

Teaching Her A Lesson



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 One: Behavioral Intervention Plan

“This is bullshit, Mr. Canon.” Taylor Stern slapped her essay down on my desk. Behind her, her peers looked up from their own freshly returned papers, no doubt to see how I’d react to Taylor’s latest outburst.

I decided to keep it lowkey from the outset. No sense escalating things preemptively. Not when this young woman already practically lived on an escalator. “Language. And what seems to be the problem?” I looked up at her as nonchalantly as I could.

Taylor briefly removed one of the hands from her hips to flip her hair back over her shoulder. Naturally. Twice as uncomfortable for me with her big tits thrust out and unobstructed, daring me to break eye contact. To give her something else to try to accuse me of.

“This.” She pointed to the paper. “What the hell is *this*.”

“Your paper.”

“It says I cheated.”

“It says you violated the school’s code of conduct in regards to plagiarism. Which you did.” *Again*, I added to myself. This had to be the fifth time in these past two interminable years during which I’d been stuck with her in my class that she’d done so. More than anything, it was disappointing she hadn’t learned to cheat less obviously.

“No, I didn’t. You can’t prove it.”

I spun the paper so it was right side up for her and gestured to my hand-written comment. “If you look here, I cited the URL for the site from which you lifted portions of your paper. Verbatim.”

“I did not!” She stamped her foot this time. My peripheral vision insisted I notice the way it made her breasts bounce in her top, the neckline of which trampled over the school’s dress code the way her essay trampled the school’s academic honesty policy. “This is *my* work, *my* words! I don’t know what you think you found, but I worked hard on this, and I want a grade for it!”

I kept my voice down, but by now, the confrontation overbrimming in hers had done more than enough to call attention to our quarrel. “Taylor, you lifted whole paragraphs from the site. If you’d taken a sentence or two, I might have left it at a reprimand, but easily half of your essay constitutes someone else’s work.”

“It’s *my* work,” she insisted. “You just don’t like me so you’re going out of your way to punish me by saying I cheated. It’s not fair!”

By now, the class had split into its usual two factions, the same ones her outbursts usually brought out. The first, comprised Taylor’s friends and my detractors, watching with interest to see if she’d get away with it or at least enjoying seeing her

make an awkward scene for their teacher. The second, and thankfully the larger, who were talking to friends or on their phones, thoroughly bored by the latest show of disrespect from their classmate. This was a marginally louder tantrum than the last one, but that was about all that seemed distinct about it.

For my part, I was once more at an impasse. I could validate her accusation of bias by disregarding her protest like it deserved to be. My alternative was to let her once more waste her peers' time by publicly cementing the proof. Classes were a scant fifty minutes long, and wasting five of them on Taylor's antics – again – always cut other things from the lesson. There was no sense to her outburst to begin with. She *had* cheated. She almost always cheated, at least on anything that took any time or effort outside of class. But then again, she was one of the brightest students in the class, and most opinionated, so why she'd cheat on an opinion essay in the first place when a topic that had clearly intrigued her during class was equally perplexing.

The assignment had practically been a softball to her personally: identify a solution to a societal ill that is inadequate or flawed. They didn't need to propose alternatives necessarily, though many had. Popular targets included big issues like the response to climate change, the drug war, or our Middle East policy, though some had gone deep with niche issues. Zhaniece had gone after student lunch debt here at our own school, and we were working on getting it published as a letter to the editor in the local paper. I'd learned more than a few things from my students, as often happened, and I hoped it provided a little kindling for their critical awareness.

Taylor had ostensibly taken on the Common Core standards, perhaps thinking she'd get a rise out of me by going after my curriculum, but I granted she might genuinely have grievances with it. I'd surprised her by cheering her on, helping steer her to authentic sources that weren't just whiny rants by parents who couldn't help their fourth-grader with math any more. After a well-written and sincere introductory paragraph following my guidance to outline the problem, the solution, and the problem with the solution, I caught the casual inclusion of the word "pedagogically," and a few keystrokes later, had the source URL on my screen. I confirmed the extent of the plagiarism, gave her her zero, and moved on.

She took advantage of my brief moment of consideration to press her attack. "Look, you guys. He doesn't even have a response. He knows he made it up!"
So be it.

It only took a few more minutes to resolve it. With her paper displayed on the front board via the document camera, I steered my computer to the address on her paper, then turned my back from the wall and read from the site. Those paying attention to the charade snickered openly, though whether it was at Taylor's antics or at me for being baited into responding to them, I couldn't have said.

“That’s only part of my paper,” she insisted once my point was made, leaning over my desk from the far side as if she were the aggrieved teacher and I the misbehaving pupil. One last chance to try to throw me off my game with her cleavage, though, and it was a good try. “You’re cherry-picking. I just used a source. That’s not cheating. You’re—”

“Taylor, you plagiarized. You were caught. You lied about it, and were caught in that, too. If you persist in this behavior, I’m going to have to send you to the office. I believe next time you’re up for a Saturday class. Now you can take your seat and let me get on with class, or... see you tomorrow for the Saturday class.” It wasn’t the most productive punishment, that *Breakfast Club*-esque tradition of stuffing a bunch of angry and unruly kids in a room for Super Detention, but it was five hours of easy money for me. I got to mostly sit back and grade, plan and otherwise do the work I would be doing anyway, and looked up every so often to nudge them awake or keep them off their devices. I doubted it had any corrective effect – the students got enough tedium during the week already – but Principal Horen believed in it, and I wasn’t so opposed I was unwilling to cash in.

There was a tense moment with a truly malevolent glare, and she drew it out long enough that I began to think she really might force my hand. Finally, as I snapped my laptop shut and made for the pad of referral slips on my desk, she growled in bestial aggravation and stalked to her seat, her matching dress-code-defying skirt twitching with each stride so violently that anyone looking learned the color of her underwear.

Red. It was red. So very red.

