatching them up before Randi could help.

“What got her hackles up? You’d think being let out early would merit a thank you, not a hissy fit,” she muttered, shaking her head.

I glanced at the top page crumpled in my hand. *I came. He came. I went home. We slept. Then we met again in sixth period and he gave me notes on bias in the media and twelve vocab words to make a study tool for. I did the study tool. He graded it. Then I went over to his house and we fucked some more. We came again. Why should the man do 20 years in prison for that? Twenty long years surrounded by murderers and rapists and pedophiles? We came.*

Randi stepped aside, clearing me to toss it in the recycling bin, but I shook my head. “Not yet, for this one. Still needs some work.”

For the first time in what felt like a very long time, I had a night all to myself. Not that I would have minded company – that sort of company, at least – but elsewhere, people were still people, Serenex or no. My friends knew that in April and May I was basically unreachable. The girls had their social lives, and Fridays at the end of their senior year were a precious thing. Some of mine, I still remembered. Megan was working her second job that evening, her last shift before she took the kids to visit her mother. (This I learned from Cassie, who expressed her anxiety at being so far away in case I needed to come in someone. I reassured her I’d make do.) Isa and Candy were living their lives, doing whatever they did. Our dinner and a threesome date was tomorrow, and I didn’t want to disrespect their planning by rushing something a night early.

I did ask Isa for another topless video and for an update on her research on my Serenex. She told the whole story standing naked from the waist up in front of her bathroom mirror, phone in hand, reciting the details as stiffly as if she were reporting to a senior officer.

“Since you asked, and since I thought you might like it if I padded the run-time of this video, here’s where we’re at. In summary, our story remains safe but details aren’t yet forthcoming. Since the canister’s labeling makes disassembling more difficult, I sprayed a small amount into a plastic baggie, then sucked it out into a syringe. The syringe I brought to an acquaintance of mine in the analysis lab whose discretion I trust. I told her I’d found it in the back seat of a car in the school lot. Since it looked like drugs and the laws are pretty hard and fast about drugs on school property, I did a search, but nothing else in evidence. When I ran the plates, though, I found out the vehicle – I told her it was in the visitor lot – belonged to somebody from the state DoE, somebody with close personal ties to the governor. I implied nepotism without stating it outright, in case she got curious enough to look into it herself.”

Isa tugged aggressively on one thick nipple, letting it snap back into place. It looked like it would never stop bouncing. “Since cases like that tend to end before they begin, I played it like I wanted to know exactly what I was dealing with before running it

up the flagpole. To her mind, if it's nothing then I can forget I ever saw anything; if not, it's harder for the brass to dismiss a needle full of heroin than an unknown brown substance. So I asked her to run the whole battery on it – 'you know all the weird stuff those rich pricks get into' – and slipped him a few bucks for the troubles."

She wiggled back and forth as she finished. I really think she might be able to hypnotize a man with those suckers. "Official work comes before favors, even bribed favors, unfortunately, but I stressed the urgency, so hopefully we'll hear back soon. Could be a week, though, maybe more. Depends how busy the department is this weekend, probably. Anyway, I hope this makes you happy. Any times you need a pick-me-up from these tits, say the word. Also, as your security adviser, don't forget to delete this when you're done. It won't self-destruct, but it's a ticking time bomb of evidence against us if it's ever discovered." She blew a kiss and ended the recording.

I gave it a few re-watches with the sound off, then hit delete. With that, it was time to crack open a book and a beer and remember how to relax without my cock in something wet and warm. Three chapters and four beers later, I passed out, content with one hell of a week.

Ding-dong.

The bell rang twice before it actually woke me. My cell phone nearly blinded me as I checked the time. Almost midnight. I rolled my eyes and I grunted to my feet. "Cassie, it's way too late for—"

As I turned the lock, the door pushed open right in my face. I was still stumbling backward in alarm and confusion when the lips on the other side found mine. There was no telling who they belonged to, not at first. She held my face to hers in both hands, too close to see anything even if my eyes weren't still shaking off sleep. There was a potent taste of liquor in her mouth. And a tongue ring.

"Taylor?" I managed once I'd pushed her back for air. "Taylor, the door!" I swept around her and threw it shut. "What were you thinking? What are you even doing here?"

"Shut the fuck and up me," she said in a slurred voice. From how she was dressed, it was likely she had come from a party somewhere. Her hair had received some attention, more lift and less wavy and unkempt than usual. Her makeup was thicker than the norm, eyes dark and lips bright. The cloud of perfume around her almost obscured the smell of booze on her breath. Her outfit was a blue suede dress with faux fur trim (except where it would obscure one's view of her cleavage, naturally). The bodice was as clingy as the rest of her wardrobe. The skirt was short; the thighs pouring down from it long. Her boots came up only a few inches past her ankles, recognizing their obligation to show off as much of those glorious gams as possible.

"Whoa, calm down. Tell me what you're doing here, Taylor." She was swaying on her feet. I put my hands on her shoulders to steady her, which almost immediately became a restraint to stop her from kissing me again.

“I’m horny. You like fuckin’ me so fuckin’ much, so fuck me already,” she whined, scratching at some itch on her upper thigh that flashed her panties at me. Solid black. My favorite. Though sometimes it felt like my favorite color panties were simply whatever she happened to be wearing.

“Do your parents know where you are? Does anyone?” I asked, guiding her to the sofa and sitting her down. Suspecting she wouldn’t stay there long if I didn’t join her, I took a seat, too.

She spurted a laugh that made me wipe some of it off my face. “Yeah right. ‘Hey Mom and Dad, going to get wasted at Justin’s house and then go fuck my sonofabitch English teacher, home by midnight.’” The girl snickered. “They don’t care.”

“How did you get here? You didn’t drive in this condition, did you?”

She shook her head. “Marcus dropped me off next door. Told him Cassie and I had started hanging out. ‘That Cassie Brown, she’s not such a stupid bootlicking twat after all, ya know?’” Another laugh, this one harsher than Cassie’s ego might have been able to take. “Figured I may as well, ya know, since we’re probly gonna be over here all the time until this shit wears off and Abbie kills you.”

I sighed. “She’ll have to get in line.”

“No shirt, shitlock. Err, whatever. I tried to get her to bet me whether Officer Barbie plants a bunch of drugs in your car or just kicks the front door down and shoots you, but she’s all ‘shut up, we’re fantasy sluts,’ blah blah.”

“You were the one who put that in her head, you know, not me.”

“Pffffff.” Again, I wiped at my face. “Like you didn’t fantasize about me before you ever touched that Snaren... Serel... stuff.”

“Like you weren’t working over-time to inspire those fantasies? Or do you expect me to believe that whole ‘I have to go to the bathroom’ stunt last semester was inadvertent?”

“I have no idea whatcher talkin’ ‘bout.”

“The hell you don’t. Remember, you’d already been to the bathroom, and you were gone for almost twenty minutes. Then you got back, got bored, and started whining to go again. When I said no, you did that little fake pee-pee dance at your desk for the rest of the period. You flashed me your panties probably a hundred times!”

She fell backwards, laughing hysterically. I was only glad I wasn’t getting spit on this time. “Oh my god, I forgot about that! You should’ve seen your face. I’ve never seen a guy try not to stare so hard in my life! I can’t believe you didn’t say something.”

“Right, nothing uncomfortable about acknowledging to a student’s face that she’d been showing me her underwear for half the class. Certainly not the sort of thing you’d throw in my face and make a big accusation out of, right? I rearranged my whole classroom after that so you couldn’t pull that stunt again.”

“If I told somebody, I couldn’t do it again!” Suddenly her hand was in my crotch, fumblingly fondling. “Now come on, C-dawg, fuckin’ fuck me already!”

“Taylor, I’m not sure that’s...”

But she wasn’t waiting for excuses. She flipped herself over the armrest behind her, one foot on the floor, the other knee supporting her on the sofa cushion. Her skirt rode up to reveal most of her ass, though the view was momentary because then she flipped the thing up onto her back and tugged her panties down around her thighs. “Juss... fuck me!” she mumbled into the armrest.

God. Even drunk and slobbery and bitchy, she was still the hottest thing I’d ever seen. Weirdly, it took me back to my own high school days, thinking back to a small party (a gathering, really, but there had been alcohol so we’d called it a party). I’d had this huge crush on my friend Trent’s newly single friend Julie Hiess. She’d been built a bit like Taylor, tall and busty, curves in all the right places. That night, she showed up drunk and started drinking. With some help from a friend I’d gotten her alone and we were hitting it off. I don’t remember what we’d talked about, but I remembered it had made her laugh. Suddenly she kissed me. We made out for a while. She asked if I had a condom. I sprinted out of the room to find one, and by the time I came back, she’d passed right out. Later that week she started dating Trent. Last I’d heard, they were starting on their third kid, so... good for them, I guessed.

My instincts were telling me no, it was wrong to take advantage of her in this state, but this was the same girl I’d dosed with Serenex and stripped half-naked and made her create a video offering me sex for a grade. Then she’d come over to my house tonight and told me to fuck her anyway. What in the hell had Abbie done to her sister’s head when she’d had us both under? Was she compelled somehow? The more I pissed her off, the stronger the urge to fuck me? It was the sort of twisted thing a mind like hers would come up with.

Either way, here she was, and no sense pussing out and wasting the opportunity. I made sure she was wet enough with my fingers, and boy was she ever. A few rubs of my tip against her labia and I was ready enough to go myself.

Then she snored.

I sighed. “Shit.”

She was heavier than she looked. I dumped her in my bed; she slept right through it. Taylor’s purse lay near the door where she’d dropped it after storming in; I fished out her phone and texted Abbie. *Staying at C’s tonight. Cover for me?*

lolz zat you C-dawg?

How could you tell?

Abbie knows all, she replied. but I’ll see u tomorrow right???

Saturday class is a go.

u got that fantasy ready?

I glanced at my bedroom door, where Taylor's snores were audible through the door. I thought of Julie.

Yes.

Saturday class was a small group that morning. Some days the roster swelled to the point that we had to move to the library to fit everybody. When I had my druthers, though, I kept it in my own classroom. Easier and more comfortable for me to get stuff done in there without having to relocate, and frankly, the books I had on my shelf to keep bored students awake were better than what our librarian kept on stock. Calvin and Hobbes anthologies, Jack Handey's *The Stench of Honolulu*, or, for kids I trusted better, Gary Brodsky's *The Art of Getting Even: The Do-It-Yourself Justice Manual*. Some real gems in my collection.

This time of year, teachers were increasingly inclined to let things slide, and students were increasingly inclined to ignore our dwindling attempts at discipline. Saturday class, after all, wasn't for garden variety tardies and missing homeworks. No, Saturday class was reserved only for those just shy of suspension. I'd overheard that we owed Jimmy Fulton's presence that morning to his decision to call Madame Gabrielle "a fucking bitch" earlier in the week.

(Ah, to work in a field where some snot-nosed fourteen-year-old punk can hurl invectives at you in front of a snickering audience of his peers and you're expected not to retaliate. Another counterpoint to Oscar's thesis.)

Still, a crowd of six was easy to manage. Seat them far enough apart that there was no opportunity for side conversations, keep everyone in easy sight of my desk so I could monitor phone use. With finals and summer vacation only weeks away, suspension of my usual disbelief regarding claims of not having homework was possible; by this point teachers were focused on getting old work turned in and final projects prepped, not pushing new material. An email from Dr. Clendenin asked me to administer a test to Amber, and a quick search on SchoolWays displayed a couple missing assignments from Allan. That was all done before 8:30. With work out of the way, we settled in for the rest of our four-hour marathon of boredom. It was a punishment the Geneva conventions narrowly missed in its definitions of torture, but then, so was the crap most of them had put their peers and teachers through.

The small crowd was sufficiently well-behaved that under ordinary circumstances I would have sent them home early. The only problem was that, as I'd told Abbie, I had my fantasy ready, and unfortunately, it was running on a schedule. It meant that for four hours, I was stuck in a room with Jimmy, three other petty offenders, and the Stern girls. Taylor wasn't actually on the roster today, but nobody else knew that. I'd woken

her up in time to drop her off at home with instructions for her and Abbie. Besides, after her stunt yesterday and my own negligence Thursday, she had plenty to make up.

If Taylor didn't appreciate my taste in fantasy apparel, the broad grin on her sister's face as she flounced into the room at eight o'clock sharp had told me that she did. It was nothing exceptional. A loose white tank top over an electric blue sports bra, complemented by plain white tennis shoes and a pair of black cotton sweatpants that despite being loose elsewhere, clung tightly to her ample backside. Taylor was dressed nearly to match, though her own tank top was so tight I could see the dimple of her belly button. There were several inches of golden midriff beneath that, and then her shorts were practically a bathing suit, so brief that even this girl with her boundless contempt for the dress code had never dared wear them to school before. Beyond that, nothing but flip-flops and an expression of disdain.

She'd slept most of the ride home, so there had been scant chance to talk this morning. Did she remember our discussion, or was the slow spreading and closing of her legs an independent decision? It sure played its part keeping Jimmy awake, though as I glanced over his test, it didn't seem to do much for his capacity to string words together coherently.

I didn't get much done that morning either.

At 11:51 I got the go-ahead text.

"All right, everybody, ten minutes off for good behavior. Go enjoy the rest of your weekends." Jimmy let out a whoop and ran out the door. His peers weren't far behind, except for the two.

"So, we hitting the gym now or what?" Taylor asked dryly. "You just gonna follow us around, stare at us while we do squats like some simp on a fitness stream?"

"That's a thing?"

She rolled her eyes. "Everything's a thing."

"Oh man, I can't wait! Are you gonna fuck us on the wrestling mats? I've always thought it would be really hot to fuck a guy on the wrestling mats. Like all pinned down and everything. Mmm. Come on, don't keep us in suspense!"

"Cassie Brown is waiting in the north lot. Go meet up with her. Do what she says."

Their reactions couldn't be more disparate. Taylor's eyes narrowed guardedly, while Abbie clapped her hands. "Fuck, it's like a sex scavenger hunt or something. Mysteries and clues and shit! Oh, I can't wait."

"I'm glad you're excited. Now go. I'll see you soon." I gave each sister a prompting smack on their respective asses, then gave them ten painfully slow minutes' head start before locking up my room and heading out.

The warmth from earlier in the week had lingered. The weather report (which had briefly not failed to distract me from Taylor's thighs) had said we were due for rain tomorrow and cooler temperatures next week, but for today, things were high seventies

and sunny, a fine spring day by any standards. The school parking lot was sparsely filled. The baseball team and both track teams were away for competitions today, so there were a good many cars parked by the boys clubhouse and the gym. There were a few vehicles in the faculty lot, and a few scattered vehicles that never seemed to leave. It was enough to make me nervous, but alibi in mind, I walked purposefully toward the girls field locker room.

It ended up being unnecessary; nobody emerged into the lot by car or from the school during my long walk. *I swore I saw a cat sneaking off behind the building, but I think it ran through the bushes over there!* Save that one for next time. Per my arrangement with Cassie and her assistant coach/my co-conspirator in student-fucking, the door was unlocked. I'd never been in the field locker room before, though come to think of it, I hadn't been in a high school locker room since I'd been eighteen and a senior myself. I'd never even walked near this little structure except for graduation, when the processional formed outside before marching over to the football field for the ceremony. It was perhaps the most remote location on the GHS campus, a small brick building tucked away behind the field the football and soccer teams used for practice in the fall, also used by the girls track team in the spring. They were hours away from here right now, however, and shouldn't be back until well after I was due at Candy and Isa's. There was a small parking lot adjacent, currently filled by the dormant vehicles of the track team. The entrance was blocked from sight at most angles. It was secluded, isolated, and best of all...

It was a girls locker room.

Was it common for a teacher to fantasize about his students? I didn't know. Fantasizing about this place, though? This one had been with me and every post-pubescent male since the invention of the first girls locker room. It was a place of unhurried stripping, of casual nudity, a place so linked to dirty thoughts that it had its own showers to rinse the girls clean. As I let myself in, I considered sending a text of gratitude to Candy for lending us the key yesterday via Cassie, but no, I'd thank her in person at dinner tonight. Seven plus inches of gratitude. Call it eight if Isa showed her breasts.

I took stock of my surroundings. There was a smell in here, and while it was unlikely the R&D folks at Glade were on their way to take samples, I found it was to my liking. A little musty; a little mildewy; some unnameable scent wafted out of lockers full of the wrinkled clothes the track girls had tossed inside them before changing into their uniforms and boarding the bus earlier that morning. This place was used. This was a real place, worn down by years of female inhabitation. It wasn't some porno set where they put a five dollar periodic table poster on the wall and called a bedroom a chemistry lab. This was the real deal.

There was a small office for the coaching staff, locked and dark. Lockers, some sealed with padlocks, some opened. A pile of folded white towels on a table near the entrance to the showers; beneath the table one lay crumpled and yellowing, neglected there for who knew how long to the point that now nobody was willing to touch the thing. I wondered whose body it had last dried, who had carelessly dropped it there before casually strolling naked back to their locker.

Honestly, I would have been hard simply from standing in such a place even if I weren't expecting company.

It was some time before company arrived, long enough for me to change out of my button-down shirt and slacks into khaki shorts and a polo shirt, a whistle slung around my neck. The adrenaline was already pumping. This was going to happen. I could kiss Abbie for pushing me into doing this – if it wouldn't break character, that is.

At long last, the door opened. I waited around the corner from the frontmost bank of lockers, taking in the sounds of the three young women's heavy breathing. Panting, for at least one of them.

"You are such a fucking cunt, Cassie, I'm going to fucking kill you," moaned Abbie.

"You're going to kill her? Who's the one who just ran a fucking mile *barefoot!*"

"Shit, bitch, I told you to dress for a workout. You're the idiot who decided to wear flip-flops."

"I think you guys did great out there! For two ladies who aren't runners, you kept up pretty good. For a while, at least. Barefoot's gonna be slower, of course. Though she also got to run inside the track so it was shorter, so never mind. Still, you worked up a good sweat, so yay!"

"Die in a hole, Cassie."

"A deep hole."

My patience ran out. I rounded the corner, and there they were. Taylor and Abbie, still dressed in the outfits they'd worn to Saturday class, only now after a nearly half hour jog, they were dripping sweat. Taylor's shirt was wet to the point of near transparency except where her sports bra covered her, which I could now see was bright pink. Abbie was fanning herself with the bottom of her shirt, and with her back to me I could see where her sweatpants were earning their name, soaking up the excess running down her back. Each had their hair in a ponytail, Taylor's bound at the base of her neck and Abbie's up high.

As for Cassie, she looked a good deal peppier, but no less affected by sun and exercise. She'd had the sense to put her hair up in a full topknot, and hadn't bothered with the added layer over her vibrant purple sports bra. Then an expanse of smooth, flat, glistening tummy, and then, praise whatever sick god was allowing all this, the volleyball

shorts. How could anyone ever get tired of those things? Whatever fashion designer or porn mogul had imposed that fashion on the sport deserved a medal.

“Good workout, ladies?” I put my hands on my hips, projecting as broad a chest as I could manage.

Abbie pivoted around on the bench, red face brightening. “Hey there, Coach.”

“It was just a warm-up run, really, Mr. Canon, but they tried. If you want them to build up their lung capacity we really ought to get back out there, but since you said you just wanted me to run them until they worked up a good sweat, I figured they looked sweaty enough. Me too. I hope that’s OK. Sweat’s kind of gross, ya know? I put on deodorant right before we went out, but still. It’s a total swamp under my bumps.”

“I don’t know, I don’t mind working up a sweat if the exercise is something I enjoy.” Did I sound like a porn actor? I felt like I sounded like a porn actor. Maybe I should ask for Cassie’s thoughts.

“Well next time you’re gonna have me out there running, let a girl get proper footwear, ‘Coach.’” Taylor flopped down on the bench opposite Abbie’s, kicking off her flip-flops and inspecting her feet. They were grass-stained and dirty, all right. Enough that it was almost a turn-off.

“You know, let’s drop the ‘coach’ thing, at least as a term of address. It’s not actually working for me. I kinda feel weird in these clothes, actually, too.”

“You look good, C-dawg,” Abbie said quickly. “I like the little chest hair tuft sticking out. *Tres* manly.”

“Thank you, Abbie. You don’t look half bad yourself – apologies for not saying so earlier.”

“Aw, thanks.” She grinned, or maybe smirked. “So... yeah. Do you have more coachy things to go over with us, or... should we start getting cleaned up?”

I couldn’t remember the last time I felt this kind of excitement. Considering how I’d spent the past week, that was saying something. I owed credit to each of them, in their own way. Abbie for being so unabashed in demanding I produce my dirtiest desires. Taylor for reminding me of Julie Hiess and that regret at not being ready to seize an opportunity when it came up. Cassie, for planting the seed the other day when I’d fucked her fresh from track practice. She’d been only too happy to be given an order to skip today’s meet (tended to get motion sickness on long bus rides, which I got to hear way too much about).

For such a momentous occasion, however, it almost seemed a shame to dive right in without savoring.

“Before you do, let’s talk workout clothes,” I said. Where was I even going with this? Whatever. Improvisation time. “Let’s start with Cassie here.”

“Me? Is this not OK?” she frowned. “I can take it off if you want, but this is definitely a super normal thing to wear for practice. I think I wore this exact thing

Tuesday. Or maybe different shoes? I have two pairs and I kind of go back and forth because even though one is newer, the other is broken in so—”

The shrill *tweeep* of my whistle echoed around the locker room. “I was going to say, Cassie here is a good model for how to dress for practice. The shoes are fine – looking at you, Taylor – and then... here.” I came up behind her, spinning her to face the Sterns. “See, no extra layer up top. Much better ventilation. No wonder she’s not sweating like you two. And as you can see, her bra still provides all the support she needs.”

Cassie giggled as I hefted her boobs from underneath a few times. That thing really did keep her in place. She might have the smallest boobs here, but she wasn’t small. Quite possibly still growing, too, if Megan’s were any indication. “See? Nice and snug. No ratty old shirt is going to help with that job. And these shorts? Very practical. Keeps everything right in place, doesn’t create extra friction.”

“Thanks, Mr. Canon! I figured you’d like these considering the other day how you—”

Tweeep! Roleplay was turning out not to be Cassie’s strong suit. “Now you, Abbie. Go on, stand up, let’s take a look at you.”

She hopped up to her feet. “Yeah? Something wrong with what I’m wearing?”

“For starters, let’s ditch the shirt. You too, Taylor. They’re impractical and counterproductive. Only thing they cover that your bras don’t is your tummies, and only fat girls hide their tummies, right?”

“What do *you* think Tay?” Abbie asked pointedly. I belatedly recalled Megan’s story about the bullying at girl scout camp and suppressed a wince. I’d slipped into that meathead coach mindset again, and in seconds I’d regretted it.

“Taylor’s got the best body of any girl here, so maybe as the girl who felt like she had to hide her thighs in *those*, you should watch where you throw stones, Abbie.” Taylor’s brief vengeful look dissolved into a mere smirk.

“Yeah, Abbie. Tell me again how ‘thick thighs save lives,’ track star.” She tossed her discarded tank top into a nearby locker, and Abbie did the same with hers. It was almost funny – the two both had such incredible bodies, but their sports bras couldn’t do shit to contain those breasts of theirs. Taylor’s responded to the pressure by lifting up and pushing straight out, bulging like playdough squeezed in a toddler’s hands. Abbie’s were simply too big for spandex alone to stop, a visible gap showing on the underside where the sheer mass of her was threatening to pop the thing off altogether.

How many jumping jacks would it take before it flipped up and over her tits? I could... no. No, keep to the scenario. For now.

“I ain’t hiding shit,” Abbie protested hotly. “Problem is my track shorts... well... Here. I’ll just show you.” A moment later, her sweatpants followed her tank top. To my surprise, beneath the pants she was wearing a pair of fairly typical track shorts, bright

orange with yellow trim. They were the sort of breezy, comfy looking things I would have worn if I'd been going to run.

Then she turned around.

It was well-known, and by most of those present in this locker room especially so, that Abbie Stern was a thick-ass white girl, to quote her own instagram posts. It was another thing to see what that ass did to her shorts. From the front, everything had looked normal enough. If there was a lot of leg showing, that was how they were cut. Abbie was half a head shorter than Taylor, besides, so she had a lot less leg to show. From the back, however... they were sucked right up the middle of her ass. Plump, meaty cheeks were squeezed out the bottom in much the same style as her sister's bra. I'd literally seen her wear underwear that covered her ass better, and moreover, I didn't even get the impression that these shorts were particularly skimpy. The girl just had that much ass.

"See? I get cat-called by everybody on the boys team when I wear these, C-dawg. I can wear 'em if you want, but my mom says they make me look slutty." She looked over her shoulder at me. "Do you think they make me look a little slut?"

I let myself stare for a time. Abbie held her position, letting me inspect her mother's fabricated claim. "We'll work on it," I said at last. "Really, if we're talking about slutty... Taylor." I snapped my fingers, and when she realized I meant for her to stand. She stopped trying to brush the grass stains off her feet and complied. "Now *those* are slutty."

"What, my shorts? I love these shorts!"

"I think you know full well that those are in clear violation of the school dress code, Ms. Stern."

"It's... we're not even in school! And at least these things cover my ass!" She gestured to Abbie, but then her hands found their way to her own backside. "Mostly, anyway. More than *that*."

"Whatever, butt slut."

"They rode up while I was running!"

"You'd think you'd be used to having your ass rode."

"You're about to get used to having your ass *beat*, bitch!"

Though I was curious how much sass Taylor could give her before Abbie asserted her boss stats, I stepped between them. They glared at one another around me, but I turned Taylor around roughly and let that end the quarrel. Then I took the liberty of pulling her shorts down to cover her cheeks, only in the process, without even meaning to, the small adjustment allowed her butt crack to peek out of the top.

No panties? And she'd been splaying her legs like that?! I composed myself. "See what I mean?"

Suddenly Abbie's hand closed over mine as it slipped into the top of Taylor's waistband, index finger sliding down her crack. "Mr. Canon," she said gently. Like that, she'd dropped her beef with her sister. Now Abbie was the mediator, trying to pull me back before I ripped Taylor's clothes off and our fantasy was lost in the weeds. Atta girl, first rate fantasy slut all the way. "I think Taylor was only wearing those because it helps with her flexibility."

"I was...?"

"Sure. Show him how you do the splits, Tay. Go on."

Taylor eyed her sister a moment, but ultimately, she was the boss, thanks to Serenex. "This floor is fucking filthy, Abbie."

"You could do it on the bench," Cassie suggested.

Taylor paused a moment. "I... guess? Don't you guys let me fall, OK? I don't wanna break my neck over this shit."

Cassie and Abbie each took one side of Taylor as she stepped up on top of the bench and slowly let her bare feet slide along the varnished wood. She didn't stretch, yet nevertheless, it didn't take long for her to assume the position. Abbie winked at me as I glanced up appreciatively. God damnit all to hell, that was a mouth-watering sight. Almost six linear feet of smooth legs and wide-spread butt. With her palms on the concrete to support her, the shorts crawled up lewdly.

Abbie knelt down behind her and started smacking out a rhythm on her sister's ass. It was stretched too tight to jiggle much, but it didn't stop Abbie from trying.

"Wow, Taylor! You're in really good shape!" Her head cocked to the side as she took Taylor's hand to steady her. "Kinda surprised you can't run better, honestly."

"Cassie, I swear to fuck if you weren't holding me off the floor right now I would cunt punt you through those lockers."

The athlete was undeterred, however. "I meant it as a compliment! Do you do gymnastics? I guess it'd be hard with boobs that big. And you're so tall, too. Though maybe I'm just saying that because those tiny little things in the Olympics are so itty bitty? It's like they never went through puberty. You could have probably done high school gymnastics, though, not like you need to go pro. Still, those are awfully big boobs. You know, I used to think you stuffed your bra in middle school. I heard a rumor that you did and I sort of spread it to some other people, but looking back I think I was just jealous. But I think I'm glad mine aren't that big because I feel like everybody would stare, you know? Especially if I dressed like you do and all. I'm really surprised teachers let you get away with that." She glanced at me with an awkward smile. "But I guess some teachers like to stare, too. Not that everybody stares at your boobs or anything. Not all the time, at least."

"What about mine? Do people stare at mine all the time?" Abbie interjected dryly as she rose to her feet.

Cassie shrugged, eyeing the younger Stern like she had forgotten she was there. “You’re a junior. How the heck would I know?”

“Nice flexibility, Taylor, but let’s work on keeping things appropriate. Now come on, I can’t send a bunch of dirty girls out into the world. Shower up, ladies.” I gave her a couple pats on the butt and helped her to her feet.

With that, it was time to kick back and *watch*.

A little groping, some posing, a bit of roleplay – that was fun and all, but *this* was the fantasy. A fly on the wall of the girls locker room as three gorgeous young women did what gorgeous young women did in locker rooms.

It was interesting, the way they each stripped differently. None of them hurried through it. As little as they were wearing, each could have been naked and in the shower in thirty seconds. Instead, they took their time. With a little pout for my prior criticism, Taylor began with her shorts, bending at the waist and dropping them almost to the floor until catching them with her foot, pausing to rub the flesh of her buttocks, massaging out the sting of Abbie’s drumming. Then she once again noticed the status of her feet, at which point she sat down and resumed scratching at the cake-on dirt. It was actually a little gross, but that made it more real, which made the whole thing more sexy.

Cassie went top to bottom, releasing her hair from the bun, then off with the sports bra as she asked a distracted Taylor follow-up questions about her hopes for a gymnastics career. The volleyball shorts came after, her white cotton panties following in the same motion. Then she retrieved a brush from a gym bag she must have placed in here when she unlocked the place and calmly went after her tangles in nothing but a pair knee-high socks with white and blue stripes.

As for Abbie, she came closest to crossing the line between my voyeuristic fantasy and her exhibitionist one. She ditched the bra right off, freeing those enormous jugs of hers. They were still drenched in sweat, literally forming droplets along the underside, stray wisps of her hair clinging to them on contact. She made to shuck her track shorts, but paused, winced at a cramp, and began a series of stretches. Twisting at the waist, lunging toward one knee, then the other, arching her back... quite the display, but still, she could at least pretend she wasn’t being observed. All the fuss she’d made about getting my fantasy just right, only to–

POP-OP-OP-OP. I blinked. Cassie looked up from her brushing, eyes wide. “Damn, Abbie! Was that your back?”

“These things ain’t exactly spine friendly,” Abbie answered, hefting her tits. Her nose wrinkled in distaste at the puddles of sweat gathering under them, snatching her shirt from her locker and wiping them off. Huh, maybe those stretches hadn’t been a show after all. That simple distinction, however, was enough to transmute my cock from stone to solid steel.

Cassie frowned sympathetically. “Yeah, I bet. I miss being able to sleep on my stomach sometimes. Do you guys miss that? I bet you miss it more than I do with those things. I slept on my stomach at Mr. Canon’s house the other day, but that was because he’d been about to fuck me from behind when we fell asleep, and I figured I should stay ready since I’m his booty call, plus he kept squeezing my butt in his sleep. I must’ve rolled over at some point I guess because I remember he got *really* gropy when his hands found my front bumps. I mean, my titties. Sorry, my mom called them that in the whole birds and bees thing when I was younger and it sort of stuck in my head. Anyway, Mr. Canon, he—”

But then Abbie’s finger was in the girl’s mouth, probing in and out softly. Cassie frowned, not sure what to do. Was this bringing me pleasure? Or was it just bullying? (Or did being bullied by these girls bring me pleasure?) I could read the pondering in her eyes. I gave her nothing in mine.

“Cassie, you helped get us started today, so for that, I’m going to say this once nicely,” Abbie said, slowly withdrawing her digit. She wiped it off on Cassie’s chest as she went on; Cassie did nothing. “We’re Mr. Canon’s fantasy sluts. That means whatever gets him off, we’re down for. Understand?”

“Yeah, I was just—”

Abbie cupped the girl’s jaw, pinching in her cheeks. “And the fantasy is girls in a locker room. Not Mr. Canon’s mind-fucked sex toys talking about current events. It’s three hot track girls, taking their clothes off and enjoying a nice long shower to rinse the aches out of sore muscles, to rub some soap into our sweaty bodies. For fuck’s sake, moron, you’re literally the actual fantasy. So shut the fuck up about that shit and be a hot track slut in a locker room. Like it’s just us girls until he says otherwise. *Comprende?*”

“But—”

Of all the ways I expected Abbie to shut her up, slugging her upside the head with a five-pound tit would never have made the list. Cassie staggered backwards, and for a moment, I failed to suppress my surprised laughter. “Act like we were normal teammates who you wouldn’t go blabbing about fucking him to, OK? Keep asking Tay about those cute little tits of hers if you want, or hell, you can interview mine. But we are his fantasy, and you will not fuck that up for me. Get me?”

“Y-yes,” stammered Cassie, shellshocked.

In an instant, Abbie was smiling again. “I just love your hair by the way. I wish mine was that straight, but I have to use the straightener for hours to even try and it’s just not worth it. Is that genetic, or is there a trick?” She grabbed a handful of Cassie’s red hair and held it up against her own brownish blonde.

“Um, I think it’s my shampoo,” said Cassie, slowly getting back into things.

I wasn’t listening any more, though. I had followed Taylor into the showers.

My ignorance of the layout was deliberate. I hadn't known whether there would be stalls, or a row of shower heads along a wall, or one of those pipes with multiple heads coming off of it that they'd all gather along, or something novel. I was glad it wasn't stalls. Old as this building was and as little money as we invested in girls athletics, such a renovation would have surprised me. The fantasy definitely did not grant the girls stall levels of privacy, not even from each other. The fantasy was girls unabashedly naked and exposed to anyone in the vicinity – as Taylor now was.

It was laid out about like I'd seen in movies, eight shower heads on each of the two lengthy sides of the rectangular chamber. The sound of the shower immediately filled the small room. She turned on the spray, testing the temperature with her hand. Her whole body shivered as the cold water splashed over her, nipples hardening before my eyes. Suddenly she frowned and rolled her eyes at something, then pranced out of the shower area in a mesmerizing display of wobbling woman parts.

Soap. She'd forgotten soap. After a few minutes of searching for an open locker containing what she needed, she returned with another girl's loofah and a single bottle of cheap, grocery store brand shampoo-body-wash-in-one and set them down on the floor in front of her. The water was warm by then, but her nipples didn't seem to notice as she stepped into the stream.

Moments later, Cassie and Abbie strolled in; I stepped aside for them, then right back into my post in the doorway to observe. Per Abbie's specifications, they acted like I wasn't there, not even glancing back in my direction. Cassie took the spigot next to Taylor and Abbie the one next to her, a neat little row of naked high school girls, bathing themselves, washing the sweat and dirt off their bodies.

What a sight. It was everything I had imagined and more. Then still more, because it was *real*. My imagination had merely conjured moments, snapshots. It had fed me a picture of liquid soap being squirted onto Taylor's breasts; Cassie nonchalantly digging around in her slit as she cleaned her pussy by hand; Abbie's tits giving birth to twin waterfalls as the stream ran down her chest, splashing right to the floor.

The real thing was infinitely better, they were teaching me. Watching them wasn't staring at a picture and fiddling with the zoom, but rather a real time video capturing the multitudinous delicious details.

The way Cassie swept her hair over her left shoulder, a deep red curtain that the water made nearly black. It covered over her left breast, but that only made me appreciate the other one more. Her fingers dug in, massaging her scalp, heedless of the way it turned that exposed breast into a show. Little by little it shook the hair curtain to the sides, splitting around the breast in the middle as if it couldn't bear to remain unseen.

Taylor had slept in her makeup from the night before and hadn't had the time to remove it as yet today. Now it ran off in thin black lines down her cheeks as she rubbed

at her eyes with her fingertips. I followed the trails as far as I could do where they became too faint as the water split into the numerous trails around her breasts.

A deep, throaty moan escaped Abbie's lips and reverberated around the walls and then even louder in the space between my ears as she leaned against the wall with her hands, head low, hair hanging down into space. The hissing shower water spritzed intensely into those sore muscles of hers, beginning to wash away the tension she'd shown in the locker room behind me. The tattoo along her spine was almost lost in the glare of the overhead fluorescent lights on her bare skin.

"You OK over there?" asked Taylor with a surprised grin. One teammate gently ribbing another for what had almost sounded like an erotic noise.

"Mmhmm." That was her whole answer.

My imagination's greatest failing was thus illuminated. The sounds. I had imagined it in pictures, but there were other senses here, too. They reeled me in; my clothes grew damper with each step, but I couldn't have cared less.

The staccato claps of water against the tile as the girls moved this way and that, water pooling and then falling in bursts. The growl of the stream against Cassie's wash cloth as she wetted it. Up close, I could even hear the friction of Taylor's stolen loofah exfoliating her soft wet skin. And of course, Cassie chatting up no one at all, filling the silence with her speculation about what the girls at the meet were doing, how pissed Lori would be if she found out Taylor was using her loofah, whether they had a shot at state, wouldn't it be funny if they pulled a prank on some of the girls while they had access to the locker room, but not really, because that'd be mean, unless the Sterns were into the idea.

They were not.

It really wasn't fair. These girls were all amazing in their own unique ways. Physically, of course, but also as partners in this whole mad scheme. The frankness and sweet simplicity Cassie brought into it. She owned her desires and was curious about mine in a way most women – most people period – were too afraid to be. Her wide-eyed innocence regarding her corruption was too charming, and too alluring.

Abbie and that strange cunning of hers. She read people better than most would give her credit for. Much as I was predisposed to believe that "street smarts" were code for people who failed to realize their place in the Dunning-Kruger paradigm, she really did *get* some things about people. She'd be lucky to finish high school, but it was hard to imagine her not seizing whatever it was she wanted out of life and taking it. Even if what she wanted was a duffle bag of cocaine and a tattoo of the name of the lover she'd poisoned to obtain it.

And Taylor. It wasn't fair to play favorites, I knew. The girl next door had made it plain that she'd be delighted to fuck me every day and night. Abbie wanted me so badly she took my lack of attention as a personal slight, redoubling her efforts every day she

didn't get my cock in her pussy. But Taylor? Last night's drunken episode aside, she barely tolerated me. She was as capable of acting on her arousal as they were, but even when she was in the midst of what all evidence suggested was a truly satisfying orgasm, she never let me forget the score. Not who she was to me: my entitled bitch student who had no respect for me personally or professionally; nor who I was to her: her lecherous, feckless, controlling pervert of a teacher. Yet somehow, that balance still drove me wild. Maybe it was because it was honest – a lecher hate-fucking a brat, plain and simple.

Fuck, maybe it was the simple fact that she was the hottest girl I'd ever laid eyes on. The why didn't really matter.

In both the abstract of over a decade of meandering daydreams and the specifics of this moment since I'd hatched the idea, this shower scene had seemed like it would be a pornographic episode. Soapy tits and bright shiny asses. There were those things, of course, and those things were as incredible as I'd hoped. But it was also a shower, in the true sense of the word. Taylor awkwardly propped up a foot on her knee to scrub doggedly at those grass stains. Her body was an unwitting symphony of tremulous tits and ass. Next to her Cassie dragged a razor across her pussy, scraping away shaving cream and the pubes beneath it bit by bit. She was shaving for me, I knew, but watching her, it was no more dramatized than it would have been in her own bathroom at home.

Abbie still hadn't moved, simply letting the water caress her endless curves. She moaned again.

"Um, are you OK?" Cassie asked, concerned.

"Mm. Just sore."

"Oh." Cassie scraped off the last few bits of shaving cream. It was a blank white slate. Her eyes darted to me for a moment, the first sign any of them had given of noticing my presence. Until then, I'd been invisible. "Do you, um, need help Abbie?"

"I would fucking kill for a massage right now," Abbie breathed.

Cassie glanced back at me again. I could see her weighing options. Did she offer to massage it out, risk being scolded for breaking character by turning the "mundane" shower into something lewd? Did she treat it as an innocent comment and risk chastisement for failing to pick up on cues? Or did she—

"The athletic trainer's not in. Go see if Mr. Canon knows what to do," Taylor instructed.

Cassie nodded, looking tremendously relieved not to have to decide for herself. They might all be my fantasy sluts, and one of them might only be a junior, but a healthy fear of the Sterns was a survival skill at GHS. "Sure, right. Um, hey Mr. Canon!" She called out in the direction of the shower entrance, but her eyes flickered to me. "Can you give us a hand in here?"

I licked my lips. It was time. I'd watched for long enough. Positioning myself back in the doorway, ignoring the water that had already more or less drenched me from the waist down, I answered, "Yeah, Cassie, what's up?"

"Abbie. I think she might have, I dunno, pulled something? I didn't mean to push her so hard on her first day. It's probably my fault. If you, um, wanted to yell at me, or, ya know, punish me or anything."

It was impossible to miss the way her hips shifted backwards as she made the offer, her butt thrust right at me. "No, Cassie, it's fine. You did good today. Go on, finish up while I..." I stopped behind Abbie, who was still a motionless mass of womanly curves under her spray. "You not feeling good, Abbie?"

Slowly, her head shook. "No, C-dawg."

"What's wrong?" I took a step closer. A steady splash of water cascaded off her back and into my shirt.

"I don't know. I think it's maybe my shoulders. Do you..." She looked back, eyes wide with pitiful desperation. It almost looked real. "Do you think you could rub them for me? I don't wanna make shit awkward for you, though, so—"

"I'd be happy to, Abbie. Can't have one of my best girls limping home now, can I?"

She sighed in preemptive relief. "Thanks, seriously. I wouldn't ask if I didn't really, really need it."

I rested my hands atop her shoulders. "Any time, Abbie."

It had been a while since I'd given a woman a massage, and I'd had so many women throwing themselves at me of late that I hadn't needed to engage in foreplay. This was a nice shift. Once I got going, it was like riding a bicycle. Like one of my exes had taught me, it was more about not doing it wrong than doing it exactly right. There were plenty of people who could do it better, but as long as you didn't pinch or strike a nerve, it was a fairly idiot-proof process. Her skin was wet and slippery, so I simply dug my fingers in and kneaded.

That tattoo down her spine was right in my face now. As I worked on her shoulders, I at last made a real effort at deciphering it. It was indeed Roman numerals, and I slowly pieced out that they were dates of some kind. Two of them.

For a moment, I was affected. "Who was this?" I asked softly. I hadn't meant to turn our shower massage into an opportunity for bonding, but the tenderness was making me—

"Juice WRLD," she answered gravely.

Like that, the moment ended. Cassie bailed me out. "You're going to get your clothes wet, Mr. Canon. Wetter, anyway."

"So why don't you and Taylor help me get them off?"

The girls silently moved to my sides and began peeled my sodden clothes off. There was almost a solemnity to their motions. Perhaps they'd had similar fantasies, or maybe they were being sucked into mine. I halted the massage only to let Taylor get my shirt off. As Cassie removed my shorts and underwear, my cock flopped out, landing on Abbie's ample left buttock and slipping along her lubricated skin to rest along the crack.

"Lower," mumbled Abbie. As I moved my hands to her lower back, Taylor and Cassie each tackled one foot, removing shoes and socks, and then there we were, the four of us completely naked in the showers of the girls locker room.

"Maybe get her legs, Mr. Canon," Cassie urged softly. "She looked like she was cramping up real badly out on the track."

If she'd waited five more seconds, my cock would have taken the six inch journey down into Abbie's pussy. It was a good suggestion, though. There was no rush to this. I dropped to my knees. Abbie's sudden groan of stupefied satisfaction echoed around the walls long enough for her to suck in a sharp breath and let out another as I pressed my fingers deeper into her wet, tender thighs. My thumbs tended to the muscles of her quads; only moments later, her arms gave out and her face and chest collapsed against the shower wall, grunting in the sort of delirious physical happiness that we could all tell was utterly sincere.

Of course, leaning forward like that thrust her butt backwards. Right in my face, in fact. The warm water poured down her shoulders, pooled in her lower back, then overflowed down the slopes of her bottom. It occurred to me she hadn't used any soap as yet, nothing on her but water and maybe a touch of lingering sweat.

I gave it a lick. Her leg quivered in my hands; I pressed down to make sure she kept steady. Once I was confident she wasn't going to slip and fall, my hands resumed their leg massage, and my mouth was exploring any sensual bit of her body it could reach. There was no finesse to it, nothing but pure id, licking and sucking soft round naked teenage girl parts. Abbie accommodated me – or perhaps issued a silent plea – by reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, arching her back higher to avail her pussy to my lips. I showed mercy. There was a new taste there, something other than the metallic well water that ran to the field locker room and the salty tang of her sweat. Something sweet. My tongue demanded more of it, and it knew right where to find it.

My arms crossed at the wrist, each massaging the opposite inner thigh. Somewhere in the midst of it all I became aware of a presence behind me. There was a body against my back, a mouth on my neck, a hand reaching around the front to stroke gently but persistently at my cock. The only way I could even discern that it was Taylor rather than Cassie was that I heard a whimper of pleasure to my right that I recognized as the latter.

"Are you masturbating while you watch us, you little slut?" Abbie asked playfully.

“Sorry, I know I should be helping, or showering, or whatevering, but just... this is so insanely hot, you guys. So much better than porn.”

“Good girl, Cassie.” She whimpered louder, and then my mouth was once more buried between Abbie’s thighs, slipping my tongue inside her as deep as it would go. I couldn’t get at her clit very well from this angle, but she came like a bottlerocket even without it. The orgasm trembled up and down her body in a tangible wave of pleasure, so intense I had to pull back. There was nothing in me that wanted to stop – I’d have given her ten more and not gotten bored or tired – except that when I dove back in right as it looked like it was subsiding, it triggered an immediate second and higher peak of bliss. This time, it was so powerful her butt spasmed backwards and bowled me right over. Taylor had to dive out of the way to avoid getting smushed.

I was reeling for a moment, sprawled out on my back in a puddle by the shower drain. Blood pounding, libido raging, head spinning. A tit descended towards my face, blotting out the light and then obscuring sight altogether as the plump nipple lowered into my mouth. It didn’t matter whose it was. I sucked it in and didn’t let go. “Please let me fuck you Mr. Canon,” a needful voice pleaded in a near-moan. It could have been any of them. Someone’s weight settled on top of me. Then off, then back on cunt-first. They’d gotten their wish. Someone else was lapping at my balls.

A pair of hands seized mine, pinning them to the floor. Whose hands? Tit’s? Cunt’s? Mouth probably couldn’t reach from down there, but my sense of anyone’s orientation was vague at best, and irrelevant besides. There was nothing to do but lie in the warm puddle and be pleased by my trio of desirous teens.

The fact that I came within the first couple minutes was irrelevant. As my cum rushed into her, Cunt came with me, laughing in delirious pleasure. She locked down on me with a firm grip, throbbing and warm and with a wetness that had nothing to do with the shower. I didn’t go soft. I couldn’t. She needed this. I needed this. As her body went momentarily slack with pleasure, bending forward and baring half my length, Mouth seized the opportunity to slurp our juices off the exposed portion of my shaft. It kept me warm. It kept me wet. Who needed a shower with girls as horny as these.

Then we were fucking again. The shower chamber was filled by the steady clap of ass on thighs along with the commingled grunts, whimpers, sighs, moans and shrieks of the four of us. To think that earlier in the week I’d worried that when it came to tonight’s threesome, I wouldn’t know what to do with so much woman and only the one man. It turned out I didn’t need to. These women were committed to my pleasure as much as their own. They knew what to do without my saying a word. Which was good, because my mouth was too busy trying to suck Tit’s nipple right off her wet, vaguely soapy body.

In a perfect world, we could have stayed there in that shower forever. But as Cunt bounced away on my shaft, as Mouth sucked up our cum as it dribbled down, as Tit filled my awareness with my very favorite thing in the world, there was only so much I

could take. My body tensed in spite of my best efforts, but then there was suddenly another presence. A second mouth, this one by my ear.