With that image as far toward the back of my mind as I could push it, I began class.

Taylor Stern. Three years into my teaching career, she was hands down my greatest challenge. There were other discipline problems, and many of them were easier to empathize with. Students with absentee parents, substance abuse in their households, a host of other problems. There were brighter students, too, if not an abundance. She didn’t like to give evidence of it – a special combination of too lazy, too disaffected, too self-righteous – but she could be a straight A student if she wanted. Her other teachers had said as much to me, too.

But are there hotter students? my subconscious pressed. Maybe one or two. It wasn’t something we were supposed to notice, but I had eyes. That was about all it took with her. And Taylor liked to press the envelope there, too, showing herself off like a trophy in a display case. Like a lot of my colleagues, I had issues with the existence of a dress code. What could be more sexist than punishing females for male failings? Many teachers, most really, ignored the policy, to Mrs. Horen’s irritation. Yet Taylor made it a game, seeing how much of a distraction she could make herself. Today’s display had been above average, but hardly novel. She’d friended me on facebook, as a lot of my

students did. I had no idea why, given her transparent contempt, but I wasn't about to invite a debate about favoritism by blocking her. No matter how many of her bikini pics flooded my stream.

(Yes, I could hide her posts. I know. And I would, someday, if she crossed whatever line I hadn't yet identified.)

My classroom had no seating code, and if a student wanted to sit on the windowsill, on the floor, hell, even at my desk, I didn't care. But Taylor? Not two months ago I'd had to almost physically push her off the stool in the front of the room because her skirt was so short it was flashing the whole class. *But why?!* she'd whined a hundred times as I insisted, defying me to say I'd noticed, to admit in front of God and everyone that I'd seen my student's panties. Which I couldn't, of course. At that point, the war would be over, my waving flag as white as the panties she'd worn that day. None of these insecure kids were going to take my side and admit they'd been looking too, had had no choice but to look considering how flagrant she'd been about it. That meant her feigned outrage would paint me as a lecherous pervert rather than conveying the truth, that she was a shameless flirt. Or maybe an exhibitionist. Truth be told, I had no idea what she got out of it all, what psychological issues fed into her behavior. I doubted I ever would.

In any event, I did my best with her, engaged her in the lesson when I could and minimized her detriment to the class when I couldn't. She was a chore to deal with and a tragic waste of potential, but if she kept doing the minimum to scrape by, I wasn't going to ruin her future by suspending her over and over until she got expelled simply because she enjoyed causing a scene and flaunting a pair of objectively breathtaking teen tits. So even if she got on my nerves to no end, I put up with it. She got her daily warning, and we both moved on. Soon she'd graduate, or not, and I could go back to dreading the presence of her younger sister in my senior English class next year.

(My department head swore that Abbie was twice the handful Taylor was. From what I'd seen in the halls, I could attest that this was absolutely true, at least in a literal sense.)

Today, however, Taylor decided that the warning wasn't enough. With twenty minutes to go in sixth period, a little pink plastic egg flew through the air and bounced off of Jesse's left temple. As if I couldn't have immediately guessed who would be inconsiderate enough to throw a container of lip balm across the room – inaccurately, no less – Kate hustled over and scooped it up from where it rolled to. “Thanks, Tay!”

“No prob, bae,” answered Taylor. When she saw my expression, she looked up, annoyed. “What's your problem?”

I ignored her. “Jesse, are you OK?”

“Yeah. Stings.” He caught Taylor's reproving glare. “It's fine, though,” he amended.

“Kate, hand it over.” I walked over and held out my hand. Kate looked to Taylor, but her loyalty to her benefactor was quickly outmatched by her fear of her instructor. *I’m sorry!* she mouthed as she handed me the ovoid chapstick.

“Taylor, to the office. Now.” Anyone else might have gotten a lecture on why throwing things around in a room full of distracted people was dangerous, why copping an attitude about it was the wrong way to respond, but Taylor had heard it all before.

Her referral was waiting for her by the time she packed up her things and made her way to the classroom door. She stopped, however, to hold out her hand expectantly. “Give it back.”

“No. We’ll discuss it later. Now go.”

After a final challenging stare-off, she snatched the slip of paper from my hand and stormed out the door, slamming it behind her with enough force that Mr. Hallett from next door came over to make sure everything was OK. I assured him it was, and with Taylor out of our hair, the other students and I salvaged what we could from the final minutes of class. Thankfully, it was my final instructional period of the day, with seventh period as my prep. My patience for teenage tomfoolery had been picked clean for the day. As ever, Taylor and her shenanigans were the brat icing on a stress cake.

The bell rang. Students filed out. I closed the door behind the last of them, suppressing my guilt at shirking hall monitoring duties. I needed to take a few deep breaths and relax before I could get back to the endless pile of grading, the parent contacts, and preparing everything I could for Monday so that I might actually have a day of weekend to myself. Part of one, at least.

I had just slumped down in my chair when Taylor returned.

“Give me back my chapstick,” she demanded as the door slammed shut behind her.

“Taylor, why aren’t you in the office?” There had been no real need to ask. I hadn’t expected them to keep her, but there was plainly no way she could have made it down there, received her consequence, and returned this quickly. It hadn’t been ten minutes even. “You never went, did you.”

“No. You stole *my* property. You can’t punish me when you’re the one who took my stuff.”

“Did you make it to the office?”

“Give it to me. *Now.*”

I could already feel a tension headache setting in. More than that, I decided then and there that I’d had my fill of her attempted bullying. “No. For crying out loud, you *threw* it, Taylor. You hit Jesse in the head. You could as easily have hit him in the eye. You didn’t even apologize! Then you defied—”

“Give it to me!” She took a step closer, looming over me. Or shoving her breasts in my face to throw me. I was never sure how conscious of that tactic she was, but as

self-conscious as girls her age tended to be, I'd be surprised if she wasn't aware of what she was doing.

Either way, I wasn't about to cave. "No. Go to the office. I'll be telling Mrs. Horen that you—"

"I'm not going anywhere until you give it to me. You're *stealing*, and it's *mine!*"

The bell rang. "And now you're late for seventh period, too. Get yourself to—"

But she only took a step closer. Perilously close. "Not without my property!"

I was at a loss. Nothing in life had prepared me to deal with this level of entitlement run amok. A few more failed attempts at asserting myself were met with more looming, to the point that my chair was forced further and further back just to keep her from actually making contact with those things. Her chapstick remained clenched firmly in my fist. With no other apparent recourse, I grabbed my desk phone and pressed the button for the main office, and with Taylor shouting in righteous indignation over me, I managed to convey that I needed assistance from the school resource officer.

Officer Louisa Barbour arrived only a moment later than I wish she had, right after Taylor gave up shouting and began attempting to pry her purloined lip balm from my hand, and right before it occurred to me that the optics on this were terrible. My profound gift of hindsight belatedly pointed out that it would have been better to let her have the stupid thing and then deal with consequences for her antagonism after. Instead, Officer Barbour walked in on Taylor fully straddling my lap, her chest pressed hard against mine as she tried to reach my clenched fist stretched out behind me. It was easily the most compromising moment of my professional career.

Barbour separated us swiftly and easily. Taylor was strong, but caught unawares by a trained officer, she was easily displaced from my lap. The chapstick was still somehow in my hand, and we were both breathing heavily. I probably looked afraid to have been caught with a student in that position, even if it was clearly not anything intimate, but really, I was hoping neither of them noticed the blood rushing to parts unmentionable. The last time a woman who'd been in such a position relative to my person had been the stripper at my friend's bachelor party summer before last.

The resource officer took point on figuring out what in the hell had been going on. I had to hand it to her, she did a good job redirecting Taylor's anger and bringing her back to the point of making comprehensible statements. Recognizing that asking her to take my side would only get the girl's hackles back up, when she turned to me, I kept my end brief and as unemotional as possible.

"So are you going to make him give my property back or what? That's illegal, right?" the student demanded, arms folded impetuously.

"Taylor, I understand you're upset. And yes, you'll get it back." Barbour turned to me. "Right?"

“Yes. Tomorrow. Or, well, Monday, since we’re not here tomorrow,” I said. Taylor’s eyes smoldered, but she’d gotten a concession and a timeline, and didn’t press the matter further. That was good. It’d get her off my back, and I wouldn’t have to reward her in the here and now. Not like I’d ever meant to keep the stupid thing anyway. I simply hadn’t been in the mood to be bossed around by a bratty teenager. Well done, Louisa.

“There. Now, you know you can’t get physical with a teacher like that, right? We’ve talked about this. You have to find ways to deal with your frustration. Remember?”

The glare diminished, though only a hair. “Yeah. I remember.”

“All right. I want you to head on down to my office, and we’ll talk about this, figure out the next step. I need a minute with Mr. Canon first, though, OK?”

With one final withering look at me, Taylor pivoted and flounced out of the room. Was that a smirk I’d caught on her lips? Maybe. After all, she’d engineered a way to ditch seventh period.

I had to hand it to her, Louisa Barbour was a heck of a smooth operator when it came to de-escalating situations. We’d all seen the videos of uniformed brutes body slamming mouthy preteens, but our Louisa was a genuine asset. This wasn’t the first time I’d seen her work her magic, but the first time it had been done to rescue yours truly. Only a couple years out of the academy, but she had a hell of a great head on her shoulders.

“Thanks, Louisa. I have no idea how things went sideways like that. She’s been in a heck of a mood today – I caught her cheating, and she made me prove it in front of the whole class. Must have really set her off.”

She laughed and took a seat atop a student desk near me. I rebuked my students for doing that, but she’d earned the right. “You’d think for someone who cheats as often as she does, she’d be better at it. So much for practice makes perfect, right?”

“Evidently. Man. Really, you were great with her. Though I suppose you and Taylor have had plenty of one-on-one time, eh?”

“That’s for sure. Girl spends enough time in my office I think my girlfriend’s starting to get jealous.” I laughed. Her relationship with the new social studies teacher had been a source of quite a little bit of gossip when it started last fall, but by now it was old news. “And don’t worry about the scuffle, OK? I’ll make sure it’s clear in the report you didn’t initiate anything.”

“Thanks. Thanks again, I guess. I can’t believe she pounced on me like that. I had no idea how to react. I mean, what’s a guy supposed to do?”

“Panic, probably?” Louisa shrugged. “It’s different for you guys. You’re not supposed to have to deal with that stuff. I don’t even know what I’m going to do with her

for this. Under a month to graduation, and she probably got herself expelled for assaulting a faculty member over some fucking chapstick.”

“We could always go old school and put her in the stocks,” I joked. But it was a half-hearted thing. I may not like Taylor, but I knew well enough what kind of future she had in store for her in a town like this with no diploma. Bye bye income. Bye bye opportunities. Maybe she could put that body to use at Jumping Jack’s, the strip club over on East Jefferson. I drove past it twice a day.

“You know, just the other day I was reading one of the magazines they send us. You know, all this ridiculous army surplus stuff and toys for departments with money to burn. Don’t even know why they send it to me. Anyway, read about this new riot suppressor they got, more humane than tear gas, sucks the fight right out of ‘em. No joke, first thing I thought of was our girl there. Maybe we could order a few dozen gallons of the stuff and see if Taylor could actually make it to graduation.”

We shared a chuckle. “With the way my second period’s been lately, it just might be the way to go.”

“I’ll send you the article.” Louisa stood, her grin shifting from mirth to commiseration, and she patted my shoulder. “You OK? Might not be a bad idea to see the nurse. Sometimes even a little mild action like that can put you through the ringer. Hell on your nerves.”

“Thanks, but I think I’ll be OK, Louisa.”