A woman's voice whispered, "Just admit that this is what you meant to happen the moment you bought that shit, you fucking pig." I couldn't have if I wanted to. Her nipple was still in my mouth, after all. But in two years as my student, that voice had never uttered truer words.

Clarity was restored as I came. Taylor chewed gently on my earlobe as I yelled my climax into her throbbing breast. Abbie's own orgasm followed soon after as Cassie shifted her tongue from my balls to her playmate's ass. She'd sensed rightly that the best way to pleasure me in that moment would be to feel Abbie's trembling body collapse atop mine, arms embracing me tightly in ecstatic union. Taylor and Cassie, who'd evidently been playing with themselves all the while, joined the two of us, crying out in orgasm soon after. The globe of supple flesh in my mouth shook, then fell away as she flopped down onto the shower floor. Cassie came in last, her head slumping down on my thigh atop a pile of her wet hair as she collapsed between my legs, gasping delightedly.

The four of us laid there for a while, catching our breath, letting this surreal moment drag on as long as it could. Even with the steam thick in the air, though, the water wasn't hitting us any more. Soon someone got cold enough to stand up and get back into the water. The rest soon followed. I took turns helping clean each of them, squeezing at tits and asses too wet to remain in my grasp. Soon I realized they expected round two was coming, pruney fingers and toes be damned. The water heater was industrial – we had hours yet if we wanted them. We could dry off, de-wrinkle, and come at it again if we felt like it.

"All right girls, rinse off and get dressed." I had to force the words out. Harder still was making myself pull my fingers back from the Stern girls' pussies on the end of each hand. Cassie had been looking on in open envy as she played with herself.

"What? Fucking seriously?! All that, and I get no fucking dick?" Taylor demanded.

"Sorry, girls. I, um, have a date tonight," I said sheepishly.

Cassie cupped her hand and funneled a splash of water at me. "No way! Is it my mom! Are you gonna be my new dad? Oh gosh, that's so mucked up! I wonder if I would need therapy or something. Probably not. Not like there's anything wrong with it. It feels *amazing*. Plus I did the R-rated with you first, right? And I think we're closer in age. If you wait until after graduation, do you think we could date? But man, then if it got serious with us and you sproinked my mom again, it'd be like you were sproinking your *own* mom. Geez. My friend Rosemary was right. Relationships are just plain complicated." She looked to the sisters. "I guess you two know how I mean, huh."

"Who's the lucky gal?" asked Abbie, eyes narrow. I could see her plotting against them.

“Gals, actually. Not that it’s any of your business, but it’s Louisa Barbour and Candace Salata. We’re having dinner, that’s all.” It sounded less like a sleazy threesome rendezvous if I used their full names.

“If dinner is all you’re having, then why are we getting dressed,” Taylor asked rhetorically. “You got hours before it’s anybody’s dinner time.”

“My dog Pepper starts begging for dinner at like three in the afternoon sometimes, even though we don’t feed him until five,” Cassie pointed out. When two withering glances redirected her way, she looked down, folding her hands in front of her freshly shaved pussy meekly.

Abbie ignored her. “Come on, C-dawg. We got plenty of time for another fantasy or two. Right, girls? What’ll it be? We could be prison inmates and you could be the guard watching the showers. Or we could drop the roleplay, just mess around. Like you could blindfold yourself and try to guess whose pussy is whose. Come on, you know we’re gonna be tighter than those two old bitches.”

“Or hey, we could just have sex like normal people without a bunch of weird games and incestuous team sports. Now there’s a crazy idea,” Taylor muttered.

“Hang on. Are you guys saying... Mr. Canon, are you doing the deed with Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour, too?” Cassie’s eyes widened as she took my silence for an admission of guilt. “Holy jeebers! Mr. Canon... you’re kind of a slut, you know that? Man, how many women are you...?”

The fact that I had to stop and think before having a number was pretty damning, as far as her accusation went. Nevertheless, I was resolved. Not only was it not in me to let students push me around, Taylor least of all, but Isa and Candy seemed to be going to some effort to treat me to a good night, and I didn’t want to show up in no condition to be of use. It sounded like it had been quite some time since Candy had been with a man, after all. Isa, maybe never? I wasn’t sure. I felt obligated to make a good showing for my sex. Besides, while the girls in front of me were each plenty attractive, Candy and Isa were each sexy as hell as well, and I hadn’t gotten to so much as touch them. Nothing wrong with wanting to have a full accounting of all the women at my disposal.

I grabbed my wet clothes and left the shower for the locker room area. One by one, the girls twisted the shower nozzles off and followed, sulking every step of the way. I couldn’t resist ordering them to let me towel them off, which mollified them somewhat. Abbie and Cassie were, anyway; Taylor simply smirked in the knowledge that I couldn’t resist her. We each began slipping back into the clothes we’d worn in. It was a tad unseemly watching those sweat-dampened clothes return to their bodies after the lengths I’d gone to in order to clean them.

“So this dinner tonight... was it your idea, or theirs?” Abbie asked as she squeezed her big ass back into those tiny shorts.

“Theirs.”

“They put it out there as a sex thing, or did they put it out there as a ‘let’s talk about this fucked up arrangement we’re in’ thing, and *you’re* making it a sex thing?”

“The sexual component was all their idea, I promise.”

“But... they’re dykes, ain’t they?”

“This again?” I fixed a firm glare at her. She might not be my student and this might not be my classroom, but still. “Do we need to arrange another lesson in tolerance for you?”

“Fine, lezzies, rug-munchers, dick-ditchers, whatever. They are though, right?”

“To a degree. Sexuality is a spectrum, Abbie.”

When her tank top came down over her face, I saw her eyes narrowed considerably. “I don’t like it.”

I chuckled, pulling up my fly. “I’m sure you don’t.”

“Seriously. Those bitches are up to something.”

“They’re as caught up in this as any of us, Abbie. One’s determined to keep me safe and happy, the other to help my plans along however she can.” I patted her ass, wishing she didn’t have those sweatpants back on it. “Relax. Maybe tomorrow once I get some work done, we can get together again for a bit.”

“But I want it *now*,” she whined.

“Me too. But right now, I need you three to head out there and make sure it’s clear for me to leave. I can’t exactly be seen sneaking out of the girls field locker room in the middle of a Saturday afternoon.”

“We could stay in it,” Cassie teased.

I swatted her ass. “Go on, squirt.”

“You’re the one who did most of the squirting, Mr. Canon.” She giggled.

Abbie shook her head. “I don’t get why you’re settling for them old-ass bitches and their dried-up coozes—”

“They’re in their twenties!”

“—but you try not to have too much fun. Don’t want you forgetting who your fantasy sluts are. Come on, Tay, quit worrying about your stupid feet. They’re feet.”

“So suck ‘em clean, bitch.”

“Suck *me* clean, bitch.”

“You two are so mean to each other!”

Abbie snickered. “You’ll get used to it. Now what you got going on tonight, Sassy Cassie?”

The door swung shut behind them. I stood by the door and listened after them; Abbie had already launched into a pitch to persuade Cassie to ditch the visit to her grandmother’s house with Megan and Robby so the three of them could have some fun. A subtle ploy to get closer to me, clearly, but I wasn’t about to talk her out of it. In fact, after I did a quick triple check to make sure nobody had left anything incriminating

behind, I sent Megan a text instructing her to let Cassie stay at home by herself if she wanted. Taylor confirmed the way was clear, and I darted out of the locker room, sealing it up behind me with Candy's keys.

I settled into my driver's seat and heaved the longest sigh of my whole life. That had been the best thing that had ever happened to me. Tonight, I would go visit a pair of lesbian lovers and do some variation of it all again. I waved to Cassie as I passed her in the lot, the casual acknowledgment of her neighbor as far as any lookers-on would be concerned. I pretended not to notice the Sterns' reactions as they walked alongside her, Taylor flipping me off and Abbie flashing me her sports bra, both laughing hysterically at their own displays.

There were no cars in front of me as my car reached the street in front of GHS, but the light was already bright green.

Part Thirteen: Free and Reduced Meal Programs

“All right, that’s enough, girls.”

Abbie twisted to the side and looked over toward the fence dividing my yard from the Browns’. She tilted up her sunglasses. “Oh hey, C-dawg. Fancy seeing you here.”

“Yeah, hey, whatever. Seriously, that’s enough.”

Taylor didn’t bother looking or raising her sunglasses. “Permission to give you an I-told-you-so, boss?”

Abbie ignored her sister, shifting to her side. Her bikini top remained flat on her lounge chair; if she leaned the slightest bit farther, at least one nipple would be in view. “What’s your problem, man? Don’t you got better shit to do than creeping on your neighbor and her friends?”

“Girls, I told you, I’m busy tonight. Whatever this is about, the whole cute little topless sunbathing what-have-you, it’s not going to work.”

“What’s your problem? We’re supposed to let you ogle our bodies. That’s what girls like me and Taylor are to you, right? Tits and ass. Sex objects,” Abbie recited. I could see Taylor’s head shaking incredulously at her sister’s sincere repetition of the words she’d once said in pure sarcasm.

“You could at least try to be subtle about it,” I answered. “Come on, give it a rest before you give every geezer in the neighborhood permanent eye strain.”

Lord knows they were doing it to me. I had no idea how long they’d been out here like this before I glanced out the window of my office and noticed them. Three gorgeous high school girls, laying out on their stomachs in bikinis right next door. Half bikinis, that is. Each of them had their top untied, the sides of their tits pressed flat and bulging out from beneath nubile bodies.

Cassie looked between her comrades in semi-public-semi-nudity and said, “I told you guys! There’s a bunch of old creepers in this neighborhood. This guy Mr. Gough who used to be my babysitter was totally drooling over my mom the other day while she was posing for Mr. Canon while I was sucking him off. And he’s not even the creeperest, trust me. This one time, I was out here playing with Pepper and some guy did this loud whistle right when I was bending over to pick up his frisbee, and I got so embarrassed I threw it away.”

“Can’t blame a guy for admiring that sweet little caboose, Cass,” Abbie replied.

“Um, yeah I can.” Cassie frowned, but they dissolved into a broad smile when she turned back to me. “Except for you, Mr. Canon. Have you decided whether or not you wanna ass-fuck me yet? Because I think I’m pretty ready. The plugs aren’t as hard to wear as they were at first. I at least wanna find out if they’re working, and I don’t even know where else I could find somebody to help me check. It’d probably be easier with a

boy with a smaller schwing-schwong, but that seems sorta wrong somehow. So if you're up for it later, my butt is totally ready for a test drive."

The Sterns eyed their comrade askance at this frank assessment, but Taylor was the one to help us move past. "Yeah, anyway, if you don't mind, we're working on our tans, so unless you want to make people curious why you're having such a lengthy conversation with a bunch of barely legal teens who are all students at your school, maybe piss off, mkay?"

Abbie giggled, snapping her sunglasses down and laying flat once more. Cassie's eyes lingered, but when I said nothing, she resumed her own repose alongside her new friends. Almost as frustrating as the three bare backs and six scantily clad buttocks behind me was the simple fact that Taylor was right. I will not let anyone learn about my relationship with the Stern sisters. The compulsion didn't include Cassie explicitly, but I'd grandfathered her into it voluntarily.

I went back inside and tried not to peek out the window too often. It was fairly ridiculous, honestly. As the day dragged on, the temperature was already lowering into the sixties. A pleasant evening, but hardly tanning weather. Megan and Robby had left for her mother's before I even got home from Saturday class and subsequent activities, so the trio had free rein of Cassie's house and yard. Nobody from the neighborhood came by to rebuke them, even. I suppose when you have bodies like theirs, the neighbors had a way of turning a blind eye. Mrs. Beiser, Megan's next-door neighbor on the other side, made a show of glaring daggers at them when she jogged past; when the girls gave no reaction, she did another lap and another glare, then gave up.

It would be charitable to assume they had any motives to their brazen display beyond the obvious selfish ones (namely, to lure me over and distract me from my evening plans). Still, I made a note to thank them later. Not only did it give me another idea for our next fantasy meet-up, but it had me ravenous for more sex. Candy and Isa were more daunting conquests than these carefree girls, but the heightened vigor actually made me feel more at ease.

As to said conquest, I wasn't a hundred percent sure what to expect. Yes, there were expectations of something sexual. What, though? They were lesbians, after all, or at least a lesbian and her lover. With the girls, it was easy. Abbie was my fantasy slut – if it turned me on, she was into it. My booty call Cassie enjoyed anything that brought me pleasure no questions asked. Taylor may be a bit more of a mystery – at least in that Serenex hadn't rendered her an open book like the others – but she still let me do what I wanted with her and didn't fuss much. But Candy? Candy's compulsion ran no deeper than aiding my plans, and I'd never espoused a plan that involved me fucking her. I wasn't even sure such a course counted as a "plan." Thanks to Cassie, Isa was now driven to "make me happy," but where was the line with a woman who wanted me to be happy but for whom my penis held no intrinsic appeal? I tried to imagine I'd been

compelled to make another man happy, rather than the list of behaviors and perspectives Abbie had put there. Would I make myself sexually available if he wanted? Would I be able to enjoy myself if I did? Who the hell knew what could be going on in Louisa Barbour's head.

Oh, and let's not forget she has a gun. Which shouldn't make me nervous, but... she had a *gun*.

(And a taser!)

My colleagues hadn't specified how to dress. We were dining at their house, so a suit seemed a bit excessive. Still, for all Candy had hyped the event to me the past few days, I didn't want to give offense by showing up too casual, either. So, after my third shower of the day, I spent some time on my hair, gave myself a fresh shave, and splashed on a little cologne. For the wardrobe, I split the difference with a pair of dark blue jeans and a button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow.

"How'd I do?" I asked the girls, who'd been not-so-subtly lingering in Megan's yard. Their bikinis were back on, at least. What I wouldn't give to be able to take them to the beach and fuck them on the sand. (On a towel, of course. Fool me once...)

But later. Tonight was adult time.

"You look so hot, Mr. Canon," Cassie said hastily. "I mean it. Why didn't you dress up for me like that? I guess you don't really need to impress me, since I'm your booty call and I've told you a hundred times that I love to pleasure you. Must make things pretty easy on you, huh. Still, it's a good look! My mom would be really into you right now. Is that weird to say? It's hard to know what's weird. I think she—"

"If those bitches don't give you every ounce of effort they got, you better get your ass back here and let your real fantasy sluts take care of you. We'd be lucky to have such an upright dude." Abbie skipped along the fence line, craning her neck to peer over at me.

"I will. And I do appreciate the bikini fashion show. Outdoor activities are tricky for us, but we'll find a time and place. You three look incredible."

"Duh." Taylor sneered.

"Well, wish me luck, girls. And don't wait up for me."

"Good luck!" came two voices. Taylor simply glared. She probably would have glared if I'd agreed to spend the evening with them. Or if I'd simply stayed home by myself. The girl simply glared a lot when I was around. I supposed I used to be the same way when it came to her.

After a stop at the liquor store to pick up what I hoped was a decent bottle of wine, I was off to my date. To think it had only been a week since I'd last been to their home. What a week! When I'd arrived here last Sunday after the fiasco at the coffee shop, I'd been afflicted by paranoia over a rogue student mind controlling me, another who'd already tried to betray our secret once, and a blackmailer lurking in the wings.

Then I'd been driven half-crazy with lust after Candy's half-voluntary show (bathing evidently being my Achilles heel) and forced her to have sex with a student while I did the same with another. Then as the icing on the cake, Isa had stormed in and shocked Taylor insensate mid-climax.

We'd come a long way from that night in quality of life.

Tonight, I was looking forward to a relaxing evening. Hopefully a good meal, too, if Candy was half the cook she'd made herself out to be. No plan, no drama. Just me and two beautiful women I hoped to have a good time with, whatever form that took.

It was Isa who answered the door. "Mr. Canon, hi! Come in, come in. Is that wine?"

"Yeah – I snagged a zinfandel I used to like. I hope that's OK." The aroma in the house filled my nostrils the moment I crossed the threshold, but I was more preoccupied with the woman in front of me. Isa looked fantastic in a one-piece burgundy outfit with flecks of gold glinting throughout the fabric. I mistook it for a gown until I noticed the separate legs. At least if I'd missed the mark on dress code, it hadn't been by much. She wore her blonde hair long, and with makeup on she was so pretty I almost missed the abundance of cleavage showing. "And please, I think you can use my first name while we're having dinner, at least."

She patted my shoulder. "Oh, I don't think so. I'm still your bodyguard, after all. I don't like to blur the line between business and pleasure."

"So... what do you call having me over for dinner and, ah, all that?"

"I call it being a good girlfriend." She grinned. Isa the woman really was beautiful. I bet Isa the cop had gone through hell in a male-dominated field like law enforcement. She usually carried herself with all that big dick energy – overhearing students descriptions of her was where I'd first learned that term, in fact. I hardly recognized this soft, sexy side of her.

We made our way into the living room, where she invited me to have a seat. "Candace is putting the finishing touches on dinner. She asked me to reassure you that purchasing a baguette was the entirety of my involvement in the cooking process."

"You really don't need to worry. I'm not exactly a foodie. My standard for a meal is how little effort cleanup will take so I can get back to work and have a little time left over for myself before bed."

"You teachers... I tell Candace practically every day, it's crazy how much they make you do on your own time. At least when I leave work, I leave work. Yeah, police work is a lifestyle and blah blah blah, but I leave school and then hit the gym, prop my feet up and unwind. It's a damn shame I'm not a better cook, because I'd love to lighten the load on Candace."

"There's always other ways to help a girlfriend unwind, in my experience," I said, venturing a mildly risqué joke. Were we at that stage? Was it OK for a hetero guy to joke

about girlfriends with a gay girl? I had no idea what the rules were. Ugh, the girls never would have had me sweating rules. What was I even doing here?

“Oh, I keep her good and relaxed,” she answered with an amiable laugh. Sincere? Playing along to make me happy? “So hey, speaking of relaxing with girlfriends, how’s your weekend been? Unwinding with your little playmates at all?”

I shuddered. *Why did I shudder?* “Oh, um, a little?” *Because it’s an unbelievably awkward topic, that’s why!* “Yeah, we met up after Saturday class this morning, and... yeah.”

“Yeah...?” She gestured for me to continue. “Don’t leave a girl hanging. Ever since you rewired my head – the second time – your happiness is like a drug. Don’t spare a single detail. Mama needs her fix.”

“Wow. Um, I don’t know if it’s really, you know, the sort of thing that makes for decent conversation.” I laughed nervously. Maybe enough that I sounded a little crazy.

“What, man enough to fuck those girls, but not man enough to talk about it?” She poked my chest. “Come on! If I’m going to lose my cherry to you tonight, you can at least give me a preview of what I’m in for.”

I fidgeted as she leaned in, her interest far too frank for my comfort. She was right, though. Anyone could be nervous, but it was pretty pathetic not to be able to talk about what had happened. I am not a pussy. So tell her I did. Isa was an engaged listener. She followed with wide-eyed interest, asking questions when I skirted details or forgot pieces. Little by little I grew more comfortable opening up. She didn’t judge, she got excited about the parts that excited me, she laughed in amusement at our foibles, and looked more than a little turned on by my take-charge approach to the whole foursome. I was just getting to the backrub when Candy emerged from the kitchen.

“Hey you,” she said as I paused the story. “Glad you could make it! You look great, by the way.”

“Thanks. You too, Candy.” True indeed. She was wearing an apron, but I could see enough of the woman beneath it to appreciate the effort. She always looked pretty good, but at school she went minimalist, hiding her body and keeping makeup to a minimum. Tonight, she was wearing a lacey white dress that only came to the knee, and the apron hung low enough to give hope that I’d have a nice view of both my dinner partners. It was hard not to picture her wet and naked again, knowing that the master bathroom was only feet away. If I told her that was the plan, we could...

Behave. “So what’s for dinner? If it tastes half as good as it smells, it’ll be the best meal I’ve had in months.”

She beamed. “We have a spring citrus salad, then some chicken bacon broccoli alfredo with sauteed asparagus and garlic mash. Then for dessert...” She looked to Isa, and the two women giggled meaningfully. “Then dessert.”

I found myself licking my lips, though it really was in large part the smell of that food. “I can’t wait.”

“Well, you’ll have to, for a few more minutes at least. Sweetie, would you give me a hand in the kitchen for a minute? I need you to finish the salad.” She smiled graciously to me. “Sit back, relax, make yourself at home.”

Isa took my bottle of wine with her. Without the distraction of company, the room came alive with the memories. Teasing the hell out of Taylor. How wet her pussy had been when I finally went inside her. The sights and sounds of Abbie and Candy sixty-nining – right where I was sitting, in fact. I wondered, could I invite the girls over after dinner? Maybe we could–

I leapt off the couch like it had suddenly caught fire. Was there no bottom to my greed? Here I had two beautiful, sensual women ready to feed me and please me, and I was already thinking about what more depravity I might inject. I excused myself into the dining room. At least I’d never fucked or witnessed anyone fucked in here. It was here where the three of us had strategized our plan for dealing with Megan’s blackmail threat.

I took a seat at the head – foot? – of the table. The doorway to the kitchen was right there, though I couldn’t quite see in from there. Nearby an Alexa was playing some sort of slow jazz. It wasn’t pretty or catchy, but it was soothing enough as white noise went. Relaxing, with just a little bit of playful. That was fine by me. I could use some relaxing energy right then.

The sound of an electric mixer issued from the kitchen, turning on and off in bursts. Between the music, the mixer, and what sounded like it was the fan over the stove, I could make out voices, but barely.

“... sure you’re ready, mama?” Candy, I was pretty sure. *Mama*. That was cute. I strained my ears, trying not to look like I was eavesdropping in case one of them suddenly came around the corner from the kitchen.

“I’m sure. There’s no need to be nervous, baby. We’ve been over and over this. It’s going to be great. Don’t overthink it – just follow my lead.”

“Just don’t go getting *too* excited on me, all right?” Candy cautioned.

Interesting. Here I’d thought it had been Candy pushing this on Isa, but it sounded like maybe the opposite was the case. The electric mixer sounded. I studied the flatware. Thick. Archy.

The mixer stopped. It was hard to hear them, to be sure, but I’d always been cursed with good hearing. The sort of thing that as a teacher, I would have gladly done without; far too many muttered comments managed to reach my ears. It sounded like Isa. “You sure he’s interested? Sounds like he fucked those girls six ways to Sunday this morning, and I don’t exactly have much experience seducing his kind.”

“Cassie, too?” the assistant coach probed. That’s right, I’d sort of bartered away a fling with my neighbor’s daughter, hadn’t I? Was Cassie even attracted to women? Maybe I could join in, help grease the wheels. Tonight would hopefully help guide me. Who’d have thought Candy would be as lecherous with her athletes as I was with my students? I was still a little bit in shock myself.

If Isa replied, it must have been nonverbal, because Candy went right on talking. “I’m pretty rusty, too, but you look great. I look great. He wouldn’t be here if he wasn’t interested, mama. We got this.”

“I know it. And you’re sure you’re ready? Juices flowing, so to speak?”

Candy’s laugh carried clearly. “They’re flowing, all right.”

The mixer started again and was still whirring when Isa returned, salad bowl in hand. She started to find me so close, then mouthed an apology for the noise. Even here in the dining room precluded conversation. She took a seat on my left.

“Oh hey. Didn’t think you were... here.” Her olive cheeks darkened bashfully. “Um, how much did you overhear?”

“Don’t sweat it. For what it’s worth, I’m a little nervous about tonight, too.” I smiled reassuringly. Isa’s squeezed mine under the table. Though unintentional, listening to their nervous exchange had actually done a lot to relax me. There was a great comfort in knowing that they were as anxious about tonight’s events as I was. Maybe more so, even.

Even as the mixer stopped for what would turn out to be the final time, the two of us sat there, holding hands and smiling, saying nothing, enjoying the ambiance and the anticipation of what was to come. Soon Candy entered, untying her apron and hanging it on a hook just inside the kitchen. “Dinner time,” she stated in a soft, sexy voice. The twinkle in her eyes promised everything.

For now, though, we passed around the salad bowl.

“Oh, that looks good.”

“Why thank you. There’s a little lemon drizzle to it. Last time I overdid it, but... fingers crossed.”

“Wow, are those really our tomatoes?”

“They certainly are.”

“I didn’t realize we had any this ripe already!”

“You two garden?”

“Yep, ‘we’ sure do. Don’t ‘we,’ honey?”

“Hey, I at least water the thing sometimes.”

“And sometimes you don’t.”

“You know, I just got started on my garden the other day. Mostly clearing out the weeds, but I hope to get planting soon.”

“Oh yeah? What do you usually grow?”

Hard as diamonds with anticipation. That was what I was growing.

The sexual tension was thicker than those fresh tomatoes in our salad. The anxious, on-and-off smiles on all our faces as we remembered what was coming after dinner, then remembered we were supposed to play it cool, act like adults and not the sex-crazed teenagers I'd spent so much time around lately. There was something honest-to-god arousing about picking at my salad, assembling the perfect bite. It prolonged the anticipation. Every bit of quinoa that rolled away from my fork was another moment to ponder how it would go down.

Would Candy take the first turn? She'd complained – loudly – that she missed a man's touch. Or would Isa decide to conquer her phallophobia and take a ride? What would be happening in her head if she did – was she humoring her girlfriend's broader appetites, or simply striving to make me happy? Or would she discover that she enjoyed it and dive in for the sake of her own enjoyment? Would she use her mouth? Would Candy? Would I get to watch them make love to one another? Would it be permissible to intrude, or did I wait in the wings to be summoned? Would Isa mind if I was rough with her? (Would I mind if she were rough with me?) Would Candy grow jealous if I spent more time on Isa's tits than hers? Would I get jealous if Candy spent more time on Isa's tits than my cock?

Whose pussies were tighter – lesbians, or teenagers?

It was the hardest that quinoa had ever made a man.

Candy dabbed at invitingly pink lips with a napkin. "So, who's ready for the main course?"

At her invitation, Isa and I passed along our plates, and she disappeared into the kitchen with them. I was about to make another overture at banal small talk when a noise came from my pocket. "Bitch."

Isa arched an eyebrow. "Was that you?"

"That was Andy Bernard." I pulled out my phone. "Custom ring-tone for Taylor Stern."

Her lips pursed. "I... see."

"I have the same one for Abbie."

She smiled, but it was forced. I censored an embarrassed grimace. "Don't worry, Officer Barbour. I keep it on silent during the school day."

"That's a relief." Her smile forced itself a little brighter, but then she gave up and removed her napkin from her lap and set it on the table. "Excuse me. I'm going to see if Candace needs a hand."

"Sure. If you, um, need another pair..."

"I think we got it. Thanks." The smile didn't last even until she turned toward the door.

At least it allowed me to let that grimace out. Man, that notification sure had touched a nerve. I wondered why – not like she hadn't been laughing and smiling at my story of this morning's fantasy antics. Nor was she a fan of Taylor. Hell, she'd tased her out of raw spite. Hmm. Ah well. My hands, programmed by the engineers of Apple, opened the text of their own accord. There was a pic of Taylor. She looked to be standing in Megan's living room. Her shirt was drawn up over her breasts. She was still wearing the bikini from earlier, technically, but it was pulled down beneath them. There was a message accompanying it.

abbie said to send this, so... your welcome.

I admired the picture for a moment. *You're**, I replied cattily.

I know. She also said to misspell it so you could get that grammar-correcting high.

I listened toward the kitchen, but this time, their voices were too low to overhear. I hoped I hadn't somehow spoiled the mood. Was it simply getting a text at the table? Some people were sticklers for that sort of etiquette. Maybe it was just nerves.

My fingers typed, *It bothers me she's never had my class but she read me that well.*

She's a genius all right. You're the only english teacher who gets off on knit picking spelling. You are a unique special snowflake.

I smiled in spite of myself. *Another one, but this time with your nipples hard.*

Candy leaned around the corner. "Say, do you want gravy on your garlic mash? It's an old family recipe from Serbia, but... well, it's a little unorthodox. Has some sharp notes that not everybody likes. If you don't want to, that's fine."

Unorthodox gravy didn't, in fact, sound especially appetizing, but I wasn't about to spurn her grandmother's cooking, especially since I was in all probability about to feed her something a good deal less appetizing soon after. "Go crazy. I love to try new things."

Her smile broadened, whether at the promise of sex to come or my interest in her cooking, or both. "You got it." She blew a kiss and hurried back into the kitchen. "He said load him up, mama. Told you he had good taste."

I could hear dishes clattering, the smells heightened as food vacated ovens and lidded containers. Still, by the time Taylor's plump, hard nipples emerged into view, this time with a wry grin on her lips, my appetites were less and less for chicken bacon broccoli alfredo and more for other fare.

I marveled for a moment, then wrote, *You are perfect.*

Duh. I almost spat up a sip of zinfandel laughing. That girl. *do me a favor and spank the shit out of that cunt barbie for me,* she added. *or better yet, taze her.*

Still bitter? I asked. Not that I could blame her.

af.

I was still admiring her picture when my hostesses swept into the dining room. Isa nearly set down a plate in front of me, then reversed and placed the one in her other hand instead. The portions were noticeably larger. I wasn't that much bigger than her, but apparently to these women, men needed an extra five hundred calories at a meal. It smelled divine, though I had to admit that the runny yellow-brown gravy was runnier than I might have liked. Oh well. I'd given myself the spice equivalent of third degree burns on my tongue at a Thai food restaurant to try to impress a date once, and I hadn't even gotten to second base with her.

Isa refilled each of our wine glasses, then took her seat at my side. It was Candy, though, who raised her glass and her voice. "To creating and keeping juicy secrets," she announced.

"To secrets," we echoed. Our glasses clinked. We drank.

"So what did Taylor want?" Candace asked, folding her napkin in her lap. She was still picking at her salad; Isa rounded up some broccoli and chicken and skewered it on her dinner fork.

"Oh, nothing much." By reflex, I set down my forkful of potatoes and slipped my phone back into my pocket. (Better to take on the mystery gravy first, then wash it down with the more reliable-sounding main course, I'd thought.)

"No no, you can't just 'nothing much' then hide your phone like that. Out with it," she insisted.

It was like she was already my girlfriend, demanding to see my phone and all. No sense dissembling, I supposed. Not like these women didn't understand the situation. For crying out loud, they'd both witnessed me having sex with Taylor not fifty feet from the table we were eating at. "She was only sending me a little selfie. I think she's jealous of you two. All of them are."

Candy laughed. Isa was studying her plate hard. "Maybe she ought to be. Isa told me you've been, ahem, admiring her assets."

I winced. "She told you about that?"

"Don't get shy on me. Of course she did. She's amazing, isn't she? Come on, you've got to admit those children have nothing on her." She gestured with her fork at my plate. "Don't let it get cold, now."

I readied another forkload, but something compelled me to push things a bit. The sight of a topless Taylor Stern had been gasoline on the smoldering embers of my libido. Plus, Candy had been pretty up front about her attraction to the girls. Why not give her a little thrill? I produced my phone, food abandoned, and swiped open the picture. "I dunno... check her out. That's pretty tough to top. Nothing against you, Isa – just saying there's competition."

She swallowed down her bite of food. I expected a smile, a retort, but she merely made some unreadable expression and took another bite, this time digging into her own gravy-laden potatoes. “These are so good, baby,” she said emphatically.

“Thanks, sweetie. I took a little taste test, and I think it might be my best batch yet.” Candy glanced again at my phone before handing it back. “Not bad, not bad. I guess we’ll get to compare soon enough. Once we finish eating – now come on, you’re slowing us down. Right, mama?”

Isa nodded. “Right,” she agreed around a mouthful, then chugged half her glass of wine. “I have this dynamite little lingerie set I can’t wait to show you. It’s going to make you so happy. Isn’t it, baby?”

“Oh, you have no idea. Now come *on*, put that phone away before dessert gets any colder!” Candy said flirtatiously, shoving her salad plate aside and digging into her own plate pointedly.

“Well when you put it that way... why wait?” The ladies shared a sudden look with one another before turning to me. “Let’s not dance around it, here. Once we get to the bedroom, that lingerie is only going to stay on for so long. Why not get a little mileage out of it? No point putting it just to take it off three minutes later.”

Isa shook her head. “It’s supposed to be for after...”

“Yeah, don’t you want to savor? That’s the best part, I find,” added Candy.

“Pleeeeeease, Isa?” I folded my hands pleadingly. “It would make me really, *really* happy.”

She looked to Candy, and for the life of me, I was having a hard time squaring her shyness with how readily she’d complied with my requests for those topless videos from earlier in the week. Yet another person who was lioness over the phone, but a lamb in person. “I don’t know...”

“Is something wrong?” I asked finally. “I just thought... I mean, I didn’t want to offend or anything. I only figured, since we’d all talked about, you know, after...”

“It’s fine. Right Isa?” Candy said firmly, fixing a hard look at her girlfriend. The sort of look her students received right before they were sent to the office. “She’s been so proud of it ever since she picked it out, I think she’s just being modest.”

Isa nodded, smiling apologetically. “Yeah. I’m just one to stick to the plan, you know? But heck, why not wing it. Maybe you’re right. I’ll... be back in a few. Don’t wait for me. I’ll catch up fast.”

She excused herself, striding out of the room hastily. “She can be so bashful sometimes. You wouldn’t expect it from a cop, right? Come on, dig in. I’m dying to know how you like grandma’s recipe.” She gestured, smiled, looked back to her own plate nonchalantly.

Too nonchalantly?

Nah, I was only being... hmm. Was she... hmm. No. Right? Of course not. Except... hmm.

“Tell you what,” I said, smiling. “Why don’t you go give Isa a hand, and while you’re at it, find something sexy to put on, too? That way you’ll look like a proper couple.”

Candy looked up. “Oh, I don’t think little old me is going to hold a candle to our girl. Now seriously, if you don’t pick up that fork soon, I’m going to think you’re trying to hurt my feelings.”

I disregarded her goading. “Do I have to beg again?” I made the same prayer gesture as I had to Isa. “Didn’t we toast to juicy secrets? Give me something to keep my mouth shut about. Please?”

Her eyes narrowed for a moment, but finally she set down her fork and removed her napkin from her lap with a curt smile. “Oh, I suppose it couldn’t hurt. But when we get back, I want a report on that gravy, Mister. And then, if you’ve been a good boy, maybe we’ll give you your dessert a little early. OK?”

“Race you!” I scooped a huge bite of the garlic mash, gravy dribbling down the sides.

“You’re on!” Candy giggled and darted out of the room.

My smile vanished.

I sniffed at the fork’s contents. It was gravy, all right, but she was right about it being nontraditional. There was some other note in that fragrance. I didn’t know the first thing about Serbian cuisine – I barely knew how to prepare American cuisine – but... hmm. I was being paranoid. I knew that. And yet...

I snatched up my plate and snuck into the kitchen as quietly as I could. My fork scraped the pile of potatoes and the mystery gravy into the trash can. I was back in my seat a moment later.

“So good!” I called out.

“Oh yeah? How’s the after-taste? Did you get any of the mushrooms yet? You have to try it with the mushrooms.”

I was pretty sure there hadn’t been any mushrooms in that gravy, but I wasn’t about to fish it out of the trash and check. Hmm. How to play it? If that nagging voice in my head was right – though I couldn’t imagine how it could be! – then there was only one thing to do.

I opened my mouth and stared off into space.

After a moment, Candy and Isa walked into the room side by side. Isa was wearing a black bra and matching panties, Candy in white. Neither set was especially racy, at least insofar as my peripheral vision could discern. Not that they weren’t both hot as hell, but that was not the thought at the front of the line. Nor second, nor third, nor tenth.

“Hey, how was it?” asked Isa. She came up in front of me, inspected my plate. I gave no reaction.

“I think he’s–”

Isa snapped her fingers commandingly. “Can you hear me? Are you with us? Hello hello hello...”

I stared through her hand.

Candy let out a cry of triumph, and Isa echoed it. “We got him! We– shh!” At the sudden noise, I let myself look up at them, through them. They froze, Candy looking frightened, Isa more stoic. When they said nothing more, my chin drooped down and I feigned losing interest.

“Don’t say anything to get his attention, remember baby?” Isa reprimanded. “That’s what he said. Loud noises, using his name – the kinds of things that’d wake up one of your kids when they’re bored to sleep in class. Not that they’re ever bored with you, my delicious addictive Candy Crush.” Isa held up her hands playfully.

“Mhm, that’s what I thought. Come on, let’s get dressed. Being half-naked in front of him makes my skin crawl. We’ve got hours here – no sense rushing things.”

“As long as you promise to get all naked in front of me later, baby.” Isa pinched her girlfriend’s butt as they left the room, meals forgotten.

They’d betrayed me. Holy shit, somehow they had betrayed me!

Or at least they’d tried. If they weren’t such shitty actors, they might have gotten away with it. How many times had that bitch tried to get me to eat her gravy? They must have dosed mine alone, because both of them had eaten some of theirs to no ill effect. Crafty indeed, alleviating paranoia I’d been too blinded by their promises to feel.

How had they done it? How free were they? Had the Serenex worn off altogether? No, that made no sense. Abbie’s dose was older and less concentrated than either of theirs, and she was clearly still feeling it. Biology could vary from person to person, of course, but still, Isa’s dose had been more recently than anyone’s, and her manipulation more inhibiting. She and Megan had been given the same dose on the same day, and the latter had just meekly agreed to leave her firstborn behind to be my fuck buddy all weekend while she visited family.

Had Isa’s lab tech cured it? Shit, had she ever even taken it to the lab? There was too much I didn’t know. Why hadn’t I been more curious? Crap, why had I just sat here? I’d already delayed long enough that I didn’t have time to run to the kitchen and look for the canister they must have sprayed into my gravy without risking them coming back and finding me out of my seat. If I tipped them off in the least, I was even more fucked than I was now. I might be bigger than them, but they had numbers, and one of them had training in subduing someone. Besides, Isa still had both a taser and her gun in the house, and I had no idea if she was of a mind to use either.

Taylor's words from that morning came echoing back to me about what would happen if they escaped the influence of Serenex. She'd told me about her and Abbie arguing whether Officer Barbie would frame me, or simply kill me on the spot. Shit!

This was no time to panic. Right now, all I had was their overconfidence that their plan was working. I forced myself to take deep breaths. Those two might be garbage actors, but I'd been in drama for three years in high school. Time to make Mrs. Yavari proud.

They returned soon enough that I felt better about my decision not to risk hunting for the Serenex. They would have caught me for sure. Isa didn't look to have her weapons on her, but why would she? They could knock me over with a feather right now, as far as they knew. Both were wearing jeans now, Isa in a t-shirt with her department logo on the front, hair back in its tight professional wrap, and Candy in a comfy sweater and a ponytail. The smug looks on their faces...

No. Look at nothing. See nothing. You're supposed to be sluggish. That's your advantage here. You have time to do everything the right way. Don't react; stop, think, act deliberately.

And deep breaths. Deeeep... breaths.

"I told you he'd fall for it," Candy said imperiously, taking her seat. Lord, they were going to continue eating.

"That's your third I-told-you-so in three minutes. Not a great look on you, baby." Isa popped a bite in her mouth, speaking around a mouthful indelicately. "Besides, it was my plan. If we'd left things up to you, we'd be sitting here waiting for the sonofabitch to show up with another busload of students to fuck before our eyes before we did anything about it."

"Perhaps, perhaps," Candy replied, sitting back at her plate. "Though to be fair, it was my script that sucked him in."

"You just got off making me show him my breasts."

"I told you I'm sorry. It was play ball and act slutty, or tip him off and wind up where he is now. The blindside was necessary."

Isa laughed. "I still can't believe I flashed him once and he just handed it over. I thought it would take weeks before we reeled him in that far. Honestly thought I'd been too greedy, but nope."

"You shouldn't underestimate what those things can do to a guy. But hey, the dope bought it hook, line and sinker." She took a drink of wine – *my* wine – and smirked at me. "Didn't you, dopey? Huh? Who's a big dumb chump?"

"Careful, baby. This stuff is a chemical, not a magic potion. And if Shantel was right about his Serenex, there's no going back if we accidentally lobotomize him."

Shantel... could that be her lab buddy? It would seem so – at least someone who'd given them insights into Serenex's workings. No going back? So it *was* permanent, then.

That was simultaneously comforting and yet confusing. How had Isa and Candy gotten out of it, then?

Candy shrugged. “Oh, who cares. The whole point of this is to neuter the sick fuck, isn’t it?” *Oh FUCK let that be metaphorical.* “After what he’s done to those girls, I could give two shits if that’s because we tell him to leave them the fuck alone or we turn his ass into a vegetable.”

“We’re not having this pointless discussion again. We’ll do what we have to, what we *can* do, and then we’ll figure out how to fix the girls and that neighbor lady of his. But you know I have to keep the sonofabitch safe.”

“His ‘protector’ to the end, eh,” grumbled Candy. *This was protecting me?!*

“I don’t have a choice. I didn’t give you shit about fucking Abbie Stern.”

“Yes you did! You *so* did!”

“Well, not for very long.” She shrugged. “Now come on, you made this amazing meal – it really is delicious, baby – so let’s enjoy it, then get to work.”

The smooth jazz and sounds of women chewing were my universe. My hands were folded in my lap. Could I risk texting one of the girls for help? No. Not only could I not put them in danger like that, but even if they did come through, I’d already seen the lengths Abbie was willing to go. For all I knew, she’d be over here with her parents’ gun before the dishes were done. Keeping mindful of the lesson of *The Tell-Tale Heart* – *they cannot hear it* – I played it safe, keeping still and letting them eat. The math on this was fairly simple. Play along, maybe learn a bit, have time to come up with a proper plan; or take a chance and maybe get tased, then have them spray the crap right down my throat.

(Why hadn’t they simply done that in the first place? It would seem “protector” was a fairly nebulous label, after all.)

Isa took the dishes to the kitchen, pausing to kiss Candy’s forehead and thank her for dinner. Meanwhile Candy stepped out for a moment, returning with a pad of paper and a ballpoint pen. Not all that surprising, really. Then the two were back, raptor eyes surveying their mouse.

Isa said, “Remember, we stick to the script. No improvising. And we don’t know if he’ll be alert enough to listen while we write, so don’t take chances. I still have to keep him safe and out of jail. So keep your tongue in check. You can make all the comments you want later when he’s back to normal, but for now, we stick. to. the script. All right?”

“Yeah, yeah. Come on, let’s get to it already.” Candy pulled the cap off the pen and forced it into my grip. I shifted my vacant stare a few degrees. “Can’t believe this piece of shit gets off this easy.”

“It was your idea, Little Miss Can’t Cause Him Trouble. Now are you ready or not?”

“I’m ready.

“OK then.” Isa leaned into my field of vision. “Mr. Canon, can you hear me? Mr. Canon?”

I waited a moment, then gradually made eye contact. “Yes,” I murmured. Yes. Good. Like you’re half-asleep. That’s how they’d sounded, right?

“You see that paper, that pen in your hand?”

“Yes, Candy.”

“Don’t ever call me Candy,” she snapped. Isa gave her a long-suffering look, but Candy wasn’t having it. “My name is *Candace*. Not Candy.”

“OK, Candace.”

“Good. Now write at the top of the paper, ‘I will not do anything sexual with other people.’”

My jaw clenched for a moment, but I tried to pass it off as simply swallowing down the drool puddling in my mouth so I could reply. “All right.”

Neuter me indeed. I wrote the words as directed, and once given the order, got to work on the next ninety-nine times. Those fucking bitches! Here I was, primed to have the kind of sex life other men didn’t even dream about, and they were going to have me pounding my pud in solitude for the rest of my days! I couldn’t believe them. How could they do this?

Really, though. How? Not just the cruelty of it, but... drugging me! How?!

I had plenty of time to think it over as they went to the living room and filled time playing on their phones. Candy started knitting after a while. I thought I saw them looking over sometimes, but I kept my eyes on the page, writing slowly but doggedly.

How had I let it come to this? Yes, I hadn’t made them actually write their commands down, but considering that Abbie had been transformed by a single exposure to sarcastic commentary, that couldn’t be it. What, then? I’d told Candy explicitly to never do anything to disrupt my plans or cause me trouble. So how could she...

Well actually...

Hmm.

Had I ever told her I planned to fuck those girls every chance I got? Yes, I’d walked her through that little sex ed lesson, suggested I might have her do another, but I supposed as far as the letter of the law was concerned, she wasn’t disrupting any formally stated plan by preventing me from doing it again. But obviously I’d planned on having a threesome with her and Isa tonight, hadn’t I?!

Well, no. Technically, I supposed, that had been *her* plan. In fact, she’d been so excited about it that I’d not even had the heart to modify any of it. I supposed she could cancel her own plan without my say-so without actually running into a Serenex wall.

But as for causing me trouble...! No getting around that, was there? She’d drugged me against my will! Yes, she was using the Serenex to keep me from “preying”

on any more students. Where had she been with this voice of restraint last week when we were nearly caught? That would have been her golden opportunity to...

Son of a bitch! To keep me out of trouble.

It was plain I'd been much too careless with her commands. After all, we were both of us teachers. *Keeping students out of trouble* usually meant preventing them from acting on all those idiotic and self-destructive impulses of theirs. How could I have been so stupid as to think she'd flipped the switch from horror at being coerced into playing sex ed sex games with Abbie to wanting to borrow Cassie for fun of her own? She'd known what I wanted to hear all right, and she'd played me like a fiddle.

At least until the tenth time she'd demanded I try her Serenex sauce.

"Atta boy," said Candy as she inspected the pages. "All right, now write 'I will never use Serenex or Serenex knock-offs on anyone ever again.'" She guided me through the first line word by word, then set me off on the path to a hundred. Shit – the sentence was even longer than the first one, and my hand was already cramping up.

Still, I didn't miss the clue. *Serenex knock-offs*, she'd said. Was that what I had? Was that why we hadn't been able to find any evidence of these mind-altering effects in our research? Maybe that scummy supplier I'd found had tried to dilute it, or cut it with something that had made it function not as advertised. Questions for another day, when I once more had the upper hand.

Once they were satisfied I was hard at work and once more returned to the living room to pass the time, my thoughts turned to Officer Barbour. Candy, I supposed I understood. She could justify this as a means of keeping me out of trouble for good. How was Isa justifying this, though?

I'd made her my protector, instructed her to keep me safe and preserve my freedom. One might be able to twist this bullshit as protecting me from myself, I granted. Same with safety and freedom, if one narrowly interpreted freedom as solely remaining clear from legal consequences of my actions. Perhaps to a cop, simply not being locked up was as free as it got. Not how I'd meant for it to be interpreted, but I hadn't meant *tell me the whole truth* to force Cassie to share every inane and unfiltered thought in her head, either. That might explain why Isa hadn't gone with the tase-and-spray option, too. It would be easier, but less safe. If Taylor had fallen on her face instead of her shoulder, that incident could have gone from frightening to life-threatening in a hurry.

So maybe this level of deception, that goddamn mystery gravy, made *some* sense at least. Still, what I couldn't wrap my mind around was the happiness clause. There simply wasn't any way one could think that tricking me, drugging me, ending my sex life and stealing my Serenex would make me happy. The command had to have been working, right? She'd been so free with her nudity, seemed so preoccupied with pleasing me. Had that all been an act? My capacity to read body language seemed to dull when

the body was gorgeous and naked, it seemed. I thought back to what they'd discussed earlier, about seducing me into giving up the Serenex. Not how someone who was trying to make me happy would describe it at all. But that made no sense. I'd seen her standing there slack-jawed beside Megan and Cassie when I ran into my yard that day! She'd sat while I programmed her and Megan for hours, glassy-eyed and barely responsive...

With the same exact expression I'd had when they found me, supposedly full of their bullshit gravy.