“Don’t mention it. All right, no more stalling, Barbour. Let’s do this.” The trained officer took a deep breath, bracing herself for another encounter, and then she was gone.

Sure enough, as I left the school a couple hours later, there was a scrap torn out of a magazine in my mailbox with a post-it from Louisa. “Discount on bulk?” it read, with a winky face next to it. Beneath was a picture of a spray bottle, white with red print.

Serenex.

Say goodbye to unrest, read the bold letters at the start of the pitch beneath.

I was in early Monday. Early enough that I’d been sitting in the mailroom for close to an hour when Officer Barbour arrived. She was wearing her usual uniform, even had a spring in her step.

“Morning, Louisa.”

“Good morning, Mr. Canon. How are we today?”

Did she not know my first name, or was she always that formal? We knew each other only professionally, so I honestly wasn’t sure. “Doing all right, but the week is young. Say, about that whole mess Friday... have you already filed the paperwork on that?”

The spring promptly disappeared, her feet anchoring in place at the mere reference to Taylor Stern. “Not quite. By the time I could get her parents to come pick her up, it was going on five, so I figured I’d finish it up this morning. Why, she start something else over the weekend? I swear, if that girl starts cyberbullying another faculty member...”

“Huh? No, no, nothing like that. I was only wondering if, maybe, we could give her one last chance.”

Louisa grimaced. “Gee, I don’t know about that. Accosting a teacher like that... that’s crossing a big line. I can fudge the little stuff, but that’s a tall order.”

“I know. But I was thinking maybe she and I can work something out. I feel like I owe it to myself to give it one last shot. Some good karma going into the summer months, you know?”

“I’m really not supposed to let things like that slide, you know...”

I squared with her. “Hey, I get it. Really, I do. And I’m not saying we let her off easy. Hell, let’s put the onus on her. We give her a choice. She can work with me after school, every day, until the end of the school year. Get caught up on all the stuff she missed, cheated on, all that. I’ll talk with her other teachers and get assignments from them, too. Let her actually do the work, earn real passing grades. Or if she says no, well...”

Louisa mulled it over. I liked that she was the sort of woman who wasn’t thinking about the perks of avoiding the paperwork mess of expelling a student, or the pitfalls of an entitled brat and whatever pieces of work who’d raised her suing the school when Taylor decided to twist her version of our altercation. No, it was plain in her eyes that she was considering what was the right thing to do. For Taylor, and for whatever principles she held dear. Good woman. Ms. Salata was lucky to have her.

“All right. Talk to her, see what she says and let me know.”

“Right. She’s in my sixth period, so I’ll be in touch right after that.”

“As soon as you can, all right? I can’t delay this any longer than that. If I take four days to turn in a report on an assault, even a minor one—”

“Understood. As soon as possible. You got it, Louisa.”

After sixth period, the discussion with Taylor went about like I expected. She got her lip balm back, and, smirking and self-satisfied with her conquest, she magnanimously agreed to let me show her mercy. I’m not sure she believed we’d really expel her, and she probably thought she could make our detentions (as she insisted on calling them) so miserable that I’d call it quits after the first day or two. Ordinarily, she might have been right.

But I had been busy, and I was done with ordinary.

She didn’t notice the taste. That was good. It was a bit of a gamble, administering it in that way, but subtle was better. And nothing in the whole world could have been

more predictable than the way she smeared the Serenex-coated lip balm on right in front of me, as if her glossy lips were a manifesto of her refusal to be subdued by some petty school teacher. It was only a faint dose I'd coated the outer layer of the lip balm with, and so would take longer to set in. (I'd tested that myself several times the day before, and was still fighting off the headache my mild overdose had given me.) But it would work. By the time she showed up after school, it would be working. No more fight in her.

And then, we'd... rewrite her essay. Or something.

No, not "or something." I'd sit her down in front of one of the school's cheap laptops and make her write it. That was it. Nothing else. I ought to be ashamed – *was* ashamed – that other thoughts even entered my mind. No matter how terribly she'd mistreated me, I wasn't about to take advantage of a teenage girl. I probably couldn't get away with it anyway, probably. No, I was only doing a good deed. The Serenex was merely an extreme measure to address the extreme situation which she had created.

I'd done my research. That had been during Saturday class, eyes flitting repeatedly to the half-asleep unfortunates as if worried they'd see what I was reading. For once, I let them sleep. I was envious, honestly, still exhausted myself after the most restless, dream-filled night of sleep of my life.

So very red.

Serenex was banned in most of Europe for doing exactly what it advertised being able to do. It introduced a neuroactive agent percutaneously that suppressed the chemical process behind the brain's "fight or flight" response. In essence, it kept someone from resisting. The manufacturer's website boasted a successful test in which they'd offered volunteers \$500 to resist being detained, and in the end, hadn't wound up having to pay them a cent. The larger web was full of articles decrying its use by autocratic governments and wealthy persons of less than honorable intent; a proposal was already before the UN to declare its deployment a war crime, but it had so far not passed as the Chinese government was among Serenex's most prominent clients.

In my own trials, once I'd given the dose time to set in, I'd headed out to the backyard where I'd seen my next door neighbor Cassie was out doing yard work. She'd been in my class two years back when I'd still been teaching English 10, and we got along well. Recently, however, I'd been ducking her, as she was selling those absurd \$30 coupon books as a fundraiser for the volleyball team and, as the saying goes, I gave at the office. Sunday, I'd agreed to it immediately, handing her the money without a second thought. It was surreal remembering our encounter now, how she'd suggested – even with a joking tone – that I buy a second one. Another \$30 gone. When she laughed and said maybe a third would come in handy, I'd already fished the money out of my wallet and held it over the fence before she shook her head and awkwardly declined to take it. Even in hindsight later that night as I flipped through one of my two coupon

books, there had been a lingering sense that a third one might have been useful. As someone who'd not used a coupon in his life, it was proof enough for me. After that, I secluded myself in my office and picked up a book, worried that advertisements on the TV and internet might deprive me of the rest of my life savings.