Cassie had never sprayed her at all! Damnit, and I'd never been direct enough to make sure of it. Isa had a thorn in my paw since she'd gotten involved, always judging and trying to take charge. Then she'd played me, waiting to see what I'd do and if a more drastic response were merited. I guess making Megan my plaything had been just the sort of thing she'd feared. She'd covered her contempt well when I'd been nattering on about this morning's locker room orgy, but evidently the real time reminder of my sexual relationship with Taylor had been enough to knock her out of character – that must be why she'd suddenly gone taciturn. And sure, I'd given Taylor a hundred copies of *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me*, but often as not, she'd been the one initiating towards me! That crap had been purely consensual!

Hang on, my relationship with Taylor Stern was consensual?!

“Holy shit.”

My hostesses' heads whipped in my direction. “Did he just say something?”

“Is it wearing off already? It's barely been an hour!”

They rushed over. Shit! I kept writing, eyes on the page. “Did you just say something?”

My mouth opened. *No*. I left it open. They hadn't used my name. Play the part. “Canon? *CANON*,” Isa barked in my face. “What did you say just now?”

“What... say what?” I mumbled.

“Is he...” Candy leaned down in my face, waved a hand. I finished my line, then glanced up. “Are you faking this? I swear, if you are fucking with us right now...”

Isa was thinking the same thing. Of course she was! I'd used her own play against her. “Watch him. I'm getting the taser.”

“Isa...”

“Watch him.”

My blood ran cold. *Keep writing, Canon!* She wouldn't. She couldn't! Right? If she could incapacitate me, she would have already and skipped the charade. It had to be true. I could hear her footsteps clomping up and down the hall, the march of a petty authoritarian. No way. It was a bluff. She—

She walked into the room, taser in hand. “Set for stun, Mr. Sulu.” She pressed a button; it sparked menacingly. *Don't look. Don't fidget. Don't cry.*

Don't piss yourself.

And suddenly, right as I began to worry I was going to do all of those things, possibly all at once, a voice bubbled up from beneath the scar tissue grown over my own Serenex-corrupted brain.

I am not a pussy.

My bladder settled. Damn straight.

Isa knelt down beside me. The twin prongs of the taser dug into the top of my leg. Then they went higher. Higher. They didn't stop until they were pressed with uncomfortable firmness against my scrotum.

"Now, dear boy," she said in a voice that only sounded more dangerous for how quiet it was, "this is your last chance. Admit that you're putting us on, or I'll fry every last sperm in your rapey little nut sack."

I will never use Serenex or Serenex knock-offs on anyone ever again, I wrote. Twenty-two more to go. Fuck this bitch if she thought I was going to let a little electric shock take me down.

"One..." She pressed harder. My balls issued a silent condemnation of the tightness of my jeans. They had nowhere to go.

"Two..." She peeled back a safety cap over the trigger. *Bring it. You won't get the satisfaction of a scream.*

"Last chance." She peered at me this way and that. "No? Nothing? Suit yourself."

A line of drool leaked out of the side of my mouth. *Kiss my ass, Barbour.*

"Isa...!"

She eyed me hatefully. For a moment, I really thought she might do it anyway. But I just kept writing. If she shocked me, I'd get back up and keep writing once I could. That weapon gave her no power over me. Not like my weapon did over them. I was in control here. Or I soon would be. Here it came...

The taser pulled back. "Fine. Just write faster, you sack of shit."

They bought it. Four hundred palm-scorching lines later, those two drank my wine with shit-eating grins on their faces, toasting to their own cleverness. No more sex; no more Serenex; a much more direct order to obey any future commands they gave me; and, to my surprise, even a command to save up twenty-five grand each for Taylor, Abbie and Cassie and donate it anonymously. Restitution, great. Evidently I'd been so stupid, I'd not only failed to get these women's assistance in stopping my blackmailer, but I'd added new payments to the list.

There was no way of telling time from where they'd left me, so I waited for them to start wondering aloud when I might shake it off before doing so. I took my time, looking around and mumbling incoherently for a few minutes before regaining real consciousness, much as the others had when I'd dosed them.

"So how do you feel?" Isa asked.

"I'm not sure. Tired. What... what happened? Did we...?"

"No, we didn't. Do you want to?"

"Yeah," pressed Candy. "We're crazy super horny. Do you wanna fuck our brains out, stud? Threesome time, yeah?"

"No," I said quickly. "I won't do anything sexual with other people." I made a face like the suggestion grossed me out.

The two of them laughed openly and shared a high five. "That's too bad, buddy. We were really looking forward to it."

"Yeah, sorry. I'm just not interested in anything sexual. Not with other people, anyway." Someone send me an Oscar.

Both of these cats looked like they'd eaten a dozen canaries. "Hey, do me a favor and stand up."

I stood up. "Like this?"

"Yeah, that's it." Candy snickered, the wine and the power both keeping her nice and giddy. "Dance for us."

"Oh. Um, sure?" God, I felt stupid. A necessary evil, to be sure, but there was nothing for it. She still had that taser on the table beside her. I wasn't about to dive for it and see if the trained cop was quicker on the draw than me, with a hand so sore I doubted I could make a fist if my life depended on it. I was a bad dancer at my best, but I managed to juke and wobble, like someone who was coming out of a near coma would. Isa put a stop to it before long. She howled with laughter, reducing it to mere giggles for just long enough to instruct me to take the pen on the table and try to write the word "moron" on my forehead.

"We should have him do 'rapist' instead," suggested Candy. "Oh! Or 'child rapist.'"

"No, we don't want to have anyone see it and find out about everything. I can't let him take that risk."

“Spoilsport.”

By then I'd already made my effort, trying my best to channel Cassie's nonchalance at casually chit-chatting during activities that ought to be warping her fragile teen mind. “How's that? Legible?” I asked. The tingles from where the pen had scrawled lingered on my forehead.

They differed in opinion, but agreed it was good enough.

“All right. Now it's moment of truth time. Into the kitchen, asshole,” ordered Isa. The two of them followed me in. I thought of the big gob of drug-laden potatoes in the trash and hoped they'd buried it under their own leavings. Isa's arms were folded behind her back; I didn't know if she had the taser with her or not.

Candy squeezed past me and opened a cabinet next to the microwave. The lower section contained a spice rack, its contents neatly organized save for a few bits still sitting out on the counter. The upper shelf held cooking sprays, wooden skewers, baking soda, a plastic bottle of honey shaped like a bear, and, buried in the back, my canister of Serenex. She had to stretch to pull it down, but she managed.

The two of them drew close, pinning me between them right up against the sink. I read the room. They'd gotten what they needed out of my Serenex, neutralizing me completely. Nothing left for them to do now but deprive me of the rest of it. Shit, these bitches were going to make me do it for them, weren't they? Of course they were. The ultimate test of loyalty. Put a weapon in my hand and make me prove I was too broken to use it to save myself. Now I had no doubt Isa was holding that taser.

Shit! I wasn't sure I could afford more, even if I could find the dealer again. Plus if it was indeed some diluted knock-off, who knew if the chemical mix would be just right again. No, I couldn't let this happen. Even if I wanted to be rid of the stuff and just enjoy what I'd already gotten for myself, I couldn't.

After all, *I will let Abbie use my Serenex whenever she wants*. She couldn't very well use the stuff if I poured it down the drain, now, could she? My mind raced.

“What's that doing up there?” I asked cautiously. It was hard to sound casual under the circumstances.

Candy held it low, nozzle pointed at the ground. “We used it on you during dinner, dumb-dumb. The special gravy recipe? Grandma really did dig on mushrooms, but I thought I'd sub in Serenex, see how you liked it. Now you're our bitch, Canon. Your days of molesting those girls are over.”

“Oh. Is that why I don't want to do anything sexual with another person now?”

She tapped my nose. “Maybe not so dumb after all. Now if I handed you this, what would you do with it?”

Spray it right the fuck in your eyes, I thought. “I don't know. I will never use Serenex on anyone again, that's for sure. Hide it somewhere, I guess.”

“Hide it?” Isa asked behind me. She was still looking at me with that same suspicion she’d shown when she’d nearly tased my nuts. “I thought you said you were never going to use it.”

“I’m not!” I made a face, like the idea was incredibly distasteful to me now. “I would never.”

“So prove it,” Candy said. Eyeing Isa, she put the canister into my hand. I looked down at my old friend, then back up at my new enemies. The taser was out now. “Spray the rest of it down the sink. Show us you mean it.”

Fuck. Could I spray them in time? Probably, except Serenex took time to take effect, and 50,000 volts of electricity did not. I’d hit the floor, drop the can, and if they had brain one in their heads, they’d spray it down my throat before they succumbed. Then it would all be over, and those commands would be real. Worse. Next time, they wouldn’t stop at mere pragmatism. Yes, there was a chance Isa was bluffing, that my orders to keep me safe would stay her hand, but I wasn’t about to gamble it all on the efficacy of the same brainwashing that had left me open to *this*.

There was nothing else to do. I directed the nozzle into the sink and pressed the trigger. Damn! I had to do something before all of my Serenex – Abbie’s Serenex! – was gone. The can was still heavy, not so different from when it had been full in fact, but every passing moment that its sepia contents sprayed down the drain, it was growing lighter. Each second that went by was hundreds of dollars gone, a world of opportunity squandered. If I didn’t come up with something soon, I’d have no choice but to roll those dice after all.

The women seemed content to watch. Soon, I would be disarmed, and for good. If I didn’t hatch a plan better than “YOLO!” then I was doomed. The amazing sex I’d had that afternoon would become a bittersweet memory. I thought of Taylor and her indignation that I hadn’t fucked her before we left the locker room. She was never going to let me hear the end of it.

Actually, no. She was going to call me a loser, a fuck-up, a pussy, and then she’d graduate and I’d never hear from her again.

Almost as frightening, I would have to face that fate I’d warned these women of earlier this week. What would happen if Serenex compelled me to let Abbie use my canister whenever she wanted, but there was no more canister to be used? What would my brain even do? My hand shook at the mere thought of it.

As a stall tactic, I released the nozzle to flex and shake out my hand. It actually was pretty uncomfortable squeezing down right now. Isa nudged me almost right away. “Don’t fuck around, Canon. Keep spraying.”

I frowned. “I am. My hand just hurts is all. I guess you guys had me write a whole bunch, huh.”

“So use your other hand, *moron*.” She smacked the taser against where the word was written on my forehead.

“Ow! I’m on it, I’m on it, geez!” I shifted to my left, paused again. “Should we be doing this in a ventilated area? I don’t want to—”

She pressed the prongs into the back of my neck. “Three. Two—”

I sprayed. Great. I’d bought myself another thirty seconds, during most of which I’d been too distracted to think. Nice work.

It was half-empty before my brain came up with anything. “So I guess you guys are going to try to fix the girls, right?” I asked conversationally.

“We already did,” Candy snapped. “You can’t do anything to them any more.”

“No, I get that. But I mean, it’s not all me, right? Like, what are they going to do when I cut them off? Abbie’s sort of... volatile.”

“We’ll figure it out.”

I kept spraying. The smell was becoming intense; I turned on the water to rinse it down, and even that small gesture was nearly enough to make Isa jerk suddenly. Yeah, no way I was going to spray her before she took me down.

“Sure. I was just thinking it’d be a lot easier to fight Serenex with Serenex. For you, obviously. I’m done with the stuff. I’ll never use Serenex on anyone ever again.”

The girls shared a glance. My heart pounded. The canister was so much lighter now. “Maybe... maybe he’s got a point,” Candy said guardedly. “I’m not afraid of the Stern girls, but—”

“You haven’t read their files.” Isa grinned.

“But if he used Serenex to make those girls his love slaves, fuck up their heads like he did his neighbor... maybe we’re going to need some to fix them?”

Isa frowned, plainly not liking it. I didn’t dare look up. Three years of high school drama club weren’t going to be a match for police academy training and that dump truck of suspicion she was driving around.

“We’ll figure something out.”

“You’re the one who told me that it’s going to be permanent, or at least take a really long time to work out, because the LSD and all the other crap.” LSD? What the hell? “If he... if Cassie...” Her jaw quivered. Looked like there was some maternalism there. I’d be more touched if I weren’t so preoccupied imagining how much was left of my dwindling supply as the stream whisked down into the drain.

“We’re going to take care of her, baby.”

“But what if we *need* it? I know, we talked about it being too much a temptation and blahdy blah blah, but this might be the only way to make things right!”

Isa glared, but I could see she was breaking. But as the canister grew lighter, the only question was whether she’d—

Candy broke first, her hand closed over mine. “Canon, stop.”

Instantly, I stopped. It was all I could do not to heave a sigh of relief. There was quite possibly less left in the canister than what I'd already used since buying it, but as Candy snatched it from my hand and set it on the counter, I could hear the sound of its contents trickling around in there. Some was left. Thank god.

I could go on letting Abbie use my Serenex whenever she wanted. I simply had to hope she didn't want to very often.

Isa glared, plainly not liking her girlfriend's decision. Candy simply shook her head. "We got him, Isa. We won. But human garbage or no, he's right. Those girls are fucked in the head, and this might be the only way to fix them. Or do you really think even a couple of brats like Abbie and Taylor deserve to spend the rest of their lives pining for this piece of garbage?"

"Hey, I'm standing right here."

Isa lowered her taser, though the tremble in her arm bespoke her desire to do anything but. "Canon, if I ever see you so much as glance at another girl at that school... I will find a way to wreck the rest of your pathetic life. I have buddies who work in corrections. They can give me all kinds of tips about how to keep you safe and protected while still making your life a living hell."

"Um, sure. Whatever you say, Isa. I will do whatever you tell me to do." *I will choke you with those words.*

"Good. Now get the fuck out of my house, and don't you ever come back."

I nodded. "Sure thing. And, um, not for nothing, but... thanks for dinner."

I meant to serve them a dish of my own. Something served nice and cold.

Part Fourteen: Sub Plans

During the summer months, it was easy for a single teacher's house to transition from a comforting retreat into a self-imposed prison. On the weekends, I still got out to see my friends, and otherwise there was the occasional errand to run, but as time passed, time increasingly lost meaning. Grocery shopping was as likely to happen at 3 AM as it was during daylight hours. It was liberating, in a sense, but simultaneously disorienting. One year I had managed to land a summer school position to help keep me grounded, but the others, I had needed to adapt on my own.

One of those adaptations had been Baxton Park. It was a decently sized public park, mostly a softball field and open grass but with a few pavilions and a wooded area at the east end. Squirrels and birds were in abundance, along with the occasional sighting of a raccoon or a hawk. One day, simply to be out of the house for a while, I took my lunch there and ate it sitting on a small grassy hill overlooking the field, leaning back against a perfectly angled tree trunk. It soon got so that I ate lunch there almost every day of the summer, and took my dinner there on occasion, too. It was an excuse to get out of the house, to be outdoors, to see people without having to interact with them. The park was a refuge from my home and the lesson planning and updating materials and renewing certification criteria and my oh so empty bed.

That last was in times during which I was single, which was more often than not. I'd always imagined I'd be married by now, settled down and starting a family of my own. It was hard to start dating when you worked eighty hours a week with next to no disposable income, much less find somebody to settle down and have a kid with. So instead I came here, where I could see other people's kids, then go back home and get back to prepping for the fall. It was balance. At the park, I could simply exist, let my mind wander and drift along without plan or purpose. It became a place where I did a lot of my most uninhibited thinking.

That night, it was where I did my scheming.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I parallel parked along the street by Baxton Park, hand throbbing, mind ablaze with outrage. The latter was directed as much at myself as at Isa and Candy. How could I have been so careless? I had disarmed myself, been seduced with pathetic ease. By a pair of lesbians, no less! To think, it had been easier for me to believe that Candy wanted to play sex games with one of her athletes, that Isa was getting off flashing her admittedly spectacular tits, than to even wonder if they might be up to something. Hubris of the highest order.

I snatched the blanket I kept in my trunk for just such occasions and made my way up into the stands around the softball field, settling into the back row by the scoreboard. The night chill was more pronounced up here even this small distance off

the ground, but previous late-night wanderings had taught me that on occasion, the police swung by the park, probably on the lookout for mischievous youths. My perch, however, was shielded from scrutiny thanks to the scoreboards blocking sight of me from the street.

I nestled in, leaning my head back against the wooden planks. It was a clear night. The stars were out in abundance. Somehow, that helped calm me down. There would be time later to kick myself for lack of foresight (a polite term for thinking entirely with my dick). For now, I had to start acting my intellect and get to work on next steps.

I needed the Serenex back. Whatever else I did, it had to start with that. What I'd do about my malefactors was secondary. Acquiring that precious white canister was the only goal. Not having much experience with the sort of tactical thinking required for such operations, I instead approached it like a learning objective. Ergo, first things first: outline barriers.

That was not a short list, unfortunately. They had the Serenex. That damnable taser. Isa's police training. They were intelligent. Whether or not their suspicions had been allayed, I had to assume they weren't stupid enough to be as complacent as I'd been. Ergo, they would be wary of me. The odds that the canister would be left somewhere I might easily burgle were low. They quite possibly had a gun safe for Isa's sidearm, which could well accommodate the Serenex as well. Not a certainty, but a good enough chance to rule out the approach. I'd kept it sealed in my briefcase, after all, and would surely have preferred a safe if I owned one. Besides, I hadn't had half as much cause to worry someone might try to come along and take it.

The problem looming largest, however, was my timeline. Tonight, I expected they were busy celebrating, or maybe sleeping off the wine I'd gifted them. Soon, however, they would set their self-righteous minds to "liberating" the young women from our arrangement – Megan, too, I expected. There wouldn't be an easy way to do that tomorrow, since Sundays meant conspicuous house calls and having to deduce the girls' whereabouts. Come Monday, however, Officer Barbour could easily call them to her office and dose them one by one. My theory about how conflicting inputs might interact under the influence of Serenex was just that, a theory. It could easily be that a new command would overwrite an old one. Even if it fucked their heads up in some unforeseeable way, Isa might consider that a risk worth taking. To their minds, the girls' heads already *were* fucked up, after all.

There was no waiting. In all probability, the Serenex would leave with Isa for work Monday morning, at which point I was officially screwed. Even if they continued to maintain our secret, they would take away everything I'd gained and then destroy the rest of the canister's contents. Whatever I did, it had been soon.

An owl landed nearby atop the chain link fence separating the benches from the field. It hooted softly. I nodded a greeting to it. It went unacknowledged.

Next step: what assets did I have? A shorter list to be sure, but not nothing. First and foremost, I had the girls. To various degrees, at least. Each had their shortcomings as allies. Abbie had her tendency toward overzealousness. Taylor's dedication was suspect. Cassie was... well, Cassie. None of them were exactly covert ops material. They were, however, each invested in the new status quo in their own way. I had no doubt they would each take issue with Candy and Isa's characterization of our affiliation.

As for other assets? Beyond the three of them, there wasn't much. The element of surprise was a maybe; Isa had been awfully suspicious right up to the end. Did desperation count?

As the owl and I took our time sussing out our respective problems, I considered that there was still one thing I had going for me. I simply needed to identify a means of exploiting it.

Time to rally the troops. If there was one thing I could count on to at least cheer me up, it was Abbie, Taylor and Cassie. Now I only had to hope I could count on them for a little bit more.

Come on, come on, pick up pick up pick up!

"Hello?"

"Candace! Oh thank—"

"What in the name of all that's unholy are you calling me for at this hour, Canon?"

"Look, I know it's late, I'm sorry, but—"

"Late? Christ, it's after two! You have some nerve."

"I really am sorry, I swear. Now just shut up and listen to me – there isn't much—"

"Did you tell me to shut up? Don't you *dare* tell me what to do, buster! After what you pulled, you're lucky you aren't on your way to prison. Believe me, if we could have found a way, you would be."

"Yes, you made that very clear earlier, and I didn't mean to be rude, but please if you'll hear me out for just a—"

"Great, now you woke Isa." Her voice through the phone was suddenly muffled. "No, mama, it's that asshole again... I *did* have it on vibrate, but he must have called a hundred times... We can't tell him to go fuck himself, because he might actually try to do it... I know you meant it metaphorically—"

"Figuratively," I mumbled.

"—but maybe you should go back to bed and let me handle this, OK?" The phone returned to her mouth and she was addressing me again. "Now you pissed off Isa. She's

come up with some very creative yet safe-and-free ways to occupy your time, you know that? You're lucky I told her to go back to sleep."

"Don't!"

Finally, she took a breath. "What do you mean, don't?"

"Thank you," I shot, sarcasm heavy. "Are the girls there? I don't hear them, but... are they?"

"The girls? Who, you mean Cassie and the Sterns?"

"No, the fucking Spice Girls. Yes, those girls!"

"Watch your tone, Canon."

"Sorry." It wasn't easy, feigning deference with my heart pounding this fast.

"But... you should know, I think they might be, um, on their way to your house. Shit, I'm a little surprised they aren't there now. Must've stopped somewhere."

"On their way here? Why in god's name would they be on their way here at this hour? What the hell did you do?" She spoke aside again. "No, mama, he said... look, I got this. Now shh."

"I didn't do anything! Or I didn't mean to anyway. They were waiting up for me – a sleepover next door – and... well, long story short, they figured out something was off, and I figured, you know, rip off the bandaid or whatever, get it over with. So I told them. Everything."

"OK, and...?"

"And, they flipped out, just like I told you they would! I know you think I'm some evil mastermind, but you have to believe me, Abbie is the one pulling the strings. I thought maybe you were right, that she'd be happy to be released, but she went freaking ballistic!"

"Define 'ballistic.'"

"Well I didn't get locked in a trunk, quite, but I may as well have been! She and Taylor wrestled me down and tied me to my own goddamn bed!"

"Look at you, managing to have some kinky fun after all. Don't you worry, Canon. We'll take care of everything soon."

"Well I hope you're ready, because the way she was talking, they're on their way over there *now*. *Tonight*. Do you hear me?! They took my car, and any minute now, they could be kicking in your door and... fuck fuck fuck! Are you hearing me? The Sterns, they're not exactly what you might call 'restrained,' understand? You and Isa could be in serious danger!"

This time it was harder to hear them; Candy must have set the phone down. I ran through the math. The girls had left my place about twenty minutes ago. Ten minutes to Candy and Isa's place. How much longer if they stopped at the Stern's? Maybe their workout clothes and bikinis had been deemed a poor choice for clandestine activities? Or shit, maybe they really were getting a weapon! That had been the first place both

Sterns girls' minds had gone the moment I'd tried to explain the situation. I'd begged her not to, but Abbie really was insane. Her reality had realigned around being my fantasy slut; finding out Candy had tried to oust her from that throne had been tantamount to an assault on her innermost sense of self. Taylor might be marginally less affronted, but she'd been nursing a grudge over Isa's casual taser abuse all week, and this was the excuse she'd been waiting for to exact her justice, as she saw it.

There seemed to be a lot of that going around.

"Why are you warning us?" Isa's voice? Yes, a little deeper. More guarded, less flippant.

"Look, say whatever you want about the shit I've done, but... I don't want anything to happen to those girls. Or you two, frankly. Abbie locked Taylor in the trunk of her car only last week, remember! If I hadn't talked her down, I think she might have been seriously about to do something drastic to her. I don't know what she's capable of. Plus I know you're so damn trigger happy with that stun gun of yours, which is a whole other risk factor."

"It's a taser, not a stun gun. Tasers don't have to be close. I just don't like to miss."

"Yeah, well, I googled that crap, Hawkeye. You can really hurt someone with that, you know? People have *died!* And I can't get that image out of my head, that shit-eating grin on your face – no offense – when you zapped Taylor. And I've made a mess enough out of things without being an accessory to giving an eighteen-year-old kid a fucking heart attack when you lose your cool and fire a few thousand volts into her!"

It was quiet again. Before I got a response, the call terminated.

Shit. Shit! I called back, but nobody answered. Same with Isa's phone. Were the girls there now? It seemed so improbable that a police officer slept with her doors unlocked, but anybody could get sloppy about a window. I forgot to lock the door between my garage and the back yard all the time.

If I hadn't, Abbie might never have gotten the drop on me last weekend, and I'd be at home in bed right now, sleeping easy. But I'd never have landed myself in a locker room orgy either.

I paced. Back and forth, back and forth. I called again. No answer. More pacing. Should I try the girls again? They could still be in serious danger. Isa might be Officer Barbie to them, but all one had to do was open a news site and there was a story of a cop using excessive force against some unlucky kid. None of the commands I'd given Isa would do a damn thing to keep her from hurting those poor kids. None of the commands I'd given those kids would keep them from doing anything horrible to Candy and Isa.

I called again. No answer. Six calls later, dizzy from about-facing, someone finally picked up. "Stop calling, Canon!" Candy yelled.

I froze. I was supposed to obey her commands. Though technically, she hadn't ordered me to hang up. "Are they there? Is everyone OK? You have to give me something, Candace. I'm losing my mind over here! If somebody gets hurt, or... or..." It was too dreadful to put in words.

There was a ghost of sympathy in her voice. "Take a breath, all right? No, they're not here. Isa's went ahead and unlocked the doors so they don't do anything stupid and smash in a window or something. Hopefully they'll--"

The phone left her mouth, and I could just make out her voice addressing her girlfriend. "No, it's him again. I know. I told him not to call. Yes, I know he could be... look, I am not an idiot, all right?"

Smart of her to be suspicious of foul play. Would that I'd been that alert. It had been half an hour now. Where the hell were those girls? Had Cassie talked them down? Or were they duct taping her mouth shut and gearing up for war?

Candy returned. "We're handling this. You stay wherever the fuck you are, hear me? So help me, if you already found a way to slither out of this, I won't be able to rein Isa in next time. I don't think I'd even try."

"Paranoid much? God, Candace, I... ya know, fine. I won't call again, but keep me in the loop, OK? I'm halfway to shitting myself over this. Promise me you'll tell me once everything is under control."

"We're going to get them back under their *own* control, Canon. Don't you worry."

"I don't care about any of that any more. I just don't want anyone to... crap, I'm repeating myself. Let me know? And... you know. You two be careful too."

"Yeah."

The phone went dead.

Minutes passed like hours.

Candy had said don't call, but she hadn't said don't text. I could still do that without letting her know her plan had failed as badly as mine.

I know you said not to call, but... anything yet?

Don't be a little bitch. Candace is seeing if they're parked on the street. Might be lurking, she said, freaked by the lights on. Chill tfo

I had texted Candy, but it wasn't surprising that Isa answered. Anticipated, really. She'd be an idiot not to be wary of me. I texted back a quick thanks to keep the line of communication open, and went back to waiting.

What felt like a thousand years later, my phone rang again.

"Heya, Mr. Canon. It's Cassie."

"I know. I have caller ID. What the heck is going on?"

"Taylor and Abbie went home to get changed. All black and stuff. I'm not sure how much it helps. I could see them really easily. But the street light is on and it's really bright over there."

“The light’s are on? At Ms. Salata’s house? Is that where you are?”

“Yeah. I was getting really scared so they told me to wait in the car, like a getaway driver in a heist movie or something I guess. I tried to tell them it was a bad idea, but they didn’t want to listen. It is, though. Honestly, I’m not a very good driver. I just learned two weeks ago that blinking red means stop, not slow. I always wondered why people got so honky at them.” She paused, for once realizing how far off topic she’d wandered. “Is this a really bad idea? The lights are on! I think they’re awake! I have the window down so I can listen for gunshots or screams or, I don’t even know. I’m so scared, Mr. Canon. I don’t like this.”

“It’s going to be all right, Cassie.”

“You say that, but... Abbie has a bat, and Taylor had her hand in her hoodie pocket like she was holding something, and... I’m really worried. They’re *so* mad, Mr. Canon. I mean, I’m not happy about what they did to you either, but they’re *really* mad.”

“Me too. And I’m proud of you for keeping an eye on them. You’re being a good friend, and right now they need good friends more than ever. I’ve had some time to think, and I have a plan.”

“Thank gosh.”

“Cassie? Taylor and Abbie are in trouble, and I need you to help them, all right?”

“All right. But... how?”

“That’s my girl. Are they in the house now?”

“I don’t know. They went around to the back yard, I think. They were actually pretty tough to see once they got out from under the streetlamp. Do you think they’ve done this kind of thing before? Because they seemed to really know what to do.”

I disregarded the question. “Look, I need you to go inside. OK? Nice and slowly, just go inside and see what’s going on. Right through the front door, because you don’t mean anyone any harm. Nice and slow, no sudden movements.”

“I dunno... you’re making this sound really scary...”

“It’s Ms. Salata. You know her. Do you really think she’d let anything bad happen to you?”

“She let something bad happen to you!” she pointed out.

“Well she likes you a lot better than she likes me, I promise. Now please, Cassie. It...” I winced at my manipulation even as I said it anyway. “It would give me a lot of pleasure if you went in there.”

“It... it would?”

“Yes.”

“Oh. I never thought you’d want me to... Oh boy. Ham and crackers, this is scary.”

“You can do this. You’re kind, and you’re smart, and you’re going to help everyone stay calm. All right?”

“I feel like you’re just saying that to get me to go in there.”

How honest of her. “I’ll say it again later when I don’t want anything, all right? We can assess my integrity in the morning. But there’s one more thing, hon. I want you to leave the phone on in your pocket, OK? We’ll stop talking, but don’t hang up. I want to hear what’s happening. But you can’t let them know about it. They’re really mad at me, remember? Just tuck it in your pocket, and make sure the light isn’t showing.”

“If... if you’re sure. I guess I could do that. I’m so freaking nervous right now, my gosh. My mom would *kill* me if she knew I was doing this.”

“She’d kill you if she found out I told you to do it and you didn’t.”

“Yeah, probably. All right. Here I go.” A pause. Some noise. A seatbelt? “OK. Going now.” Another pause. “K, actually going now.” And then it stayed quiet.

I minimized the phone conversation and brought up my messages, texting Candy again. *Are they there? Any word?*

I heard faint noises from the speaker. It was muffled, but once I cranked up the volume, I could hear it well enough. *Oh please don’t let me hear a taser being fired. Or a gun.* I braced myself, heart hammering. What in the hell had I set into motion?

“Cassie?”

“Hi Officer Barbour.”

“Glad you could join us.”

The phone buzzed. *Y* was all it said. It must be tense if I was only getting one letter.

“So now everybody’s here. Why don’t we all take a seat, ladies. Talk this out like reasonable people?” Isa was saying with steely calm.

“Take a seat? Take a fucking bat upside the head is more like it, you nosy old cunt,” Abbie answered. She was louder. Closer to Cassie, or just... louder? The picture of it began to assemble in my mind.

“I understand you’re upset. You’ve been through a lot, and things have been done to you. I know you’re under a lot of stress, and I – we, both of us – are willing to hear what you have to say. But we can’t talk if we’re brandishing weapons at one another.”

“Big talk from the bitch with the stun gun.” Taylor, that time.

“It’s a taser. That means it can hit you from across the room. Which I very much don’t want to—”

“Barbie, I so much as see your fuckin’ finger twitch, and you better hope it’s some magic-ass fuckin’ taser gonna bounce around the room and take down all three of us. ‘Cause otherwise, you and your lil’ chica gonna be redecorating them mothafuckin’ walls, hear?” Abbie.

Tell them I said to calm down and talk it out!

Show them your phone

Let them know it’s me telling them

They’ll listen to me!

I typed feverishly, praying their tempers held back for a few more seconds. Normally I was more one to type in paragraphs than rapid fire through sentences, but time was of the essence. Isa and the Sterns were talking over one another, chest-thumping machismo slowly eroding attempts at peace talks. To my relief, I heard Candy's voice.

"Look, I'm texting Mr. Canon right now!" she announced. It got quiet. Good, the girls were listening. "Here, I'll show you. I don't have a weapon, so just... yeah. See? He wants you to calm down and talk with us."

Abbie answered. "Say we do. What you bitches wanna talk about? Seems like you already been done said plenty tonight."

I heaved a sigh of relief. It had worked. They were calming down. Still pissed, but it was ramping down now, not up.

Thx, texted Candy as Isa's voice started talking at the girls.

"I know you might not believe this, but you're victims in all this. Whatever you've done, it's not your fault, and we only want to help you get back to your normal lives. That's all we were trying to do tonight, was to protect you."

"Protect us? From what, good sex? Want us to lez up like y'all?"

"You know perfectly well what I meant. C'mon, if we're going to talk, let's talk, not try to score points for sick burns."

"Burns? You the one with the taser."

"See, that's what I meant, actually, is... look, forget it. I'm putting it away. I'd appreciate it if you did the same."

"Oh I know what you appreciate, Bull-Dyke Barbie."

With the situation deescalating, I finally relaxed enough to let myself roll my eyes at Abbie's attempt at ghetto ire. I wondered if she'd picked it up on TV, or from music. It sure as hell wasn't from the mean streets of 80% white suburbia.

At any rate, I was texting Candy again. *It worked? You guys are talking?*

"You know, one of these days, you're going to grow up a little and realize that the only person your homophobia is hurting is yourself. All you're doing is forcing people out of your life that you might otherwise like."

The eye roll redirected to Isa. Seriously? Like lashing out at LGBTQ people only hurt the bullies doing so? Good grief. I'd seen her talk students down in school more than once before. Hell, she'd been the one to pacify Taylor over the whole chapstick incident! Oh, well. It was two in the morning, and she had two armed and malicious students in her home. I supposed it was reasonable she wasn't at her best.

Abbie and Taylor continued to banter with Isa. Meanwhile, my phone notified me Candy was typing, and a few moments later, I got a response.

I think it's working. Fuck. Abbie brought a bat. Taylor a knife as big as my arm! They set them down now. Tasey Mae is back in her holster too.

Tasey Mae? Good god, they'd given it a nickname?

Isa resumed her efforts to get to the heart of the matter. "Look, nobody is judging you for anything that's happened these past couple weeks. I checked this stuff out with the help of professionals, and you wouldn't believe what's in it."

(*This stuff*, she'd said. Not *Serenex*, not *that stuff*. *This stuff*. It was there. But she was still talking, and it remained of interest.)

"It's a Serenex base, yes, but our best guess is that it's some kind of souped up party cocktail. Enough drugs and chemical shit in there to make you see your past lives. Now I haven't found anything about a cure – not yet – but I want you to know, Mr. Canon was messing around with some really potent junk. That Serenex melted your brains, got you confused. But I want to make sure you know that nothing that happened is your fault."

"Drugs? Like, what kind of drugs?" This time it was Cassie's voice, the first time she'd spoken up since walking in the door. Her voice came through much more clearly.

"Don't worry about it. What's important is what we do next. I know you came over here because you think you have to protect your so-called relationship with Mr. Canon. I appreciate that. As you all know, he got to me and messed with my head, too. Same with Ms. Salata. But while those feelings are strong, it is possible to think your way through them a bit."

???? I sent to Candy. No sense letting her think I'd lost interest. Lest I be dismissed as a pest, I added, *How else can I help???* My excess of punctuation pained me, but I was hyped up bigtime, and it did convey some of my earnestness.

"Think our way through them?" Taylor asked. "The fuck does that mean?"

"It means... look. Mr. Canon dosed me with that shit." *That shit*, now. Had it moved? "He told me I had to keep him safe and protect his freedom. Now the drug has made me do that, forced me to cover for all the crap he's pulled. But he can be safe, and I can keep him free from all the punishments he deserves, while still making sure he can't hurt you any more. You see? There's loopholes we can use to get back to normal."

"But... what if we don't want to use loopholes?" Cassie asked timidly. Bless her heart.

Isa's talking them down. It's good. I'll let you know.

"Yeah," Abbie joined in. "What if we're happy with the ways things are now? I'm still me. 'Me' just changed. People are supposed to change, right, my sweet little Candy dish? Y'all ain't the first teachers I seen peepin' this ass. People want what they want. I used to think fuckin' a teacher would be gross as hell, but shit, I gotta kinda recommend it now I tried it. Just 'cause your Mr. Rogers ass got hang-ups don't make it wrong."

Isa wasn't ceding control of the conversation to Candy, though. Small wonder, control freak that she was showing herself to be. "That's fair. But you liked who you were before too, right?"

Thanks. I'm so relieved. I listened for a moment before sending.

"Yeah. I mean, I guess. Seems kinda boring now, really."

"The rest of you feel the same way? Cassie? Taylor?"

Cassie was easily intelligible. I imagined the phone tucked in her bra, or a breast pocket. "I mean... I *think* I'm happy. But maybe you're right. Maybe it's just that stuff making me feel that way?"

"I... I don't know," came a muffled voice. I could barely hear it. It had to be Taylor.

I finished my message. *Tell them I want them to let you dose them. That I think it's for the best. Or you can call, I can tell them. Whatever you think is best.*

It showed as read immediately. She was keeping the window open now.

Isa's voice spoke softly, full of compassion. "That can be hard to admit, Taylor. Nothing scarier in life than not knowing what to do."

Cassie helpfully pointed out, "No way, all those weapons you guys had out were *way* scarier. You guys are all nuts." I had to bite my arm to stifle a giggle. Even just knowing I was listening in, there was that full steam honesty of hers.

"Yeah, I guess you're right, Ms. Brown. But you know what I mean, right? You should know that Ms. Salata and I talked, and we were thinking that maybe what would be best is to give you ladies another dose. Now before you panic on us, hear me out. We know, it's scary, but you'll have everyone else here to keep an eye on things, make sure nothing else bad happens. We'll try to get you back to the way you were before. Then, if you decide you liked this way better, you can make that call with a clear mind. It can be *your* choice, not his. How does that sound?"

"Mr. Canon says it's what he wants," Candy chimed in. Excellent.

There was another pause, murmurs I couldn't make out. I assumed that was her once again showing around my text. Poor girls had to be confused as hell, considering what I'd told them. Going from "they tried to dose me, the bastards" to "let them dose you, please" was a hard turn.

"I... I guess, if he says so?" Cassie mused. "As long as they can stay and watch and make sure you don't, ya know, do anything weird. My head's gone swiss-cheesy enough already."

Ah, the irony. It had been Abbie who'd sliced and diced her brain to begin with. I'd never had the heart to tell her.

I typed another message to Candy and promptly hit send, my ear pressed to the phone. The next moments would be decisive.

"Do her first. Then... we'll see." Taylor's tone was guarded. Anxious. "If it goes all right, then... sure. I'll go next."

My jaw dropped in outrage. "Really, Taylor?! You, too?!"

“What the hell was that!” Isa snapped suddenly. I clamped my mouth shut, but it was too late. Her voice grew louder, and quickly. “Was that... is one of you...?”

Sounds of friction issued from my phone. Their nature was quickly confirmed when I heard Isa’s voice speaking directly into Cassie’s receiver. “Canon, you son of a bitch. Eavesdropping on us? I don’t know what you think you’re up to. Did you put them up to this somehow? I don’t know what your game is, but when we’re done with them, we’re coming for you. You stay right there, wherever you are. I’ll find you. I knew you were gonna try something, but I didn’t think you’d be this slop– *Ptthhhhhh!* What the fuck, Candy?! Was that...?! Did... did you? Why would you...?”

Isa trailed off. Over the sound of Abbie and Taylor cheering, I just made out Candy’s voice. “I’m sorry, mama. It was part of the plan.”

What next? she texted back at me.

Your turn.

I walked in the front door in time to see Cassie putting her phone back in her pocket, looking confused as hell. Abbie ran to me, kissing me hard. Taylor was going for Isa’s taser, however, and I quickly cautioned her back.

“You two were incredible. I heard every word. Perfect distraction,” I praised them.

“Distraction?” Cassie frowned. “What do you mean, distraction? Distraction from what?”

“You’re too honest by half, Cassie. I knew you’d do a better job if we let you just be yourself. First off, no, I never want to dose you again. You’re perfect the way you are. I’m sorry I let you doubt it for a second. That goes for all of you. I don’t want to change a thing.”

(Not that I could. *I will never use Serenex on Abbie without her permission.* That paper was in my desk at home, its word etched as irrevocably on my heart. But it was true regardless.)

The words brought back Cassie’s smile. “So you were just fudging with them that whole time? Like a cat with a mouse, huh?”

“Yep. I figured they were good at being scary as hell, while you’re good at being sweet and lovable, so I let you all do what you do best. Meanwhile, I kept the line open with... her,” I pointed to Candy, not wanting to use her name and snap her out of her stupor. “I knew they’d want to ‘fix’ you like they tried to fix me, so I just waited until I was sure the Serenex was in the open and you had Isa’s attention, and then... I told her about my plan.”

“Dumb fucking cunt never saw it coming.” Abbie drew up in Candy’s face and laughed mockingly.

“Oh, they did at first. The good officer was watching her phone – she knew not to trust your coach around me. I worried she might be smart enough to suspect that angle.

But I also knew if you came in here armed and dangerous, the officer would be the one dealing with you.”

Abbie eyed at the weapon at her sister’s feet warily. “I seriously thought she was gonna tase us for a sec there, C-dawg.”

“I would’ve for real knifed that bitch. Fuckin’ tase me,” Taylor snarled.

“Wow. You thought of everything!” Cassie gushed. Then she tapped her chin, considering. “I mean, unless they actually did tase them. Or if they sprayed us right away. Or if they saw you pacing up and down the sidewalk back there. I saw you on my way in. Not subtle. Or if they decided not to dose us tonight at all and the Serenex never got out. Or if Coach blocked your number. Or—”

All right, so I was a lucky idiot. I’d take it. “Yes. A lot could have been wrong. But I had some excellent help.” I pulled the three of them in for a group hug and held them tight. Damn, they felt good.

“So what now?” asked Cassie, looking to the helpless women, standing dazed in their pajamas.

“First off, let me confirm: you all saw the Serenex go in their mouths, right?”

They all nodded. Good. Not falling for that one again. I sniffed the canister. It sure smelled like the same stuff. Weight was right. Still, just to be one hundred percent sure, I supposed I had to check. No more subterfuge. “I need a volunteer to make sure this is the same canister.”

“Uh, what?” Abbie took a step back.

I picked up Isa’s taser and tucked it in my back pocket, just in case. “You heard her. The stuff I bought was contaminated, some kind of... mutt drug. She made it sound at dinner like they weren’t even sure they could reproduce it. But I need to know this is the same stuff, on the off chance they created a fake to throw me off if I tried to steal it.”

“Damn, you’re one paranoid motherfucker, C-dawg.”

“Language, Taylor.” I smiled at her, though. “So one of you. Abbie, you know I will never use Serenex on you without your permission, but the same goes for the others. I’m not going to do anything to you – just make sure it puts you in that trance, then have you chill somewhere safe and quiet until it wears off.”

Abbie and Taylor shook their heads immediately. All three of us slowly turned to Cassie. “Who, me?”

“Please, Cassie?”

“Yeah, come on, Cass, take one for the team.”

“But I don’t wanna do drugs!”

Time to play the pleasure card again, I supposed. Yet even as I opened my mouth to pressure her, I caught the look in her eyes and stopped myself. She was frightened. She was my neighbor. She was a nice person. She was my Cassie. I stopped myself.

“Fine, Cassie. We won’t make you do anything you don’t want to do.”

“Oh thank god.” Her shoulders sagged in relief.

“We don’t have to test shit anyway,” Taylor stated. “It’s real. Don’t believe me? You honestly think that bitch would’ve dropped the taser to play games with us, wait and see what we’d do? She knows what we’re gonna do. She’d have used it if she could.”

“Probably, Taylor, but we need certainty. This is too important to take chances with.”

She sighed irritably. “You want a test? Fine.”

We watched in rapidly mounting horror as Taylor withdrew a massive knife from inside the wide pouch in the front of her hoodie. It looked like the sort of thing you’d see some insecure dude-bro putting on a shelf in his bedroom. Cheaply ornate. It was nonetheless sharp as hell, we all learned, as Taylor raised Isa’s t-shirt, exposing a flat tan stomach. The point of the blade grazed back and forth across the officer’s skin. From this close, I could see where tiny little hairs were being shaved off of her.

“Hey, that’s enough, Taylor.”

“But we gotta be sure, like you said. Don’t we? Not probably. Certainly. That’s what you said, isn’t it?” Suddenly she pulled back the knife, her arm thrusting the point right at Isa’s ribcage. Cassie screamed. Even Abbie at least yelped. I dove at Taylor by reflex, tackling her to the floor and pinning her arm down in the nick of time.

“Are you insane?”

“I wasn’t really gonna do it! Get the fuck off of me!”

“That wasn’t funny!”

“I ain’t laughing!”

A soft hand appeared on my shoulder. I looked back to see Cassie standing over us. Her eyes glanced meaningfully to Isa and Candy, who were now staring right at us.

“Point taken. Everybody shut up, let them drift back off,” I said softly. “Thanks, Cassie.”

After a short period of quiet, the mind-suppressed women lost interest, and I looked back to Taylor. “I know you don’t like her. I know you’re pissed about last weekend. That’s fair. But we didn’t come here tonight for revenge.”

“I wasn’t gonna stab her! Fuck, I’m not a total psycho. But did you see how she didn’t even flinch? Neither of ‘em?” Her eyes flashed indignantly. “So there’s your test, Einstein. You’re welcome.”

After a moment, I rolled off of her, then helped her back to her feet once she let go of the knife. I was loath to admit it, but she was right. If I’d been worried enough that Taylor would actually do it, surely one or the other of them would have reacted if they could. Even if Isa was ballsy enough to call her bluff like I’d done over dinner with the taser, Candy never would have stood idly by.

“So, now that we’ve ruled out murder, what do we actually wanna do with them?”

That was the question on everyone's mind. Any one of us might have asked it. But if there was a lesson I'd learned from tonight's near-catastrophe, it was to avoid making decisions with far-reaching implications without due consideration. First things first, I ushered Isa and Candy into the kitchen. Abbie didn't like having them out of our sight, so at her insistence, we took a minute to find Isa's handcuffs – intriguingly placed in her nightstand – and affixed them together around the refrigerator door. Thus satisfied, my girls and I reconvened in their living room.

“Well?” pressed Abbie when I said nothing. “What do we do?”

“More booty calls?” asked Cassie. “That's a lot of booty, but I guess it'd be nice to have more people to share the load with so I don't have to miss any more track practice or meets or anything.”

“You must be the only woman I know who'd rather go to some lame-ass track meet than have amazing life-changing sex,” Taylor muttered, making sure it was loud enough Cassie could hear it. I was quietly flattered, but this wasn't the time to preen.

The girls quibbled back and forth, though anyone watching could tell they were all waiting for me to say something. Let them wait. We had hours – all day, if we felt like giving them another spritz or two – and it would only take moments to do the job. The hundred copies method had been an amusing foray into the allure of abusing teacher-student power dynamics, but it had also been childish and unnecessary. No, I would do this right, and only do this when I knew what “right” meant.

“We do... as little as possible,” I announced at last.

Their conversation ended immediately. “What?!” the Sterns demanded in concert. Even Cassie looked surprised. Abbie scowled through the wall at the two women. “We cannot leave these two backstabbers to do it again. You fucking know they will!”

I held out my hand cautioningly. “I'm not saying we do nothing. We protect ourselves, yes. Keep them from interfering with us, let us go about our affairs without any more shenanigans. But we're not giving in to revenge.”

“Why the fuck not?! You heard what they was trying to do to your ass!”

Taylor was right behind her, equally livid. “They tased me, they neutered you, they were going to try to mind-fuck the three of us god knows how. No way they get off the hook for that shit! Barbie gave me a week's suspension one time for cussing–”

“You told her you were going to cunt punt her, or so I heard,” I reminded her.

“–and now they get to pull this shit, and we let them go? No fucking way!”

“Hear me out. I'm mad, too. You know that, right? This past week, what we did this morning... it's been amazing. It will keep being amazing. They tried to take that from me – from us. As did your mom, Cassie.”

She frowned. “Yeah, I know. But she's sure sorry now.”

“She is. But you know what? You know why we’re all fighting to keep things the way they are, and they’re resisting harder than we even thought possible? We’re *enjoying* ourselves. Hell, even Cassie’s mom is having some fun with it now that I decided to let her. You know what they got? Bullied, used, and put in the corner. I’m not defending their actions. But if we use our position here to punish them, humiliate them, or whatever very creative ideas I’m sure you two were having, they’re only going to keep resisting.”