What I had left of them, that is. Getting my hands on it, and on such short notice, had been the real obstacle. Luckily for me, my old pot dealer from before the state went legal had a connection he referred me to, and for only a little bit more than those test subjects had passed over. The single canister I'd purchased, however, had cost me an order of magnitude beyond that. As I walked away from the exceedingly sketchy fellow who'd sold it to me, I'd felt mostly pretty glad the kindly black market chemical suppressant salesman hadn't simply murdered me and taken everything I had. After that, the \$60 donation to Cassie and the volleyball team was just gravy.

All in all, making such a sacrifice for the betterment of one exceptionally wayward student... I'd felt very noble.

At least, when I wasn't letting my thoughts dwell on somewhat more ignoble thoughts. Fantasies, merely. Nothing I was actually going to do. No, I'd have her write her essay for me.

And maybe apologize. But that was it.

Absolutely it.

School let out at 2:55. By 3:30, I was pretty sure Taylor had decided to blow off my leniency. I was such an idiot. A fool who'd burned every cent he'd saved to help a student who refused to let herself be helped. After finishing up as much as I could stomach of all the work I'd delayed that weekend with this imbecile scheme, I typed up an email to Louisa letting her know Taylor had blown me off after all, to disregard my earlier message and go ahead and let the hammer drop. Taylor had been given every opportunity to make amends and instead—

“So, we doing this or what?” came a voice from the doorway.

I looked up, and there she was. She wasn't wearing her outfit from earlier in the day; now it was a thin white tank top and a pair of athletic shorts cut high on either side. They might almost have met the school's past-the-fingertip rule if not for an entirely too perky ass lifting them higher.

“It's almost four o'clock, Taylor. You were supposed to come here after school.”

“It is after school,” she retorted, ignoring the fact that I was already holding my briefcase. She sat right down in her usual seat, the one as far from my desk as possible so that her inevitable tendency to chit-chat was less audible. It was easier than actually hounding her over it. “I had to get a workout in. This body don't maintain itself, yo. Wouldn't kill you to hit the gym yourself, Mr. Canon.”

I disregarded the slight, whether or not she had a point. “I meant immediately after school and you knew it. It's too late now. I did my best to lead you to water, but it seems you wouldn't let yourself be compelled to drink.”

“Uh, what? You want me to drink something?” she cocked her head to the side. Probably feigned confusion.

“Forget it. I'm sending Officer Barbour an email to inform her you've chosen expulsion.”

She frowned. “Oh. That sucks.” Her disappointment sounded on par with learning that her burger had arrived without ketchup.

“You say that now, but when you're thirty-five and have only just managed to claw your way up from crew to night shift manager at Wendy's, trying to provide for your children on starvation wages because you wouldn't apply that intellect of yours toward the end of achieving the slightest modicum of self-discipline, then you'll really know how much it sucks.”

Taylor drummed her fingers on her desktop, crossing her long legs in my direction. “What, so you're shaming fast food work now?”

“No. The shame isn't in the nature of the work, it's that you have all this potential, but instead of using it, you're going to settle for a harder, less rewarding life. All so you can feel like your i-d-g-a-f branding is on fleek. Or however they're saying it these days.”

“Not bad, Canon. Not bad. So I'm expelled, then?”

I sighed. “You’re not even going to try to talk me out of it? I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised. Cool apathy to the bitter end.”

“I mean, if you say so. Expulsion sounds hella shitty, but it is what it is, I guess.” She shrugged, and then reached into her backpack to produce the chapstick. She smeared it back and forth across her lips once again. “Man. My stepdad is going to kill me. Fuck. Ah well.”

I froze. Chapstick. The Serenex.

I’d been thinking about little else all through my prep, wondering if it was affecting her, if anyone would notice, if someone would figure me out, expose my plan, if I’d spend the next ten years in prison and the next forty explaining why on job applications at Wendy’s. But when she hadn’t shown up, I’d gone right back to festering over Taylor Stern and her insufferable apathy and entitlement, such that when she strolled in an hour late after stopping for a workout, I’d forgotten all about it, and all about those tempting thoughts at the periphery of my imagination. But there she was, unwittingly reapplying a fresh dose and calmly – dare I say serenely – abiding by my judgment.

I looked to my laptop, still open, the email asking Officer Barbour to suspend the girl still open, cursor blinking, mouse hovering right over the Send button. I ought to. She’d been given more chances than she deserved, and blown them all. I couldn’t really mean to sustain this operation. Could I? It was only going to get harder from here. I wouldn’t have chapstick to return every day.

Maybe I owed it to myself to at least give it one day. Just one very, very, very last chance for her. Then absolutely no more excuses.

“Hold it,” I said as she neared the door. She stopped immediately. Why was that so satisfying?

“What now? Am I expelled *and* I have to hear a lecture about it first?”

That should have been telling, that she even hinted that she might endure a lecture if the door was already closing behind her. But I was in analytic mode. I had to test it. Make sure it wasn’t just attitude. After the way she’d wiggled out Friday over a tube of chapstick, who could say what whims motivated this young woman? No, I had to be sure.

“First off, Taylor, I think an apology is in order,” I started. She only looked at me blankly, as if uncomprehending what she might have done. “For your outbursts Friday, and for wasting my time today.”

“Oh. Sure, if you say so. I’m sorry for Friday, and for today. OK?” The lack of sincerity could not have been clearer, but she still rolled her eyes to slam the point home.

“No. It’s not OK.” And it wasn’t, but I also needed more data. Was she humoring me, or was it actually working? “I... Hmm.” I tapped my lip. How to test it? Instantly a

dozen answers stampeded from that too-loud part of my subconscious, but I silenced it immediately. There had to be a way. Something I could use to see if she'd put up with that she normally wouldn't.

"Go to the board," I said. Taylor complied, though her foot was tapping. Impatient? Or eager for my next directive? "Now I want you to write on the board: I will not copy other people's work."

"That's it? Just 'I will not copy other people's work,' nothing else?" she asked, picking up a marker.

"Um, also write, 'and I will behave myself in class.'"

"I will not copy other people's work, and I will behave in class," she parroted. "Whatever gets you off, I guess." I gritted my teeth at her choice of words. My briefcase was concealing an erection so hard it was almost painful.

I watched as she turned and wrote it on the board. I tried not to notice her ass, the ass oh-so-faintly jiggling with each stroke of the marker as the movements in her arm vibrated down her torso and into those shorts. But moments later she was finished, and she looked over her shoulder expectantly. "Now what? Cartwheels or something?"

"Ninety-nine to go," I ordered casually. It was mercy to my professional pride that she turned before seeing how baffled I was by my own words. *Really? Writing penances on the dry erase board?* I'd never even heard of a teacher employing such a tactic except in media. Was Dolores Umbridge in my subconscious or something? It was exactly the sort of pointless tedium that made a student *less* inclined to take any satisfaction in reading and writing, or to have any respect for the disciplinary process.

With another roll of the eyes, however, Taylor turned and began writing. She wasn't working especially quickly, but she was working. As the text gradually filled the upper portions of the whiteboard, first she bent at the waist. Oh lord, those legs. What was above those legs. Then as she neared the bottom, Taylor simply squatted down so she could get her arm at the right angle. Her shorts were rode right up her crack, and when she stood to start work on the next column of scribing, they stayed there, painting each ass cheek separately. As hard as it was not to notice, my attention was really on the broader picture.

I'd told her to do something – something pointless, boring, a Sisyphean chore – and she was doing it. She looked sulky, and occasionally muttered something petulant under her breath. (Mostly under her breath, anyway. Drugged or no, it was still Taylor Stern here.) But the point was, she was doing it!

"Keep writing while I talk at you, all right?" I interjected as she reached the fifties some twenty minutes in. Twenty minutes in which I had gotten almost nothing done despite sitting at my desk and going through the motions of it. That ass was almost distracting enough to justify a dress code – but, as I'd said to colleagues who'd defended

the policy in the past, the fault was really on those who let themselves be distracted. And was I ever distracted.

“Were you gonna say something or what?” she asked, her voice reflecting back at me off the whiteboard. Her hand must be cramping up, as she took a moment to shake it out, flex and unflex her grip, before continuing. Her buttocks rippled with each vigorous shake.

I snapped out of it, but barely. “So today, this is our project, but tomorrow, I thought maybe we’d get to work on your essay. I know you have opinions – do you ever – but I’d like to see if you can’t put them down on the page.”

“I mean, if you say so,” she said noncommittally.

I pressed. “And you are going to show up tomorrow?”

“Is that a question? Like, do I have a choice?” Evidently her hand wasn’t all that was getting uncomfortable. Taylor raised both hands over her head, arching her back and grunting with satisfaction at her stretch. The tank top strained at the effort her breasts were putting into popping out, yet meanwhile her butt seemed to be fighting to keep all eyes on it. In an instant, I knew that would be the feature of tonight’s dreams, just as the friction-filled gyrating struggle for the chapstick had been the focus of every night this past weekend.

“No. You don’t have a choice.”

“So why did you ask it like a question then?” she muttered, getting back to work.

“And you’ll show up immediately after school tomorrow, right?”

She sighed, plainly annoyed. “Fine.”

I licked my lips. It was so *easy*. “And... you’ll apologize.”

She glanced back momentarily. “What, tomorrow? Like, I have to come in with some prepared apology?”

What the hell had I actually meant? Was that it? “No. Right now. Apologize.”

“Uh, all right. Sorry, I guess.” She didn’t stop writing, and her tone and brevity both came across as patently insincere. But in spite of myself, I was so hard that my cock felt like it was about to lift my steel desk off the floor.

“Sorry for what, Taylor?”

“The whole chapstick thing, I guess.” She was nearing the bottom of the board again; rather than squat, this time it appeared she was going to simply bend further. Maybe her thighs were sore from her workout. Maybe she was doing it on purpose to screw with me. Hell if I knew. But she was bent nearly ninety degrees now, and her tank top was hanging down enough that I could just barely make out the bottom of her sports bra clinging to the underside of her tits. Faded pink, almost the same color as that egg-shaped chapstick that had started all this.

“Like you mean it,” I pressed. “A complete, sincere-sounding apology.” I deserved this. *She* deserved this. An apology was only fair. If Louisa had drawn a different

conclusion about what she'd walked in on, it might have ended my career. A heartfelt apology was the least I was owed.

"Jesus, fine. I'm very, very sorry I tried to get my chapstick back, Mr. Canon. And for teasing you."

"You were?" I blinked. She had been? Had it really been intentional?

"It's just too easy sometimes. I mean, you've been staring at my ass nonstop for like half an hour now. It's too easy to fuck with... sorry, to mess with you."

"What?! I... I was not...!"

"It's fine. I mean, I have an amazing ass. Stare if you want, I don't give a shit. Er, crap. Ugh, am I allowed to cuss after school? My filter shuts right the hell off right at three o'clock."

My volume dropped 90% as I looked to the classroom door in mortification. "Taylor, I have not, *would* not, look at a student's ass!" *No matter how incredible it looks in those skimpy electric blue athletic shorts*, my subconscious added. If she turned around, would they be riding up her slit the way it was her ass crack? What color were her panties?

Were they red, like the ones I'd kept seeing in those dreams?

Pink, like the sports bra?

Absent altogether, like all the warning alarms that ought to be stopping me from allowing this to go on a single additional second?

"If you say so," she replied. Was she rocking it side to side like that on purpose, or was that merely a side effect of her growing discomfort, working through cramped muscles from the repetitive motions in the awkward posture?