“So we tell them to stop resisting,” Taylor rebutted.

“See, though, that’s the other thing. It’s not only about them. I don’t know about you, but I’ve been feeling kinda shitty about some of the things I’ve done the past couple weeks, even though at the same time I’ve been having all this fun. More fun than I’ve ever had before. And I think the reason for those highs and lows is because as lucky as I feel, I know I’ve done some bad stuff.”

“You said to never use the words ‘bad’ or ‘stuff,’ Mr. Canon,” supplied Taylor impishly. We’d discussed that very thing earlier that week. I might get a gradable essay out of her yet.

“In writing, yes, but... Look. Whatever else I’ve done, I think we’ve mostly had fun. But I also got you stuffed in a trunk, Taylor. I made you make that fake video in the school bathroom. I force-fed Abbie a chemical weapon. I made my neighbor train her own daughter to fuck me better. And I dragged those two women into this, forced them to betray some of their deepest convictions for my own selfish reasons.”

“Like them trying to cut your dick off wasn’t selfish?” Taylor snapped.

I folded my hands in my lap. Time to be a teacher. “Do you remember last year in American lit, we read about the feud between the Hatfields and McCoys?”

“No.”

“Two families, bitter blood feud, dozens dead and jailed? Anything?” Though I’d had neither Cassie nor Abbie as students in that class, I at least saw recognition register on their faces.

“No. Guess I had a suck-ass teacher.”

I smiled. “Evidently. Anyway, the point of it all is that seeking revenge only made it worse, not just for the people being attacked and killed, but for the attackers, too. We made our peace with all this craziness because we all found something – someone – to enjoy. They didn’t. And I’m not going to dirty my hands and further stain my conscience. No more. I am done, Taylor. Done dragging out this mess by trying to control everyone around me.

“They were wrong about the harm I caused you. They were right, though, that I’d done wrong. Now I could try to outsmart them, outmaneuver them, burn my right to do whatever I want into their heads. Or I could give them back their lives and their

happiness. We could all of us simply go on as people with a weird secret who sometimes wave hi to each other in the halls.”

Cassie scooted over next to me and rested her head on my shoulder. “That was nice, Mr. Canon. I liked that. I always liked Coach Salata. It would have been sad if we did something to hurt her. I vote yes.”

“We’re not voting,” I said quickly to forestall the Sterns’ predictable reaction of imposing a tie. “But I’m glad. What about you two? Can you get on board with it?”

The two looked long at one another until Abbie prompted her sister to speak first. “Can I at least tase her once?”

“No. No tasing. Before you ask, no stabbing, either.”

She’d been joking – mostly – but she wasn’t about to let the issue slide with a mere quip. “Honestly? This is a pussy-ass move is what I think. I think this is a weak little bitch move. I think this is an ugly fucking side of you, C-dawg. That’s what I think. But hey, you can do whatever you want to me, right? Not like I get a say.”

I didn’t have a response to that. I am not a pussy, but that didn’t mean I had to be a ruthless asshole, either. With her case made, however, Taylor shrugged and deferred to Abbie. Abbie, who had been so quiet throughout my little pep talk that I hadn’t noticed that livid expression on her face.

“Abbie? You’ve been quiet. Use your words.”

The young woman had a talent for imposing uncomfortable silence, I’d give her that. She let us stew in that glare of hers, marinating in disapprobation.

“I think you were right before.”

“Before? I said a lot of things, Abbie. Which one?”

“That we need to test it. The Serenex. Make sure it’s really working. You know, in case.”

“I appreciate the uncharacteristic abundance of caution and all – better late than never. I think Taylor adequately proved that for us, though.”

“Nah, I’m not so sure. I think we ought to test.”

“So you want to volunteer after all?” I retorted.

“I think we should test it on you,” said Abbie.

To me.

Oh, fuck.

“Hey, I get that you’re not liking my decision, but–”

“Give me the Serenex.”

“Right, sure.” I immediately hopped up and started carrying it over to her. Abbie could use my Serenex any time she wanted. Now she wanted to use it on me, though, which meant I had mere seconds to talk her down. The obvious thing to do would be to spray her first, but I will never use Serenex on Abbie without her permission. It didn’t look like she meant to grant it.

“I’m not so sure that’s a good idea, Mr. Canon,” Cassie said nervously, shrinking into the corner of the sofa.

“Abbie, yeah, let’s not go fucking crazy, right?”

“Shut the fuck up, Taylor.”

Taylor obeyed. What choice did she have? Abbie was the boss of her.

“Abbie, please. Let’s talk about this. I want to hear what you’re feeling, OK? Just don’t do anything rash. That’s how we all got into this mess in the first place.”

“No, *this* is how we got into this mess in the first place,” she said, snatching the canister from my hand. She raised the nozzle and pointed it at my face. The girl was going to dose me, then march into the kitchen and do god only knew what to Candy and Isa. So much for my troubles being over. My mind was frantically exploring options, but my planning hadn’t covered this contingency. There was only one thing left to do.

I opened my mouth wide.

Damnit all to hell if it didn’t taste even worse the second time around.

Part Fifteen: Back To School Sales

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

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

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

Hmm.

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

I reflected.

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

Abbie, then? Taylor? No. Still a pair of hot, scary brats. Cassie, no; Megan, no. Myself? Had they changed the way I saw myself? There was no fresh *rarr me no pussy-man brugga brugga* bouncing around in there that I could tell. I didn't hate myself or love myself any more than I had last night. If I had some new compulsion, it

seemed perfectly content to wait for me to rinse off my plate, do my exercises, reply to an email from Mrs. Adamson about Stephen's missing assignments, do a little grading.

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

After all, I could already see them.

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

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

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

Whew. OK, nobody in the basement.

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

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

By early evening, the kids had moved inside. Probably drinking, or worse. Though again, nothing I could do about it. By nightfall, they were starting to disperse; every time I looked out the front window, there were fewer and fewer cars parked along

the street. I was increasingly surprised Megan hadn't come back yet, but then she texted me to let me know her mom needed a little extra help, and would it be OK if I could give her an extra day. Oh, and keep an eye on Cassie for her. We'd partaken in an orgy not forty-eight hours ago, and here was this woman charging me babysitting her daughter when she knew I was fucking her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are they OK? What happened with them?"

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

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

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

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

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

That explained a lot. I'd gotten used to thinking of the contents of that canister as an ingested mind control agent that I'd almost forgotten you could simply splash somebody with it and herd them like a sheep. Cassie might not even know it worked that way; her recollection was probably that she simply hadn't wanted more confrontation and so had simply chosen the path of least resistance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sup," said Abbie. Taylor didn't even go that far, twisting herself to face away from me.

“Can we talk about last night?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We could have talked it out.”

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

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

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

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

“No shit, fuckwit,” said Abbie.

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

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

“Fix it? You call that—”

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

“You?! That was *my* plan!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I went home. That night, I slept alone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You... don’t remember?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah. I did.”

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

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

“You poisoned us first!”

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

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

“I’m sorry,” Isa mumbled.

“Uh, what?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kiss my feet.

Sign over the deed to your house.

Tase yourself.

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

Blow me.

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

Slap Candy across the face.

Tattoo a cannon between your breasts.

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

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

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

Shave your head.

Bend over my desk and

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

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

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

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

“Crawl.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Apologize."

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

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

"Now thank me."

"Thank you, sir!" she murmured.

SHHHHWIP!

"Thank you, sir!"

SHHHHWIP! This time on the right only.

"Thank you sir!"

SHHHHWIP! And the left.

"Thank you sir!"

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

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

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

"Lower your panties, Isa."

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

"You like keeping it wild, do you?"

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

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

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

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

Isa agreed immediately. "Yes, sir."

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

"Thank you, sir!"

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

DING. DING. DING.

Lunch period was over.

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

I withdrew.

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

"Sorry, ladies. Time to get to work."

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't suppose either of us feel like we need to apologize for our actions."

“Only if you feel like apologizing to me.”

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

“Cool. Can I go now?”

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

She hesitated before responding this time, her voice taking on a bemused tone.

“Did you now?”

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

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

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

“Oh? And how did it turn out?”

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

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

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

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

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

Then I heard Taylor laughing hysterically.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Language. And yes, that.”

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

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

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

I frowned. “What did I say?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She looked at me over her shoulder, eyes sparkling with self-satisfaction. “Abbie was gonna leave off after the other basic stuff. You know, no more backstabbing us or tasing anybody, yadda yadda. But then I was like, they wiggled out once, so how do we

stop them from being sneaky bitches again? And I thought, let's make them tell us right away if either of them figured out a way to slip out of our control. So I did. They figure out another loophole, we'll know it before they can do shit about it."

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

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

"Just tell me you two did explicitly make sure she isn't going to tase us."

"Duh. Trust me, Barbie's our bottom bitch now."

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

"Good. Do I get to know what the 'ambitious' part of their new commands is?"

"Ambitious?"

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

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

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

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

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

"I bet it'd be nice for you if I wanted a lot of things as much as you did."

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

"And also it's ceramics."

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

She sighed. "God, you are so much more fuckable when you're doing your teacher thing, you know?"

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

“That right?”

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

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

I winced. “Well...”

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

“Um, yeah.”

“Her mom?”

“Not actual sex, just—”

“That’s a yes. Barbie? Candy?”

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

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

“Come on, that wasn’t my fault!”

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, Ms. Stern?”

“I have a question, Mr. Canon.”

“Ask away.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Huh. There it was.

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

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

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

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

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

had happened here in the real world, where she was a student and I was a teacher and everything about us was wrong.

“Come on, spit it out. Shit, you can take my clothes off but you can’t describe ‘em?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Aw come on, in those shorts?”

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

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

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

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

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

“That’s a better answer.”

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

“Was it like this?” she teased.

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

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

Until we heard a key entering my classroom door.

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

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

“What about you?” I asked.

“What about me what?”

I turned my head to look at her. Hair more tangled than ever, skin glistening with a sheen of sweat, tits bulging upward in a futile resistance of gravity, pussy dribbling

heedlessly onto the sheet I'd put on only the day before while watching her prance around in that crop top. "You know what I mean, Taylor. I opened up to you about the tornado drill, and for me it's a story about being a lecherous old creep lusting after innocent schoolgirls."

"Who's innocent?" Taylor rolled over until her momentum carried her right back on top of me, straddling a cock that began responding immediately with fresh vigor. Her pussy grinded back and forth, slick with our combined cum, working me back into fuckable shape. She'd given me time to think, so I returned the favor – though like me, she was distracted by her tits. (My hands on her nipples might have had something to do with this.)

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

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

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

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

"Bitch."

"Prick."

Part Sixteen: Weekly Planning

One of the most important organizational tools in any teacher's toolbox is that of routine. Yes, it could also be a key ingredient for drudgery and never failed to kill that buzz students carried in from summer break, but you added whole days of instruction to the instruction calendar simply by training yourself and your students in behaviors. When passing up papers, put yours on top so that stacks remain organized for return. In your seat, not in the door, by the bell. Nobody leaves until desks are all in their proper space. Use the proper header so your poor teacher doesn't go prematurely gray trying to enter grades when he inevitably mixes up stacks of homework. Don't throw chapstick. And so on.

I didn't think of myself as a stickler, but I stickled for those behaviors I wanted to stick. Every student in my classes had heard my spiel that they were to guard their "6 Traits of Writing" rubrics with their lives, sparing me having to print off another two hundred copies every time we did peer review. "If – when – I come to you on your deathbed and ask you where it is, you better be able to point to it with accuracy." That line cut down the needed number of extra rubrics in half. Teaching was always an exercise in organized chaos, and the only way to muddle through it all was to minimize time and energy wasted on the things that didn't enrich lives.

I was quickly learning that maintaining a half dozen sexual relationships with students, coworkers and neighbors was far more chaotic, and impossible to organize. Nevertheless, I stickled.

Taylor left before dinner Monday evening, eschewing my invitation to order takeout since her parents expected her for dinner. She half-heartedly promised to convey my revised sentiments to Abbie regarding the incident over the weekend, though I expected to need to explain it myself later anyway. Megan had returned from her mother's with Robby by then. She stopped by to gripe about the mess Cassie had failed to completely conceal from the party Sunday, then mowed my lawn in lieu of a blowjob when I explained I had been well taken care of. Cassie texted me around nine with a pleasantly succinct request to come over and have sex with me, but I was already getting ready for bed. What was the rush? I had the world in my pocket, and now that things were calming down, I meant to take things one day at a time.

It was our last normal Tuesday of instruction for the year, with the following week set for e-learning and the one after as prep for final exams. The home stretch. I was looking forward to the end of the school year more than ever. Graduation made for a nice bookend for the student experience, but as a teacher, it meant vastly more time and freedom for my new hobby. I could have a different woman every day of the week and then recuperate on Sundays. When I felt like it I could mix things up with doubles – the buxom sisters, the mother/daughter neighbors, the lesbian coworkers. Surely we'd find fresh variations as time passed. Coach and athlete. Cop and troublemaker. Cool mom and impressionable friend of her daughter – was that a thing? Damn it, I'd make it one. This promised to be the best summer break of my life.

That Tuesday we started our final book of the year in senior English, *The Catcher in the Rye*. It was a quick unit, one of the few books where I had more troubles with students reading ahead than keeping up. A short book with fluffy assignments designed in part to shore up weaknesses in the grades of our graduates-to-be, *Catcher* was a welcome respite from denser material. Not only was it usually a crowd-pleaser, but with students on their way to starting jobs, college, families, the whole rest of their lives, it was a good opportunity to address the theme of growing up, its messiness and confusion and allure and unpleasantness. That I was sleeping with not one, not two, but three girls close to a decade my junior made the opening discussion of that theme feel rather poignant for me this year.

During my prep period, I popped by Isa's office.

She glanced up from her laptop. "I have to be downtown for a staff meeting in twenty minutes Canon, so whatever it is, make it quick."

"Hello to you, too." I closed the door behind me, settling into the oversized bean bag chair she kept in the corner to signal my intent to get comfy and stay as long as I liked. Then I got a whiff of all the dust kicked up by my doing so and regretted it, but I think I hid it well. It would appear this too-casual seating option was seldom exercised. "I wanted to talk about the Serenex."

"I wondered when you would. What all did you overhear Saturday night when you were playing possum?"

"Not enough. Start at the beginning. Tell me what you learned, how you learned it. Everything."

"Look, stop in tomorrow and maybe I'll have time for this, all right? Much as I'd be perfectly happy to fabricate an excuse to get out of sitting in the same room as you, I really do have that staff meeting."

"Tell them something came up. Or don't, I don't care. But you're going to tell me what I want to know. Unless you don't think I can bend you over your own desk as easily as I did mine."

The resource officer glowered, but her chin betrayed a tell-tale tremble as she set her jaw. “God, what did you do to me.”

“Same thing I’m going to keep doing to you. Whatever I want. Now talk.” I considered. It was taking real effort, overcoming my default fear of cops, to say nothing of affecting such poor social graces. (Girlfriends’ parents loved me.) Still, best to establish a baseline level of domineering behavior, see if I could push her to the brink right off or if she had to build to it. “Better yet, lock the door, come sit on my lap, then talk.”

It didn’t take thirty seconds for her to break, though a tense thirty seconds, to be sure. I really thought she might call me out, get in a good slap, maybe a kick in the nuts before Serenex caught up. Instead, I got a glare that soon reaffixed itself to her desk, to her lap, and then withered into a mere pout as she shuffled to her door, then even more petulantly to me. She landed in my lap a little harder than was comfortable, but there she was nonetheless, eyes dark but downcast.

I got to work on the buttons of her uniform casually, but nevertheless immediately. I’d been interrupted yesterday; today I meant to finish what I started for once. “So, Serenex. Go.”

She wriggled into a comfortable position. “Right. So what I told you before about my connection in the analysis lab was true. Her name is Shantel. She’s not employed by the department, just an outside contractor, which makes her more reliable.”

I untucked her shirt and targeted the previously concealed buttons, revealing the rest of her compression shirt. “Why’s that?”

“Because Shantel doesn’t answer directly to the department. She has a boss of her own at the lab, a civilian like her, so she’s less inclined to sniff out bullshit in my story or try to curry favor with my superiors. No loyalty to the PD. I kept it believable enough that she didn’t ask questions, and she can probably be bought if she gets too suspicious. Of course, if she figures out what your stuff does, we’ll probably have to dose her to keep her from replicating it for herself. It might not be the worst idea anyway, just to make sure. If, um, you think so, that is. Sir.”

She had to help me disconnect the radio from her shirt before I could toss it across the room, but once she did, I did. “Good thinking. I’ll consider it. Can’t solve all of life problems with mystery spray, after all. We don’t want to get too cavalier about it.”

“Too...” She grit her teeth at my deliberate hypocrisy, and I swear I felt the heat emanating from her lap ratchet up another dozen degrees. “Yes sir.”

“So, what did she tell you, specifically?”

“I’ll get you a copy of the full lab analysis, in case it interests you. She had to explain it to me. In summary, what you bought isn’t technically Serenex.” Her voice was muffled somewhat as I pulled the compression shirt off over her head. “That’s the base, but it’s only about eighty percent of the actual solution.”

I dropped her belt on the floor beside the bean bag. The thing was surprisingly heavy. “Eighty sounds like a lot to me.”

“Ok, so think of it like this. If you ordered a steak, and the waiter brought you a plate and told you it was eighty percent steak, would you still eat it?”

“Fair enough. So what’s the other twenty?” The implications were only beginning to catch up with me as I got to work on her belt. “Is somebody manufacturing this stuff on purpose?”

She shrugged. “Shantel didn’t seem to think so, but that’s not really her area of expertise. In the spirit of keeping you safe, sir, I encourage you not to go poking around.”

“Well why didn’t she think so?” The zipper stuck when I pulled; she had to give me a hand finding the proper angle.

“It’s what was in the rest of it. In short, it’s a party cocktail. Some of it’s just water, standard procedure for that sort of thing, but there was some other junk in there, too. Heroin, something that is a less potent chemical compound born out of PCP and some of the stuff in Serenex – still not great for you though.”

“Isn’t the point of filler to make it cheaper? That sounds like the opposite.”

“You think rare black market chemical weapons come cheaper than street grade heroin?”

“Um... no?”

“No is right. It’s probably just in there to make the crap more addictive for people who are using it recreationally, bring them back for more. But you cut me off about what all’s in it. Here’s the kicker – it’s also got LSD, and that stuff had a reaction that mutated the base chemical.”

The scent of her arousal was obvious the moment her pants came off, even if I couldn’t see the wet spot on her panties. Not keen on having to explain a wet spot on the front of my pants, I went ahead and bumped her off of me for a moment so I could get them off.

“How is that ‘the kicker?’ Not that I want to be doing acid or anything, but tell me why that’s the scary one.”

“It’s less about the LSD itself, but the chemical in it that, as far as we know, causes acid flashbacks.”

I paused my work on her bra. “Wait, are you saying we’re going to have Serenex flashbacks or something?”

“No no, not that. But it’s that chemical that, for lack of a better word, sticks to the brain. Most of it passes right through the system, but this stuff, it glomps on, sticks to portions of the central nervous system indefinitely. For common street doses of LSD, that’ll get you flashes of color, geometric shapes, that kind of thing. And the twist in your canister has a *lot* more of that chemical than regular LSD. While Shantel didn’t

understand what Serenex does well enough to state it so concretely, this stuff basically never fully goes away. It might – *might* – get weaker, but there’s no guarantee of that.”

There they were, those perfect tits I’d been waiting to see in the flesh since Saturday evening. I helped myself to a couple handfuls. And a mouthful. “So you’re saying you’re going to be my submissive little pet cop for the foreseeable future?”

The woman practically snarled at my characterization, but it faded as quickly. “Yes, master.” Her eyes widened. “Fuck, *really*, subconscious? ‘Master?’ Fucking *really*?!”

“You don’t like it? I think it suits you,” I ribbed her, placing a hand between her legs. They spread instantly, and she pressed her pussy against my fingers needily.

“Mm, thank you, master,” she moaned.

“So. We don’t have to worry about re-applying, at least. Did she say anything to suggest we could counter one round of suggestions with another? I wasn’t sure from what you were saying Saturday.”

Isa was practically panting as I released her long dark hair from its confinement against her scalp, blonde streaks shimmering throughout. “I couldn’t really ask her that without saying more than we wanted her to know. It doesn’t seem all that likely – you don’t hear about people curing their flashbacks by taking more LSD. Shit that feels good, master. Thank you, master.” Her eyes squeezed shut in shame after realizing how easily the words had slipped out. “Anyway, that doesn’t mean it’s impossible.”

She was plenty eager to help me rid her of her panties, and hastily pulled off my underwear at no more firm a directive than a gesture with my finger. Just like I’d commanded, she had shaved. The skin was naturally golden brown, but now smooth as glass. I traced my fingers over it appreciatively. “Anything else I should know?”

Isa remained on her knees before me, shaking her head meekly. “No, master.”

“Could she make more, do you think?” Not that I wanted more. I honestly hoped I didn’t need it. The past two weeks, however, had demonstrated that it never hurt to be over-prepared.

“She’s already busy, master. I could try pressing her a little, see if she could rush some to you...”

“Not for now. We still have a bit, and maybe it’s for the best we don’t have an ocean of the stuff. Stop that.”

Isa guiltily withdrew her hand from between her legs like her pussy had scalded her. “Sorry, master. I’m just so goddamn horny, master.”

I nodded. “I can see that. And smell it, frankly. But you know what? I think I like ‘sir’ better. It’s better being my toy cop’s commander than some I Dream of Genie fantasy. Though hey, let’s go with master when Candy’s around, yeah? It’s definitely sluttier. Give her a little thrill.”

“If that’s what you want, sir.”

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees as I inspected her. “Anything else I ought to know from your Serenex inquiries?”

She considered. “I don’t think so, sir. Her report was clinical, and only focused on chemical analysis, not effects of ingestion.”

I was quietly relieved there was nothing more to discuss on the subject. Interesting, perhaps useful, but I had other things on my mind. “Good. Now, what to do with you, Isa. I have to say, you’re giving me a lot of ideas. Have you ever sucked a cock before?”

She shook her head. “No, sir.”

“And were you bullshitting me about being a virgin, or is that for real?”

She rolled her eyes, but to my surprise, then held out her left hand and slapped it hard with her right, rebuking herself. “I’m not a virgin, obviously. I’m twenty-eight years old. I’ve been with a number of women. But in the archaic sense that you meant it, sir, yes. I have never let a man have sex with me before.”

“Apologies, officer. So... do I fuck you,” I pondered, taking a slow tour of her dripping wet pussy. “Or you,” I thrust the same finger between her lips. She sucked it automatically. “Or these babies.” I gave her tits a soft slap with my spare hand. Isa squeaked in surprise, but didn’t stop sucking.

In the end, it was the sucking that decided me. “Oh, hell. What kind of friend would I be if I didn’t let your little girlfriend be on hand to watch me deflower you? Now I don’t want to be too presumptuous. I’d like a blowjob, but only if you want to give me one. Consent matters and all. I’d hate to be – how did you put it? – archaic.”

“I can give you a blowjob if you’d like, sir. I don’t really know how, if there’s any skill to it. I guess it doesn’t seem that hard, though.”

As she leaned forward, mouth opening, I stopped her with a restraining finger in the middle of her forehead. She looked up irritably, and with some consternation. “I don’t want you to humor me, Isa. I said I want a blowjob, but only if you *want* to give it to me.”

Comprehension slowly dawned at the distinction. “I... I’m not sure that I...”

“Fair enough. Say no more – I’ll leave you be. You have that meeting after all, right?”

I was still trying to haul myself out of that infernal bean bag chair when she threw me back into it. “No! No, I... I want to.”

For once, I got to be the one smirking. I waved my dick at her like it was a sausage taunting a fat kid. “Want to what, Isa?”

“Want to give you a blowjob.”

“You do? Why? I thought you’d never done it before.”

Her words tumbled out in a whisper. “Because I get off on being a submissive little bitch. I can’t help myself.” I didn’t miss their rote quality, however. It had Serenex written all over it.

“What did it feel like to ask someone to wax your pussy?”

She started at the unexpected question, then looked down in embarrassment. “Slutty. Sexy. Pathetic. I could barely stop myself from masturbating until I got back in my car.”

“Did you show Candy?”

“No. I worried she’d make fun of me. And I worried that would make me lose control again.”

“Show her tonight.”

“Yes, sir. Can I blow you now, sir?”

I ran my fingers through her hair. It was like silk. “What do we say, Isa?”

“Please, sir?”

“Please what?” Damn it, I was going to come before she even touched my cock if I kept this up.

“Please may I suck your dick, sir?” There was raw need in her eyes. If there was any defiance left in her, it was buried deep beneath layers of her new kink.

“You may.”

Thanks to the bean bag, I was already so low to the ground that she had to bend herself double to get me in her mouth. I’d expected her to hesitate, be nervous, or shy, or unsure how to approach her first ever cock in the mouth. Instead, she opened wide and sucked me all the way down on the first try.

As Cassie might have told her from her fresh studies, it was a rookie mistake. Hashtag amateur.

“I’m sorry, sir!” Isa sputtered once she stopped coughing. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks – a physical reaction, I hoped, not a psychological one. Her second attempt was more successful. This time she merely licked, watching my eyes to study my reaction. I favored her with the slightest of nods as my cock jumped beneath her tongue.

As somewhere across town her staff meeting commenced without her, Isa slowly, dutifully licked up and down my cock. “It’s like candy,” I joked. She didn’t laugh. She simply licked, and licked. At one point I moaned softly, and her entire body shook with vicarious pleasure. She murmured a hasty reminder to keep quiet – “thin walls, sir” – then went right on licking. Still the vigilant protector of our secret. In fact, if I strained my ears, I could just make out the soft drone of the guidance counselor Mr. Minott in the next office. Not clearly enough to make out words, but moans would be another story.

“Turn sideways, like... yeah, like that. I want to play with your tits while you suck me off.”

“Of course, sir.” She swept her hair to the far side of her face so that my view remained unobstructed. Had she, like Cassie, learned that from watching porn? Or was that simply an instinct to serve me? I didn’t have the heart to share aloud my observation that her exquisite tits were merely incredible in profile. Still, I had never in my life passed on an opportunity to fondle a woman’s breasts, and that extended to far less perfect specimens than these. I took hold, guiding my hands to the nipple, gave a little pinch and a sigh of contentment.

“For a first-timer, you’re not doing half bad at this. We’ll make a cock-sucking slut out of you yet.” I gave her tit a hard squeeze. “Good girl.”

Her entire body suddenly froze, tongue extended, breast quaking in my hand as she locked into her position. Had I pushed her too far?

Then I saw her hips moving. Thrusting. Shuddering. The faintest of whimpers froze in her throat.

Isa was having an orgasm.

When it subsided, she knelt upright, mortified, “Oh my god, I can’t believe I just...”

“Made a puddle on your office floor from finding out how much you’re loving your first foray into the wild world of blowjobs?” She scowled, but it vanished in the next instant. “So. What do we say *now*, Isa?”

“May I please continue, sir?”

“No, not that. What do we say when I let you come?”

Her cheeks flushed in fresh embarrassment at the realization that this was exactly what had just happened. I’d given her leave to feel pleasure, and she had. “Th-thank you? Sir?” she guessed, eyes wide in disbelief.

“Would you like another one?”

I could literally watch her nipples harden at the mere suggestion. “Please, sir.” The words were punctuated by staccato gasps as she shivered with need.

“Then I guess you better start practicing.”

Practice she did. In time, she moved from those seductive licks to true cock-sucking, sliding me inside her drool-heavy mouth to bob and slurp. Her inexperience showed only once in a relatively minor scrape with teeth, but the sincere outpouring of remorse quickly moved me past it.

“It... is it... close?” she asked, pulling back, gasping for air too long abstained.

My response was to grasp her hair and hold her in place as I sprayed. I grunted (as quietly as possible, per my security advisor’s counsel) as I jacked every dribble I could coax onto the target I envisioned on her chest.

She didn’t need my permission. Before my spunk could begin to cool upon exposure to the air, Isa inhaled a river of air and held it lest she scream with the force of

the climax that overtook her. She collapsed backwards, fingers reflexively diving into her freshly denuded pussy to ease a few more seconds of bliss with the help of her clit.

I was still watching her frig herself stupid when the bell rang. It was quieter here in this nook of the main office, but unmistakable. I'd given up my entire prep period to teaching Isa how to suck me off, but now it was time to meet up with Taylor. I sponged myself off with a wad of tissues from her desk, then recomposed myself.

"Thank you, sir," she murmured toward the ceiling, eyes fluttering.

"Now I want you to leave that on your tits when you get dressed. And no more compression shirt. Burn it. Burn them all. And show them to Candy tonight when you two get home."

"Yes, sir."

I knelt down and patted her head. She simply stared past me at the ceiling, thunderstruck both by the intensity of her pleasure and its source. "See? And this is what you missed out on Saturday night."

Two hours later, I received a text from Candy. It was jarring, seeing right above it my stealth command to dose Isa and then herself. Beneath that, the new message read, *I can't believe you came all over Isa's tits. I can't believe you got her to show me. That's the hottest thing I've ever seen. Can I (we??) come over? Please? I need it. ;)*

Myself, I was enjoying watching Megan sashay around the house in cutoff denim shorts and not a stitch else, dusting and vacuuming and scrubbing and polishing. She had to go home to feed her kids soon, but I wanted to at least let her pay off a little bit of her debt while we were both available.

Not tonight. I'll let you two honor your obligation – dinner and a threesome – but not tonight.

Megan crawled along the floor of my living room, pausing every few feet to scrub the trim. Her matronly chest jiggled like crazy in time with every stroke, every awkward crawl-step.

Tomorrow?

"You missed a spot, Meg."

"I did?" She turned, peering for the offending scuff mark, but soon realized my intent. With a coy wink, she pointed, saying, "Oh, so I did. Good eye." She scoured the phantom spot at length, treating me to an eye-popping display of low-swinging boobs.

Not tomorrow. We'll see.

"I should probably get going soon. Cassie will be home from track any minute, and she can be such a crabby pants if dinner's not waiting for her when she's out of the shower."

I grinned. "Have her come shower over here. I'll help you buy some time."

“Thoughtful!” She beamed. “I appreciate it. I tell you, buddy, they ever catch you fucking all these teenage girls and can your sorry butt, you’re going to make a killing in the babysitting arena.”

How about lunch? Can we meet in your room tomorrow? Pleeeeease?

I guided her back to where I’d had her shed her top in the kitchen with a hand in the back pocket of her shorts. It took us a bit to find the thing; somehow it had been tossed in the refrigerator of all places. Must have left it open when I decided to tear the thing off of her. Her nipples tented out the thin t-shirt fetchingly. though I conceded it might be the cold fabric rather than my animal magnetism.

I typed out a reply while Megan tied her tennis shoes. *Thursday. Tomorrow I’m meeting with ACB about reworking end of year inventory. Should be a hoot.*

“I’ll send Cassie right over. Are you ever going to ass-fuck that poor girl? I think she’s going to blow a gasket if that butt plug doesn’t yield fruit soon. Frankly, I’m tired of hearing about it.”

“Soon. I’m a little tired tonight, but soon, I promise.”

“I’m going to hold you to that.” She poked me in the chest, but gave a laugh. “Say, and it’s none of my business, but you may want to think about getting a drawer. Maybe two drawers, all the action you’re getting.”

“A drawer?”

Thursday! I can’t wait. What kind of underwear should I wear? (Should I wear any???)

“You know, a drawer? Somewhere for them to keep their necessities for when they stay over? At least a change of panties so she doesn’t have to come home dribbling spunk down her legs.”

“Oh. I suppose I could try to make some room.” For all three girls? Would Isa and Candy get drawers too? Would Megan? I only had so many drawers. It seemed crass to make them share.

“It’s your house. But I know it would mean a lot to Cassie. Speaking of, I’ll send her right over. I was thinking tomorrow I might see about that mildew on the north siding? Have to keep the tatas tucked away for that one, I’m afraid, but you won’t believe how much nicer it’ll look.”

“Sounds great, Megan. See ya then.”

The brief conversation had been time enough for Candy to snap a picture and send it my way. It was Isa, shirtless, glaring in frustration at the camera, which was zoomed in enough to show a mesh of off-white flecks clinging to bare boobs. *She’s so fucking embarrassed – you have no idea OMG*

I shook my head. Man, we fucked those two up good. But hey, why stop now? I did a quick image search, then sent a link to her. *Wear something that shows off your*

new tattoo. Can't wait to see it. Now go comfort your poor girlfriend already. See you in the halls.

I was still staring at Candy's picture when Cassie came over. Her hair was in a messy bun, and she was wearing knee socks, athletic shorts and a sports bra much like she had on Saturday. It made me wish we were all back in that locker room.

"Heya, Mr. C! Mom said you wanted me to shower over here?"

"Sure did." I allowed myself a perverse grin for prodding Megan's daughter with a hand on the ass the same way I had her mother mere minutes earlier. "Say, I thought you said you showered in the locker room."

"Only if Mom's picking me up. Philippa doesn't mind if I'm a little sweaty in her car." I turned on the stream for her while she undressed casually, not making any undue fuss. Abbie liked to preen, Taylor to watch me for ego-inflating reactions; Cassie merely removed clothes and let her natural beauty do the lifting. "Did she say what's for dinner?"

"She did not, sorry."

She held out her fingers to test the temperature, then stepped in head first. Her red hair turned almost black as the water plastered it to her body. "Bummer. Hopefully it's not that beef stroganoff. Do you like beef stroganoff?"

"It's OK."

"I don't like the texture. And there's so many carbs! Ugh. I think I spend the first half of my workouts trying to defatten myself from my mom's cooking some days. I shouldn't complain. She's a way better cook than most of my friends' moms. Plus none of their moms would be cool with their daughters being a teacher's personal booty call. It feels amazing, though. Oh say, speaking of, did you wanna fuck my hot wet tight slutty dirty cunt?"

"Cassie!" Should I throw in a *language!*...? "Where in the hell did all *that* come from?"

"Sorry, I've been brushing up on my dirty talk. Not very good yet, huh. It's hard to know what the sweet spot is. Too much and you're a tryhard, too little and you're... well, you're me before you let me learn how to pleasure a man. I'll get better at it." Water was splashing off her body onto the bathroom floor as steam began to fog up the mirror over the sink. Cassie bent forward, planting her hands on the wall and arching her back. She was presenting herself, plain and simple. It was strange to think there was no visible sign of her anal training, but I guess it would be something more felt than seen.

"Do you wanna have sex before dinner? I have to help Robby with his homework, but I can come back after if you'd rather do it then. Then I have some homework myself. If you don't fuck me too hard, you could probably do me while I finished it, if you want."

"That. Yes. Let's do that one." She hadn't even been trying, and it was the hottest suggestion I'd heard all day – and I'd had a cop beg me for permission to suck my cock.

“Cool! All right, I’m gonna scrubby up.”

“Get to it, Cassie.”

“Yep! Fuck ya soon, Mr. C!”

Wednesday morning, Cassie and I showered up together. She really did like getting wet with me, and I didn’t have the heart to deny her. We made a note to get moving earlier on mornings she slept over so we didn’t have to risk anyone seeing her sneaking out of my house at dawn. It would be so nice after graduation with the reduced pressure to hide everything. For now, though, it was off to work.

It was a stormy day, but that was fine by me. Rainy days were always more subdued, the students calmer. I’d even managed to line up reading days for all six sections for once, which meant I was only standing in front of the class and teaching for a brief window at the beginning and end of class. The rest was spent catching up on long overdue grading and administrative paperwork.

Amy Cook-Burfield and I had our lunch meeting. Elsewhere, Isa and Candy were sharing a meal, daydreaming about submitting and watching that submission respectively. Amy wasn’t as thrilling as that company promised to be the following day, but it was nice to sit with my amiable colleague and be a normal, boring teacher. We banged out the inventory issue quickly, then frittered away the rest of the lunch period on idle gossip.

“Did you hear about the fight yesterday?” Amy asked. I shook my head. “Alex Barrett and Will Griffin of all people. Started out by the baseball lot, I heard. Sounds like Alex accused Will of fooling around with that girlfriend of his.”

I narrowly maintained my composure. That girlfriend of his was none other than Abbie Stern. They were a well-known couple around school, a pair of good-looking hellions, GHS’s own Bonnie and Clyde. “That doesn’t sound like Will.”

“Oh, I expect the accusation has more to do with it sounding a good deal like Abbie. Either way, they’re both suspended for the rest of the week. Word has it Abbie dumped him soon after, so I’d be finding a bunker to hide in if I were Will.”

For a second, I wondered if there would come a time when Alex Barrett would come knocking on my door. I wasn’t afraid, of course – I am not a pussy – but it was a strange thought, a dust-up with a high schooler over a girl. What had tipped Alex off to her unfaithfulness, I wonder? I’d taught Alex junior year, and he’d put me through enough crap in my struggles to keep him from failing (and to keep from smacking him upside the head) that I really could have felt worse. He and Taylor had been in the same class, a perfect storm for drama and disruption.

Suddenly, I remembered the time he'd called me a "beta cuck" – I'd had to google what it even meant at the time.

"What's so funny?" Amy asked.

I waved it off. "Oh, nothing."

It did remind me that I was overdue for a one on one with Abbie. (Had I ever had a one on one with Abbie?) I texted her a request to pop by my room after school.

"Yeah?" she demanded impatiently a few hours later. Taylor snickered from behind the cover of *Catcher*. Not what she was supposed to be working on, but I could address that once Abbie left.

"Well hello to you, too."

"Oh, sorry. Hi! Hello. How are you?" She flashed the most brilliant, most thoroughly sarcastic smile I had ever seen. It vanished so fast I wondered if I'd imagined it. "There ya go. So... yeah?"

"You know, this is definitely not how the sluts behave in my fantasies."

"Evidently they do, because here I am."

"So you're the arbiter of my fantasies now?"

"Tay didn't tell you?" She glanced to her sister. "Yeah, I got a good handle on your fantasies now. You're a lot less cagey when you're under. Some pretty good shit hiding in there once you got out of your own fucking way."

I'd been letting her stand over me, but that brought me back to my feet. Taylor and I were very nearly eye to eye, but Abbie was a good deal shorter. She showed no deference, but at least I wasn't any more either. "You think that's funny? To go rummaging through somebody's head when they're helpless?"

That brought an outright guffaw. "Seriously? Fucking seriously?"

"Language..."

"I'm sorry, it sounded like Mr. I-Have-My-Own-Mind-Fucked-Harem Canon was talking to me about respecting people's boundaries! Shit, dawg, do you even hear yourself?"

An irritatingly fair point. I took a deep breath. Smoothing things over with Abbie would be a lot easier if I didn't approach it as a confrontation. The halls of GHS were saturated with the shattered dreams of teachers who'd tried to browbeat the Stern girls into compliance. I took a step closer and gently laid my hands on her shoulders, trying hard not to remember her sister, whom I'd vigorously fucked a mere forty-eight (forty-seven?) hours earlier, was watching. Abbie permitted me, at least.

"You're right. Look, I wanted to talk to you. Saturday was messed up, I know. I do appreciate you taking the risk you did. Truly."

Her hard eyes softened, albeit a hair. "There's bitches doing six to eight for pulling half the shit I did on that cop cunt, so you fucking better. "

"I do."

“So why’d you wait all week to say it then?”

I rubbed her neck softly. This technique alone had gotten me out of the doghouse more than a few times. “I tried to talk to you Sunday night, remember? But you weren’t in a talking mood.”

Her eyes flickered to Taylor. “Not when you come at me like that.”

“Hey. Now you know as far as I’m concerned, I’ll let you use my Serenex whenever you want. But you had to know I’d prefer you not use it on me. I appreciate you used a light hand. Light-ish, anyway. Unless there’s something you haven’t told me?”

To my relief, Abbie shook her head. “Nah. We done fixed you up good already last time around.”

“Then thank you for that, too. And yes, however unorthodox, your handling of Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour was effective. Having seen the results firsthand... it’s something all right.”

She grinned. “Yeah? You made Barbie crawl yet?”

“A little.”

“Nice.”

“I heard you and your boyfriend had a falling out.”

“You checking up on me?”

I rolled my eyes. “You’re popular. Deal with it. So what happened?”

Her eyes sparkled darkly. “He found out I was cheating on him.”

“How?” She wasn’t being careless with our secret, was she?

“I told him.”

I gave her arm a squeeze. “Conscience caught up with you, eh? I get that.”

Abbie merely laughed, however. “What? No, I was tired of sneaking around. Besides, the sex was just... bleh. Once I got a taste of that Canon cock, there was no going back to little boys. Hey, speaking of... what you up to tonight?”

Like that, she’d moved on from anger and back into casual acceptance of her role as my fantasy slut. “Unfortunately, I have plans. Getting together with some friends.”

“Other teachers?”

“Normal people, actually. Believe it or not, I did not pop into existence as an English teacher at GHS. They’re nobody you know, Abbie. They don’t even live around here.” Was that ever true. Some of us lived almost two hours apart, so we met up at a bar in White Oaks, where ironically none of us lived. It was the best compromise we could manage for our rendezvous.

“So can I come?”

“Can you... what?! No, you can’t come hang out with my friends!”

Her finger jabbed my chest. “Why not? They don’t know I’m a student here, right? I’ll just be your insanely hot slightly younger girlfriend.”

“Your humility is commendable. And no. I don’t want to have to explain to my friends why I, a high school teacher, would be in a relationship with an eighteen-year-old!”

Abbie stepped back and started fishing in her purse. What was she... Oh. She held up her driver’s license. “Twenty-two, beeyotch. See? Only four years younger.”

“Are you seriously showing me, a teacher, your fake ID?” I squinted at it. “Nicole M. Inaj. My god.”

“Oh come off it, already. I pass for twenty-two no problem. Never been caught.” Taylor snorted suddenly. “Oh shut up. So once or twice I had to flash a bouncer my tits, but still, I got in, didn’t I?”

Her sister shook her head, muttering, “Classy as fuck, Abs.”

“Regardless,” I interjected, “no way. Fun as it would be to show off a smoking hot babe of a girlfriend to the gang, it raises too many complications. Not worth the risk that someone will find out about my relationship with the Stern girls.” I realized I was parroting my Serenex programming. “Err, you, that is.”

Her lower lip thrust forward. “Lame.”

“Soon. I promise.”

That was that, the best confirmation I’d get that I wasn’t any more messed up than before, plus both Stern girls mollified.

Or at least, I’d thought that was that. I kept thinking so right up until we were ordering our second round at Gooses.

Sean couldn’t make it, but Alice, Jacqui, Jay, Roddy and I were all there, all punctual as usual. Gooses was a decent little bar. Since none of us lived in White Oaks, we’d chosen it only because it was near the highway and Jay had thought the lack of apostrophe in the signage would drive my English teacher sentimentality insane. (It did, but I seldom gave him the satisfaction of admitting as much.) The food was good, the drinks reasonably priced, the staff friendly, and the company top notch. I’d bought the first round; when Jacqui grew suspicious of the impoverished teacher’s generosity, I shrugged and said I’d been having a good week. I was spared further interrogation after Roddy piped in with the story of his week, which seemed to be going tragically the opposite direction – but the telling was up to his usual comedic standard.

Then, suddenly, in walked a woman who was the visual equivalent of a needle pulling off a record. Roddy trailed off mid-sentence in his vivid description of the smell of his patient’s foot fungus and stared. It was a very male stare, so Jay and I followed him first, but the ladies soon after with curiosity as to what had arrested our attention so.

The woman was gorgeous. Long chestnut hair ironed flat, wrapped in a thick, ornate braid that lay across her left breast, leaving her whole back exposed. Her body looked like it had been poured into her dress, the contents sloshing around and

threatening to spill over the rims with every movement. It was a hell of a dress, too – solid black, backless, ankle-length. The neckline hung down past her breasts and partway down her stomach, but was also slit to the hip on the left leg, like her thighs had refused to be out-advertised by her incredible swell of cleavage. Cut like that, there could be no bra beneath it. Tight as it was across a tantalizingly ample posterior, I very much doubted there were panties either. Only the dress, gaudy jewelry, and a pair of spiked heels that made every step an act of charity to the male eye.

“Somebody doesn’t want to go home alone tonight,” muttered Jay.

Alice shook her head. “Oh please, they’ll have her out on her ass the moment she hits the bar. That girl is seventeen if she’s a day.”

Roddy pounded his shot and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. “Oh please be at least eighteen.”

“She’s twenty-two.” All eyes were suddenly on me. Oh shit, that had been out loud. Damnit, Abbie!

Luckily, Jacqui’s assumption that was sharing Roddy’s optimism saved me from having to explain the specificity of my guess. “Oh, please. She looks like she’s on her way to the prom.”

“Senior prom is still eighteen,” Roddy pointed out.

Alice laughed. “Normally I’d tell you to quit staring, but... shit, girlfriend didn’t come in like that to avoid attention.”

Abbie made her way to the bar, boosting her short self up to a stool. The portion of the dress beneath the slit hung low, displaying her entire leg. She posed sideways, glancing around the bar but carefully avoiding dwelling on me.

“Attention?” Jacqui arched an eyebrow. “That’s what you call euphemism, right C? That girl wants some dick, and she wants it ten minutes ago.”

“So you’re saying I got a shot?” asked Jay.

“I’m telling Sylvia you said that.”

“If Sylvia could see *that*, she’d be more disappointed if I didn’t at least try,” he quipped.

“What do you think that back tattoo says?”

Roddy squinted, then shrugged it off. “I’ll check it out tonight while I’m... you know, never mind. Too crude, even for me.”

“Whoa, hey, where are you going?” demanded Jacqui. But I wasn’t waiting to explain myself. There wasn’t any explanation I could give. I walked up to the bar, leaving a quartet of gaping friends in my wake.

Abbie didn’t so much as look in my direction as I strode up beside her. I didn’t even sit down; I shoved the stool out of my way. “Do you mind telling me what in the fuck you’re doing here?” I demanded in a low voice.

Only then did she glance over. Her expression was one of bemusement, curiosity why a churl like me would approach a queen like her. “I’m sorry, do I know you?”

“How the hell did you know where to find me? Did you follow me here or something?”

“Look, guy, I don’t know what you’re talking about, but if you’re trying to *cause a scene*, you’re going about it the right way.”

The veiled warning registered in spite of my rancor. My friends were all watching on tenterhooks, but were too far to be able to hear us over the music playing in the background. They would, however, have questions about why I was accosting this seeming stranger if I didn’t switch up my approach. I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern girls. So instead of dragging her to the parking lot as I was inclined to, I forced a smile. “Abbie, I swear to god, you have about ten seconds to explain your presence before I—”

“Excuse me, miss?” interrupted the bartender, stopping in front of us – in front of her – with a drink in his hand. “This is from the gentleman down yonder.”

We both looked to where a man easily another ten years older than me was seated, grinning broadly. He lifted his own glass to her when she made eye contact. Abbie raised his gift in salute, then, without a word to me, walked down the bar with it and took a spot next to him. I watched helplessly as she let him engage her in conversation. About what, I couldn’t guess.

While I waited for her to finish amusing herself by putting me off, I ordered myself another drink and settled in. I tried not to look back to the group, but when self-consciousness got the better of me, it was confirmed that all eyes remained on me. No doubt they were waiting to see me make an ass of myself, crashing in the style of Icarian legend. As Abbie giggled and flirtatiously placed her hand over the man’s (*he was old enough to be her father, for pity’s sake, and definitely not as good-looking as me!*), I wondered just how far my friends’ jaws would drop if they had an inkling what all I had been up to the past couple weeks. I barely believed it myself, sometimes. They stared in disbelief that I would try, and here I was already awash with carnal knowledge. Seldom had the possession of a secret given me such an overweening sense of myself.

Roddy made his way to the bar after a few minutes, ordering a round for our table at my side. “Damn, man. You’re really doing this, huh?”

“I... am?” I hadn’t meant for that to be a question. I harrumphed away my uncertainty. “Err, yes. I am.”

“Does she know that?” He nodded to where Abbie was laughing much too hard at something the man had said.

“Am I supposed to go over there and drag her off of him?”

“I dunno, buddy. But it doesn’t look like it’s going so hot with the long distance eyeballing strategy. If you find a way to make it work though, let me know. I would nail that girl six ways from Sunday.”

“Doesn’t sound like Jacqui and Alice would approve of you shtupping the kid.”

“Jacqui only gets a say if it’s her hubby doing the shtupping. And Alice? She’s only hating because she’s jealous of that girl, man.” He eyed Abbie hard as he took a swig from his bottle. “And good reason. My Lucy can get it.”

I laughed. “Lucy?”

“Any woman that dangerous gotta be a Lucy. Shit, banging her would be an act of bona fide heroism.”

The bartender set down a trio of bottles and took a bill from Roddy’s hand. “Yeah?” I asked, rising to my feet.

“Fuck yeah.”

I pounded the rest of my drink, mostly managing not to wince. “Well then, ready my cape.”

“Get ‘em, Tiger.” He clapped me on the back as I made my way past him.

“...in finance, but I’m looking to open my own business soon,” the man was saying. Lying, probably.

Abbie leaned in, breasts threatening to burst free from her neckline. “Oh really? Businesses are so interesting. What kind of business did you have in—”

“Hey.”

The two looked over at me. It was the man who responded, immediately recognizing me as a threat moving in on his would-be conquest. Poor guy had no idea. “Excuse us, but the lady and I were having a conversation.”

I kept my eyes right on Abbie’s. The man barely existed. “Come with me,” I commanded.

“I don’t think you were listening, pal. I said, the lady and I were talking. Why don’t you take a seat.” He probably sat up taller, or cracked his knuckles, or some other macho posturing bullshit. I wouldn’t know. I wasn’t looking.

“You heard the man.” But her eyes signaled her mirth.

“I heard him. He said you were talking. Were. Now, we’re talking. So let’s... talk.”

The man said something, but Abbie spoke right over him. “You have something you want to say to me, Mister?”

“Matter of fact, I do.” I took a step closer and tilted her chin up so that our eyelines met. “You’re incredible, and I want to buy you a drink, and take you home with me,” I stated plainly. My desire to simply get her out of this bar and out of sight of my friends was a part of it, but really, the ambiance was working. Standing there with dozens of people watching or half-watching us, it was easy to forget she wasn’t simply some gorgeous woman at a bar, advertising her availability to us poor lonely slobs. If

this were a normal night, and a woman like her walked in, with a body like hers, in a get-up like hers, with red, plump lips like hers... I'd be watching for her every time I stepped into Gooses for the rest of my life.

The man said something. I couldn't have cared less what. From the way Abbie stood up, silencing him with a brush of her fingertips on his wrist, she couldn't either. "So buy me a drink then, handsome."

We returned to our seats. I could feel my friends' eyes on me, but I kept mine on the woman at my side. Her former companion continued glowering at me from across the way, though who could blame him. "You really do look great, by the way. You clean up pretty nice."

"Thanks. It's the dress I wore to prom."

I couldn't help but laugh. When she demanded to know why, it took some doing to dissuade her curiosity. I didn't want Jacqui's bitter comment to hurt her feelings. Not only to be polite, but because who knew what Abbie's character's policy was on knifing catty strangers in bar fights? "So really, what on earth possessed you to come in here tonight?"

Abbie sipped at her whiskey sour. That had been my pick. It had seemed the sort of drink high school girls who fancied themselves hard drinkers would fancy. "You did, dumbass. Weren't you paying attention? I told you, I got all sorts of good shit out of you the other night."

"And I said ambush me while I'm out with my friends? Because I don't think I ever fantasized about that."

"You said you wanted to make people jealous. I figured, I can't exactly have you fuck me in front of the whole school while every boy at GHS fills their spank bank with a blur spot where you're standing. So I could at least have every guy in this bar drooling over me while you walk me out the door with your hand on my ass."

It was one hell of a suggestion. I was sold on it immediately. But first... "Kiss me." She smiled. "Cocky mother fucker, ain'tcha?"

"Kiss me, or I'll leave now and go home and fuck Cassie instead."

"The hell you will. You know you ain't settling for less than all this now."

I practically lunged at her, kissing her so hard it slammed her back against the bar. She saw it coming all the same, but she reciprocated with relish that was plain to not only me, but everyone else in Gooses. I hadn't realized how exposed her hips were from that backless dress until I took hold of them and pulled her body against me. As it transcended from kissing to full-on making out, I slowly became cognizant of the bartender looming nearby. As someone who regularly enforced the PDA rule at my own place of employment, I recognized the look on his face and let Abbie go. Her lips chased after mine as I stepped back.

"Let's get out of here."

Abbie aligned herself beside me. I took a step, but when she didn't follow, I remembered the condition she'd placed on it and pressed an open palm against her ass. Definitely no panties. I smirked over my shoulder at the gloomy expression of the guy who'd helped loosen her up for me with that first drink. Someone hooted. Roddy? No matter. I was walking out with the hottest babe who'd crossed that threshold all year at my side. I deserved hoots.

If it had been a little darker out, I might have fucked her right there in the parking lot. There was no way I was making it all the way back to my place, though; it was almost an hour away, and an erection this severe could be deadly if put off that long. There was a motel within line of sight, though, right off this same exit off the highway. The clerk's expression said he knew full well why I was in such a rush for a room key, though when he caught sight of Abbie sitting on the hood of my car right outside the lobby, his jaw dropped. Did he think she was a hooker? Probably. Either way, he was plainly impressed.

I staggered backwards into our room as Abbie herded me in lips first. We tumbled directly onto the bed, and she had my pants down in seconds. "The door, Abbie, Jesus!" I snapped. I hurried out of the rest of my clothes as she patiently glided over and closed it, twisting the lock.

She tugged my socks off for me, completing my own undressing. "Well then, shall I?" She grinned, reaching behind her neck and undoing the silver clasp that held up that magnificently sexy dress. How she'd managed to sneak that thing past Principal Horen's censors at prom, I couldn't imagine. Knowing Abbie, she'd had Alex sneak her in one of the side doors.

"Wait!" I cried suddenly, before I even knew why. But Abbie halted gamely, lowering her arms to her sides. She stood in place, letting me admire her. Because of course she did. Like she'd said a dozen times since her sister accidentally put the idea in her head, she was a sex object. Tits and ass. There to be ogled – nothing inappropriate about it. As far as she was concerned, she was lucky to have me.

I walked around her in slow circles, admiring her body from every angle. There was no telling which one displayed her best. How her tits and her ass each thrust themselves out in their respective directions in profile. The way I could only just make out where her breasts curved away from her chest beneath her arms. How her ass was so plentiful, the dress so tight, that it tried to crawl into her crack. The sheer depth of that thin line of cleavage, a bottomless canyon centered in a deep oval rimmed by black fabric. Even the braid was surprisingly sexy, uncharacteristically sophisticated in its intricacy.

I pulled her down on top of me as I toppled backwards onto the motel room's creaky bed. Abbie slithered up to mount me in the next breath, her pussy effortlessly engulfing my pulsing cock, guided with pinpoint accuracy by the honest instinct of a true

fantasy slut. As much as I would have loved undressing her, she was somehow even sexier with the dress on. The thrill of stealing her from another man at a bar subsided and became a waking daydream of sneaking her out of prom unbeknownst to her date, then smuggling her into this motel for a quick, cheap fuck before returning her, dripping with my cum, to the poor jerk who'd paid for her prom ticket.

Abbie was only a junior, though, so there was always next year's prom to do it for real.

"What do you think Alex would do if he could see us now?"

Abbie broke into grins. Sweaty, panting grins. "Try to beat the shit out of you."

I sunk my fingers into the soft, round booty beneath that slinky dress. "Only try? What, you don't think he could take me?"

"He'd have to go through me first, C-dawg." Her laugh bespoke her surmise of his odds in that confrontation. Or maybe she was just enjoying herself. She did laugh sometimes when she was coming. It was about the closest that the girl came to being sweet.

Her ass received a reproofing slap. The filmy dress did nothing to protect it. "Guess Will didn't merit protection, eh?"

"Guess Will shouldn't have narked to Mrs. Hildibrand about me copying his work." As if frustrated that her tits weren't getting enough attention, Abbie moved my hands to her front, brushing aside the cups of her dress to make way for me. Their massive heft bounced in opposite time with my thrusts, launching upward and then slamming down into my palms as I pistoned into her pussy once again.

"I'm still a teacher, Abbie..." I warned. I think I even meant it when I said it, though the preposterousness of the warning sunk in the moment the sound hit air.

"And I'm still a set of tits and ass for your ogling pleasure. So shut up and fuck your hot little nympho bar babe already, yeah?"

"You got it, Lucy."

"Lucy?" she grunted.

"My friend thought you looked like a Lucy."

She slammed down onto my cock, all the way to the hilt. Her hips gyrated slowly as her pussy squeezed my cock like she was milking the thing. "Yeah, but I feel like a Tightly." Then I was coming inside her, my beautiful stranger, so I didn't have the wherewithal to laugh at the pun until after I recovered.

Each of my friends – and Sylvia – texted me before the night was out in a mix of incredulity, curiosity, and in Jacqui's case, mostly jocular condemnation. I didn't respond. What was there to say? I didn't want to lie to my friends, and I certainly couldn't tell the truth. I'd come up with something later.

As for Abbie, she wasn't about to let me off so easily. No mere fuck and forget for my fantasy slut, no sir. I was still about two miles from her house when she paused her

casual gift of road head – the safest way to keep anyone from seeing her in my car, we'd agreed – to push some buttons.

“So you're not pissed I followed you, are you?”

I sighed. “No. Not much, anyway. Just... don't do it again, all right? I'm going to have a hell of a time explaining that.”

“Just tell them you were tired of being a pussy and took what you wanted. I mean, that is what happened, right?”

“Thanks to you, I suppose.”

“I ain't had nothing to do with that, C-dawg. But Tay's right about one thing – you're one hot-ass mother fucker when you take charge. I hope I get you for senior English.”

“If you're as much of a handful as your sister, I'm not sure where I stand on that. But I guess we'll see.”

“I fill them hands way better than her flat little titties,” she retorted with a giggle.

“Flat? She's an E cup, Abbie.”

Abbie ignored me, softly stroking my spit-slicked cock. “So when we doing the next thing? I got some badass new material to try out once you finish wasting your time on Cassie and Tay and MILF-face and the cop and the teacher bitch. Huh. You know, when I say it out loud, that does actually sound like it could take a while.”

“Anything to do with this big secret you have Isa and Candy working on?”

I was watching Abbie closely for a reaction, but the back of her head was no more instructive than her response. “Nah.”

Ah, well. Abbie can use my Serenex whenever she wants. “Fine, have your little secret. Don't make me wait *too* long. I'll try to make time this weekend. I'm backed up on work, and I do have to have final grades enter by end of the day next Friday, so—”

“Yikes, really failing to appreciate the line between being a take-charge stud and a limp-dicked bureaucrat.”

“So we'll see. You have plans?”

She stroked harder. I was getting close. “If I make plans, you go right on and interrupt 'em. I'll ditch any lame-ass party for some rockin' good sex with my favorite teacher.”

I patted her head gratefully. “Kind to say. Now hurry up and get me off before we have to finish in your parents' driveway.”

“There's my stud.”

“There's my slut.”

Thursday I returned my seniors' letters to selves. It was an activity we did back in early September, once enrollment and class schedules were stable, where we turned off the lights and took half a period to write something down for student eyes only. They sealed the letters themselves, some employing all sorts of arcane methodology to ensure I couldn't open and read it. It was always a moving experience, inevitably a student or two (or half a dozen in fourth period) breaking into tears over something they'd said. We'd all been ready to support Greg in my first period, whose father had passed away from cancer back in January. I don't think there was a one of them who didn't join in the group hug. I had a good crop this year, all right. (Even with Taylor.) After, they scribed another letter to themselves, this time with the freedom to respond to the former, to address it to the future, or simply talk to themselves in writing. It was the sort of assignment that only worked in the emotional haze that accompanied the end of the school year, but work it did.

The emotional high that accompanied these off-the-curriculum exercises in self-reflection, I'd actually forgotten about my promise to eat with Candy and Isa. The two were there within moments after the bell sounded to start our lunch period. Despite my initial inclination to avoid starting another unfinishable sexual conquest like I had Monday, the sight of Isa's breasts in her uniform, no longer encumbered by bra or that sin of a compression shirt, wore me down. The assistant volleyball coach's pitiful ability to contain her desire to see me degrade her girlfriend didn't help. I settled for having Isa take her shirt off and eat kneeling on the floor, which was about all the stomach for that sort of thing I had. If Candy wanted dog collars, paddles and nipple clamps, she was going to have to find and use them herself. Still, her obvious enjoyment of me abusing my power was a little too infectious, so I let the woman sit her tight little ass on my lap and dry hump me while I ate, up until the bell.

"Please, Mr. Canon, you *have* to come over sometime this weekend. I swear to you, we will make up for everything and more. No more tricks. You'll see."

"Oh yeah?" The sounds of students in the hallways was plain to all three of us. As Isa hastily donned her uniform, I considered. "Show me the tattoo."

Candy frowned. "You... you were serious about that? I thought you had to be teasing."

"I told you he wasn't teasing," Isa chimed in, buttoning as fast as she could.

"You should listen to your girlfriend."

"I'm not doing that," she insisted. "It's degrading."

A sharp knock at the door accompanied a query as to whether I was in here. The handle jiggled, but we locked it now out of habit. "Admirable. Isa, I'll see you Saturday at seven. See if we can't have more fun than we did last time out. Be ready to make good on that promise of hot new lingerie. Candy... you can have a quiet night alone with your integrity."

“Mr. Canon, be reasonable,” she whined.

“Do you have a favorite color, Master?” Isa asked, eyes cast to the floor. Her girlfriend whimpered in unquenchable lust at the use of the term.

“I like surprises. Now get going. I have a job to do.”

Following Taylor’s after school session, in which she got fully caught up in missing work from her government class, I returned home with a light heart and a heavy briefcase. The night was spent in vigorous grading and enough texting to take me back to when I’d been a student myself.

Roddy wanted to know how things had gone with the babe from the bar. I told him we’d had a pleasant evening, and let him think what he would. The truth was far more salacious than his assumptions anyway.

Taylor proposed that she write her final essay for my class as a reflection on Emerson’s “Self-Reliance.” It was a text from second quarter, one which she’d not even bothered to plagiarize a submission and had instead taken a zero. Accordingly, I was hesitant to let her use it for a quarter four essay, but after some back and forth, I was persuaded to let her give it a go. At least she remembered the abstract treatise existed, which was more than could probably be said for a lot of her peers. Plus, I was genuinely impressed that she endured the negotiation without once resorting to her pussy, by far her best bargaining chip. True dedication right there.

Candy checked once more to see if I’d really meant it. I did. I had plenty of pussy in my life and most of it had never stabbed me in the back. If the woman wanted back in my good graces, that was the price. She told me it wasn’t fair. I agreed.

Sean wanted to know what the hell he’d missed last night that Roddy and the gang were blowing up his inbox with word that I was Gooses’ most successful new pickup artist. I told him that if he bought me a few rounds next time out, maybe I’d give him a couple tips.

Abbie wanted reassurance that I’d never fucked a girl with better tits than hers. I didn’t have the heart to tell her she had but to look across the hall. (The girl was prodigious in that regard, yes, but if I were forced to establish a gradation of perfection, there could be such a thing as too big, if only slightly. The curves of Taylor’s peaks were at the peak of that particular curve.)

Jacqui wanted to make sure that if that was how I was going to conduct my affairs – *plowing chicks barely older than your students* – that I knew to stock up on condoms and secure the number of a good babysitter. Her underestimation would have been the perfect example for when I had to teach situational irony next year, especially if Abbie were in my class, if not for that one niggling detail.

Isa sent out a snarky text asking if she would be reimbursed for the lingerie, or if she and her fellow sex slaves had expense accounts. I told her to come to school

tomorrow with no underwear of any kind beneath her uniform. She told me to go fuck myself.

Amy Cook-Burfield asked if I had taken the senior portfolios from the supply closet. I had not.

Cassie wanted to talk about whether I had ever had anal sex before. How excited I was to try it on a 10-point scale. If I minded that she was nervous. If having a sexier butt made butt sex more interesting, even though the sex part didn't happen with the butt cheeks but just the hole between them. If it was sexier to call it a butt, an ass, a booty, or something else. If I'd ever thought about fucking her mom's butt. If I was intending to fuck her mom's pussy. How weird it would be if I knocked her mom up. Her realization that if I married her mom but kept fucking her daughter, and then if I knocked up my stepdaughter, then the child would be both Cassie's sister and her child at the same time. If there was a special tax credit for giving birth to your own brother or sister. How dumb it was that schools taught about mitochondria but not how to do your taxes. I assured her I had no intention of marrying Megan, or Cassie, or anyone else, or knocking up anyone. She agreed that marrying her booty caller would be weird, as would marrying her next door neighbor, as would marrying a teacher at her school, but noted that if it would bring me pleasure, she'd be down with it.

Megan casually inquired if I meant to marry her daughter. I assured her that had been Cassie's fit of delusion, and that I had never suggested any such thing. In text, it was hard to tell if she was relieved, or disappointed.

Isa texted again, this time apologizing for her outburst and promising she would wear anything I commanded. I told her to show our conversation to her girlfriend. Candy texted me a minute later, promising she'd get the tattoo after school tomorrow and asking if she could join us Saturday night.

I slept alone that night. But I didn't feel alone.

At last, Friday.

Part Seventeen: Casual Fridays

For all the fuss made – rightly so – over punishing young women for letting their bra straps or midriffs show, the notion that teachers couldn't perform their jobs in a pair of jeans didn't receive enough press. The same went for most professions with similar dress codes, really, but standing all day in front of people half of whose fashion sense was clearly guided by the principle of whatever lay at the top of their drawer... well, it felt like more than a little hubris. Nevertheless, while my union dues had done nothing to stymie the proliferation of standardized testing, increase control over the curriculum, raise my income at a pace with cost of living, or reduce class size, it had granted me the right, once a week, to wear jeans and a t-shirt.

Not too bad, all things considered.

That particular Friday, I'd even gone that 3% bit extra and worn the jeans I usually reserved for a first date. They fit snug, especially across my butt and groin, which helped make leg days seem worth it. Hardly anyone would notice or care, but I would. Taylor, I hoped, would. There was something to be said for looking good for your woman.

Not that Taylor Stern was my... oh, whatever.

There had been so many pleasant days of work in a row that it was almost suspicious. Spring weather and the promise of summer freedom had a way of bolstering morale, and my decision to reposition *Catcher* to the end of the unit rotation seemed to be helping as well. My juniors were less enthralled with *1984*, but the malcontents were quiet about it, at least. I even got a compliment on the jeans from a student other than Taylor, which was a bit less appropriate, but Tabitha had always enjoyed some brown on her nose. The more her classmates teased her about it, the more she licked those boots. Besides, for my part, I wasn't about to reject a little flattery.

Abbie stopped by during Taylor's after school session to see if I was free that evening. Having spent the previous night recuperating, I assured her that I was indeed up for anything.

"What did you have in mind? I wouldn't object to a quiet night in. How you young people say, Netflix and chill?"

Taylor groaned. "Oh my god, I am never going to be able to hear you do your 'how you young people say' routine again without thinking of that, you filthy old bastard."

"How quiet we talking?" Abbie inquired. "I was thinking it might be time to have ourselves another foursome. Last weekend was pretty fucking hot until those lying bitches wrecked it."

"If Cassie's available, I suppose we could give it a go. I'll stop by the grocery store on the way home, make sure I have snacks, drinks."

“Snacky snacks and juicy juice? Wowie, that sounds swell, Mr. Canon!” chirped Abbie.

A grinning Taylor was right on her heels, adding, “Don’t forget to ask your mommy if you can have friends over past curfew!”

“Fine. See if I get anything for you to eat.”

Abbie’s hand quickly found its way to the front of my jeans. “I got everything I wanna eat right here.”

“Barf,” mumbled Taylor.

Heedless of the criticisms of my subordinates, an hour later I walked in my front door with a bag of pretzels, a pack of frozen pizza rolls and a case of beer in hand. It said a lot about societal influence and indoctrination that I felt more conflicted providing students alcohol than I did having sex with them. No matter. The Stern girls’ car was parked in the driveway next door, which meant the girls were already waiting for me with Cassie. Seeing Megan in her back yard standing over her grill, I made my way over to the fence to say hello.

“Hot dogs or hamburgers?”

“Hamburgers,” my neighbor answered. “And that has to be literally hamburgers. Robby’s in this phase where he won’t eat cheese, and he loses his head when he sees anyone else doing it. I think somebody tried to explain veganism to him? Nobody knows.”

“Ah, how they understand so much and yet comprehend so little. Just don’t tell him where the burgers come from, eh?”

She laughed. “Not until he’s affirmed he’s enjoying it. Do you remember when Cassie went through her vegetarian phase a couple years back? The whole volleyball team was trying it. Drove me up the wall, prepping two meals every night.”

“I’ve thought about it myself. I feel like I’d just need somebody to walk me through it, teach me how to feed myself and not be miserable over it.”

“I’d tell you to probe Cassie, but for one, I don’t think she ever actually enjoyed it, and for two, looks like you were planning on probing her tonight already.” She waggled her eyebrows, pleased with herself.

“Looks like. Are you feeding them, or am I?”

She gestured to the heaping plate of beef patties. “You think Robby and I are eating all this?”

“I guess not. Well hey, I’m gonna head in. Just tell them they can sneak on over whenever they’re ready. I’ll leave the back door to the garage open for them.”

“Sure you don’t want to join us? We got plenty of food, and it looks like you’re going to need the energy.”

The prospect of sitting at the table with Megan and Abbie and Taylor and Cassie, a big happy unit enjoying a meal before I fucked them one after another... it was

certainly intriguing, but... there was also Robby. I didn't want to have to explain to him why Cassie and her new friends kept playing the neighbor's crotch under the table.

I waved away the invitation. "Nah, I'll leave you to it."

"Suit yourself. Did you wanna see my tits?"

"Um, excuse me?"

"You were staring, so I didn't know if you were looking for an appetizer before Cassie and her friends serve up the main course."

Wow. Just... wow. When I'd programmed her to enthusiastically support anything I wanted, I hadn't imagined she'd capitulate *this* readily. If not for the looming prospect of the Sterns pitching a fit, I'd have taken her up on it. Fucking a woman in an apron had always been a fantasy of mine. I wondered if that had come up during Abbie's interrogation while she'd had me under last weekend.

With a polite excuse and a sincere compliment on how hard those tits made it to decline, I bade her a good evening and went home.

Objectively, the wait wasn't long, but when you're waiting for three gorgeous teenage girls to swing by for an orgy, forty-five minutes feels more like forty-five years. At long last, though, I heard voices from the garage. A moment later, in walked my little trio.

After our get-together last weekend at the girl's field locker room and all the stagecraft and roleplay that had kicked it off, it all felt strangely casual. There I was in the same jeans and GHS polo shirt I'd taught in. The girls were no more adorned than I was. Abbie was dressed in jeans with some fashionable holes torn around the knee and thigh with a cute green top that showed only a modicum of cleavage. Modest, considering how much she had hidden away in there. Taylor was in denim shorts and a hoodie, blowing a big pink bubble from the gum in her mouth as she strode in. Cassie wore a brown dress with yellow flowers on it, but hers was nothing like that sexy thing Abbie had worn to Gooses Wednesday. It looked like she was on her way to church, or a piano recital.

"My mom made me put this on," she explained, evidently noticing my scrutiny. "She thought I should try to look nice for you. I told her it didn't matter because you usually liked me better in my underwear or naked anyway, but she said she didn't raise me to look like a bum." Her eyes flitted to her two schoolmates. "I think she thought they looked kinda bleh, like they're not two of the hottest chicks in school just because they aren't wearing tight skimpy outfits. Sheesh. Anyway, do you want me to take it off?"

"It's fine, Cassie. We don't have to jump into anything."

"Oh, but we oughta jump into things," said Abbie, skipping across the room and flouncing into my lap. "I got something special planned for tonight."

"You mean, more special than a foursome...? That's a pretty high bar."

“Fuck yeah it is. But I was thinking, maybe it’d be fun to... play a game.” Her eyes flashed. Taylor was grinning too. I was helpless to abstain from joining in.

“A game? What sort of game did you have in mind?”

She leaned her head on my shoulder, peering up at me as she traipsed her fingers up my chest. “How many times would you say you’ve had your dick in us, C-dawg?”

That was certainly blunt. “You mean actual sex, or...?”

“Mouths, pussies, titjobs, ass fucks, whatever,” said Taylor. “How many times?”

“I haven’t exactly been keeping count...” I considered for a moment. “A couple dozen, maybe?”

Cassie’s eyes went wide. “Wow! We’ve been having a ton of sex. I never thought of myself as a slut before, but I guess kinda, huh. Yeesh.”

Abbie smacked her on the ass, but in a friendly way. “Hell yeah, ya are.”

Taylor rolled her eyes. “Sleeping with one guy doesn’t make us sluts. That’s monogamy. It’s the exact opposite of slutty.”

“I think chastity would be the opposite of virginity, technically,” Cassie pointed out.

“The far end of the spectrum then, fine. Fuck,” grumbled Taylor.

“Huh. So like, a continuum, with insatiable nympho gang bang super whore on one end – I watched that during study hall today – and, say, my grandma on the other.”

“You did not just bring your mother fucking grandmother into this.”

“I mean, not physically, obviously. Unless he wants us to. Mr. Canon does seem to be into mom’s, so maybe mom’s moms...?”

“I am not into your grandmother!”

“You don’t have to say it like that. Meema has always been so nice to you.”

“You call your grandmother meema?”

“It’s what Papaw wanted!”

“That’s the whitest shit I’ve ever fucking heard, yo.”

“You’re white!”

“How dare you.”

“ANYWAY,” shouted Abbie over the three of us, practically in my ear. “Jesus, you fucking tards. So my point is, you got to know these bods pretty good, right?”

Considering how far afield I’d let the conversation roam, I let her insult slide. “I wouldn’t mind getting to know them a little better...”

“And you will, baby.” She tapped my nose playfully. “You will. But I thought it might be fun to put you to the test. See if you *really* know us.”

She might have been trying to be coy, but my gut told me where this was going. “What, so you’re going to blindfold me and then I have to guess who’s who by the textures of your pussies?”

“Look at you, Mr. Smart Guy,” she answered dryly, not a fan of my intuition. “Yeah, that was basically it. Except I was thinking mouths instead of pussies. Pussies don’t got technique like mouths do.”

“Disagree,” stated Taylor emphatically. Fair. She was admittedly good with her pussy.

Cassie intervened. “I’m with Taylor in principle, but a lot of it requires the girl to be piloting, and if we’re on top, I think our weight would give it away.”

Abbie’s eyes narrowed. “What, you saying I’m heavy or something?”

“Heavier than me, sure,” answered Cassie guilelessly. “Taylor too, probably. Though she’s also pretty tall, so... I dunno. You’re not as heavy as Mr. Canon, I guess.”

Before Abbie could leap out of her seat and strangle her, I patted her cushy hip affectionately. Then I held her down. Gently. “Weren’t you the one who told me ‘thicc thighs save lives?’ Relax, Abbie. You’re gorgeous. Right, Cassie?”

“Huh? Oh, I mean, obviously! Heck, lots of people think Rebel Wilson is hot and she’s definitely bigger than you.”

I groaned inwardly. Maybe she was actually trying to provoke Abbie and trusting me to keep the girl from killing her. Luckily, her trust was well-placed. “Knock it off, Cassie. She’s trying to do something nice, and you’re getting in the way.”

She muttered a forced apology, the same one I’d heard her give when Megan caught her being too much of a big sister. Some seniors really did not play well with juniors. Abbie resumed her explanation of the game. “So anyway, my point is, we’ll take turns, using only our mouths, and you have to guess which one of us is which just by the way we suck your cock. What do you think?”

My first thought was that it sounded like a really easy game. Cassie and Taylor both had very recognizable styles. Cassie emulated all the girls she’d seen in porn, spitting and slobbering and gagging and jacking me off while she played with the tip. Taylor, on the other hand, semi-politely permitted me to use her mouth, providing as little stimulus as possible. (It was ironic; if she wanted me out of her mouth, she’d be better served to hurry me along. I wasn’t about to tell her that her under-enthused style was one of my favorite things about her blowjobs.) Abbie I was less sure of – had I ever let her go down on me? It was all such a haze – but the other two seemed all too easy.

My second thought was that laying back and letting these girls take turns blowing me was one hell of a way to close out a work week. (My third was to rebuke myself for having these thoughts in a bizarrely reversed order.)

“What do I get if I win?”

“Um, three fuckin’ blowjobs?” answered an irritated Taylor.

Abbie waved her sister off. “You’re not gonna win.”

“I like my odds.”

“All right, fine. If you guess who’s giving you head three times in a row, we’ll...” She looked to her co-suckers. “We’ll each suck you off once a day for the next week.”

“We will?” Taylor scowled.

“He ain’t gonna win, Tay.” She looked back to me. “So what do we get when you can’t tell who’s who?”

I stroked my chin. What was a good incentive? I hadn’t missed the way she’d phrased it, the technicality. They were going to try to trip me up, and considering the calibre of deceivers I was dealing with, they had decent odds. What could I promise that I wouldn’t mind giving up?

“Fifty bucks.”

“Like we’re hookers?” wondered Cassie.

“Fifty? For *this* mouth?” demanded Abbie.

“Each?” inquired Taylor.

Once I recovered from my fit of laughter – by which time only Abbie was still glaring – I gave them a serious answer. “Sorry, sorry. You try keeping a PG sense of humor five days a week – it builds up. All right, so if you win... Hmm. I’ll give you each one night next week. You call the shots. We do whatever you want.”

“Butt sex!” squealed a delighted Cassie. Taylor eyed her like she was some sort of alien invader in human form.

Abbie squeezed my hand excitedly. “Deal!” She accepted Taylor’s hand to pull her back to her feet. “Now go to your bedroom and give us a minute to strategize.”

“Strategize? Come on now, that’s cheating!”

“We’re the ones sucking your cock, OK? Come on. Cut as a little slack.”

“Oh, have it your way. Do I blindfold myself, or wait for you?”

“Pff, like we’re gonna trust you to do it, ya cheater.”

I listened at my bedroom door, but couldn’t hear a thing aside from footsteps and whispers. When the former grew louder, I hurried to my bed and sat down like I’d been there the whole time.

“You hear anything?” demanded Abbie as she let herself in.

“Not a word. Your top secret blowjob plans are safe.”

The search for a suitable blindfold was easily resolved by Cassie picking up one of my ties off the dresser. I let them secure it, complained that it was a bit tight, and that was that. My world was a sea of deep blue. I could hear them walking around still, but that was my only clue about who was where.

“How do we know he can’t see?” asked Cassie. “Not that I’m saying Mr. Canon’s a cheater cheater pumpkin eater, but... ya know. I just *really* wanna win. Time for that plug to pay off!”

Knowing what she wanted to win, I was getting hard already. Hell, I might just tank this on purpose. Forget the fact that I could fuck her any time I wanted any way I

wanted; that given her own pick, she *wanted* to make me fuck her ass... it was just too damn hot.

Then someone slapped me in the face.

“OW!” I roared. “What the hell was that?!”

“Guess he really can’t see,” Taylor granted. Someone patted my reddening cheek, but the other two agreed the test had been successful.

“Should we tie up his wrists so he can’t touch and figure it out?”

“That is *not* happening.” I’d let myself be rendered helpless around these girls too many times already. “Besides, what assurances do I have that you won’t cheat?”

“How do you mean?” asked Taylor much too casually. I could hear the smirk.

“I mean, do I just take your word for it or what? Because I don’t,” I clarified.

Someone – Abbie, I deduced from the proximity of her voice – patted my head. “We’ll record it. Sound good? And then after, we can rewatch. We’ll eat your lil’ snacky snacks and you can critique our technique. Like Netflix and chill, but with homemade porn.”

“Hashtag amateur, hashtag teen, hashtag barely legal,” commented Cassie. “What? I’m not saying we should actually share it anywhere. Just fun thinking of yourself as part of an internet phenomenon. Oooh, like the cinnamon challenge! Remember that? Huh? Guys...?”

“Anyway,” continued Abbie, “we’ll use my phone. Just so the whole world doesn’t get to see us coughing up a lungful of ‘cinnamon.’” There was a brief pause. “All right, we’re live. And now I may or may not be handing off the phone to someone else, you don’t know.” She narrated the process of removing my pants and underwear, which seemed to be delegated to Taylor and Cassie given the direction of the voice. It was a little uncomfortable but nevertheless exciting, being touched by all these unknown hands.

“Oh boy, somebody’s already enjoying the game,” commented Taylor appreciatively.

“He better. You ready, C-dawg?”

“And eager,” I said. “Do your worst.”

I was surprised to discover a great many things that evening.

First, that blowjobs were more of a visual medium than I’d supposed. From the moment the first girl’s mouth took a lick along my semi-erect member, I missed being able to watch them. There was no eye contact. Their saliva may as well not have been glistening. Each bounce and snap in their hair as they reversed course was lost on me. That pink of their extended tongues. The sheen of Taylor’s chapstick, and the lipstick

rings Cassie would be leaving around my base. Abbie somehow managed to look arrogant and self-assured as my cock split her lips wide. The resigned grimace on Taylor's face as she waited for me to regain interest in her hole of choice. The strain and subsequent reward to catch a good glimpse of their breasts when they pulled back enough.

Blowjobs were lonelier in the dark.

The next surprise was how the blindness so quickly heightened my perception. (The blindness, or maybe my desire to win just to spite Taylor.) I was pretty sure she was up first, in fact. After a few licks and sucks to get me hard, the blowjob was an almost businesslike affair. She'd crawled between my legs, hands on my bare legs, and bobbed in a rhythm. The fingernails were one clue. On my right, at least, I could feel them digging into my thighs, and she had significantly longer nails than the others. Hmm.

I tried to perceive other clues. I could feel the girl's hair brushing back and forth against my skin. It felt... uniform, perhaps? Cassie had straight hair, and the Sterns both wavy. Was I imagining it though? Could I really tell the texture of their hair from the way it brushed across my skin?

There were noises too, however, and that was where they gave it away. I knew all too well the sound of Cassie's suppressed moans when she pleased me. It made her happy, and if she was one thing, it was bad at hiding her emotions. The longer it went, the more confident I felt. On several occasions she lost control, engaging her tongue more vigorously or twisting her neck to explore different angles. Once, it felt like her whole body suddenly jostled. Maybe she'd simply lost her balance? Or no, one of the others nudging her, reminding her to keep it simple? Seemed possible. I was pretty sure I'd heard a bare footstep on the hardwood.

It was Abbie's voice that informed me that it was transition time. It was close enough after probably-Cassie stopped that the lack of breathlessness in her voice ruled her out for me. Blowjobs weren't exactly a workout, but I'd seen too well last week what kind of shape she was in when she'd staggered into the locker room, sweating like crazy from a brief run. After a moment, someone else joined me on the bed, crawling into place between my legs. At least I thought it was someone else. I'd already considered they might use the same girl twice; they had never actually promised to each take a turn.

I was once more surprised when the new girl took a towel to my cock, wiping it dry. Immediately, I dismissed Cassie. She'd learned everything she knew about oral sex from watching porn, and porn stars weren't squeamish about having another girl's spit in their mouths. I dismissed Taylor as a suspect not long after. The new girl was enthused, more than I thought Taylor could fake even if she wanted to. (That I wasn't all that certain Taylor cared about her prize for winning contributed to my skepticism.) New girl went at it with gusto. I could feel her slobber trailing down my shaft and into

pubes beneath. At one point she tried and quickly failed a deep throat, falling back coughing. My straining ears barely made out her faint whisper, as if she'd mouthed the words but the tiniest bit of air came out in so doing.

"*It's so big!*" the girl exclaimed. Who was that? Cassie? It was higher pitched. Her or Abbie, for sure. It was too faint to tell. Unless they were fully committed to the deception, and that had been Taylor's vigor and someone else doing the whisper on her behalf. Or hell, had they smuggled Megan in?! That hadn't even occurred to me, but of course there would be no way I could pick out one more pair of footsteps among all the rest. No, I doubted that. These girls might be cunning, but they did not like sharing. Damnit, I was starting to get paranoid. Here I was thinking so hard I was barely enjoying myself. Hell, I'd be better off enjoying the ride of my defeat.

Girl two kept at it though, bobbing and sucking and slathering away with a passion – or a convincing approximation of passion. I yelped at one point as her teeth got a good scrape, and I was pretty sure I heard someone clapping a hand over the offending mouth before they could apologize. Cassie again, then? Abbie and Taylor wouldn't need to be muzzled. I doubted either of them had ever apologized to a man in their young lives.

"Nice work," said Abbie soon after girl two let me slip out from between her adoring lips with a wet and seemingly resigned *plp*. There had been enough of a delay that time that it could have been her, though. She wasn't ruled out.

"Think you can fool me that easily?"

Then someone kissed me, hard. Those lips, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt. Even if I hadn't, the gum Taylor left behind in my mouth sealed it for me as surely as her whispered words in my ear. "I think that I'll take Sunday, so I own your ass for a whole fuckin' day. I'ma be here at midnight, and ride you till your nuts turn back into pumpkins, mother fucker."

My consideration of throwing the contest evaporated. I wasn't about to let Taylor have that kind of satisfaction. I'd win this game, then have her over Sunday to lord it over her. Midnight to midnight. And maybe call in sick Monday to finish our lesson.

It was girl number three's turn, then. No wiping off spit this time. She began much more timidly, though. A curious lick, then another, and then more for some minutes. I wondered if they'd given up altogether at a long pause, but then I was engulfed wholesale in a warm, wet paradise. She held me there for a moment, lips adjusting slightly, as if seeking a proper grip or something. Then the tongue was back, and the neck reintroduced sweet blessed friction, and off we went.

I sought clues. What was I not noticing? There was no hair this time. Hmm. Had I seen a hair tie on Abbie's wrist? I thought I had. Unless that was another red herring – she could have given it to one of the others, expecting me to have noticed it when she was on my lap. The style only told me so much, beginning in trepidation but building

into increasingly exuberant enthusiasm. Taylor, slowly mustering the resolve to deceive me with a solid performance? Abbie, tripping me up by acting like she didn't love getting me off? Cassie, savoring as long as she could before losing herself in the heat of her own need to pleasure me?

Whatever. As the third mouth slowly glided up and down my throbbing cock, I closed my eyes beneath the blindfold and simply let it happen. If I lost, I lost. For now, I was receiving a relaxing blowjob from a wet and willing mouth, and I wouldn't look my gift horse in the mouth if I could. Third-mouth took its sweet time, exploring and probing and simply sucking me off without any more subterfuge of technique.

Another surprise came when they actually let me come this time – I'd been worrying they meant to make me wait until the game was over. The mouth pulled back hastily as I let loose, but another one – had to be another one, this one had its hair down – took its place. I laughed softly at realizing they had coordinated the swallowing process. My girls were something else.

"Well done, everybody. You girls are incredible. Can I take the blindfold off now?"

"One sec, one sec. Give us a second to mix it up so you don't get any clues," Abbie answered. There was a pitter patter of feet shuffling all around the room, even into the bathroom – Taylor, going for my mouthwash to make a statement? they were positively devout! – and then the tie was pulled off.

The three of them stood at my bedside, grinning broadly as my eyes readjusted. "That was amazing, ladies. Seriously. Thank you for that."

"You're welcome," Cassie assured me. "Any time."

Taylor held out a hand. "Come on. Let's watch it in the living room together."

"Snacky snacks!" cried Abbie excitedly.

"Anything to get the dick off my breath," muttered Taylor, though she had a thin smile. "Some fucker stole my gum."

"Language. And you know my policy on chewing gum."

Three weeks ago, I'd come home from school and watched a looped video in which I'd coerced her into flashing her boobs and making a false confession. That had been in an era before I'd discovered a more efficacious manner of solving my problem of keeping secrets. Now, Serenex had ensured that our little circle remained closed.

Just when I thought my surprises were over, Abbie showed me how to play a video from my phone on the living room TV. I hadn't even known that was possible. Three of us nestled in tightly on the couch, one Stern on either side of me, and Cassie settled onto the floor between my legs. And yes, Abbie had retrieved my bag of pretzels.

"All right, we're live. And now I may or may not be handing off the phone to someone else, you don't know. Now let's get our fella's pants off," the video began. She had indeed not handed the phone off, standing back and recording Abbie and Taylor cooperating to remove my pants. Once my cock was out in the open – (another surprise,

that having it recorded made me more self-conscious) – Abbie hit the pause button on her phone, which also paused it on the TV.

“So. Girl number one. Who’s your guess?” Abbie asked me, squeezing my thigh excitedly.

“Not that it matters,” added a smug Taylor. “We got you so good.”

“Let’s see. I’m going to say... Cassie.”

My neighbor looked up at me, grinning. “Me? Why me?”

“Because I know that mouth of yours by now.”

Abbie hit play. That the camera was remaining more or less stationary at least confirmed that it wasn’t her. “Survey says...” Taylor drum rolled on her lap. Then after a moment, I saw Cassie crawl between my legs, tongue extended, a curtain of red hair obscuring much of the blowjob. “Cassie Brown!”

The girls applauded my guess, and I gestured haughtily. “Told you I knew your style. I’d invite you to throw in the towel, but I don’t wanna let you off the hook.”

“Aw crud, I thought I did so good! Abbie said if I went at it like blowing you was no fun, you’d think it was Taylor.” Taylor didn’t exactly look flattered by the admission, but so be it.

“You should have tried to enjoy it less. Those little moans of yours gave everything away.”

The four of us kicked back and watched Cassie work. Abbie – the Abbie on my TV – walked around some with the camera, and it even looked like Taylor was trying to get a better observation angle from the way her shadow moved around in frame. She zoomed in to show Cassie, who took her fingernails out of my leg long enough to thumbs up the camera. I’d been exactly right about when she’d gotten too excited, and even about a shove in the hip from Taylor to rein her in. Feeling good about myself, I wrapped an arm around the shoulders of each Stern sister, taking one titanic titty in each hand and massaging possessively. Both seemed perfectly content to allow it. Abbie even fed me a pretzel.

“Man, it’s like we’re watching porn, except *I’m* the porn,” Cassie observed.

I rubbed her exposed thigh with a socked foot. “How’s it feel?”

“I wouldn’t have thought so, but I am so turned on right now. Like, I never thought I could actually do porn before, but... I think I look pretty good, don’t I? The closeups sort of show my pores a little, and the lighting isn’t great, but if I had makeup on, and if I got to pick something cuter to wear? Or go naked. Sucking Mr. Canon’s cock with clothes on actually felt weirder than being filmed while I was doing it. But I’d bet a lot of people would totally jack off watching this, don’t you think? I could probably make some moolah at this – if you thought that’d be fun. How come I never thought about this before? I guess the guidance department doesn’t really put ‘porn star’ on their career survey though, do they Mr. Canon?”

“No, I’m pretty sure they don’t. And for the love of god, don’t let your mother hear you talking like that. I’m not sure Serenex will be enough to make her forgive me if I turn her baby girl into a porn star.”

“You can actually make really good money doing porn,” Abbie shared around a mouthful of pretzel. “My cousin makes like six hundred a month from these sims on her onlyfans. Got to quit her part-time at KFC.”

“And Dana’s not even hot. Major cottage cheese thighs,” added Taylor. “Cassie, you could make fuckin’ bank. Especially if you got Mr. C to fuck you on camera. Sims pay out the ass for that shit, watching a wholesome little schoolgirl twat like yours get buttered.”

I cleared my throat. “Now I have to be a porn star, too?”

Abbie patted my leg as on-screen Cassie was being tapped on the shoulder, her time winding down. “They wouldn’t have to see your face, C-dawg. You’d just be a lucky dude with an awesome cock.”

“He’s already a dude with an awesome cock,” said the Cassie at my feet. I hazarded a glance at Taylor, who rolled her eyes but gave a grudging nod.

Abbie paused the movie once more. “All right, time for round two. We asked a hundred people, ‘Whose mouth was on Mr. Canon’s cock second?’”

As her sister began humming what I could only assume was the Family Feud theme, Taylor boasted, “We got you this time, asshole. We own your ass all next week.”

I stroked a pair of Stern tits pensively. Did I guess based on the evidence, or call their bluff with the riskier option? Oh, what the hell. The three of them seemed so confident in their scheme that I decided to trust my gut. “All right. So the second one had some more vigor to it, some passion. Now I would have gone with Abbie,” I said, pausing to let them share a smirk between them, “but I’m going to go with Cassie taking a second turn.”

I waited for them to show some sign that I had foiled their little trick, but their smirk remained fixed in place. Had I really been wrong? I’d felt so clever!

“Survey says...”

The camera was positioned perpendicular to the bed, monitoring me from the side. Cassie was visible on screen standing against the far wall, working a cramp out of her jaw. “Huh. So Taylor, after all. Darn. Who would’ve...” I blinked. “Would’ve...” I rubbed my eyes. “Would...” I pinched myself. None of it helped.

“Tabitha Hutchings! Come on down!”

On my TV screen, Tabitha Hutchings, clad in what I was pretty sure was the same yellow long-sleeve top and pink-and-yellow plaid skirt she’d worn to class that day, was inserting herself between my naked legs and wiping down my naked erection with the hand towel from my bathroom. Meanwhile, that same girl was striding out of my

bedroom and making her way down the hall with a shy smile and a little wave of her fingers.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Canon! You have a lovely home,” she said, stopping in the doorway.

Only after a moment did I realize I was still sitting there with two different students’ breasts in my hands. I recoiled instantly, eliciting a yelp from Taylor as my arm bumped her head roughly. Then after another moment, my brain caught up with the fact that a video of Tabitha sucking my dick was playing on my television. No need to be coy.

“Tabitha, uh, hi, nice to, um...” I turned to the hysterically giggling girl on either side of me. “What the hell did you do?! When did she get here?!”

The newcomer’s face wilted. “You guys didn’t tell him I was participating?”

Abbie answered Tabitha rather than me. “Yeah, we may have embellished that part.”

“The part where you told Mr. Canon I was going to give him a blowjob? Is it even legal, tricking someone like that?” Her face went pale. “Oh my god, did I just sexually assault a teacher?! Oh my god! What will my parents say? What about my scholarship!”

“Calm down, drama queen,” urged Taylor as the on-screen Tabitha tucked her hair back behind her ears to keep her target clear. It fell back in front of it immediately, but she was too engrossed by her blowjob to bother trying again. “Nobody’s pressing charges.”

“Not against her!” I snapped, taking to my feet. Neither Stern bothered to follow suit. They still looked nothing but amused by my outburst. I turned to Cassie, who looked thoroughly abashed. At least one of them did! “What about you? Did you know about all this?”

“Which part? The part where we smuggled her into the blowjob rotation, or the part where they snuck her upstairs at my party last week to dose her?”

“Those. *Those* parts.” I whirled back to the Sterns. “What on earth were you thinking? What happened to protecting the secret?”

“You told Officer Barbie and Candy!” protested Abbie.

“Wait, Officer Barbour knows about this?” asked a wide-eyed Tabitha.

“Only to help me track down the blackmailer!”

“You were being blackmailed?” Tabitha gaped.

“Yeah, my mom got all freaked out when she saw Abbie running around the yard naked.”

“You were running around the yard *naked*?!” screeched the new-comer, redoubling her incredulity even as her hashtag amateur counterpart coughed loudly and exclaimed her amazement with my cock size. “Do *I* have to run around the yard naked?!”