No. Time to put a stop to this. Just because she was standing there, apathetic to any ogling I might choose to partake in – not that I was, or that I would! – her incredible young body on display in an outfit that was painfully sexy even by the standards of a young woman who, I knew from eavesdroppings long ago, would change clothes after getting to school so her parents wouldn't know what skimpy things she was wearing out of the house...

Where had that thought been going?

Right. Stop staring.

I barely looked up as she completed the remaining lines, and other than grumbling about her hand getting sore, Taylor didn't make any effort to regain my attention either. It was only five minutes until five when she finished, turning to face me. There was that familiar posture of hers, hands on defiant hips, staring me down as if doing my job was an affront to her. I could see there was a blue smudge across the front-most portion of her chest where her breasts had rubbed against her own words. I could see the spot on the whiteboard where the mishap had occurred. She must have fixed it after the smudge.

“So... can I go? My sister’s been waiting for me in the lot for like forty-five minutes. And if you think I’m a bitch, you don’t even wanna know how bad she can get.”

“Yeah, you can go. Oh, and language. But remember, tomorrow, three o’clock sharp. Understood?”

She snapped a half-hearted salute on her way to pick up her backpack, her marker-besmeared chest jutting forward as she arched her back to get it on. “Yes sir, Mr. Canon, sir.”

Why was my heart beating so hard? When she squeezed past me to get out the door, her chest rubbed against mine. I checked, but there had been no marker transference. Good. So good. I mean, you know, just... regular good.

Briefcase in hand, I exited on her heels, pausing only to lock the door behind me. She was a dozen or so paces ahead of me as we made our way to the parking lot exit. Was it more teasing the way she tucked her index fingers into those unseen panties to fish her shorts and underwear out of her crack as she made her way out the door?

The email to Louisa was deleted. My plan had worked. Sure, I hadn’t taught her anything today, maybe a little bit about showing remorse. More importantly, though, I’d made sure the Serenex worked as advertised. Not that there had been much cause for doubt. The UN wouldn’t be condemning the stuff if the solution wasn’t effective at its task, and my test over the weekend had sold me that I’d bought the real deal. Taylor had certainly confirmed the chemical was viable, even in such a small dose. And I hadn’t even acted out on any of those impulses. Some looking, sure, but no touching.

I definitely could have touched. She wouldn’t have stopped me. I easily could have touched her. But I wouldn’t, of course.

I barely slept a wink that night. And my dreams were all electric blue and faded pink.

Part Two: Extra Credit

“This is stupid, Mr. Canon. I already did this. Why do I have to do all these pointless little steps? It’s a waste of time!”

“We’ve been over this, Taylor. Part of this is having a respectable final product, yes, but part of it is also mastering the process.”

“But the process is stupid. No way is it some sort of real world life skill to put my notes on separate pages, or write a bibliography on every one of them.”

“It’s a works cited entry, not a true bibliography,” I reminded her, “and whether or not it’s useful to everyone in the real world, it’s useful for some people. Heck, just showing you can follow directions is progress. Whatever you wind up doing, you’re probably going to have somebody above you who expects you to be able to do what they ask you to.”

“I already have a job, and my manager definitely doesn’t make me cite works. Like, ever.”

“Oh yeah? Where you working?”

“I’m a waitress.”

“Very cool. Where at?”

She made a face. “What, are you stalking me or something?”

I sighed. Try to show interest, treat her like a person instead of a work assignment, and the door slams in my face. “Taylor, that’s a very inappropriate thing to say.”

“Stalking is a pretty freaking inappropriate thing to *do*, ya know.”

No sense trying to force the point. I glanced at the clock. “You have eight more minutes. Try to get it done.”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.”

I returned to my desk and began packing up my take-home work. Rewrites from my third and fifth period, a pile of assignments to enter in the gradebook, and some feedback on a half dozen IEP proposals I needed to finish up. I entered the combination on my briefcase and flipped it open, tucking in the stack of paper and my laptop case. They barely fit thanks to the recent addition of a thin white canister. The latch *clacked* shut as I closed the lid and scrambled the combo.

We’d made it three days without my having to resort to another application of Serenex. There was no chance it was because she’d seen the light. (A she-demon like Taylor Stern was probably blinded by bright lights anyway.) My sense of it was that Officer Barbour had done a good job talking sense into her, or maybe putting the fear of god into the girl. Whichever it was, I made it a point to send Louisa a thank you. Taylor hadn’t had another outburst so far this week, probably her longest scolding-free streak

in recent memory. I'd had to reprimand her for calling Caroline the c-word, but even then she'd at least looked chastened and muttered an apology without even being told. Progress, even if it was only in the home stretch.

After school these past two days, it had been tolerable, if not enjoyable, relying on more conventional pedagogical tools with her. Yes, teaching her would be easier with the Serenex. We squandered easily ten to fifteen minutes of our daily one-on-one hour on griping and foot-dragging. But this way, the natural way, dodged all that anxiety-inducing and ethically problematic stagecraft that would be necessary to continue the way we'd begun.

I'd certainly had some ideas about how to reintroduce her to the Serenex, but we were better off without it, I was sure. Moral dilemma aside, I had my doubts about whether it would interfere with her capacity to learn. New as the stuff was, the internet had nothing definitive on the effects of prolonged use, and from the one trial I'd put her through, I wasn't sure she even remembered what had happened that day.

Since Monday afternoon's adventures in tedium, Taylor hadn't said word one to me about it. We'd been trapped in a room for nearly four hours since then, half of that with only the two of us, and not a single solitary snide comment. Neither had she repeated any discomfort she'd had about the occasional wayward glance I might have briefly directed her way during it, as she had at the time. I was grateful, of course. There was a part of me that was nervous simply being alone in a room with a student like Taylor, which was to say, a liar and cheater whose hobbies included taking whatever satisfaction I might derive from my job and curb stomping for sport. But despite how affronted she might have felt at the time, there had been nothing since.