Can I at least wait until it's dark out? I'm pretty sure some people from my church live on the street behind your house."

"Come on, you don't have to pretend to be ungrateful, C-dawg," Abbie assured me. "You already told me you wanted her, so now you got her. You're welcome."

"When did I..." The Serenex. Shit. She'd already mentioned grilling me under its influence. "I mentioned Tabitha? Damnit, Abbie, how deep did you probe my fantasies?"

"You fantasized about me?" Tabitha wrinkled her nose. "Is that really professional for a teacher?"

"Yin and yang, eh? You got your bad girls, and now you got your good girls," Abbie clarified.

It wasn't untrue. Tabitha Hutchings was the stuff improper teacher fantasies were made of. She didn't have the bombshell body Taylor or Abbie had, but she had the face of an angel and more than enough tucked onto her lean frame to hold her own in a beauty contest. Everything about her outward appearance was just-so. Neatly tweezed eyebrows, makeup always subtle but immaculate. Rich brown hair brushed until it gleamed. Perfect posture. Penetrating blue eyes. Her pouty lips were the only plump thing on her entire body. She was slender and considerably more petite than even Cassie, but she wore it well. Her thick black-framed glasses were so cliché feminist-intellectual that I could hardly believe she wore them unironically.

It wasn't only her beauty, though. Tabitha was a straight-A student; the only reason she was in my class this year was because Amy's honors classes had filled up. We'd had to work out a deal to accommodate the excess brainiacs with extra work in our regular track classes and secure permission from the state to give them the added credit on their transcripts. Even so, it was plain she was bored, left to compete with the likes of Taylor Stern and her apathetic dullard friends in class discussions.

Now she was standing in my living room with me, the two of us watching a fresh recording of her sucking her teacher's dick.

"What exactly did you do to her?"

"We improved her," Taylor responded vaguely, shrugging.

"*Exactly*," I repeated.

Abbie rolled her eyes, pretending to struggle to remember for a moment until finally muttering, "I'll do anything to gain Mr. Canon's approval.' Something like that."

I sighed. "Anything else?"

"Eh, just your usual shit about keeping your perversions to herself."

Ugh, how had I let a chemically enforced secrecy clause become "usual shit?"

I turned to Tabitha, who was trying to ignore the sight of her grimacing at the tooth scraping incident playing out on screen. "I am so sorry you were dragged into this, Tabitha. That was never my intention. I will make this right, I promise."

She looked more embarrassed than anything. “I’m not sure what I was even dragged into, but I guess that’s what I get for trusting one of the Stern sisters about a secret study session at a teacher’s house. It sounded too good to be true, but I figured I could just laugh it off if it was nonsense. Plus I looked really cute today, I thought, so I reasoned showing up at your house might help. With the, um, approval thing.”

“You do. Look nice, that is.”

She glanced at the screen. “Sorry about the teeth, by the way. I’ve never given a blowjob before, so I was learning as I went. I’ll do better next time. If you want a next time, that is.”

“I think you’ve already done plenty. And don’t worry about the teeth. I’m sure I wasn’t perfect my first time going down on a girl, either.”

Tabitha made a face. “Are you sure that’s information you should be sharing with your students, Mr. Canon?”

“No, it’s probably not. Sorry, processing.” I turned back to Taylor and Abbie. “And you two... oh boy, am I not done with you two. I cannot believe you betrayed my trust like this.”

“If your trust kept you from fucking that prissy bitch’s face, maybe trust is a dumbfuck way to live,” shot Taylor.

Tabitha folded her arms imperiously. “I’m standing right here, you know. And unlike everyone else at school, I’m not afraid of you.”

Abbie was giggling again, however. “Man, if you were pissed about that, you’re really not going to like part three.”

Only when I glanced back did I see the video had been paused with Tabitha in the midst of crawling off the bed. Her eyes were frozen on my swollen red cock in an expression of apparent awe that only made Abbie laugh harder. Taylor, too. I grit my teeth, gesturing toward my bedroom. “Is there someone else hiding back there?”

“Maaaaybe...” Abbie pressed the play button on her phone without waiting for a guess this time.

Who else had they had at that party? Tawny? Lisa? Kris? I was pretty sure I’d seen Tiffany there. Both Tiffany’s, actually. Contrary to how it may seem, I didn’t actually lust after my students with any regularity, so the list of viable possibilities had to be pretty short. Taylor, yes, but she frustrated me in so many ways that it would have been strange if sexual frustration hadn’t been numbered among them. Abbie and Cassie were objectively attractive, but I’d never really thought of them that way. Tabitha, I supposed I could admit, was a weak point, the hot nerd girl kiss-ass with her immaculate presentation and tightly crossed always clean shaven legs.

At last, the guilty party emerged on screen. Cassie and Tabitha looked plainly uncomfortable, while even the Sterns looked anxious to see my reaction. My jaw dropped. Then dropped again. As I ascertained the identity of cocksucker number three,

I was well on my way to achieving the ability to unhinge it and swallow prey whole – which I was of a mind to do right then. My cock was long since engulfed before I worked up the wherewithal to say something, but as it turned out, the final surprise emerged from my bedroom then, strutting down the hallway with panache.

Justin pumped his fist in the air. “Sup, C-dawg. So... how’d I do?”

Part Eighteen: Quarterly Reports

“So let me get this straight,” said Tabitha, seated across from me in my living room. It was just the two of us now, the other girls – and boy – having been banished to Megan’s house until I was ready to deal with them. “You bought this Serenex compound to make Taylor be a better student. You say. Then you accidentally had her, then her sister, ingest it, and discovered its indoctrination properties. Through a series of snowballing missteps, they both become infatuated with you, though in the process also alert Mrs. Brown next door. To find out it’s her that’s attempting to blackmail you, you poison Officer Barbour and, somehow, her girlfriend? Is that right?”

“It’s not poisonous, and... yes.”

“Correction: you *drug* Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. You misidentify Cassie as the perpetrator,” she said, leaving no doubts as to how probable she found that prospect, “allow your brainwashed sex slaves to turn her into *another* brainwashed sex slave, then go on to use her to poison – sorry, drug – her own mother. Whom you subsequently turn into, again, a brainwashed sex slave.”

“I’m not sure I’d categorize it all like that.”

She tucked her hair back neatly behind her ears. “Let’s not get bogged down in semantics, Mr. Canon. So then you erroneously believe you’ve cowed Officer Barbour, and that Ms. Salata shares your predilection for – oh wait, I skipped where you compelled her to put on a sex show with... was it Abbie? or Taylor?”

“Abbie.”

“Sure. So Ms. Salata then makes you believe she’s also into that, the two of them reel you in with an offer of a threesome with two women you know to be avowed lesbians...? And you bought that?”

“Cut me a little slack, OK? I had a lot on my mind. And let’s not make it sound like I’m the only bad guy here. They’re the ones who tried to poison my food to turn me into some... soulless husk of a man!”

“Right, so suddenly it’s poison. But you manage to evade the trap, use three highschool girls as a distraction for the armed police officer so you can slide into Ms. Salata’s DMs, compel her to betray her partner in order to allow you to squelch what’s left of her independence, such that now the two of them are, for all intents and purposes, your brainwashed sex slaves.”

“Hey, they dosed me too, remember – that wasn’t me!”

“Of course. After Abbie snared Cassie Brown and her own sister for you, who could have predicted such an event,” she retorted dryly. “So then, you say without your knowing, they proceed to continue to recruit other members of the student body to be,

as I understand it, your brainwashed sex slaves. At the very least myself and Justin Diggs, plus an unknown number of others.”

“We don’t know that there are others. I’ll get to the bottom of it, though. This was never my intention, and I’m not going to stand for it.”

“Respectfully, Mr. Canon?” When she waited for permission, I gestured for her to proceed. “When was any of this ever *not* your intention?”

“I know how it looks, Tabitha. And I can’t even imagine how you must feel, what you must be thinking of me. But I got snared up in all this, too. Abbie put all this macho nonsense in my head.”

“Ah yes, the ‘don’t be a pussy’ thing you mentioned.” She wrinkled her nose in distaste at the term.

“Yes. But that’s not all. She’s made me allow her to use the stuff whenever she wants – which is fine – I mean it isn’t, but I can’t help... But yeah, *she* did that. Not me.”

“And so far, she’s exclusively used this stuff to bring you more brainwashed sex slaves? Would that be a fair summation of her endeavors?”

“Look, I don’t know what all is in my head, frankly. I shouldn’t need to tell you, considering what happened earlier, that it all *feels* very normal when it’s happening. It’s hard to step back and be objective.”

At last, the skeptical mask Tabitha was wearing showed a crack, if only slightly. “All right, I’ll grant you that. When they told me there was a study session here tonight, I thought it sounded crazy, but I figured worst case scenario, I surprise you on your doorstep, pay a compliment and leave with an awkward apology. It becomes a funny little incident, ha ha. Then when I got here and she said...” Her lips twisted downward. “Well, I certainly played the part they intended me to play, didn’t I.”

“And again, my apologies. I swear, I barely understand myself how you got wrapped up in—”

Tabitha forestalled the rest of my repetitive apology with a gesture, then folded her hands in her lap, smoothing out the pleats in her skirt. “You’ve already apologized. Keep doing it if it makes you feel better, but it’s really unnecessary.” From her tone, I inferred that it was unnecessary less because an apology wasn’t merited, and more because she was tired of hearing it.

Which was itself curious, her attitude. “You know, I have to say, considering what they did to you, I’m surprised you’re so... yourself. Normal, that is. The rest of them – and me too – we all caved pretty hard, pretty much instantly. But you’re... well, you’re...”

“I’m... what?” Tabitha arched one of those high narrow brows inquisitively.

“Let’s just say the others applied a lot less scrutiny than you are.”

A derisive laugh emerged from between her lips. “I imagine it was a shorter trip for the Stern sisters to become gigantic sluts.”

I couldn't help but laugh. Tabitha had made little secret of her contempt for Taylor all year in class. "Sure, but take Cassie. She was a virgin before all this, and the moment those girls put it in her head that she liked, you know, um—"

"Being your brainwashed sex slave."

None of the ideas I'd formed for how to phrase it sounded better, sadly. "Yes, well, she rather embraced it. Hard. Major porn addiction brewing there. But you, according to Abbie afflicted with a need for my approval..."

"Yes?"

"Just that you don't seem to be trying very hard to win it is all. Which is fine! Only that it's surprising."

To deepen that sentiment, the young woman merely shrugged. "I already have your approval though, don't I?"

Something in her tone made me hesitate. "Are you asking me, or was that rhetorical...?"

She explained, "My lowest grade in your class this year was a hundred and one percent. 'Pleasure to have in class,' 'exceeds expectations' every quarter. Well, no, last report card you wrote a whole paragraph praising me, which I did appreciate by the way; my parents were beside themselves. Still, it basically said the same thing, how great you think I am. Heck, you just said not that long ago that I was the perfect student, Mr. Canon."

I did remember writing that paragraph. SchoolWays let us check boxes to insert the more repetitive comments. For a student of Cassie's caliber, the stock comments had come to feel inadequate. I did not recall that last bit, however. "Perfect? When did I say that?"

"You were having us do our vocab study tools. I'd already done mine before class like usual, so I was studying for a quiz seventh period. You reprimanded Justin, Taylor and Savannah for not working on theirs and being their usual annoying selves. Justin said, 'why aren't you yelling at Tabitha, she's not working on hers either' and you said if I'd ever missed a question on a vocab quiz, you might be more concerned about me, and then I showed you I was already done, and you said—"

"Right, right." It rang a faint bell. Taylor and her posse whining and being lazy pains in the butt were hardly remarkable, nor was Tabitha over-achieving. The specificity helped jog my memory though. "I suppose I hadn't counted on that approval extending to all the rest of it, though. Approving of you as a student isn't the same as approving of you as a woman."

She paused. "Shouldn't it be, though? I've been thinking about this past week – for reasons that are only just now becoming obvious – but we did that whole unit on women and feminism, and you said – over and over again, I might add – that women ought to be beholden to the patriarchy. After we read 'Woman in the Nineteenth

Century,' you said you wanted to dig up Margaret Fuller's bones and ask them out on a date. Remember?"

The things those young minds retained. "I did say something like that, yes, though I was mostly trying to spice up a dry read, Tabitha."

"Personally, I really enjoyed that essay. Remember that line, something about men and women coming together as a 'ravishing harmony of the spheres,' or something close to that, anyway. I loved that." She tilted her head at me inquisitively. "Isn't... isn't that the sort of woman you prefer? Approve of? Feminist, progressive, strong-willed and independent?"

"I... did say that. And that's true!" Then again, she wasn't as wrong as I wanted her to be about my harem of brainwashed sex slaves. Up until this afternoon, I certainly hadn't had many complaints about that aspect of the Seerenex proceedings. Feminism suited me just fine in the classroom and the voting booth, but when it came time to put my lesbian lovers to work begging for permission to suck my cock, I was leaving it at the door, and happily so. I amended, "At least on a macro level."

"Macro level? What does that even mean?"

I rubbed the bridge of my nose. Why was I even having this discussion? If she thought continuing on as a smart, woke woman gave her my approval, why muddy the waters?

Tabitha crossed her long, slender legs, her brief pink and yellow plaid skirt rising up despite her efforts to guide it back in place.

"It means that what's best for people out in society isn't always what makes them happiest in their private lives."

"So you're saying... what? Be a hypocrite when it's convenient?"

My eyes squeezed shut. No. I wasn't doing this. Somehow, the girl had actually listened to the best lessons I had to teach, and even retained those values in spite of the meddling of goddamn Abbie Stern. It was easy to see down the road this question laid out before me. It was one where I clarified that publicly I approved of women like Tabitha, but privately I enjoyed the company of sluts like Abbie and Taylor. That I *approved* of that sort of behavior; that I *disapproved* of little prisses who gave one unimpressive blowjob and then threw in the towel. The button was visible on her forehead, right in the same place Abbie had her fantasy slut button; right where Cassie had the booty call button; where Megan had her enthusiastic cooperation button; where Candy and her girlfriend had matching buttons that read *Degrade Isa*; where I had a *me no pussy!* button; where Taylor had...

Hmm. What button *did* Taylor have?

Never mind that. Tabitha was watching me intently for my response. "No. Forget it, Tabitha. You're absolutely fine the way you are. Better than – you're *great* the way

you are. For crying out loud, the last thing you need to worry about is whether or not you give first rate blowjobs.”

“You’re saying that that wasn’t first rate?” I decided to take it as a joke, and she laughed with me after a brief pause.

“Come on. It’s high time I gave those chuckleheads a talking to and make sure what happened to you doesn’t happen to anyone else. Let’s go next door and—”

An engine started outside, coughing asthmatically as it wheezed its way to life. The sound of that engine was all too familiar. I darted for the front door, throwing it open just in time to see Taylor pulling out of Megan’s driveway with Abbie in the passenger seat and Justin in the back.

“Hey! Stop right there!” I bellowed.

The mocking laughter of Justin echoed back to me, the more muted peal of giggles from Abbie audible beneath it. Taylor’s middle finger extended out the driver window while Justin hung out his own window in the back. He pantomimed a blowjob, then called out, “C-dawwwwg! Ow ow owoooooo!” His canine howls faded as Taylor slammed the accelerator and left us in their dust.

“God, I hate that kid!” I yelled to no one in particular. Not the first time I’d yelled those words in this house, and certainly not the first time they referred to that particular student. This was the young man who made fart noises with his mouth when I sat down at my desk; who flicked paper balls at my back when I wrote on the whiteboard; who had more than once given me a dirty look when I told him to pipe down, like *I* was the one who was bothering *him*. His mother had literally laughed at me when I tried to talk to her about his behavior, then hung up. It was a hundred different things week in and week out, a steady stream of disrespect and petty abuse that raised my blood pressure just to look at the little fucker. A lazy, uncurious, stupid jerk who was going to need some sort of major life event to steer him back towards a semblance of decency. Knocking up some poor idiot girl was the most likely case, but in my darker moment, I quietly rooted for a short prison stay.

Justin was Taylor, only without the tits or the potential. He was a pretty little fellow, quick-witted and gregarious to a fault. Girls adored him. (Not girls like Tabitha who preferred a little substance between the ears, but she was far from the norm in her demographic.) Having both Justin and Taylor in the same class period had more than once made me question if I had angered a vengeful god somewhere along the line. Their class was forever behind all my other sections, and it was ninety percent due to them and another friend or two. They were the ringleaders, though. They drove me crazy nearly every day – or they had until Serenex had forced Taylor to behave herself. Watching him grow despondent at her refusal to join in his antics had been one of the most satisfying side effects of this whole escapade. One of the things I liked best about Tabitha, in fact, was her open disdain for the two of them.

“Are teachers supposed to say things like that?” she asked behind me.

I wasn't especially enjoying her company at present, though. Bit of a nag. I'd gotten enough judgment from Isa and Candy, to say nothing of myself, to want to sit here being berated by an eighteen-year-old.

I grumbled an entirely insincere apology and sat down to think. Now what? Ever since Justin and his shit-eating grin emerged from my bedroom, my plan for the evening had immediately hardened itself as chewing out the Sterns, Abbie in particular, and finding out how deep a hole their meddling had dug. Yes, Abbie could use my Serenx whenever she liked, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to exert my influence over her on the when and the how. I'd teach her that being my fantasy slut entailed a certain amount of respect, and that her days of treating me as a subordinate to her own whims were over.

Now they were gone, and could be on their way to anywhere.

Cassie was unlikely to know anything of substance about it all, and certainly wouldn't have been the driving force behind their little “prank.” The best punishment for her participation would be to ignore her and let her fester. As for the Sterns, they weren't beholden to come when I called them, and I couldn't very well pretend I'd been harboring a fantasy about smacking them upside the head for putting my penis in the mouth of one of my least favorite people on the planet. (That was to say nothing of the aggravation and confusion of... ugh. *Ugh!* That I could deal with later. Much later.) There was probably no point trying to reach them on the phone; they'd ignore, deflect, or more likely simply frustrate me for kicks.

Plus, I grudgingly admitted, I already knew what they'd say: that I deserved that little shock for what I'd done to them. After all, more than once I'd put them in sexual situations with other women regardless of their own stated feelings. Hell, I'd made Taylor lick my cum off her sister's tits. Their displeasure was understandable – though it would be nice if they'd have simply told me as much instead of being so goddamn dramatic about it.

Could I catch up to them somewhere? They'd probably gone back to one of their houses. Not necessarily though. Should I text them? What would I say? If not tonight, when? This was only going to get worse the longer it went unaddressed. Should I dose them? Could I? I would never use Serenex on Abbie without her permission, but maybe I could get Taylor to do it for me? I wasn't sure. Where were they even hiding it? Did Abbie have it on her person, or could I maybe sneak into her place and nab it? Was it in her locker? Did Isa have access to student locker combinations, or some sort of master key? Could we–

Tabitha interrupted my musing. “Look, I should probably be going, Mr. Canon. You look like you have a lot on your mind, so I'll get out of your hair. As long as I still have your approval, right?”

She did, of course, but in that moment my mind was focused on getting answers. I only half-heard her to begin with. What on earth was Abbie up to, and why? Why create competition for herself? Justin at least made sense to make a point, but Tabitha? For all the whining she did about not getting enough time with me, why unleash a brilliant, beautiful rival to get in the way? It hadn't broken Tabitha's resolve like it had the Browns, but it sure sounded like that was what she'd meant to accomplish. I could imagine the pissed-off look on Abbie's face when Tabitha told her what she'd told me. Already a pleasure to have in class, a perfect student – and all that before a single lick on my cock. Only...

I interjected as she opened the front door to slip out. "Tabitha, wait."

Her slender body froze in place. "Yes, Mr. Canon?"

"Answer one question for me before you go. If you were so sure you already had my approval, then why did you agree to participate tonight?"

She took a step back as if physically struck, nearly falling backward over the base of the doorframe. "I'd... rather not say."

Uh, oh. That had touched a nerve. What the hell else had those girls done? "Did they do something to you? Coerce you? Threaten you with something?"

"No! I mean, not really. They... look, it doesn't matter. I'm gonna leave."

I rose to my feet, but was careful not to approach her. She was plainly nervous and I didn't want to frighten the poor thing. Still, I wasn't above exerting a little pressure on her, either. Abbie could use my Serenex whenever she liked, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to allow her to bully and harass her fellow students. The bullying was working, though; Tabitha wasn't going to rat her out if she could help it. I'd seen this play out a hundred times.

Still, there was that button on her forehead.

With an inward grimace, I pushed it.

"Maybe you had my approval up until now, Tabitha, but approval isn't irrevocable, and it can be granted or withdrawn from action to action. Right now, you're toeing the line of my disapproval. A lie of omission is still a lie."

Her eyes shot wide. I'd struck a nerve. "What? I'm not... I wasn't..."

"Then tell me why you joined in tonight, Tabitha. Or go if you want. But know that I don't approve of your decision." Not the most artful manipulation, but Serenex often didn't demand a lot in that regard. My own button had proven quite effective, too.

Only, my button tended to make me whip my dick out and start thumping my chest like an alpha gorilla. Tabitha's button, however, evidently functioned to accelerate her breathing and make the blood drain from her face. Her body began to shake like a leaf in a storm. "I... I'm... oh shit, not... not now...!"

Oh no. What had I done? I hurried to my student's side, ushering her over to the couch before her wobbling knees gave out on her. "Tabitha, it's all right. You don't have

to talk to me. I approve of... of whatever. You. Leaving. Whatever. Just calm down, OK? Deep breaths now. Deeeeeeep breaths. That's it. I'll get you something to drink, OK?" She didn't answer. Breathing like that, she couldn't. "I'll be right back, just calm the hell down!"

Yelling at the girl probably wasn't the best way to impose calm, I considered belatedly. By the time I returned with a glass of water, Tabitha was full-blown hyperventilating. I almost dropped the glass in my haste, grabbing one of the throw pillows and fanning her. Tabitha's fist gripped the arm of the sofa white-knuckled. She fought to regain her breath, and when it didn't go away after the first couple minutes, I hastily googled what to do for someone having a panic attack on my phone and followed the advice as best I could. That WebMD assured me she'd be fine did little to bolster my anxiety as I watched her tremble and gasp.

After about twenty minutes, she was finally calm enough to manage more than clipped monosyllabic answers. Afraid to send her condition back the other direction, I waited for her to speak first. Eventually, though her breath was still shallow, she at last did.

"Sorry, Mr. Canon. I have an anxiety disorder. I don't really tell many people. My dad says when people know you have a weakness, they see you as weak."

"You're not weak, Tabitha. You're human." I wanted to reassure her with a squeeze of the hand, the shoulder, but I didn't dare touch her, just in case.

"See, every now and then I have these panic attacks. Technically only about four times ever, including that, but the anxiety does lots of other things, too. That's why I joined speech and debate, because I was always terrified of it and my parents thought conquering my fear would be good for me. It's gotten better. Mostly. Anyway, I'll be OK." She patted her chest as if it would force her heart into a steadier rhythm.

"I'm glad for that, at least. Thought you were going to faint on me for a minute there." I leaned down so I could meet her eyeline. "You're not, are you?"

"I'll give myself a few before I try standing up, but I should be OK. The water helps, thanks." She took a long sip. "Is this well water or something? It tastes... blergh."

"My apologies, on behalf of the water conservation office."

Tabitha at least seemed to grasp her ingratitude and made a face. Or maybe the water really was that bad. I didn't like it either, frankly, but I hardly ever drank it straight out of the tap. Again, I waited, afraid that if I posed the obvious question, it might trigger a relapse.

(I'd had time to think about what might come of an ambulance call to my house to pick up a panicking eighteen-year-old student. I was pretty sure I could arrange for her to be picked up at Megan's, but it seemed like it would be rude to dump her off like that. Happily it hadn't come to that.)

Tabitha, however, sensed my lingering apprehension. "Go ahead. You can ask."

“Hey, you’ve been through way more than enough today. If you want to talk about anything, I’d be glad to listen, but I’m not putting you through that. It wasn’t fair of me to pressure you like that in the first place.”

She didn’t respond right away, taking some time to force down the rest of the water, then a bit more to let her body calm back down to normal levels. I had all sorts of questions, but more than anything, I wanted my student to feel safe and well. Maybe another day I’d get to grill her on the rest of it. For tonight, it would be best if we let the subject drop and just—

“Did I really do that bad, with the... you know...?” she asked, her voice so soft that even in the quiet house I barely heard her.

“The what? Oh, you mean... before? Um, yes. Yes, you did just fine.” Why was *that* on her mind?

“Don’t placate me. You said I wasn’t first rate. I know I didn’t get to make you... you know. Honest answer. Did I do a bad job?”

The sincerity in those piercing blue eyes of hers bade me take her request seriously. “It was... decent. Not the best, not the worst. The teeth thing was sort of rough. It gets pretty sensitive down there when... yeah.”

“Thank you. And I’m sorry.” Tabitha looked down at her lap contritely.

What the hell was this? Had the panic attack fried her brain? “You’re making me dizzy, Tabitha.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Canon,” she said meekly. No more, though.

“Help me make sense of this. You come over here for a made-up study session that you had to know wasn’t real. Somehow they convince you to join their little game, and you play along. But after, when I explain how it came to this, you come at me with a slew of righteously indignant accusations – not unfair, but still. Then I ask why you went along with something you find so distasteful and you have a panic attack, and then on the other end of it you’re apologizing for not giving a satisfactory blowjob? Are you all right? I’m starting to worry Serenex really did something weird to you.”

Her eyes flicked up. “I suppose it’s been a weird night for both of us.”

“Putting it mildly. Come on, Tabitha. Talk to me. How are you feeling? Can I help? If we need to get you medical help—”

“Fine. You win.” She sighed in resignation. “It’s... it’s what you said. One of the things I always liked about your teaching style is that you’re good about steering discussion toward an end point, guiding it along. Some teachers let kids just blurt out whatever idiot things are on their minds like it automatically has value, and then not take it anywhere.”

“I’ve said a lot of things tonight...”

Her hands fidgeted in her lap. “My dad used to say when I was studying for my driver’s license test that just because I did a good job washing the car didn’t mean he

trusted me to drive it. Like you said, approval of one deed doesn't extend to approval of all of them."

I held up my hands, already seeing what I'd done. I'd just had to hit that damn button, hadn't I? "No, sweetie. That was wrong of me. I only said that to get you to satisfy my curiosity about how tonight got put together. I was angry with the others and since they weren't here for me to interrogate them, I looked to you. I was being selfish, and I'm sorry."

Tabitha shook her head, though, and reminded me that she was on GHS's varsity debate team with her swift, cool analysis. "You were being selfish, true, and so was Taylor when she sold me on her reasoning. She told me that maybe you approved of me as a student, but not as a woman. She was only trying to play me, too – and I'll deal with her later, believe me – but that doesn't mean she was wrong."

"Please don't start taking your cues from Taylor Stern. Really, Tabitha. You have absolutely nothing to prove to me."

"Respectfully, I disagree." Her legs crossed once more, and when I let myself notice too pointedly, a thin smile appeared on thick lips. "In a way, this is an opportunity – for both of us. I'll get to learn things about relationships, about satisfying a partner, about my own wants and needs. And you... well, it's pretty clear what you get out of it."

I blinked. "Wait, now you're talking yourself back into being my brainwashed sex slave?"

"As if I have a choice in the matter," she said snidely. "Intellectually, yes, I know it's the Serenex, but in my heart, it *feels* right. Wasn't that the rationale you gave us for all those journaling exercises? I always found them a bit tedious myself, but I do remember some of the lecture side of things. You said they were to help us understand what's inside of us so we can bring it to the outside in the way we want. Something like that, anyway. I was sitting too close to Taylor and her idiot friends to hear it all."

"This is definitely not what I meant by that!" I insisted, standing. Just once, it would be nice if anything Serenex-related made sense or went according to plan! And of course, it had to be with a young woman who had near eidetic memory for every damn word I'd ever said in front of her damn class!

"Obviously, but since what was inside you was a desire to have sex with your students, now that you've made that your outside, maybe you shouldn't look the gift horse too closely in its mouth either, hmm?" Her smile broadened. "Wow, I feel better. Trying to fight this down. All this past week, ever since that party, I've found myself thinking I'm not doing enough to earn your approval – and every time I got it, it felt so... *good*."

The way she said that word... that was dangerous.

“Mr. Canon, I’ve been to rationalize this away, but it just... bleh. It was eating at me all week. Then tonight when you explained it all, I tried to keep being independent, to not worry about what a man in a position of power thinks of me – like you said you respected – but I just can’t ignore how I feel. And that teeth thing! You have no idea how much that bothered me – that I couldn’t even apologize!”

“It was really not a big deal, Tabitha – it could happen to anyone, especially on their first time.”

Before I could add that it was also to be her *last* time, she cut me off, taking to her feet and stopping right in front of me. “Justin didn’t use *his* teeth on what I can only assume was *his* first time,” she pointed out. I winced at the reminder. “I’ll practice. I’ll get good at it. I’ll get good at *everything*. You just have to show me how, OK? I realize I put you on the defensive earlier, but that was my fault. I get it now. Look at this guy, huh?” Tabitha playfully nudged my shoulder. She was standing much too close, though. “Teaching me, even outside the classroom.”

I stepped back, but she pursued. Was this the same girl who’d recovered from a panic attack not ten minutes ago!? “Not exactly what I had in mind when I took the job.”

“What about now?” Her carefully manicured hands found my stomach, caressed it. She smelled good, this close. Perfume? Shampoo? Whatever it was, she was pressing it up my nostrils like some sort of pheromone assault. “What do you have in mind now, Mr. Canon?”

I pulled her hands down, but she still managed to curl her fingers in and tease my wrists with her nails. “Tabitha, no. I know today’s been pretty wild for you, but I assure you, I’m not having my best day either. Let’s sleep on it, OK? We can talk later on once we’ve had time to think it over. Monday, after school.”

“Maybe I could help take your mind off of it.” My back hit the wall. She didn’t stop. Her chest pressed against mine. “Please let me help, Mr. Canon?”

“I shouldn’t. *We* shouldn’t.”

The girl’s slender neck craned up. I twisted my head to the side to forestall a kiss. I’m not sure if that’s what she intended, though; her soft, pink lips instead brushed against my ear as she whispered into it. “Teach me to be as good at being your brainwashed sex slave as I’ve always been as your student.”

“Tabitha...”

“I want to learn. Teach me, Mr. Canon.”

Foolishly, I turned back to face her. Damn it, she was beautiful. My taste ran to women with more curves on their bones, but with Tabitha’s face right in mine, there was no trace of any lacking element. The perfect student.

Why was I hesitating? I’d already crossed the line – that acre-wide line – between student and sex partner several times over. Not merely crossed but trampled, then gone

back and set fire to it. Hell, with Cassie and the Sterns, I'd barely thought of the distinction except in how it spiced things up.

Tabitha might be a better student, but it wasn't like we were close. The girl needed next to no minding in class; I'd expended ten times the energy trying to corral Taylor and Justin this year than I ever could providing enrichment for our resident brainiac. Perhaps her name had come up in Abbie's fantasy probing, though if it truly had (and this weren't simply the bitch seizing an opportunity to drag an uptight honors student through the mud), it couldn't have netted much substance.

Tabitha was my fantasy the same way she would be nearly anyone's fantasy in my place. Gorgeous, unattainable, easily fetishized given our relationship, but I had never fixated on her the way I had, say, Taylor. It wasn't to say she'd never been on my mind when I was jerking off. (Oy, the day she wore leggings for a group project, decorating posters on the floor with her partners, the hunching and the squatting and the bending...!) It was incidental, though. Occasional.

Only now, that occasion was caressing the bulge in my jeans.

It was stupid to say no. There was no justification for it – at least, none I hadn't already long since discarded. She was hot and willing, and if it was only because of Serenex, the same could be said for myself and every other woman I'd fooled around with in the past month. There was nothing about this scenario that was unappealing in any way.

So how on earth could I not be in the mood?

My eyes squeezed shut. There on the backs of my eyelids were burned the image of Justin on my TV screen, Abbie and Taylor broadcasting their amusement. The laughter, the howls, the finger as they drove off.

Evidently betrayal wasn't much good for my libido.

Gently but firmly, I removed her hand from my crotch. "I'm sorry, Tabitha. I'm just not in the mood right now. Sort of in my own head a bit right now."

"Oh." Her smile withered. "I see."

"It's not you." I tilted her chin up. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with you."

Her lips pursed. "Can I ask what it is then? You didn't seem to have a problem being sexual with those other girls."

"Well for one, I just found out one of my favorite students got roped into this whole mess I created, and then it gave her a panic attack."

"In my defense, that was part of an adjustment period. I'll be more proactive from now on, I swear."

"And for two," I went on, "I just came in the mouth of another man, one I very much dislike, and two people I thought I could trust made that happen. So I'm just in a shitty mood, and I can't stop picturing... fuck Fuck! Sorry. Just not in an amorous frame of mind."

“Oh. Yeah, I can understand that. So, um, I guess I really will get out of your hair this time. But... we’ll talk later, right?”

“Sure.”

“Oh and before I go – geez, this is so weird to ask a teacher, but... can I have your number?”

I entered my number into her phone as she did the same with mine, then exchanged our phones back. Tabitha gave me a brief hug, a nervous smile, and left out the back door. I peered out from between the front blinds as she settled into the driver’s seat of a luxury car I’d noticed parked across the street when I got home from work. The car started, she waved, and then she was gone.

Abbie sent me the video. Not a single solitary word accompanied it. Only the video. I considered for a fraction of a second, then deleted it. Then googled to make sure it wasn’t still there, lingering somewhere in cyberspace to ambush me.

Fucking Justin. Fucking Taylor. Fucking Abbie! Fuck fuck *fuck!*

After quickly realizing sitting around at home with nothing and no one to distract me was a losing proposition, I took a jog around the neighborhood to burn off some energy. A shower was necessary after. Normally I liked to dawdle, relax under the stream of my deluxe shower heads, but that evening, showers made me think of Cassie and how much she liked to join me in here. Which made me think of what all we had done in this shower. Which made me think of her blowjob this afternoon. Which made me think of...

FUCK!

I was in and out in under five minutes.

Call her. Just call Abbie, demand to know what the hell she was thinking, and make sure she wasn’t going to do it to anyone else, at least until we had a chance to talk face to face. My fantasies definitely did not entail this sort of bullshit. Maybe she’d refuse to pick up, or maybe she’d put on a show of throwing it in my face to impress the others, but I at least deserved the satisfaction of a redress of grievances, damnit!

Four beers later, I pressed the call button. Fuck it. I could at least leave a scathing voicemail, right? It was pathetic, but it might be therapeutic. I tapped my foot impatiently as it rang in my ear. Was I ever going to give that bitch a piece of my mind. She couldn’t stop me from–

“Sup, C-dawg? Ready for round two already? Ow ow owooooooo!”

Justin’s voice.

My words caught in my throat. I hung up. Then I threw the phone across the room. It was dumb luck that it didn’t shatter on impact. Replacing the thing after

cracking the screen a few weeks ago when Megan had shocked me with her blackmail texts had cost a small fortune.

My phone buzzed only moments later. I stalked across the room, ready to delete whatever taunt Abbie and Taylor and Justin had sent, sight unseen. That'd show 'em. *FUCK!*

It was from Tabitha.

So other than the teeth, was my first blowjob at least halfway decent? (How's that for a first message in a new text log...)

I stared for a long moment at that text.

You did fantastic, I replied. I downed the rest of beer five. *Can't wait for round two.*

O rly? she replied with an attached bitmoji of herself stroking her chin, eyebrow raised in curiosity and intrigue.

Really. After a minute, I added a second reply. *Not to try to pressure you or anything. Don't wanna have you driving back and forth all over town like the doordash of blowjobs. ;P*

Her next text came with an attached image, this time a photo. It was Tabitha sitting in the driver's seat of a car with leather interior, lower lip stuck out petulantly. An *lol* followed a moment later, I presumed at my quip. That was more the Tabitha I knew from school, quick to laugh at my jokes, even the third-rate ones. She was a born suck-up. No wonder I hadn't noticed anything different about her behavior this past week.

Were you really about to drive back over here? I asked.

Yes. Only that single word, sent almost instantaneously.

I didn't need any more time to think it over. I was fucking done thinking things over. Right then, I wanted a distraction. I wanted civil company. I wanted every trace of this afternoon hoovered off my cock forever. I wanted to live out a fantasy that included nothing of Taylor or Abbie Stern.

Can you stay the night?

Yes.

"Don't get up," Tabitha said as she strode briskly through the back door. She hadn't changed clothes, I noted, still the vibrantly colorful schoolgirl in her pastel skirt and thin, form-flattering pink sweater. Pink and yellow - more girly than one might expect from such a woman, but it only highlighted her vibrance, her loveliness.

I held my place in my chair. Without fanfare, Tabitha sunk to the floor at my feet, immediately going after my jeans. I'd taken them off before my run, but having considered her reaction to them in class, I'd put them back on during her drive over.

They didn't stay on long, and occasioned no comment. Tabitha was on a mission. I may as well have waited for her naked.

She opened her mouth to say something, thought better of it, and said something else. "What's your preference for dialogue?"

"Dialogue?" I repeated, too much of my blood flow already redirected. I'd stopped after that fifth bottle, but I was a bit tipsy as well. Good. My level head had only been getting in the way.

"Chatter. Talk. Vocalization. You like some chit-chat, all business, what?"

"Oh. I don't have a strong preference. If you have something to say, you should say it. Communication is good."

Her hands found my twitching shaft jutting up toward the ceiling and, after a lick on each palm, began stroking in both hands. It looked surprisingly natural to her. "What about dirty talk? Like, dislike?"

"Like." Cassie's fumbling efforts notwithstanding.

"Style-wise: Slutty? Aggressive? Obsequious? Dominatrix?"

"Explain the difference?"

She tapped her chin with one hand while continuing to jack me off with the other. "Oh my god, I fucking love your big fat dick, Mr. Cannon. Is all this for me? I barely know what to do with a monster like this. God your cock makes my pussy so fucking wet." One slow lick up my shaft followed her fawning compliment.

"That was 'slutty.' Aggressive would be like..." Her eyes and voice gained a sudden intensity as she whipped her hair back over one shoulder. "Yeah, you like it when I jerk this bad boy, don't you? You know you fucking do. Don't you fucking dare cum yet, because I have all sorts of plans for this baby. I'm gonna drain your fucking balls dry, Mr. Canon. Every last mother fucking drop of cum."

"Wow." I gestured for her to go on. Who didn't like a little theater with their tuggy?

"What did I say next?"

"Um, obsequious, I think?"

She nodded, closing her eyes for a moment. When they opened, they were twice their original size, needful and imploring. "Thank you for letting me play with your huge cock, Mr. Cannon. My tight little pussy gets so wet thinking about you. About this. Do you think if I'm a good girl, you'll let me put him inside me later? I would be *soooo* grateful. I promise I'll show you just how grateful, if you let me. Oh, *please* let me, Mr. Canon," she whimpered.

I groaned. Jesus. She was picking up by instinct what Cassie hadn't been able to replicate in weeks of constant porn-browsing. Like everything else she'd ever studied, Tabitha was a natural.

"And dominatrix, let's see..."

"No need. I've been dommed enough lately. The others are all good, though. Whatever you like."

She shook her head. "No. You have to tell me. I'm here to *learn*, remember? So teach me what you like. Teach me how to earn your approval."

"I'm really not that picky, Tabitha. You can—"

"I'm not doing you a favor, Mr. Canon. I don't want you to feel thankful, and I don't want you to feel like it's greedy to be demanding." She planted a series of soft kisses up the length of my cock, yet somehow simultaneously conveyed she wasn't finished making her point. "Think of it like an essay. Teaching me the steps to craft a product that isn't merely satisfactory, but compelling. Except the paragraphs are my body, and the rubric is your cock."

I came.

Holy fuck, I came so hard I couldn't even see where it landed. The ceiling, for all I knew. The goddamn moon.

"Whoa! Was that... whoa. I thought that only happened with high school boys," she muttered, inspecting her hair nervously to see if any had spurted there.

"Yeah, me too. Goddamn, Tabitha. Sorry about—"

She suddenly grasped my cock so firmly I clamped my mouth shut in fright. Rather than tear it off, though, she draped her plump lips around it and swirled her tongue around my dome, insuring that I was good and clean of the dribbles that hadn't fired like a gunshot. It was still hypersensitive in the wake of my orgasm. I trembled softly as she sucked.

"You don't have to apologize to me. When I do something wrong, tell me and I'll make sure it doesn't happen again. Don't waste words apologizing. I don't need it sugar-coated. I'll be more patient next time. I promise. I'll get better."

"You'll... you think you did something *wrong*?"

She made a face. "Well, yeah. It's supposed to take way longer than that, right?"

"It takes as long as it takes. That orgasm, hon, was a compliment. Or a thank you. Both, I guess."

Rather than smile at the praise, she simply nodded. Like she'd said, she wasn't merely giving me a handjob; she was studying how to give me a handjob. Tabitha might not be able to take notes at the moment, but she had a hell of a memory.

"So the dirty talk wasn't too much?"

"It was great. Style-wise, I..." I'd been about to say I didn't care enough to knit-pick, but her unwillingness to have me gloss over such things had already been

made clear. “Um, the first one was good. Obsequious is cute, but it’s too role-play. Doesn’t suit you.”

Her eyes narrowed. “So you’re saying ‘slutty’ suits me just fine.”

“So far, yeah.” I got a grudging smile. “So you really want me to just... tell you how I like it? What to do, what not to do?”

“Like you always said, there’s the easy way, and then there’s the *right* way. I don’t care what other hypothetical men like. Teach me how *you* like it.”

Jesus. Even Isa hadn’t been like this. If she were here, she’d still have that glare behind her eyes, the resentment – that she hated the power I had over her, even if it turned her on like nothing else ever had. Tabitha? This was the same Tabitha I’d always known. Focused. Attentive. Determined to ace whatever I put in front of her.

A pleasure to have in class.

“All right, so we’ll need to build me back up. I hadn’t planned on... that, but I’m not out of it yet. Ready to try another blowjob?”

Tabitha nodded. “Yes, Mr. Canon.”

“All right. First off, are you comfortable down there? The hardwood can’t feel very good on your knees. I can get you a pillow or something.”

She retrieved one herself, wasting no time getting back into position. “Ready.”

I ran my fingers through her deep brown hair. It was like silk. She had to have brushed it in the car. No way it could be this soft without fresh effort. Tabitha permitted my caress, but she was plainly awaiting instruction.

“Now before, if I recall, you dove right onto it mouth-first,” I began. “What put you in such a rush?”

“They said I only had ten minutes,” she explained. “Is that not what you’re supposed to do? It’s mouth on cock, bob bob, squirt squirt. Right?”

I shook my head reprovably. “How... clinical. But see, that’s the thing about good sex, Tabitha. It’s not about the destination – it’s about the journey. You want to conceive a kid, then yeah, go with the pump and dump. You want to win a man’s heart – *my* heart– you use a little finesse.”

“Pump and...? Gross.” She wrinkled her nose, shuddering. “Sorry. Adjusting. You were saying about finesse? But if I’m not allowed to use my mouth, then... Do you mean start with a handjob? Because that sure didn’t slow things down a minute ago.” She peered around the room for a moment in search of the missing jizz.

“I don’t mean about slow. Sometimes I might like to have a girl go at it like she’s desperate for it, pedal to the metal. No, I’m talking about finesse. Is the point of a blowjob to make me come, or is it to provide me pleasure?”

“The latter, I guess? Yeesh, it’s so weird talking about this stuff with a teacher. I’m listening though – definitely don’t stop. So you’re saying diving in is bad.”

I nodded. “Some guys may dig that, and sometimes yeah, I might just be horny and want to get off – though sex is usually my preference for that. Are you on the pill by the way?”

She blushed. “Um... no. I can get on it, though. I have my own insurance card so my parents won’t know. Oh man. You’re going to... Wow. Sorry, processing. My English teacher is talking about coming inside me. Oh wow. This is... a lot.”

“Too much? For all the grief you were giving me over brainwashed sex slaves, you still get to say no whenever you want, you know.”

Tabitha nodded. “I won’t, but thanks. Unless you’re saying you want me to? I’ve heard that’s a thing.”

“Holy crap, Tabitha, I’m talking about consent, not rape games. Damn.” I shook my head. “Anyway, we were talking about blowjobs. Now what I want you to do is give my cock a single lick, and make that lick last at least ten seconds.”

“Ten...?! Mr. Canon, you’re big, but you’re not ten seconds big.” She winced immediately at her retort. “Sorry, I shouldn’t make fun. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“You really don’t need to apologize this much. I actually sort of like that you’re being yourself.”

“Other than coming over to my teacher’s house to get tutored in sucking cock, you mean.”

“Other than that.” We shared a brief smile. “Now. Are you ready?”

Tabitha nodded, sucking in a deep breath as she leaned forward. I’d gone a bit soft after the handjob incident, so she took me in hand and extended my cock straight up. It was still semi-hard. I wondered if she could really drag it out that long. I’d picked ten seconds out of a hat. Was that number going to be comically long, or–

Oh.

No. It was not too long.

She only extended the very tip of her tongue from her mouth, so little that her nose grazed me as she began by the base. I wasn’t counting, but I could only assume she was. It felt like an hour, that lick. A perfect, warm, wet, loving hour.

“Like that, Mr. Canon?” she asked.

I jumped. One lick and she had shut my mind off. “Y-yeah.” I nodded vigorously. “Now keep going. Nothing but tongue. Lick it.”

Tabitha studied my cock from several angles. “Yeah, I guess I don’t need the hand now, huh.”

“You sure don’t. Now lick me.”

Tabitha Hutchings, honor roll dream girl of GHS, licked my cock. I tried to devise an adequate simile, but there was nothing. Not like a lollipop. That would lack the passion she put into it. Not like an ice cream cone. It would be melting down her chin before she finished the second pass. She didn’t even lick it like a cock. I’d had my cock

licked all too much lately, and this was something new altogether. No. Simply put, Tabitha licked my cock like she'd been told to give it ten-second licks and meant to follow those instructions precisely until I told her to do something else.

"You know, I think I actually kind of like the taste? Like, it's... I don't know the word. No, I'll screw it up if I try. But I like it. A lot. Do you like it, Mr. Canon?" she asked after some time had passed.

"That feels better than anything has felt all goddamn day, Tabitha. You're a godsend. You—"

There was no missing the sudden tremor that went through her body. Had that been...? Did she just...! From nothing more than...?!

I tested the waters. "You suck cock like a pro, Tabby. You should be proud. My perfect little blowjob queen."

At that, however, she pulled back. "Did you see me, um, having the... well, I guess it was an orgasm, but I never..."

"I sure did. How'd it feel?"

Her smile sneaked past her resolve. "Good. *Really* good. At least until you started forcing it. It has to be real, Mr. Canon. Don't b.s. me, or it breaks the mood. And please don't call me Tabby."

"Deal. Now get back to licking already and give me something to approve of."

That was all it took. She didn't hesitate, and never slowed. After a while I started counting along with her. Ten seconds of bliss was far too leisurely for my brain to register as a rhythm, but sure enough, at or around the same mark every time. Up the sides. Up the base. Zigzagging back and forth. Swirling around the tip. With only a few words of muttered feedback, she devoted several rounds to the ultra-sensitive spot around my midsection. Round and around and around, never dwelling on any one technique long enough for her spit to dry elsewhere. My whole universe was divided up in ten-second increments for as far as I could see.

I began to wonder if she'd ever stop. Sure enough, the clock over the TV told me she'd been on her knees, licking my cock, for close to an hour without saying a word. The stimulus was too gradual to actually make me come, but the feel of it... Physically, her methodic technique was magnificent. Psychologically, the devotion to my satisfaction was divinity itself.

I hadn't caught the exact start time, but it was closer to two hours than one before she said a word.

"You're sure you don't want me to use the rest of my mouth? You came so easily before, but now, I don't know if I'm, you know, doing it right."

"You're closer than you think. But you're right, I don't want to keep you down there all night. Now I want you to wrap your mouth around it. Bob nice and slow like

you did before, but keep focusing on using your tongue. All about the tongue. And don't let what I'm doing distract you."

She looked nervous, but one thing Tabitha Hutchings did not do was question a direct instruction from her teacher. She slipped my almost aching cock between her lips, wrapping them snug yet remaining perceptibly assiduous in keeping her teeth clear. Somehow not tired from an hour and a half of slobbering all over my dick, she moved her tongue with the dexterity of a finger. A soft, slick finger, consumed with the need to pleasure me.

My hand fumbled around beside my chair for where I'd dropped my briefcase when I'd come home. The question was in her eyes, but she didn't ask it. She sucked, because I'd told her to suck, because my approval was contingent on her sucking, because her sense of self-worth was contingent on my approval.

I entered the combination and retrieved the necessary implement, a black dry erase marker. Tabitha didn't like that; it was clear from her eyes alone. She didn't slow, though. Not when I took the cap off. Not when I held her head still with my left hand. Not when I put the marker to her forehead with my right. Not when I whipped out my phone.

"Say cheese, Tabitha."

"Heeeev," she replied, her lips curling upward at the corners in a vain effort to smile around the cock lodged in her mouth. I snapped a picture. It took three tries, but I finally got one that wasn't blurry. Once satisfied, I turned the phone around and showed her.

Her eyes widened as she took in the sight of her face impaled on her English teacher's swollen red cock. On her forehead was written, in my shaky handwriting: *100% A+ COCKSUCKER*, with the grade near her hairline and the assignment title above her brow.

With a screech that dropped and became a growling mess of a moan, Tabitha came. That was all I'd been waiting for – I obliged her by flooding her mouth with a river of cum all my own.

Tabitha fell back on her ass as I finished – or at least, I finished because she fell back on her ass. She hadn't known to swallow, or how, and as she panted in the wake of her climax, a trail of slime dribbled between her lips and down onto her sweater.

"Did... did you really mean it?" she asked eagerly once she'd gulped down the dregs before they too stained her top.

"You're a natural, Tabitha. Best blowjob I've ever had. No bullshit. You earned it. We'll work on some variation next time, but for that project, full credit."

Her thighs clenched together conspicuously. "Thank you, Mr. Canon. You know, I think grading me like that is actually a good idea. Not necessarily writing it on my face – that is washable, right?"

“Yeah, comes right off.”

“Good. But that’s so... it’s so...” She launched herself to her feet and then immediately onto my lap, thighs spread to straddle my flagging cock. Was she that wet, or was that just her saliva? I could feel her labia wrapped around my cock hungrily even through her panties. “Just promise me you’ll give me honest feedback, OK? No filter. When I fuck up, tell me. I want to get better. I want to be the *best*.”

“And when you do a rock star job like that, I’ll tell you that, too. You’re a straight A student Tabitha. Apply yourself, and I think you’re going to surprise yourself how quickly you learn.”

She rocked her hips, grinding her pussy against my cock. “I had a hell of a teacher.” Did I have a condom? I couldn’t wait for birth control. I could get a condom. There was a Walgreens four blocks from my house. Ten minutes, tops.

“Hell, that was me winging it. Just you wait until I actually come at you with a lesson plan.”

“Mm, I can’t wait. I know I have so much more to learn.” She applied her travel-worn tongue to the side of my neck, licking with that same painstaking slowness up toward my ear. I counted along with her.

Around second eight, I gently nudged her back. “Yeah, see, that’s a liiiiittle too slow there. Sort of slobbering all over my neck – I think I felt some dribbling down my chest.”

She nodded, hopping back to her feet. “Yeah, it felt pretty gross. Stubbly, too. Yuck. All right, I’m gonna wash off my forehead before this crud stains.” Tabitha paused by the door to my bedroom, which I suppose would be the only bathroom she’d know about in the house. The smoke her eyes, though, when she looked back over her shoulder... it should have set off alarms. “Start thinking about your next lesson.”

Part Nineteen: Barriers to Learning

It's a cliché, but not an untrue one, that teachers learn as much from their students as their students learn from them. In the five years I'd been teaching, I'd taught English at all four high school grade levels as well as an introductory speech class. Vocabulary, literacy skills, critical thinking, self-expression, rhetoric, culture, along with all those aspects of the hidden curriculum like self-esteem, creativity, punctuality, discipline, and self-respect.

As to what I'd learned? Too much to name. How to make a friendship bracelet. Local restaurants to avoid on principle. How to recognize abuse. The right way and the wrong way to dab. Which teachers didn't carry their weight, and which ones carried more than I could imagine. Some rudimentary Spanish. A whole lot of things about leadership and teamwork. And patience. Never enough patience, but so much more than I'd had.

Tabitha and I learned a lot from each other that weekend.

I learned that she'd been a dancer in her earlier years, pressured into it by her parents. It was one of those formal styles that didn't translate very well into the sort of dancing I might someday help her study, but she'd learned balance, grace and flexibility. She performed a few maneuvers for me, admittedly elegant, but also confirming that it wasn't especially sexy. She could do the splits, though. I didn't know what that was good for, but it was easy on the eyes.

Tabitha learned that deep-throating did not come to her as naturally as licking. She resolved to practice when she got home.

I learned that she was very self-conscious about men seeing her naked. Evidently some creep had walked into her bedroom at a party her dad had been throwing a ways back when she'd been in middle school. Not traumatizing, she insisted – her father had found unrelated grounds to fire the man not long after – but that anxiety around being seen and looked at had stuck. Even when she'd been amorous with her boyfriend, she'd never let him get farther than the underwear, and then only in the dark. Per her insistence on honesty, I shared that I understood but was indeed disappointed. She made an exception that night, slowly undressing for me with obvious embarrassment. Her whole body turned crimson, but I didn't look away. She'd demanded I not. And I was glad for it, because she was stunning. Her fair skin was dusted with tiny freckles, even across her pair of cute, perky breasts and all the way down to her densely furred pussy. Skinny as she was, I could hardly believe how round her butt was. Still, once undressed, she crawled into bed beside me, and after a brief reassurance that she was beautiful, we both fell asleep.

Tabitha learned, as Cassie had not long ago, that I am very groopy in my sleep. It wasn't something that had ever afflicted me with past lovers – not that they'd told me, at least, and I had to imagine they would. Must just be the company.

I learned that some Christians always kneel when they pray. I'd assumed Tabitha was a Christian from the gold cross necklace that had been revealed by the removal of her sweater, but sometimes jewelry is simply jewelry. When I woke up the next morning, it was to the sight of my naked honors student kneeling beside my bed, eyes lowered, lips moving silently with her hands in her lap.

Tabitha learned that trying to cook eggs while I played with her pussy took more coordination than I had eggs. Luckily there was some cereal on hand, too.

I learned that it was possible for a girl going on nineteen, one who had been at least somewhat sexually active with her boyfriend, to not know what her clitoris was for. Sex ed had apparently failed her in that regard. I washed down my Cheerios with a half dozen of her orgasms. That wide-eyed shock on her face when I laid back down beside her, now having realized why people made such fuss about sex and sexuality, was priceless.

Tabitha learned that I did not want her to insert a finger or any foreign object in my ass. Ever. (She assured me the same went for her, unless I disapproved.)

I learned that not only did she really expect me to grade her on her sexual performance, but she thrived on it. I felt a little uncomfortable doing so at first – even what I'd done with Isa and Candy felt less dickish than telling the girl who'd spent half an hour massaging my back that she got a C- for it on account of long fingernails and a tendency to pinch. She made damn sure I didn't withhold criticism, though. Really, why would I? She meant to practice, and she wasn't going to get better if I didn't give her some guidance.

Other results were more promising. We mutually agreed that her attempt at getting me off with her tits alone was a plain F, though we'd both said we expected as much going in. With her curiosity satisfied, we accepted the limitations of her petite build. Her twerking routine earned a solid B, a talent she'd honed during its brief fad workout status and had quietly enjoyed practicing. The skirt flashed me her panties on the regular, which was appealing, but would have been better if she'd simply gone without. Makeout skills were at a C+ first time out. Good kisser, but didn't know what to do with her hands and had a few too many of those “gosh I can't believe I'm doing this with a teacher” moments out loud.

When implored to grade individual parts of her body, I assured her she was an aggregate A and insisted that there was no sense assessing her on things she couldn't improve. (Then we argued about whether or not she should be allowed to cut her hair to my preference, explore extreme diet and exercise techniques, or get a boob job.)

(Then we spent an hour looking at an app that showed us what her augmented boobs might look like, and I promised to at least consider it before I dismissed it out of hand.)

As a dedicated pupil, Tabitha preferred empirical results, however, monitoring my reactions like a hawk with a mouse. Every sexual interaction was followed by a review process that even involved her taking some notes on her phone. She let me look over her list before she went home. It included things like:

- talk like slut
- lap = 4 flirt, not hang out
- eye contact!!!
- float tit job 2 mom, ham up insecurity
- don't touch nipples :(
- swallow then back off → sensitive after comes!
- likes dramatic orgasm (no prob)
- what R his tastes? → fashion show? (underwear?)
- DON'T MENTION JUSTIN

That last one was aptly capitalized.

I did receive a text from Taylor early Saturday afternoon. *What, not even gonna bitch and moan?*

No, I answered.

lol the fucking silent treatment are you kidding me???

1st time in your life you didn't look for an excuse to lecture me

Half an hour later came *oh come on don't pout*, but I didn't respond and that was as far as it went.

A few hours later, it was time for Tabitha to be getting home. We both had plans for the evening, and wanted time to rest and prepare for them. The afternoon had been spent helping teach Tabitha to be more comfortable being naked around me, and I was sad to see her get dressed. She looked ravishing nevertheless in a thin white summer dress she'd packed in her overnight bag, her hair still wet from her shower, where I had personally supervised her cleaning herself. (Her request – she'd called it “tutoring.”)

“It's going to be so trippy in class Monday, seeing you and knowing that we... and that we're going to...”

I nodded. “You get used to it.”

I'd meant it lightheartedly, but the offhand reference to Taylor made her scowl instead. “I suppose you would.”

Topic shift time. “I'll have more structured material for you next time. Had to sort of wing it today, but I think you made some progress.”

“Good. I definitely felt more confident this afternoon than I did last night. Sore, though. But a good sore, I think?”

“It’ll pass.”

“As all things do. So... later, I guess.”

“Yeah. Monday at 12:50 sharp.”

There was no hug, no kiss goodbye. Tabitha simply nodded and opened the door. Only she didn’t walk through, and then, after a moment, shut it and turned back to me. “Mr. Canon? Why didn’t you have sex with me?”

Oh. “Well, I, um...”

“Do you not want to?”

“Tabitha, every guy who lays eyes on you wants to have sex with you, I promise you.”

“That’s... gross.” Her nose wrinkled in distaste. “Still, I don’t offer myself to every guy. I offered myself to you. So why didn’t you? What did I do wrong?”

The truth was that after our morning romp, I was saving a little juice for Isa and Candy. I was having fun with my new curriculum, yes, but I hadn’t forgotten about this evening, and was looking forward to it too much to go in with drained balls. I couldn’t exactly tell that to Tabitha, though.

“I will, Tabitha. But you don’t start off with a sonnet, right? You start off with a rhyming couplet and build from there.”

“Yeah, I guess.” She didn’t look exactly thrilled by the explanation, but gave me a nod and opened the door to the garage. I really ought to do something about these girls coming and going from my house in broad daylight, but for now that wasn’t my concern.

I owed her better.

I caught up to her just before she opened the door from the garage into the back yard. “Tabitha, wait.” She stopped with her hand on the doorknob, looking back in surprise. “One last assignment before you go.”

“OK...” Her eyes narrowed, but she didn’t question. Our little game had been fun so far, after all.

“I’m going to give you the instructions. When I’m done, you follow them, and not before. Understand?”

“Sure.” She set her purse down on my tool bench, anticipating that whatever was about to happen, she wouldn’t need it.

“Good. Now when I tell you, I want you to come around to this side of my car. Then I want you to bend yourself over the hood. Arch your back for me.” A wry smile returned to her face as she saw where this was going. “Then I want you to flip up your dress and show me your panties. Then pull down your panties and show me that perfect little ass.”

“You really don’t have to do this, you know, Mr. Canon.”

“I wasn’t finished,” I snapped. “Once your ass is ready, you’re to persuade me to fuck you. Any way you like, so long as you hold that position. Keep at it until I’m ready to give you what you want.”

“You want me to beg for sex?” Her expression conveyed her displeasure at the notion.

“Begin, Ms. Hutchings.”

With a little sigh, she complied. I’d really loved the way her silk panties looked on her ass, lustrous turquoise against ivory skin. I stepped down into the garage with her as she lowered them, exposing her pussy to the cool air.

With her cheek pressed to the metal of my hood, Tabitha turned to look at me. “Fuck me, Mr. Canon.”

I stepped closer, only a few feet away. “Why.”

She hadn’t anticipated the simple question. Her eyes darted nervously as she processed. “Because I’m horny. Because you made me so goddamn horny all morning long, and now I need to be fucked. By you. By my teacher. My my hot fucking stud of an English teacher. Please, Mr. Canon. I need it. Show me I’m fuckable. Show me you want to fuck me like you fucked all those other girls. Fuck me.”

In her pleading, she had missed the sound of me whipping my cock out. She did not miss it, however, when I pressed my tip to her slit. It was so hot it practically sizzled. She sucked a gasp in through her teeth.

“I like how ready you are,” I said. Her body shuddered in delight. “New course expectation: be *this* ready for me at any time I might want you.”

“You... you want me to be wet and horny... all the time?”

“Whenever we’re in proximity.”

“Even during class?”

“Especially during class.”

“Mr. Canon, I... I can’t! I can’t just lube up on command!”

“So learn.”

“Even if I could...! Shit, I’d need to carry around an extra pair of panties in my purse to change before seventh period!”

“So pack an extra pair.”

I caught her squirming back, trying to smuggle my cock inside her. I stopped her with a hard slap on her exposed ass. “Ow! Did you just... *spank* me?!”

I spanked her again. “And that one was for interrupting me earlier.”

“You can’t spank a student – it’s against the rules!”

“The same rules that say I shouldn’t fuck my students. Do you really want me to go by those rules?”

Her eyes squeezed shut in frustration. “No,” she huffed.

“All right then.” I pulled back and calmly but audibly zipped my gear back in my pants.

Her face whirled around to look up at me in dismay. “Wait, are you not going to...?!”

“The assignment was to get me ready to fuck you. Which, by the way, you managed to do in under a minute. I was honestly impressed. I never would have thought that my little Tabitha could beg for cock with such gusto. A+ effort.”

There it was, that recognizable tremor in her body when my words went straight to her clit. I seized the opportunity, slipping a finger gently inside her. I’d meant to add a second, but she was so tight I wasn’t sure she could take it. I dragged that orgasm out at my leisure as she clawed and pounded on the hood of my car.

“I can’t wait until we’ve gotten you ready to be fucked, Tabitha.” I withdrew suddenly and patted her bare ass, slimy fingerprints glistening in the dim light from the window to the back yard. “Now get on home before your parents start to worry.”

Megan was mowing my lawn when I left. We shared a wave and a smile. I risked a look up at Cassie’s bedroom window, where I saw her staring after me. Even at that distance, the sorrow on her face was evident. Poor thing. I’d have to throw her a bone later. I doubted I’d have the energy for it tonight, but maybe once I got caught up on work tomorrow. She might even make for a decent test subject for my lesson plans for Tabitha. Hell, maybe I could enroll her in the class, too, let them compete for valedictorian status. No rush to decide. I’d do what I felt was right.

That was something I needed to get more intentional about. Too much reacting, too many decisions being made for me by others. That was going to be my summer resolution – think about what I wanted, and plan accordingly. The last two weeks of the semester were always the most hectic. All grading needed to be done less than twenty-four hours after the last instruction day to keep pace with reporting requirements for graduating seniors and the limits on teacher availability according to the school calendar. Once I made it through the school year, though, things would be different. No more being led by the nose by the Sterns. Frankly, if this was the sort of trouble they were going to drop into my lap, maybe it was time to simply let them go their own ways. Tabitha, Candy, Isa and the Browns were way more than enough for me – any one of them was plenty – and even if my cock rebelled at the thought of relinquishing its favorites, it was a small price to pay for what peace of mind my situation could afford me.

I’d taken the afternoon to reflect on yesterday’s events with Justin. Sure enough, the passage of time had done its usual healing work. What they had done was

distasteful, yes. If that was how they'd felt about what I'd done to them, however, then I owed them an apology in turn. Or maybe our mutual obligation to apologize canceled one another out. Regardless, it was a lesson learned, and I'd be more sensitive to my lovers' interests going forward.

As for what it meant about me... there was nothing to it. I'd thought it was one of my girls; I'd enjoyed it because I'd thought it was one of my girls; I'd come because, whether or not I was loathe to admit it, he'd done a good job impersonating my girls. My hetero cred was certainly not in doubt (considering how many gorgeous women I was sleeping with), nor should it matter even if it were. I'd gotten the homophobia I'd learned in grade school out of my system before finishing high school; that I'd reacted as I had didn't make me a bigot. It was how any person would react to finding they'd been duped into that sort of act with a person they didn't want to do it with; the shock to my hetero sensibilities had been real, but had passed. Period end.

It was remarkable how hollow the thought *coming in another guy's mouth doesn't make you gay* sounded, I reflected as I parked my car in Isa and Candy's driveway. Well, whatever. As with so many interactions with Taylor and Justin, I'd simply have to be the bigger person. Nothing to help with that like fucking the hell out of your hot colleague and her hot cop girlfriend.

I rang the doorbell. This time, I'd brought no bottle of wine, instead only a steely resolve. In a way, I owed some credit to Tabitha. She'd prepped me to be more assertive, to take charge and demand results. It was a strange dynamic with a student, stranger by far with colleagues.

Isa greeted me at the door; I only knew it was her because of the voice that murmured a subdued "come in" from the far side. She opened the door only enough to smuggle me inside, but rather than slip through the gap, I stood my ground on the front steps.

"Open it all the way."

"But... fuck! Fine." It opened further, until it showed the oddly empty entryway of their home. It would have seemed the door opened by magic except that I knew who was hiding on the far side.

"Come out and greet me. I want to see you."

"But I'm... I can't! Shit, *please* don't make me do that," she whined.

"That wasn't a request, Louisa."

After our encounter in her office, my doubt that she would comply was gone. It was simply a matter of how long she could hold out before she broke. In this case, it was an impressive ten seconds before she slunk out from behind the door. Her reticence was logical. She was wearing nothing but a set of elaborate but slutty lingerie. Royal purple was its primary shade, with black trim and connectors, more straps and buckles than I could keep track of. It was the sort of underwear that served as gift wrapping, right

down to the little black bows in the strings tying her panties on over two rounded hips. With her standing in front of her wide-thrown door greeting me in it, it further served to announce her as *my* gift.

She looked incredible. In fact, I told her so.

“Thank you, master. Now would you *please* come in?” she asked heatedly.

I let her sweat for a few more seconds, eyes flitting around to watch for passing cars or neighbors out for a stroll, before I came in. The door slammed shut right on my heels, followed by a sigh of relief I only just made out as I kicked off my shoes.

May as well get comfortable. I meant to be here for a while.

“Where’s our girl?” I asked, glancing around.

“Candace will be out in a moment. She’s still making herself presentable, since you decided to surprise us by showing up an hour and a half early.” The rebuke was subtle, but present.

“Oh yeah? You seemed to be ready in no time. What’s her excuse?”

“You’d put more emphasis on my appearance, so we agreed I should get first run at the bathroom. And, um...” She winced. “Never mind.”

“Come on, come on, out with it.”

“I’ve, um, sort of been wearing this all day,” she mumbled. God, I loved that pout in her voice.

“Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

I had to make her repeat it, she was so muted. “I *said*, ‘you told me you wanted me to wear it today, and I get off on being a submissive little bitch.’ Master.”

Ignoring that fire in her eyes, I gestured for her to spin for me. “Come on, let’s have a look-see. Just because you have that rack doesn’t mean I’m not interested in the back.”

“Rhyming misogyny now. How eloquent.” She obeyed, however. Obviously. Damn. The panties weren’t a thong, quite, but they rode pretty deep. There wasn’t much left to the imagination, but my imagination was working overtime nevertheless. Her ass received an appreciative pinch.

“Did you put oil on that or something? I swear, the thing practically shines.”

“It’s just my skin.” She shrugged, waiting for me to release my fingerful of her butt cheek before turning to face me.

“Well I have to hand it to you, it’s... uh, it’s...” I forgot the words as I took stock of the house’s other occupant. “Jesus, Candy, you clean up good.”

The woman smiled, sashaying into her living room in a dress that would be more appropriate in a nightclub. The kind of night club where a woman showed up just to rub in your face what you wouldn’t ever get to fuck. Maybe literally. Were there nightclubs like that, or did my brain invent it to rationalize that dress? Probably the latter. It was somehow every bit as slutty as Isa’s lingerie.

In effect, it was a crimson red dress, tight and short. Not even scandalously short – it had several inches to it past the swell of her compact booty. But to call a little red dress that would be to ignore all that it *didn't* have. Sleeves. A back. A large diamond over an incredible flat stomach. Most of the chest, though some invisible bra whose machinations I couldn't understand was thrusting her modest breasts out as best it could. Most of her hips were bared by a latticework pattern that went all the way up her ribs as well. The whole dress looked more like deep red ribbons with patches over the R-rated parts. If I plucked at it and pulled, it would unravel in an instant.

On top of that, she had put some work into herself. Candace Salata was a good-looking woman, no bones about it. This was a good reminder, however, of the difference that a little effort made. Her honey blonde hair was wrapped up high and tight around her head, making sure it didn't obscure any of the rest of her. Jewelry was in abundance. Gold hoop earrings, a number of bracelets on each wrist, several necklaces, also gold and with a small red stone suspended between her breasts that complemented the dress and gave an excuse to stare at her tits. Not that I needed one.

“Thank you, Mr. Canon. You said to look nice, so... I figured why not. Haven't worn this thing since college, but it still fits.” She beamed proudly.

“You and I had very different college experiences. At mine, we usually wore whole outfits to parties.”

Candace shook her head. “You went to the wrong parties then. Though, full disclosure, the theme for this particular party was It's a Dress, Not a Yes, so.”

I gave her a quick squeeze on the ass. “But what a dress.”

The house was quiet as I looked between them. On my left, my feistily submissive toy cop in her purple underwear, already visible aroused judging by the nipples fighting to pierce the cups of her bra. On my right, the pretty social studies teacher and the toy cop's lover, dressed to lure out a gang bang's worth of frat guys. This was going to be one hell of a night.

But first, there was that other thing.

“So we haven't gotten to have a good candid talk, the three of us. I think it's high time we caught up. Don't you?”

“Oh my god, are you really going to gloat some more? You won, Canon. Don't be a dick about it,” groused Isa. “If you're going to fuck us, just fuck us alrmmfmm...!”

My finger on her lips was all it took to silence her. “No, no no. It's listening time, pretty girl. We let you take charge before, and you tried to ruin everybody else's good time.”

“Pretty sure you just mean *your* good time,” muttered Candy.

“I'm sure you're pretty sure. Honestly, I don't care all that much what you two believe. I don't want to be a sore winner about all this, so I'm moving on from it. In fact, it's the nature of my success I wanted to address. Let's have a seat, shall we?”

Firmly in charge, I drafted our impromptu seating chart. I took the armchair facing the TV, planted Candy in my lap, and directed Isa to sit cross-legged on the floor in front of us. Kneeling might have been more directly domineering, but it made it a little trickier to see her panties darken as she grew increasingly angry and aroused.

“Now I want to come clean about what happened last weekend. That we all tried to outsmart one another and it ended with you two washing out your mouths with Serenex, you already know.”

“Rings a bell.”

“Right, but what you don’t know is that after you were under, the girls and I had a talk about what to do with you. They had all sorts of unseemly ideas. No surprise that the Sterns aren’t big fans of the resource officer, especially after you tased Taylor, nor especially fond of their teachers. That said, I didn’t want to further escalate things.”

“You call *this* not escalating things?” Isa gestured to her skimpy lingerie.

“No. Would you let me talk? Apologize, and then pipe down, would you?”

I was already falling in love with the increasingly familiar way her eyes flared in righteous indignation, then slowly dropped to the floor from her arousal at being overpowered. (Or was she overpowered by her arousal?) “I’m sorry, master.”

Candy sighed dreamily in spite of herself and wriggled softly on my lap, but she let me go on. “So. As I was saying, I didn’t relish the prospect of putting two women who so thoroughly disapproved of all this further in the middle of things. However, the Sterns took exception to my inclination to mercy, and before I knew what was going on, they dosed me too.

“I know you think I’ve somehow masterminded this from the get-go. I’m telling you, Abbie Stern has made sure she can use my Serenex whenever she wants, and I’m powerless to use it on her again. Once I was out of the way, she did *this* to the two of you, then dropped me off at home none the wiser. As far as I know she didn’t do anything further to me, but as I’m sure you know, it’s not always easy to be self-aware.”

“So you were just bullshitting us when you acted like you knew what to expect earlier in the week?” asked Candy, to which I answered with a guileless shrug. “Why tell us now?”

“At the time, I was concerned with projecting strength. By now, I’m pretty well convinced that you’re not playing the long con with all this. Or if you are, then you’re the two best actresses I’ve ever seen, because I’m pretty sure even Meryl Streep can’t get her pussy wet on command.

“Now you said Monday... how did you put it? Something about being impressed with my ambition, if I’m recalling correctly. But believe me, whatever Abbie is doing now, I’m no part of it.”

The two shared a look, but Isa held firm to my command of silence. Candy looked back to me and asked, “So what is it you want from us?”

I folded my arms. “Tell me what Abbie is plotting.”

After taking the afternoon to ponder it in between reconciling myself to the events of yesterday, I still didn’t have any solid guesses. Like her sister, Abbie Stern was something of an evil Paul Bunyan by reputation, larger than life and prone to axing things. That reputation was almost all I’d known of her before a few weeks ago, and getting to know someone in the midst of rewriting their personality only made it all the trickier. Her decision with Justin I thought I understood. Petty revenge, a simple motive born out of spite. Tabitha, perhaps. Maybe I really had named her as a fantasy of mine, and/or they’d decided to have some fun with the uptight honors student. Before that, she’d used it on Taylor, which I could see as wanting to gain the upper hand against her bratty big sister along with a dash of overreacting to the prospect of our secret escaping.

Still, there was probably enough left in that canister for at least half a dozen doses. More, maybe, if she came up with something clever and didn’t go spraying it willy nilly until it landed in someone’s mouth. I’d only used a drop or two on Taylor’s chapstick, and look where that had taken us.

What was Abbie’s plan, though? It was certainly possible that there was no plan, that Abbie was merely a mercurial sadist with a goddess complex who used it when and how she felt like it. There wasn’t much I could do about that. It was also possible, however, that she was up to something that involved me. If so, I would have to get creative. The two women seated before me had very nearly managed to take me out of the game for good, and I’d had them under some pretty straightforward marching orders. It was possible.

First, though, I needed to know what I was up against. All I had to go on was an offhand comment from lunch early in the week about how ambitious “our” plan was. I’d been waiting all week for the status update Isa had promised, but nothing had come of it. At the time, they’d seem to think Abbie and I were in lockstep, and if the plan really had been nothing more than roping in Tabitha and Justin, there likely wouldn’t be much to say.

I was done wondering, though. It was time to get answers. These two knew something, and they were going to tell me.

“Well?” I prompted when neither responded.

“I can talk now?”

I rolled my eyes at the woman on the floor. “Yes – but don’t push me.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, master. The simple answer to your question, though, is that we don’t have a clue in the world what you and your attack dog have been up to.”

“Bullshit. Don’t cover for her, Isa. I know you know something. Why else would you have said what you did, like we had some caper in the works?”

“Um, because you’ve spent the past few weeks drugging and fucking women, and the only people who knew about it and were willing to stand up to you were no longer an obstacle?”

“I kept figuring all week that you were busy dosing every female student in your class that you thought might be worth fucking,” Candy chimed in. “Do you mean to say you weren’t?”

“Of course I wasn’t! How many times do I have to explain to you that this was all a big accident? Not one I particularly regret, but I’m not... You know, fuck it. Think what you want. But you can’t expect me to believe you don’t know *anything*. No way Abbie had you two at her mercy and didn’t put the two of you to use.”

Isa threw up her hands in exasperation. “Doing what? Why would you think the two of us are experts on the goals and dreams of Abbie fucking Stern? If she really is calling the shots with the rest of your Serenex, she’s probably using it to score drugs, or rob banks or something. And no, I haven’t heard of any bank robberies in the area this past week.”

Candy nodded. “If you want to know what Abbie’s up to, why don’t you ask *her*? She might be a monster, but you’re the one member of the GHS faculty she seems to somehow like.”

“We... had a disagreement.”

“A disagreement?”

“And that’s all I’d like to say about it.”

I scrutinized the two of them. Were they trying to pull one over on me? They’d lied convincingly enough during my visit here last Saturday. Still, if they knew something, I couldn’t see why they’d lie for Abbie – unless Abbie had used the Serenex to make them lie, in which case I wasn’t going to get anything out of them anyway. Why would she even bother to do that, though? The two were already bound to secrecy about our arrangement. Beyond that, what did they even have that the girls wanted? They certainly had plenty to offer someone like me, but Abbie clearly had no interest in fucking them. (Again.)

“Look me in the eye and swear to me you don’t know anything.” I demanded.

“That seems a little juvenile,” opined Candy, but when she saw I was serious, she took the lead. “Fine. I swear that I have no idea what Abbie Stern is up to. Happy?”

I looked to Isa. “And my submissive little bitch better be straight with her master. Right, Isa?”

Her body shook softly. “Yes, master. I swear to you that as far as I know, Abbie Stern isn’t doing anything with your Serenex.”

The two watched me for a reaction, but truth be told, I was no more satisfied than I had been. Either they were lying or they weren’t. My instincts said to trust them,

though. They saw themselves as the good guys in all this. Heroes, even delusional ones, didn't conspire to cover up a high school sex slave operation.

"Fine," I said at last. "But if you hear anything, you let me know, understand? That is an explicit order, Isa."

Put that way, she looked like she was taking it more seriously than she had my interrogation. "Understood, master Canon. Err, Mr. Canon. Shit."

Candy smiled. "She slips up like that all the time when she talks about you. I was creeped out at first, but it gets her so worked up that it's hard to be mad." Her slender thighs rubbed together.

"You like that, do you?"

"I... could get used to it. Since we're way past the point of TMI, it's always sort of been a thorn in my paw, that she's not in the mood very often. Like once on the weekends, maybe once or twice during the week, but that's usually it. This past week though, she's been..." Candy's eyes glinted happily.

"Candace!" hissed Isa. "That's *private!*"

"Mama, we can smell your pussy from all the way up here, and you want to talk about private...?"

As my hand worked its way between Candy's thighs, I remembered something. It felt like it had been a fancy from another lifetime, but it had only been a few days. "Say, speaking of privates... do you have something to show me, Ms. Salata?"

"I wondered when you'd get around to asking." Candy slid off my lap and back to her feet. "Now before I do the big reveal, mind you that it's still kind of tender – still healing and all. It hurt like hell, so I hope you're happy."

"Show me."

With surprisingly little resistance, Candy gave a few upward tugs on the front of her skirt, careful not to put too much stress on those pitifully inadequate strings holding it all together. There was no underwear beneath it. Her pussy was shaved bare now, a pale triangle from her tanning sessions highlighting the relevant area. Tattooed there on her pubic mound was a decent replication of the design I had sent her.

Was it cliché? Sure.

Degrading? Maybe.

But did I regret it? Not one bit.

It was candy.

The treats were etched into her skin in impressive detail. A lollipop, several wrapped hard candies with a faint pink tint, a cupcake with sprinkles, a few candy corns, and spattered throughout a collection of sweetheart candies. I leaned in close to read them, the heat from her visibly moistened snatch radiating on my face. *KISS ME, U R MINE, PRETTY GIRL, LOVE ME?, SAY YES*, and a dozen or more others.

“What was it like, getting all this done?” I asked, rubbing my fingers over it. Indeed, her skin was still raised a bit from the process. It was still quite fresh.

“What do you think it was like? Isa had to help me do a home bikini wax, which was no picnic to begin with, but then I had to go to four places before I found a woman who was even willing to do it. Most awkward phone calls of my life bar none. Wound up settling for some super shady looking place off the interstate. Then, after I was satisfied this woman could do it justice, I had to let this stranger see me down there for hours while she did it all. It stung like crazy the whole time, but no no, thanks to you and the Stern girls, I was still plenty turned on anyway, just knowing what this was for.”

“Tell him about on the way out,” prompted Isa.

Candy shot her an irritated look, but now that the subject had been broached, there was no going back. “I bumped into a former student – Xavier Burney? I don’t know if you had him – in the parking lot. He could tell why I was there, and got all excited, wanting to see what I had done. I blushed so hard trying to fend off his curiosity that I think he guessed where the tattoo was all on his own. Or near enough. It was mortifying.”

“Ah, good old Xavier. How’s he doing?”

“How the hell should I know?! I was just trying to get out of there while revealing as little as possible. I can only hope the woman inside didn’t satisfy his curiosity or the whole school will know by Monday morning.”

I chuckled. “If it comes to that, we’ll call us even on the whole dinner poisoning thing.”

“How charitable of you.”

“Isa, you’ll be working your karmic debt off for a while yet, but something tells me you don’t mind being under my thumb a while longer.” She didn’t look up, much less reply. “So. Looks like Candy’s paid the price of admission. So before we go any further—”

“Yes, let’s keep talking about it instead of getting it over with,” grumbled Isa.

“—I thought it might behoove us to delineate any limitations you’d like to put in place. I’m sensitive to the fact that I’m not dealing with hetero women, and I’d prefer we all had fun.” The precise reason behind my sudden respect for the boundaries of sexual appetites was best left a mystery. They each looked surprised by my claim to sympathy; Isa’s expression suggested she was waiting for me to laugh and take it back. I waited.

“Well I’m bi,” shared Candy after a moment. “I lean toward women, but I’ve had good sex with men before. The whole voyeur thing never really appealed to me before, but now, after what you and Abbie did to me... I figured if you’re going to do this to Isa, and she can’t help herself, and I can’t help myself when she can’t help herself... may as well get a front-row seat. That said, I’d still rather just spectate, if that’s all right. No offense or anything. Or not much, at least.”

“Not much taken, I guess. And you? Do I need to ask, Isa?”

We turned to the woman on the floor, who struggled a bit to get her own words out. “I have no particular use for the male form. Never did much for me, honestly. That said, thanks to Serenex, I get turned on every time I see your smug prick face, so... I guess let’s see how it goes. You want me to speak up if I hate something that you do?”

I agreed that it sounded as good a guideline as any. “Candy, why don’t you have a seat on the couch. If you feel like proving your resilience to touching, come on over. Until then, I think it’s high time Isa does her part to make up for being such a bad, bad girl last weekend.”

A tongue slipped out from between two ruby red lips and hung there a moment before being sucked back in. Candy giggled and made her way to the couch. She crossed her legs prettily, watching the two of us with obvious anticipation.

“I’m sorry, master,” Isa mumbled. She was the picture of submission, a doll in fancy underwear, chin down, eyes up.

“Sorry for what?”

“For... being a bad girl?” she guessed.

“No, I mean specifically. Tell me what you did that you’re sorry for.”

She glanced up, tense. Still, the answers I was looking for weren’t arcane. “For deceiving you. For trying to drug you. For the things we tried to do to you when we thought you were under. For threatening you.”

Though these were all things I’d thought about quite a bit myself, hearing her acknowledge them reopened the wound just enough to let some of that lingering salt out. “If those were bad, then how come you did them?”

She frowned. Sex games she’d expected, but an actual confession evidently hadn’t crossed her mind as a possibility for the evening. Mine either, but as much as her body was enticing, the power I had over her was every bit as much so. “Because we had to protect those girls, master.”

“If you thought you were protecting them, then why are you sorry? It doesn’t sound like you’re sorry. It sounds like you’re telling me what I want to hear, but you still think you were right to do what you did.” I nudged her backwards with my foot; she tumbled onto her back, then remained supine as if afraid to rise off the floor.

“But... I was... I mean...” She gave me a forlorn look. “I don’t know what you want me to say, master.”

“I want you to convince me that you’re sorry.”

The look hardened. “And if I’m not?”

Not *if I can’t*. No. *If I’m not*.

Well, time to find out how well Serenex had solved the Louisa Barbour problem.

“Then you’re not my submissive little bitch.”

“Wait, what? I am!” She caught her defensive response too late. “I mean... you made me. Or Abbie made me. Whatever. After what you did to me in my office, how can you...?!”

God, she looked incredible curled up on her side like that. If it was a pose, she pulled it off beautifully, but I think it was simply her body’s most natural position when too meek to pull herself off the floor. The lines of her, the curves, the way gravity affected this but not that... it was something to behold.

“Letting you entice me into using you so you can get off is greedy, not submissive. I know you’re new to this, but that’s not how it works. A submissive does what she’s told. She doesn’t argue. She puts the wants and needs of her master first, and her own second. Or maybe third.”

“I sucked your dick! I let you *spank* me!”

“And you came from both of those,” I countered.

Candy gasped. “You got off from sucking Canon’s cock?” Her nipples were visible through her dress now. Their location was even more noticeable when she started twisting them through the thin red fabric.

“Stay out of this baby!”

“Sorry, that’s just so... slutty.” Candy sighed, legs uncrossing in preparation for what was to come.

“And what difference does it make if I...” She took a breath, steeling herself to get the words out. “If I enjoyed it? I still did what *you* wanted!”

“You did what *we* wanted. Now, do what *I* want.”

“You’re asking me to give you my permission to drug and molest a bunch of innocent girls!”

“I’m not asking you to do any such thing.” I stood, undoing my belt and lowering my pants and underwear, cock rigidly aimed at the ceiling fan. My shirt followed. Candy squeezed her little tits fiercely at the sight of my naked body towering over her girlfriend, prone on the floor. “I’m *telling* you to.”

“But... what difference does it make what I say, master? You’re going to fuck those girls anyway. Who cares if I approve?”

“A submissive little bitch doesn’t question *why*. She does what she’s told.”

If looks could kill, the one that crept onto Isa’s face would have melted the flesh off my bones. But I had her. Rather than back down, I crouched over her and placed one hand on her knee. It took next to no pressure to part that leg from the other. Sure enough, there was that widening wet spot. I put my fingers to it and gave a few soft strokes. Her eyes squeezed shut, the pleasure plain on her face.

“You like it when I touch you like this?”

She nodded.

“Then tell me.”

After a delay, she shook her head. “No. I don’t condone it. I won’t.”

Good. Better she not cave right away.

I steered my middle finger to where I suspected her clit was – hard to tell through the panties – and pressed in, rubbing in slow circles once I was sure I had it. Swollen as it was, it wasn’t hard to pinpoint by touch. “Tell me, Isa. Tell me you want me to fuck whoever I want.”

“Th-they’re your students!” she protested with an inadvertent gasp.

“They are. But it’s what I want. Tell me you want me to have what I want. *Want* me to have what I want.”

I’d spent enough time around pussies in the past few weeks to recognize an approaching orgasm. Right as she took that ragged, shuddering breath, I froze. Her eyes shot open, looking at me pleadingly. “Why did you stop?”

“Tell me. Tell me, and I might keep stroking you.”

The back and forth between wrath and despair was disconcerting in the extreme, while somehow simultaneously being wildly sexy. Candy watched, fingering her own pussy unrestricted and uninhibited, as I toyed with her lover.

“It’s... it’s wrong, Canon,” she whimpered.

“Tell me anyway. Embrace doing the wrong thing, and take comfort knowing it made you a good girl for your master.”

Her hips thrust forward unexpectedly; a groan launched from the officer’s lips. It nearly pushed my fingers into her pussy even through her panties, but I pulled back before she could derive any real satisfaction from it. “Uh, uh. Tell me. Obey.”

Her eyes closed, and after a long moment, a thin tear leaked out the corner of one eye. “Fine,” she whispered. “Fuck whoever you want. As long as I’m one of them.”

I moved to squat right over her body, my hard-on dangling over her belly. “No. No conditions. I can fuck anyone I want.”

Her eyelids slid open, but behind them was only a scoreboard that displayed the ongoing results in the contest between her integrity and her libido. Integrity was lagging way behind, and there were only minutes to go in the fourth quarter. “All right. You can fuck whoever you want.”

“Good girl.” She quivered with delight. Even Tabitha wasn’t that invested in my approval. Quite. “Now tell me you *want* me to fuck whoever I want.”

“I...” Her eyes darted to Candy, casually diddling herself on the sofa. “I want you to fuck whoever you want.”

“Tell me you like that I fuck my students.”

“Do I really...?!” She winced. “Fine. I like that you fuck your students, master.”

“Show me you’re not just saying it. Show me you mean it.”

Her eyes fixed on my cock for a long moment. It was a hell of a look from a lesbian. “How am I supposed to show you that?”

Candy spoke up. “Be more specific. Tell him *what* you like about it. Tell him what you hope he’s doing to those girls. Tell him how lucky they are, how you wish you could be them, fucking and servicing him,” she instructed, trailing off into a throaty moan. That I knew Candy didn’t mean it, that she was only fueling Isa’s sullen, resigned obedience only heightened the thrill.

I gave Isa a moment to compose her thoughts. Would she really be able to make herself—

“I love that you’re making those raging bitch Stern girls show a little respect,” she began. Seeing my encouraging nod, she kept searching. “And that... um, that you... um, get to feel powerful. That using them makes you feel good.”

“That’s better. Don’t stop now.”

“Tell him he can use your office to fuck them.” Candy’s legs were spread wide now, her fingers thrusting in and out with abandon. She was too turned on by how much Isa hated saying this to stop herself.

“Oh. Yeah, if you want. You can come down, and I can stand watch outside while you fuck them. Or I can stay in and watch, if you want. Whatever you like, master.”

“What if I want you to join in? Would you help me fuck them?”

Her muscles tensed for a moment, then suddenly went slack. “If you told me to. I guess.”

I made myself frown. “That doesn’t sound like you’re my submissive little bitch. That sounds like you’re grudgingly letting me push you into something. A submissive little bitch would be glad to fuck those girls, if that’s what I told her I wanted.” Not totally heartless, I resumed the clit massage.

Her resolve crumbled nearly instantly. Was my touch really that pleasurable to her? Or did she hate it so much that it made her that horny and obedient? “Fine! Fine, I’ll fuck them. I’ll fuck them while you watch, master. Whenever you want. OK?”

“Tell me what you’d do to Taylor Stern if I told you I wanted to watch you girls go at it. How would you use her to provide me a good show?”

Isa rocked her whole body into my hand, panting as her purple panties pressed powerfully into my palm. “I’d... we’d... we’d make out first, I think. Yes. I’d clear off my desk, lay her down on her back and climb on top of her. The girl may be a rotten bitch, but she’s so sexy, master. You deserve girls that sexy to pleasure you. I would take off whatever tight, skimpy thing she wore to flout the dress code that day, then suck her big tits right off, master. I love big tits, maybe even more than you do.

“Then I would make her stand up and bend over my desk, then get out the baton I keep in my drawer and fuck her pussy with it. I know just how to make it feel good, master. Baby and I play cop games sometimes, so I’m good and practiced with it. I’d make her come so hard for you, master. And if she gets too loud, I’d flip her back over

and sit on her face, ride her smug bitch mouth until she proves she can be as submissive as me, master.

“I’ll have to bring in my handcuffs. We only use those plastic riot cuffs in the field any more, but I still have a real pair. I’d cuff her arms behind her back. She’d be completely helpless. Then I’d put the little bitch on her knees and tell her she has the right to suck your dick, that anything she sucks out of it will be sprayed all over her bitch face and her big bitch tits. I’d grab her hair and use her face like a flashlight, fuck you with her mouth until you come all over her. Then I’d send her back to class with your cum on her breath, with it drying all over her tits.”

Her eyes opened. “Would... would that be good enough?”

Would that my cock, throbbing as red as her girlfriend’s slutty dress, wasn’t betraying my attempt at nonchalance. “I suppose that would be good enough, the first time. Good girl, Isa. That finally sounds like the submissive little bitch you told me you were.”

She squeezed a plump breast through her bra. “Thank you master.”

“Now show me you mean it.”

“Show you...?” She frowned. “The girls aren’t here though, are they?”

“Well... there’s *one* girl.”

She followed my gaze to the sofa, where Candy was utterly incognizant of what we were saying. She was getting herself off, and hardly seemed to need the stimulation any more.

“She said she only wanted to watch, master.”

“She did.”

“You said you would respect our boundaries.”

“I did.” I stood up, smiling as the woman’s body went limp at the removal of my touch. “And I will. I’m only saying, I want to fuck her. What you do with that information is up to you.”

Candy had enough presence of mind to realize something was happening, however. “Wait, what? But... no. I mean, that’s not... the plan. Right?”

“Not a plan. Just a desire. You look incredible, Candy. Good enough to eat. But I’ll let you two work it out. Let me know when you’ve made a decision.”

“I’m not...!” she insisted, gathering herself upright. I was already walking out of the room, though, making my way to their bedroom. I closed the door behind me, then flopped down on their bed to wait and see.

I’d sort of hoped to eavesdrop on the proceedings, but I had to hand it to their soundproofing efforts. Or maybe they were simply being that quiet. Either way, only a scant whisper of noise penetrated the bedroom walls, and none of it audible enough that I could make out anything definitive. Was Isa really going to pressure her girlfriend into spreading her legs for me? I didn’t know if she would, much less if she could. If not,

would she come in to volunteer herself in Candy's place? I really wasn't going to force them into anything. The little stunt with Isa was mostly theater, as much for Candy's enjoyment as mine. Their judgmental looks and comments were a nuisance, but really, who cared? I was getting what I wanted, and if these two didn't want to have sex with me, I had nearly half a dozen others who would be more than glad to. Maybe that's what I ought to do. Give the lesbians a break, go home and—

The bedroom door opened. There on the other side was Isa; in front of her, being herded toward the bed by Isa's commanding grasp on her hips, was Candy. That blissed out look on her face was gone. Now, it was the annoyed, harried, but ultimately deferential look I'd first seen on her some weeks ago when I filmed her in the shower. She stopped at the bedside, spared a glance for my cock, then back to my face.

"You can fuck me, we decided." Isa slapped her girlfriend hard on the ass. Candy jumped in surprise, then glared back at her, but Isa stared her down. "Sorry. I meant to say, I *want* to fuck you. There, is that better?"

Isa looked to me. "Is it, master?"

I patted the bed beside me. That was all it took for Candy to crawl into her own bed, kneeling at my side. "You two took your time deciding. Now I need a little help getting back into things."

"Really? Because you sure *look*—"

"Candace, baby... the man wants you to suck his dick. So suck. his. dick."

Candy's lips worked together for a moment. "All right. So, you want me to just..." I wasn't about to explain it to her. I felt pretty confident she knew how blowjobs worked. If not, here was her chance to learn. "OK. Yeah, I can... OK."

She took a deep breath, then bent down and lifted my shaft to her mouth with a manicured hand. I hadn't even noticed her red-painted nails until I saw them clutching my cock. They matched her lips, too. A pair of lipstick lesbians, with matching lipstick.

Isa came around to the other side of the bed – hers, I'd deduced, having noticed her gun safe beneath the nightstand – and knelt opposite her girlfriend. "Is she doing a good job, master? I told her she had to do a good job."

I'd had my hands folded behind my head – a placement I'd learned long ago to help me from irritating ex-girlfriends and dates who'd been kind enough to do as Candy was doing now. Presently, I lended one the freedom to wrap itself around Isa's hips, squeezing a pleasing handful of her plump, athletic booty. "She's doing all right."

Without warning, Isa's arm lanced out and smacked Candy's tightly rounded ass. The *crack* echoed around the room. "I told you to do a *good* job pleasuring master, baby. Not 'all right.' *Good*. Now do a *good* job."

Candy's squeaked in alarm, and maybe pain, but her mouth never left my cock. Sure enough, the slap produced results. There was passion in her lips now, redoubled effort. Her tongue went to work, and she stroked the lower portion of my shaft with her

hand in time with her bobs. Impressive coordination for someone who shared her bed with an angry lesbian. Her eyes searched mine for signs of satisfaction. It was self-fulfilling; I was a sucker for a woman who looked me in the eyes while she blew me.

(A month ago, I'd been a sucker for any woman who even might blow me to begin with.)

"Better," I assured Isa.

"I'm glad, master."

As her hair slowly slipped free from the decorative contraptions holding it ever less tightly in place, I at last decided that as fun as finishing in my coworker's mouth would be, it wasn't why I'd come here this evening.

"I think I'd like to fuck her now," I informed Isa.

"Where would you like her, master?" When she saw Candy letting me slide out from between her lips, she snapped and pointed at it. "Stop when master tells you to stop."

"She can stop," I said with a laugh. "On your back, Ms. Salata. Let's trade places."

"Jesus. I can't believe we're about to..." But disbelief or no, she did as she was told, laying herself down in the middle of the bed. She really did look amazing in that dress. It was sluttier than actual nudity. I wouldn't even need to take it off of her to fuck her. It was perfect.

Candy sportingly spread her legs to make room for me as I moved into position. This was it. This was the longest I'd had to wait between seeing a girl naked and having sex with her since my girlfriend in high school, and not by a lot. She positioned my head at her slit, but I didn't push in yet. "You're sure you're ready for this?"

"Yeah. Why, don't I look ready?" She frowned. The intent of my question hadn't actually been to discern whether or not she was wet; that much I could see from the light of her bedside lamp.

Isa moved around behind me, then. I wasn't sure what she was doing until I felt her body press against my back, her pelvis against my ass, her strong hands on my bare waist. "It doesn't matter if she's ready. Fuck her, master. You want to fuck her, so fuck her."

With that, she pressed her hips forward and drove my cock into her lover's waiting cunt.

Together, Isa and I fucked Candy. It wasn't long before the skirt slid up enough to expose her tattoo, the indelible advertisement for the sweet treat that was Candace Salata's pussy. It wasn't long after that when I came inside it; Isa held me inside her until I finished my orgasmic twitching.

"Do you want to keep fucking her, master? We would be pleased to help ready you to fuck her again."

"Do it."

Isa laid down beside me, guiding my hand to play with her tits while she pulled my cock out from between her lover's legs and flopped it down atop that tattoo. With her cheek right on top of it, Isa sucked me back to hardness. The woman watched me closely, and I could read in her eyes that she was waiting for me to decide when she was done. A subordinate waiting for orders from her commanding officer.

I didn't make her wait long, not even bothering with a warning before I pulled back and out of Isa's mouth, then plunged right back into Candy's pussy. She gasped, then wailed in delight, clutching fistfuls of sheets as her pussy spasmed around me.

"She's making a lot of noise, Isa. See if you can't do something about that."

Honestly, I'd meant for her to kiss the woman. Watching them make out while I fucked Candy seemed as hot a thing as I could imagine.

I soon learned that my imagination might be in need of a tune-up.

Isa threw a leg over Candy's head and positioned her pussy over Candy's mouth. She tugged the string over her left hip, and the panties quite nearly slipped off. Then the one on the right, and down they went, plopping down on the woman's face. She tossed them towards a hamper near the bathroom door.

"*Shhh.*"

She lowered herself onto Candy's open mouth, eyes gliding shut as her lover's rug munching instincts kicked in. Her hips rocked slowly, rubbing her slit against a tongue I could only occasionally glimpse. The officer's body trembled in long-delayed satisfaction as her clit at last received the attention I'd only teased it with on the floor of their living room.

"Better, master?"

"Show me your tits, Isa." Candy seemed to have heard me, because her moan was only barely muffled by the muff on her face.

Automatically her hands reached behind her and undid the clasp with graceful ease. The purple cups slid down as she shrugged the bra off her shoulders, thin indentations left behind from the weight those straps had born. Two shapely brown tits awaited my hands as we leaned forward, our lips meeting in the space above Candy's sweet, generous pussy.

"These tits are yours, master," she whispered into my mouth as we made out, riding her girlfriend at both ends. "If it would please you, I would be glad to titty-fuck you when you're done with her."

If, I thought, *not when*. I wasn't sure I'd ever be done here.

Luckily, there was no rush. Isa was now committed to producing every ounce of pleasure she could for me, and knowing how artificial those feelings were kept Candy very nearly as committed. It was Isa who took point on suggesting and enforcing positions as the night drew on. Some of it was more conventional, at least from my limited initiation to the threesome. The two of them licking my cock in unison; Candy

riding me while Isa straddled my face; taking up Isa on her offer of a tit-fuck while Candy kept us good and lubricated with her mouth. An exemplary display of her bisexuality.

I'd never known a woman to give up her virginity with as little fanfare as Isa did that night. After my fourth recovery period of the evening, when she saw the gleam returning to my eyes, she positioned herself on her hands and knees and simply offered, "Would you like to fuck my pussy this time, master?"

I did. Though midway through I remembered those tits and flipped her over, riveted by their perfectly symmetrical flopping and flouncing while I received the privilege of being the first, and probably last, man to come inside Isa Barbour's pussy. Candy simply watched, propped up against the headboard masturbating furiously as I deflowered her life partner.

"What do we say?" I demanded of her, practically wheezing from exhaustion as I pulled out, what little cum I'd had left now dribbling out of Isa's pussy.

"Do you want to call one of your girls over and watch me fuck them, master?"

I collapsed beside her, laughing in spite of myself. "I meant 'thank you,' but sure, that's another route. And no. Fuck, you two lezzy bitches are insatiable."

"Don't call me a bitch, Canon," snapped Candy, though the heat was mitigated by the fact that she was still playing with herself, overwhelmed by the sight of her freshly fucked girlfriend.

"Isa, tell her not to act like one."

"Don't act like a bitch, baby."

Her body convulsed. The disheveled red dress slid up to her waist as her body slumped downward in orgasm.

The three of us laid there recovering for a time. I considered adjourning to the shower, but frankly, we'd already found the right note on which to conclude our fun. I could wash myself. (Or if I changed my mind when I got home, Cassie and Megan were right next door.) The ladies laid there, utterly spent, as I dragged myself to my feet. I'd meant to get dressed, but my clothes were still wadded up on the living room floor.

Right next to the shattered pieces of Isa's integrity.

"So, how was it?" I nudged Isa's leg. "Honestly."

She was face-down in the bed, but found the energy to twist back to look at me. "It was the best sex we've ever had, master."

"Yeah? How about that." I couldn't keep the cocky grin off my face.

Her head sunk back into her bed. "I've never been more turned on in my life. I'm not sure I'll ever be able to think of you without getting this blindingly horny again."

My car was in my driveway before I remembered exactly what about me turned Louisa Barbour on.

Maybe Abbie wasn't content to simply punish me. Maybe she wanted me dead. I sighed. But what a way to die.

Part Twenty: Indoor Recess

The first thing I did that rainy Sunday morning was to head out to the strip mall and buy myself another new phone. In hindsight, I could have simply asked Megan to use the burner phone she'd used to blackmail me, but in the meantime the folks at Sprint got to fleece me all over again. It was ironic, in a way. I mostly used my phone for social media and email, but this whole past week, I had been totally unplugged. No news from the outside world, no updates on middle school acquaintances' babies or memes about political grievances had penetrated my bubble. Evidently when one is busy maintaining a stable of seven, there simply wasn't time to squander updating my status. (Seven, I insisted to myself. The eighth didn't count.)

The saleswoman recognized me, to my surprise. It had only been two weeks since replacing my last phone, the one whose screen had shattered when Megan's all-caps threats caused me to drop it. This new one was prompted by a text from Tabitha that was waiting for me when I dragged my rather sore butt out of bed.

Do you like it when girls send you nudes?

I left her on read – but only long enough to get the second phone and conduct a little belated clean-up. Something about the too-casual offer of career-ending generosity had finally jarred something loose. All this time I'd been corresponding with my women using my own phone. Taylor's fake confession, taped in the school bathroom. The video of Candy playing with herself in the shower. Myriad nude and semi-nude selfies from the lot of them. My phone was a cornucopia of evidence against me should it ever fall into the wrong hands. I certainly hoped it would never come to that, but I didn't even have my Serenex on hand to deal with any problems that might arise. I had to be more careful, if only for another two weeks. Then my girls would graduate, and anything we did would be merely scandalous, but not a violation of my contract. Or state law, which Isa had reminded me was also the case.

I spent some time purging every bit of incriminating data and each illicit conversation from my regular phone, then updated Tabitha on the new number. Finally, I responded to Tabitha's question.

Depends on the girl. Depends on the nude. Whatcha got for me?

Alerted by the message explaining my new number, she was already on hand, the pic ready. It arrived only a few seconds later. The shot was set in what had to be her bedroom, an austere, off-white place full of bookshelves, with one such shelf set aside for a slew of ribbons and trophies that were too well-centered to be coincidentally in the shot. As to the centerpiece, it was surprisingly elegant, her body captured in a sunbeam from an open window – one which I could only hope didn't have neighbors with a good line of sight through it.

Tabitha rested on her hip, torso upright and twisted to face the camera. Her nipples jutted out pebble hard, though otherwise the only “indecent” part of her showing was the suggestion of buttocks partially visible behind her feet tucked up beneath her. One hand teased down her lower lip, the other thrust into her hair, which I couldn’t help but notice was more unkempt than usual. There was a wildness to it. She’d even gone with a black and white shot, though had filtered it so that the blue in her eyes shone like diamonds.

I approve of the girl. It’s a little pretentious, the whole B&W thing, but then, pretentious suits you. Solid A.

The original’s still on my laptop if you want the full color version. I thought it looked more interesting contrasting the eggshell walls, cream bedspread, the pearls.

I hadn’t even noticed the pearls. Shall I send them to your photography teacher? I bet Mrs. Tandberg would be impressed.

Did you know it’s illegal to send someone else’s nudes without their consent? In this state, anyway. Though if you went across state lines and sent them to her from there, it wouldn’t be. (Though I think it would still suggest certain other crimes.)

I did know about the first part, but not the technicality. Thanks for the tip...?

Yeah, maybe don’t joke about that and you won’t get lectured, Mr. C. She attached a bitmoji of her holding out a trophy that read “You’re The Worst.”

Maybe don’t distract me from my planning so we have fresh material for tomorrow.

Tomorrow? When/where? Gotta add it to my calendar.

After school. My room. I pictured the look on Taylor’s face when I kicked her out so Tabitha and I could get to work. Served her right.

Do I need to bring anything?

I considered. Was there? She had her body, and that was really all she needed, but... Wear a thong. And no bra.

No bra all day...??? Or just take it off after seventh period?

I left her on read once again. Truthfully, I didn’t care, but she had to learn to interpret my preferences for herself. With that, I passed on the new number to Candy and Isa, the latter of whom replied to compliment me on taking some added precautions for once. Then, after a brief consideration, I sent it to Megan and Cassie in the same text. That was it, though. The Sterns could find out my new number when and if I deemed they needed it.

Megan’s response was a simple thumb’s up. Cassie replied separately.

are you still mad at me??????

*I sighed. I’d seen it coming, but still, the girl had a pitiable way about her. Even so, consoling someone for being party to that obscenity was not in me yet. *A little, yes. We’ll talk about it later.**

She responded in a flurry of mini-texts, which in my book was a literal microaggression.

I told them not to!!!

I said you'd be mad

but they didn't care

Abbie said you deserved it

and I guess she made me feel bad

which is so stupid because why would I

even though you made her have ff sex with couch salad

**coach*

**Salata*

sorry gotta proofread better

but I'm sorry!!

My new phone's vibrator didn't crap out on me through all of it, which was impressive. *I accept your apology. I need to get some work done, though.* There. That was as magnanimous as I could make myself be about it. She responded only to assure me she'd be happy to help with my work or offer a breather, but like Tabitha, I simply closed the window on it.

I'd not been lying, either. My workload was still copious. The journals from *Night* were still piled high. It was one of those labor of love gradings, where the rubric was pretty fuzzy and the grade was largely a completion score for making sincere effort. Still, breaking the book into five sections meant five journal entries, times one page each, times eighty-four students, which all told made for four hundred and twenty pages of handwritten text to skim and comment on. I tried to make sure each of them got at least a comment or two. It had been almost two weeks and I still had almost half to go. Today, I'd do my damndest to finish them off. Then I could whip up a simple reading check quiz for the weekend's *Catcher* reading, review last year's vocab unit 34 tests to make sure they didn't need updating, respond to some parent emails, and hopefully be in bed by eleven. Another glamorous Sunday in the life of a—

“Heya, C-dawg.”

I screamed, leaping out of my chair so fast I banged my knee on the underside. That'd be a hell of a bruise, for sure. “Damn it, Taylor! What the hell are you doing here? Wait, and how the hell did you get in? I don't leave my doors unlocked!” I did sometimes, actually, but I'd made it a point to lock up so I wouldn't risk Cassie sneaking over to distract me.

She shrugged. “I used a key.”

“What key?”

“My key.” She fished it out of her purse, jingled it for me.

“You... When the fuck did you make a key?!”

She leaned casually against the doorjamb. The rain had been coming down pretty hard outside; her hair and her shirt were both pretty wet. For once, though, I wasn't distracted by the sight of her bra through the thin white shirt she wore over it. Not *that* distracted, anyway. "The sooner you adjust yourself to leaving the past in the past, the happier you're going to be. You wanna hook a bitch up with a towel or what?"

"Give me the key."

"What? No. How else am I supposed to get in? Ring the doorbell like a pleb?"

I gritted my teeth. "Give. me. the. key. Taylor."

With a roll of her eyes, she plucked it off the ring and tossed it at me. I had to deflect rather than catch it. "Abbie's got one too, so I'll just make another copy of hers."

I didn't have a counter for that, and even if I did, I knew too well that I wouldn't get anywhere letting Taylor Stern control a conversation – especially when she'd put me off balance. "You need to leave. I have work to do, and you weren't invited."

She gestured to the rain-spattered window. "What? Fuck that. It's pouring out."

"You survived it on your way in. You'll survive it on your way out."

"Is this because of Friday?"

"It's because I said so. Now *go*."

"I seem to recall a teacher of mine telling us to question authority figures and power structures. Only now suddenly he's—"

"You didn't listen to a thing I've said for the past two years, Taylor. I'm not going to waste my breath clarifying myself for you now."

Her frown intensified. "Why you hatin' like this?"

"I'm not hating like anything. You broke into my house, and I'm asking... No. I'm *telling* you to please leave."

She looked past me. "Those our *Night* journals?"

"They are."

"You grade mine yet?"

"Not yet. I do them in period order, so your class will be..." I caught myself being interrogated and shook my head. "No. We're not having a discussion. I have work to do, and you probably have ten more souls to capture before you're summoned back to hell."

She laughed in spite of herself. "Nice. You just think of that?"

I'd probably said words to that effect a hundred times, bitching and moaning about my resident demonspawn to my friends and sympathetic colleagues. "What can I say, you're an inspiration. But really, last time I'm saying it before I drag you out to your car. Go. There's an umbrella by the door. Borrow it if you need to."

She was obviously displeased, but I gave her nothing. Any crack in the façade, signs of interest or weakness, even a stray glance at the way her white t-shirt was plastered against those mouth-watering tits of hers, and she'd push me. And if she

pushed me, I was going to push her back – right onto my bed, where I’d fuck the living daylights out of her.

“Fine. Be a fucking prick, why don’t you.” Taylor hesitated just long enough for me to say something, but anything I said would have only stopped her, and stopping her only would have laid my weakness bare. I watched her go, redirecting my eyes off of her ass just in time not to be caught after her pivot at the midpoint of the stairs, from whence she scowled back at me.

I sat back down at my desk, my head clutched in my hands as I performed a mental exercise, running through the reasons it would be bad if I’d let her stay. *Justin*, I told myself. *Remember that?* It was beginning to help when I heard the door to the garage open downstairs. Only instead of the expected silence, I heard a second voice.

“Da fuck you doing here?”

“Where’s Mr. Canon? Did he invite you over?” Cassie’s voice was low, but the house was too quiet to mistake her identity.

“Nope. I was just in the neighborhood.”

“Don’t b.s. me, Taylor. He booty called you! Didn’t he!”

“Slow your roll and use your brain, girl. You obviously saw me come in here. It’s been like three minutes. You honestly think I had time to go upstairs, rock his world, get dressed, and sneak back out? That’s some serious hate on our guy’s stamina.”

I crept towards the top of the stairs. They wouldn’t be able to see me unless they came a good deal closer, so it made for a much better eavesdropping post.

“Then what *are* you doing?” Cassie pressed.

“On my way out. Guess he’s not in the mood.”

“No duh! After what you guys did Friday, obviously he’s not gonna be in the mood! And now you got me in trouble, too, so I hope you’re happy!”

“Fuck, Cassie, I don’t know how you lived as long as you did without a cock in you. You’re a natural fuckin’ addict. Like, literally.”

“My mom says it’s perfectly natural for girls my age to have strong sexual appetites!”

“Your mom also sucks off your boyfriend, so maybe reconsider where you’re getting your perspectives from.”

“Don’t talk crap about my mom, Taylor!”

“What? It ain’t like I haven’t blown the guy a hundred times, too. Not judging, girl, just sayin’. I calls it like it is.”

I thought I heard a sigh. “It’s not fair. You made Justin go down on him Friday, and now he’s taking it out on me like it was my fault. And I saw you flipping him off, too, so don’t even act like you’re sorry! Mr. Canon’s never gonna believe you are.”

She wasn't wrong there. If Taylor regretted the incident, it would be the first time in our shared history she acknowledged wrong-doing or experienced contrition. "OK first off, you know as well as I did he had that shit coming."

"No he didn't! What he did with us was... fun!" Was her pause a quest for the right word, or the mark of poor acting talent? "What you did to him was sneaky and mean!"

"Fun? Yeah, well, guess you weren't drinking his jizz off your sister's tits."

"So what? Pleasuring Mr. Canon is fun! There's nothing wrong with it!"

"And for two," continued Taylor heatedly, "you're barking up the wrong tree. Justin was Abbie's idea. I got fuck all to do with it. Y'all wanna make waves, take it up with her."

"Oh come on! You two are always coming up with shit together! I sure didn't hear you standing up to her!"

"Abbie's my boss. I do what the boss says," replied Taylor. Indeed, I had a hundred copies of that statement in Taylor's handwriting in my desk drawer not twenty feet away.

"You still could have said *something*! Heck, you were right there with her at the party when she started taking people upstairs and dosing them with that stuff! You could have stopped her then!"

"Yeah? How? Same way you'd stop our guy if he told you to sixty-nine your mom while he fucked her ass? Bet you'd ATM that shit if he told you, wouldn't you, freak?"

"I mean... if he asked, I guess. . The girls online do hashtag ass to mouth all the time." Oh god, that was what ATM was? How had that gotten into the vernacular?

"Besides, there's nothing wrong with pleasuring Mr. Canon It's not the same."

"Right, 'cause the shit you do because your head got fucked is totally different from the shit I have to do 'cause my sister's a psycho. Keep telling yourself that, booty call bitch. Just don't say it in front of Mr. Canon, 'cause I know you got your hangup about lying to him."

Well shit. Abbie? I'd been so sure it had been Taylor, or at least a team decision. Abbie so seldom took advantage of her leverage over her sister that it was easy to forget she had it. Taylor was as much a victim of Abbie's capriciousness as me.

Like that, my anger dissipated. My anger at Taylor, at least. Abbie was another story. Hell, the little sister had probably thought it would be funnier using Taylor's buddy as her subject, just to put bad blood between them. It had occurred to me at one point to be surprised Taylor would use her close friend and confidante in such a way, but I'd chalked it up to the girl's casually malicious tendencies. For once, I'd actually underestimated her.

"Well... is he here?" asked Cassie after a moment.

"Yep. See, you can see his shadow on the rug there, creepin' on us."

I darted back, but it was already too late. A pair of laughing voices echoed up the stairs. “All right, well I guess I’m a go. You two crazy kids have fun, yo,” said Taylor. A moment later I heard the door to the garage open and close.

I hurried after it.

“Hi, Mr. Canon! Did you hear all—”

I ran right past her, through the garage, across the side yard and down Megan’s driveway. I was soaked before I made it through the gate in the fence. I caught up with Taylor right as she was opening her car door, but I threw it closed. She hadn’t heard me approaching in the deluge, jumping in alarm as she whirled to face me.

“What the fuck, dude! You scared the fucking shit out of me!” To my surprise, she planted her hands on my chest and shoved. Hard. “What are you even doing out here?”

“I’m sorry.” I swiped the water from my eyes, but a fresh curtain replaced it instantly.

“So you thought if you ran your ass out here in the rain and apologized, it’d be some fucking Hallmark movie moment? We’d kiss, lock eyes, I’d melt into your arms, fade to black?”

I eyed her askance. “You watch Hallmark movies?”

“Abbie loves those stupid fucking things.”

“Seriously?” I supposed if I’d had to guess what sorts of things she watched, it would be *Saw* movies and videos from r/ChildrenFallingOver.

“Don’t you fucking dare snitch on me, either. Bitch simps hard for that Hallmark garbage.” I mimed locking my mouth and swallowing the key. “You know that shit was barely funny the first time you did it, right.”

“Then why are you smiling?”

“Because I’m looking at an idiot getting drenched just because he misses my titties that bad.”

“Not *just* your titties.”

Her expression softened as she wiped a strand of hair plastered to her forehead. “Yeah? What else?”

I shrugged. “Well, you’ve got a great personality. Sense of humor...”

She shoved me again, but this time yo-yoed me back in with a grasp on the waist of my shorts. “You hate my personality.”

“Only because I know you so well.”

She shifted to a two-handed grip. “Wanna get to know me better?”

I arched a brow. “Um, what?”

“That was supposed to sound sexy. Shut the fuck up.” She snatched my collar and pulled me down to her waiting lips. There we were, making out by the side of the road like regular people. I counted on the rain to obscure our identities should anyone drive

by, though bad as the storm was, there were only a couple cars. Nobody honked or stopped to peep. Damn shame, because they missed one hell of a show.

“Let’s go back inside.”

“I thought you had to work.”

“Eager as I am to read your journal, it can wait.”

“You positive? I don’t wanna come between you and Cassie.”

“Coming between you and Cassie was exactly what I had in mind.”

That got a laugh. “See, now if you cracked shit like that in class, people might actually pay attention.”

I cupped her ass in its clingy wet athletic shorts. “And if you showed this crack in class, maybe you wouldn’t have flunked all those times.”

“See, ya had me, then ya lost me. Don’t push so hard.”

“I thought you liked it when I pushed hard.”

“Better.” She squeezed my ass in turn. “And I fucking do. Now take me inside before we rinse away.”

It was somehow more apparent how cold we’d gotten once we were back in the warmth of the house. Shivering violently, we retired to my bathroom and hastily helped one another out of our wet clothes. (Taylor received some assistance from Cassie, who, although she’d had the presence of mind to protect herself with an umbrella on her flight from next door, went right ahead and stripped with us. I silently thanked my fussy ex for sticking me with this opulent shower that managed to accommodate all three bodies without being unduly cramped. The two of us leaned against the wall as we permitted Cassie to help massage some warmth back into our limbs.

“So you guys were kissing right out there in the street, huh,” Cassie pointed out. Neither of us had an immediate response to that, so she went on. “I don’t think anyone else saw, though, since the rain. I thought it looked romantic, though. Are you two a couple now or something? That would be so weird. Do you think you’d get fired if you started dating after we graduate? Is Taylor graduating? Not to be snobby – just that I know you’re always sort of... you know.” Her fingers sunk into Taylor’s tense muscles, drawing forth a relaxed groan. “Lazy.”

“Hard to be a couple when there’s two of you in here with me,” I pointed out. Taylor’s resentful glare never reached back to Cassie, mollified by firm fingers.

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense. So are *we* a couple? Like, of three, I mean. Or is the couple the three of us, and Abbie, and Coach and Officer Barbour and, um, I guess my mom? Oh, and Tabitha now, too. That would be the weirdest date of all time. But it

would rake in the clicks if we filmed it. Assuming we had sex after. Do you think we'll ever do that, all... what is that, six?"

"Seven. Eight, with me."

"Eight of us. Wow, an eightsome. I don't think I've ever seen that hashtag. I guess it would be a gang bang, except the gang is women. Sort of empowering, when you think about it like that."

"Yeah, it's really breaking that glass ceiling on the whorehouse," muttered Taylor.

"We're not whores. Whores get paid. Wait, you're not getting paid, are you?" The fingers in my back froze. "You're teasing me again. I was gonna say, how would a public school teacher afford half a dozen full-time hookers? Not that I think of myself as a hooker. I mean, I guess if you wanted to pay me, that would be OK, as long as you wanted to. Honestly I'd keep on pleasuring you even for free. It's so fun. What other guy else would let me give him and his girlfriend a shower massage?"

"I'm *not* his girlfriend," Taylor clarified, her voice right atop my own sternly put, "She's not my girlfriend."

"Right, sorry. Just... I dunno, I hardly ever see you kiss anybody else. Not makeout length like that. Maybe I'm just not paying enough attention? No, that can't be it. Not in the right place at the right time, then. Which is a shame, because I like your lips, Mr. Canon. I bet you're a good kisser. They don't kiss a lot in porn either, which I think is a shame. They usually just dive right in and start raw dog big dick wet cunt fucking. Dinguses and hooahas all over the place. It's hot, I guess, but it feels like the actors don't really *like* each other necessarily. It makes sex feel very jobby. It makes me sort of feel bad for those porn stars. I feel like if I was a porn star, I would try to bring some joy and spontaneity to it. Make my guy – or girl – or guys – or girls! – feel special, show them a good time."

"Does she *ever* stop..."

"I'm just telling the complete and total truth. I always do, so long as it's only Mr. Canon and other people who know his secrets."

"That she does. Now Cassie, I think we're all warmed up. Thanks for that. That was nice. Right, Taylor?"

"Yeah, not bad," Taylor answered charitably. "Funky how fast a bitch gets used to showering with other girls around you, C-dawg."

I turned to face Cassie, and Taylor followed suit. I let myself be mesmerized for a moment by the sight of them, these two leggy ladies, naked and wet, bright-eyed and beautiful. "Taylor, why don't you dry off, then grab the bottle in my nightstand and bring it to us. Then you can relax for a bit, and I'll be out. OK?"

It only took her a moment to deduce what I had in mind. "Oh shit, you're finally gonna do it, aren't you?"

quite some time now. It took only a little pressure to push through the outer barrier, and then I slid in like...

Like the tightest little pussy I'd ever fucked.

It wasn't the same, no. Even with all Cassie had done, this wasn't the puddingy velvet texture of a cunt. It was a bit more rigid, a bit more smooth, a bit less inviting. Except as I crept forward, Cassie pressed herself back firmly until she was impaled to the hilt at one go. Her moan of ecstasy rattled the door to the shower.

"Look at you, gettin' good and pegged, yo," observed a bemused voice behind me. "I'll leave you guys to it. And don't even fuckin' think I'm sucking that thing after this for at least a day."

"It's fine Mr. Canon. Irrigated right before I came over it should be even cleaner than my pussy but I get that it doesn't feel that way but oh god oh god oh god just like that just like that ...!" The monoexpression finally trailed off into an ear-splitting screech as she came. I could feel her pussy quivering through the interceding membranes, or at least I thought I was. Even if I couldn't, the way her body went slack confirmed the climax. I caught her just in time with one arm across her belly and the other around her breasts. Before I could caution her not to slip and hurt herself (and god knows how much the presence of a substantial object in her asshole might worsen such an ordeal), her legs regained their strength.

Sort of.

Suddenly, they were wrapped around my waist in a bizarre backward contortion act. Her fingers clutched at the narrow ledge where the tile met the drywall above the shower for support, but other than that, her entire body rested on my cock in her butt.

"Cassie, Jesus, I...!" I stepped forward, slamming her chest against the wall just to provide a little extra friction and to bring her center of balance closer. Her taut ass cheeks pressed against my lower belly, trembling in sudden exertion and ongoing elation.

"Oh please don't make me stop, Mr. Canon. I saw this in a video – hashtag gymnast, hashtag amateur, hashtag anal – and I just had to do it with you. I can do it, I promise. Please don't stop. Please fuck my ass. Please. Oh please oh please, please fuck my tight virgin ass, Mr. Canon."

Credit was due to Candy and Isa. If I hadn't gone so hard with them the night before, my weakness to dirty talk would have had me irrigating her bowels for the second time today. With determination, I continued fucking her. To say it wasn't easy would be the understatement of the year. Each thrust consisted of having to lift her body with my arm, then slowing her descent so I didn't damage her tender back door. She was barely able to help, though some creative work with her lower legs braced against my own hard-flexed ass provided her at least some purchase. It was an epic workout. I could feel myself sweating despite the steamy shower water.

If Cassie found it uncomfortable, or too much work, I'd never have guessed. No, from the moment she was penetrated, she never stopped her Cassie-esque litany of honest observations and porn-inspired rambling. Begging for more. Praising how good I made her feel. Promising to be my on-call butt slut for the rest of our lives.

It was a point of pride for my stamina (albeit a stain on the record of my abdominal workouts) that my muscles gave out before my balls gave in. I finally had no choice but to get her feet back on the floor, and from there, we repositioned. I laid down on the shower floor, and with hunger in her eyes, she dropped her ass back onto me and started to ride. I was a bottom this time, and she was far too slippery to help lift besides; there was nothing for me to do but lie there and let her ass ride me like I was a bull. She was far more vigorous than I would have been about it, but after her practice with her butt plug, she'd have a better idea about her comfort and pleasure than I would. Ordinarily I preferred cowgirl to reverse, but considering the occasion, I directed her to spin away and let me play with her ass while she fucked me.

"Are you gonna come in my ass, Mr. Canon?" she asked as she squeezed her slippery buttocks.

"Damn right I am, sweetie. Don't you dare stop."

"Never. Never ever ever never ever never ever!"

She'd already climaxed so many times – or had it all be one endless ebbing and swelling orgasm that began the moment I pierced her asshole? – that I couldn't tell if the sudden flood of cum in her butt triggered another one, or if the timing had been mere coincidence. Either way, we came so loud I wouldn't have been surprised if her mother heard it next door. After a moment, as my shaft lost some of its turgidity, it didn't so much *slide* out of her as was *squeezed* out by the incredible tightness of her ass. She collapsed in the gathering puddle beside me, giggling delightedly and pawing all over my chest with delirious post-ass-coital affection.

"Thank you for that. Thank you so much. I love you, Mr. Canon. I can't wait until we can do that again. We–"

Her words registered with me the moment they did with her. "Cassie..."

Like she hadn't just had a thigh workout that I'm sure put anything her coaches had ever put her through to shame, she was on her feet in an instant. I think she'd thought she could simply bolt in humiliation and discomfort, except she was soaking wet, naked, and had a ribbon of cum sneaking out of her ass crack. So instead, she made for the nearest towel and started dabbing herself off with a ferocity.

"I'm so sorry for that, Mr. Canon. I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe I told you that. I was just feeling really happy is all. And I mean, maybe I do, but I shouldn't say it, right? Especially with Taylor in the next room. Oh my gosh. You probably hate me now. You're so stupid, Cassie! Stupid stupid stupid! Why did I–"

The water turned off, I caught up with her and held her arms still, using them to pull her body against me. “You’re not stupid, Cassie. You’re incredible. That was incredible. Your ass is incredible. You don’t need to apologize.”

“I feel so...” She didn’t say stupid, but only so I wouldn’t correct her again. “And you didn’t say it back, so now I made everything weird between us. Booty calls aren’t supposed to fall in love! What was I even thinking?!”

“You had great sex, and you like me, and I like you, and it came out. It’s all right, Cassie. And I love you, too. I don’t know what it means in our weird little circumstance, but you are loved. You understand me?”

She twisted herself in my arms to look up at me with those big brown eyes of hers. “Yeah? You promise?”

I kissed her. It wasn’t a long kiss, or a steamy one, but it was sweet, and affectionate. The sort of kiss I wished the first girl I’d ever said that to had given me. “I promise.”

Her arms were wrapped around me, and then she started to cry.

Not long after, I flopped down onto my bed, my towel wrapped snugly around my waist but otherwise still naked. Taylor lay curled up beside me wearing my bulky GHS football t-shirt and, as near as I could tell, nothing else.

“Sorry if that was awkward for you,” I managed. Cassie had only just left, literally skipping home to brag to her mother about what a great ass-fuck she had proved to be. I hadn’t even fully caught my breath yet.

“That was a hell of an ass-fuck in there.”

“Yeah, I know. Don’t worry, not something I plan on doing with you.”

“It’s all good, C-dawg.” She rolled over to face me, a wry grin on her lips, batting her dark eyelashes. “Cause ya know, if you did, I’d still love you.”

I groaned. “So you heard all that.”

“Guess your bathroom door’s set up to keep in noises of stuff coming out of asses, not stuff going in ‘em.”

“Don’t be gross.”

“Oh I’m sorry, man. Do you still love me?”

“Look, I had to say it. Have you ever told someone you love them and had them not say it back?”

“No.”

Of course she hadn’t. “Well it hurts. Doubly so right after sex. It makes you vulnerable.”

“Aw, sounds like somebody has a traumatic story to tell.”

“Not traumatic, just sad. And I’m sure as hell not sharing it with you.”

She thrust out her lower lip. “But why not? Come on, buddy, I’m here for you. Let me love you.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “You are the fucking worst, Taylor.”

“Language!”

I rolled on top of her and I fucked her.

Our first romp of the day was a giggly, greedy, gropy thing. Too tired for more heavy lifting, I soon scooted myself to the edge of the bed and invited her to climb aboard facing me. She’d evidently helped herself to some of my gum from my office, for which I rebuked her with a few gentle slaps on the ass, but she promised she’d bought enough to share with everybody, depositing a wad in my mouth as we kissed.

(Had I kissed Cassie? Did I kiss the others? Did I kiss them like *that*? Now she had me wondering. Did it mean anything anyway? I’d just fucked Cassie’s ass for crying out loud – what difference did it make if we’d kissed?)

“Cassie better’ve cleaned her ass good or I’m gonna get a fucking UTI,” she griped as I pulled her tits into my face. I could drown in there. Happily. If Isa ever found a workaround and managed to kill me, it would be my last request.

“Classy. And I washed it off, so don’t be melodramatic.”

“Yeah? Here, let me take something that was just inside another person’s ass and stick it inside of *you*,” she countered, shimmying her waist to slap me around a bit with her tits.

I grabbed hold of them, squeezing them around my face defensively. “I’m more worried about you giving me a concussion with those things. Can you take it easy? Damnit, Taylor.”

“Yeah, like you don’t love ‘em.” She smashed my face into her right breast, nipple-first. A moan passed her lips as I sucked down hard. “Don’t worry. They love you, too.”

After that, we didn’t bother with clothes. A couple degrees up on the thermostat and she was only slightly chilly and I was only slightly hot. Neither of us had eaten lunch and it was closing in on dinner time, so I ordered us a pizza. She complained about not getting pineapple, but I reminded her that I’d told her to leave when she had plenty of time to go home for food. Taylor even jokingly offered to tip the delivery guy with her tits (a tip that something in her tone made me wonder if it would be her first such act of generosity). Much as the idea of showing off my hot... not girlfriend, but sexual partner? Student with benefits? It would be cool showing off, but a needless exposure for us both. I went with a five dollar bill instead, donning clothes just long enough to make the handoff. My choice turned out to be a good idea, too, since the driver turned out to be both female and a former GHS student of mine.

Isa would be proud of my aversion of that brush with catastrophe.

“Let’s watch a movie,” Taylor said as I procured plates for dinner.

A movie? Was this a date now? “Uh, sure. Yeah, I guess that’d be fine.” Part of me did consider all the work I was putting off (again), but then I remembered the gorgeous naked girl who wanted to cuddle with me on the sofa for a few hours and I mentally slapped myself. “What’d you have in mind?”

“How about *American Beauty*?” She waggled her eyebrows at me suggestively.

I recalled the joke she’d made about it when she’d made her first unplagiarized pass at her essay assignment. “Har har. I told you before, I am not Lester freaking Burnham.”

She took a bite, indelicately speaking around a mouthful of pepperoni. “You ever see *Jennifer’s Body*?”

“No. Is that a porno?” Not that I would object if it were, necessarily.

“Not really. It’s this hilarious Megan Fox movie where she gets possessed by a demon and... well, as you like to say, ‘shenanigans ensue.’”

“Oh, what the hell. If it’s awful, it’s on you to keep me entertained.”

She bumped her hip against mine. “You can do anything you want to me, C-dawg. You know that.” I watched her bare ass sashay into my living room, dragged along behind it like a rat behind the pied piper.

The pizza was pretty good. The movie was pretty terrible. The eye candy wasn’t for nothing, and the presence of Taylor’s head on my lap, her tits and pussy both in easy reach, enhanced it considerably. She’d occasionally turn and give me a lick, a lengthy kiss or two, and every so often – OK, almost constantly – I’d give her a squeeze, a caress, a circle or two around the clit. We missed the climax of the movie when she finally couldn’t handle it any more. No complaints from me. I’d take Taylor Stern over Megan Fox any day, especially when the latter was digital and the former was here and eager to fuck me.

“Let’s do a weird position this time,” she suggested, giving my cock a few friendly strokes. “No more of the same old doggy and missionary bullshit.”

“We had sex three hours ago and it was in neither of those.”

“Sure, but what about that fucknasium shit you were doing with Butt Slut Brown earlier? That shit was hot, yo.”

“You were peeping on us?” I frowned. “That’s not very cool.”

“So in your world, you were butt-fucking your neighbor’s teenage daughter knowing you had another naked student in the next room, but *I’m* the pervert for watching. K.”

“Still, you should... oh, whatever.”

“Don’t pout. You looked good, sticking it to her. Olympian. Let’s keep it going. Shit, we should fuck in a different position every day this week.”

“Every day? You’re going to have competition for that, you know.”

“Yeah, so?”

Right then, with her arrogant smirk shining up at me, her tits in my hands, I couldn't see a problem with fucking this girl every single day.

For some reason I considered it might get in the way of my plans with Tabitha, and I was surprised by how much that actually mattered to me. She didn't give me long to dwell on it, though.

I was happy to simply get creative, but like in class, Taylor would take any excuse to get on her phone. She did some googling, and we tried a few of the results one or both of us found intriguing. The first one was a total bust. We both stood and she bent at the waist, leaning forward and using my grip on her upthrust arms to support her. I think we nearly dislocated her shoulder.

Next, we went for something a site called “the pinball wizard.” It didn't look anything like any pinball machine I'd ever had sex with, but it certainly looked like a good angle to watch Taylor's tits bounce while I stuck it to her. She lay on her back with me kneeling between her legs, shoulders down and ass suspended in the air by me. After the workout Cassie had put me through, I didn't last as long as I wanted, but it was good while it lasted. I held out long enough to see that grudgingly blissed expression on her proud face when I made her come, which was more than worth it for me.

As we cycled through other options on the list, I found my thoughts straying. With Taylor, this was an evening's amusement, a diversion from the usual throwing each other down and climbing aboard to get each other off. (Not that I was complaining – not that I would ever complain.) Still, this would be a perfect assignment for Tabitha. Oh yes, I thought as I entwined my legs around her for a more pretzly configuration, Tabitha would take this and run with it. She'd research it. Demand opportunities for data. Blame herself for any shortfalls in my satisfaction, then strive to improve. Take each position and perfect it.

Taylor grunted. “This is kind of uncomfortable. Fuck, let's just go back to the vanilla shit.”

“Just lay down. I'm gonna eat you out.”

She arched an eyebrow, but the smile betrayed her excitement. “If this is some ploy to get your dick in my mouth, I told you, at least twenty-four hours after anal.”

“What happened to ‘Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me,’ huh?”

“Of course you can. Just don't want shit that's fuckin' gross.”

“Shut up and wrap your thighs around my face.”

“Yes sir, Mr. Canon, sir.”

I mostly forgot about Tabitha, then.

Taylor had a hair trigger when it came to having her clit licked, and I kept after that sweet little nubbin until my tongue was about to fall off. Taylor rocked and squirmed and moaned and demanded all the while. Her long, baby smooth thighs

gripped my face at times so firmly that I had to pinch her butt to remind her even teachers need air. When I threw a couple fingers into the mix, she lost it altogether, pounding my mattress, yanking at my sheets, my hair, making guttural noises I'd never heard pass a human's lips before. By the time I doggedly lapped one last orgasm out of her and finally gave in to tongue fatigue, I had so much puss on my face that it was dribbling down my chin.

"I guess now I know why you keep coming over here, huh," I called over my shoulder as I cleaned up my face at the bathroom sink.

"I already told you why I come over here," she said.

The reference was lost on me. Oh well. If I forgot something she'd said that she'd found clever or important, I still had two years of doing so to go before I caught up to her.

I honored her request not to force a blowjob out of her, though her tits served handily, doubly so thanks to the lube I'd bought for Cassie's ass. As always when I used her for something she didn't derive immediate pleasure from, Taylor made it a point to let her boredom show. Did she know that it only made it more fun? Her tits were more than perfect, but it was that *Jesus, are you done yet?* look on her face that drove me wild. I came right on her face, which both exacerbated her irritation and heightened my climax.

Taylor insisted she needed another shower after that. Exhausted, I left her to it. Funnily, simply knowing my hated student was in my bathroom bare-ass naked, washing my cum off her body, and that she wouldn't object to my entering the room and joining her... that knowledge felt almost as good as actually doing it.

I took the opportunity to put my boxers back on. Then I heard an unfamiliar knock from the living room. Right, the new phone. It still used its default sound set; someone was texting me. I fetched it and returned to bed, where the steam was just beginning to filter in from Taylor's shower.

Can I come stay the night with you, Mr. Canon?

I blinked, shook my head, and read it again. Nope, I'd read it right.

It's a school night, Tabitha.

I know. If you think I'll be a distraction or a nuisance, that's fine.

I'd used the quick reply option before; only then did I open the full conversation window, where my heavy-lidded eyes suddenly flew open. How long had she been texting me? I must not have heard it with all the noise Taylor and I had been making. Mostly Taylor. There was a backlog of numerous images – all of them nudes of Tabitha.

Tabitha sitting backwards on a piano bench, a marble bust propped up in front of her pussy, facing inwards suggestively.

Tabitha's long neck arched back, a smooth white dildo eased deep into her mouth.

Tabitha standing at her bathroom sink, her tight white ass jutting back as she bent forward to apply lipstick.

Tabitha clad in nothing but a pair of thigh-high stockings, looking at the camera with her head cocked to one side quizzically, her glossy brown hair drawn up in pigtails.

Tabitha on her knees in a dog collar, a leash clasped to her neck, the lead held up invitingly to the camera.

Tabitha sitting naked at her makeup stand, the line of her buttocks forming a perfect W, her breasts reflected in the mirror as she applied a brush to her cheeks.

Tabitha in her bed with a shaggy teddy bear in the midst of having its face smashed between her thighs, the apparent source of the eye-clenched bliss on her face.

Tabitha's left hand clenched between her legs, the other holding up her junior yearbook. Zooming in, I discerned it was open to the faculty page, her eyes fixed longingly on what I could only assume was my picture.

I was still gaping at the shot of her resting on her forearms on the edge of her pool, dripping wet, her succulent little nipples hard as rocks, when she texted again, likely mistaking my silence for hesitancy.

If you're worried about my parents, don't. Dad's out of town for the next three weeks, and Mom's already passed out drunk. Earlier than usual tonight.

I just got your pictures. You look amazing. So amazing. I can't wait to tell you to your face how amazing. Straight A work, like I'd expect from you. But I'm a little wiped out tonight.

"Fuuuuuck, I love your shower. I could spend all fuckin' night in here. Props for not being a cheap-ass where it counts."

Aw, thanks! I thought you might be tired. That's fine with me. I was hoping to keep working on getting used to being nude in front of you, and I thought it would be good for me to be there first thing in the morning, so I can practice giving you a proper wakeup.

"Cheap-ass? When am I a cheap-ass? I probably burned five hundred bucks this year on you guys," I argued. Meanwhile, my fingers were busy.

That's sweet, but you really don't need to hold yourself to that high of a standard. I don't need someone on hand 24/7 to see to my needs.

"On your sluts, you mean? Or do you mean at school? Fuck, what a waste of fuckin' benjies," came the voice from the shower.

Why wouldn't I hold myself to the highest standards? I'm never going to learn how to be the perfect lover for you if I don't take every opportunity I can get to study.

"You know, you never cease to make me feel like my investment is a waste," I grumbled. I didn't even think she could hear me, but a laugh followed.

This is sort of awkward, but I sort of have someone over already, hon.

“You wanna burn half a G on your students, start with some better lube. This stuff’s all oily, fuckin’ sticking to my tits. Try some of that edible shit or something. Or better yet, use my fuckin’ pussy next time. Shit self-lubes, ya know.”

That’s fine! I don’t mind sharing you with other women. That’s part of the new course expectations, right? I was texting Cassie Brown earlier, getting some notes, and she said group stuff was a major component.

God, she really was the perfect student. “If you don’t want me to fuck your tits, try not coming over to my house in the midst of a one-woman wet t-shirt contest.”

I don’t think you’d like who the other group member would be, hon. An understatement if ever there was one. I didn’t keep the best mental records on the feuds and fallings-out between my students, but the one between Tabitha and Taylor had been readily apparent since the beginning of the school year. Literally day one. I’d been handing out textbooks and taking down numbers, getting the dry stuff out of the way. Justin had yelled out that his book was number sixty-nine, after which Taylor claimed four-twenty. Tabitha had criticized them for making the process take longer, which had only prompted Taylor to ask if she was just pissed because she was number two. As Taylor says I say, shenanigans ensued.

“Seriously? You’re going with ‘she was asking for it, look what she’s wearing?’ Come on, C-dawg, thought you were more woke than that.”

Taylor, I presume? Cassie said she was over. That’s fine. I don’t want to make it stressful for you to manage relationships. If you want me to come over and threesome you (can I verb that?) with her, no problem. Or put on a show with her, tag-team you with her, whatever you want. It would be good practice for me – immersion therapy.

Dear god, what had I awakened?

“I, um... look, whatever. I’m going to fuck your tits sometimes, so deal with it.”

Before I could finish my reply to Tabitha, she texted again. *Besides, you know me, always happy to take point on a group project lol.* Attached was a bitmoji of her peering over a partially bared samurai sword underneath the words “try hard.”

Such an overachiever, looking for extra work to do on a Sunday night.

“Hey, speaking of your wild dreams, am I staying the night tonight or what? My folks usually don’t give two fucks, but I should at least give Abbie a heads up so if they get pissy about it somebody can make excuses for me.”

Maybe if I didn’t have such a good teacher... ;) So can I come over?

I put my phone back on standby, rubbing my temples and trying to think. Was this a horrible idea? Maybe I should send Taylor home, make a trade. Or should I tell Tabitha to hold off for another night? Hell, if I bunkered down by my lonesome, I might actually get some very necessary work done for once.

There was that knocking sound again. It evidently carried into the bathroom. “Hey, who ya texting out there? Tell that bitch your dick belongs to me, boy.”

I swiped on my phone.
Please, Mr. Canon?