Maybe... maybe it made her forget the whole thing ever happened? Wouldn't that be a relief! Though if the Serenex could do *that*, then it could... I could...

No. I couldn't.

I hoped she had simply realized I'd never really done anything untoward – aside from the Serenex dosing, and maybe one or two unprofessional glances at her derriere – and was taking her lumps with a modicum of equanimity. With dignity.

“UGH, this is so boring I'd rather choke myself to death on a used tampon,” my student groaned.

“It's not supposed to be fun. Not everything in life is.”

Her head dropped to her desk in dramatic fashion, a pile of tangled, wavy brownish blonde hair splaying out in a wild mess, a rorschach test of hair. I could hear her forehead banging on the desktop somewhere beneath it all. “Fine,” I said after a moment. “Taylor, stop. Stop that. Look, you can go a few minutes early today, OK?”

“Thank god.” She was on her feet and out the door in three seconds flat.

I wasn't far behind her. Spending an hour a day with Taylor in my sixth period had been exhausting me all year; an extra hour all alone with her was going to be the

death knell of my *joie de vivre*. Briefcase in hand, I made my way into the hall. Grant High was silent this time of day, a welcome respite. At the far end of the English hallway I could see our custodian Randi pushing her vacuum back and forth, doggedly undoing the damage these kids did to the poor building day in and day out. She looked up and I gave her the customary nod of gratitude; it was unreturned as usual. I couldn't even blame the woman. After all, my being here doing my job only made hers harder, while the reverse was true for her.

My classroom, H121, was right near the junction with the school's main hallway. Then it was that long stroll down the wide, empty corridor to the parking lot before I could finally drive home, unbutton my shirt, and relax for a few minutes before I had to start prepping for tomorrow. Only, as I took a few steps toward said junction, I overheard a pair of voices, and before I rounded the corner, it became plain that one of them belonged to Taylor, and that they were talking about me.

"So you're saying you *didn't* fuck Mr. Canon again today?" said the other girl.

My blood froze in my veins at hearing that, words to give any male teacher nightmares. Even a rumor about that could permanently damage a man's reputation. Taylor, thankfully, felt about the same though, if not for the same reason. "Oh gross. I keep telling you, nothing happened. He just gives me busy work to do. That's it."

"Uh huh, yeah right. Just a little one on one time, you and him, alone, for an hour, him giving you creative ways to bring that grade up."

For a moment, I genuinely wondered how this girl had so accurately guessed my fantasies. "You're a fucking ho, Abbie. I'd flunk out of school and spend a million years in purgatory before I let that old pervy creep fucking touch me."

The sting of the comment aside, at least I knew who she was talking to. Abbie Stern, her little sister. The girl who, according to my department head Meagan, had purposefully dropped a weighty textbook on her classmate's open-toed shoe because the girl had been complaining she wasn't helping with the group project. Her victim, Krista, had gotten a hairline fracture in the toe, but Abbie had sworn so vehemently that it had been an accident that she'd merely been suspended rather than expelled. Or charged with assault. And then, rumor had it, that same afternoon while Krista was still at the hospital, Abbie had sent Krista a picture of Krista's boyfriend (now ex-boyfriend) with his face buried between a pair of unidentified but suspiciously thick white thighs.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Sterns.

A familiar metal slam signified one of them had just shut their locker, and now the voices were on the move, receding down the corridor. "Mhm. Sure. Come on, Tay, just admit you suck dick for grades. A D for a D!"

Taylor made a retching noise. "Oh god, shut up. Forever shut up about that. For one, if I did, I'd be getting an A triple plus. Second, they're E's, and I'm pretty sure they don't give out E's. And C, I don't think he even has a D."

Abbie laughed. “No, so really, how big is it? On a scale from stack of dimes to over-ripe cucumber...”

They were getting harder to hear now, between the growing distance and the encroaching racket from Randi’s vacuum. My ears were straining their hardest though. “...told you, he only... just to shut him up... behave in class... owed an apology for jumping...”

My eyes narrowed as the voices faded to inaudible. Something... Hmm. I wasn’t sure. Nah, it was nothing.

Either way, I wasn’t about to stand in the hallway all night. I peered around the corner and confirmed that they’d already walked through the exit doors, then made my way out behind them. In the distance, a pair of young behinds strode through the lot toward a beat-up red car. From behind, their hair was veritably identical, two waves of thick and unruly light brown tresses. I knew that from any other angle, they were immediately distinguishable. Taylor was tall and athletic, legs and ass packed with lean muscle, whereas Abbie was nothing but curves, the quintessential “slim thick” body. They both had breasts for days, but even there, although they might have about the same cup size, they were distinct. Taylor’s rode high and proud on her chest, like they were trying to rise up and escape from her neckline. Abbie’s (and I was mostly going by the pictures Taylor had shared of the two of them on my facebook timeline) hung low and wide, dominating her chest with their severity.

Only when my hands touched the metal of the door did I realize I’d just walked several hundred feet blind and deaf to the world on account of the phantom images of two students’ bodies. I shook my head, issued myself a swift but stern rebuke, and made my way to my car.

Oddly, despite Abbie’s vulgar suggestions and Taylor’s unflattering denials, my eavesdropping had put me more at ease. After Monday, I’d been nervous. I didn’t really know how she would react. Would she wonder at her own behavior, the way she’d meekly acquiesced? Would she tell everyone about it? Not that anything salacious had happened, but that little writing chore had been fairly juvenile on my part. And yes, I suppose I might have gotten a little too free with where I directed my gaze for a time. But I’d heard no rumors, seen no concealed snickering or unusual looks, not been hauled down to Principal Horen’s office to demand an explanation for an accusation.

I’d drugged a student with weaponized lip balm and gotten away with it. The stupidest risk I’d ever taken hadn’t blown up in my face. It didn’t get luckier than that. If I had brain one in my head, as soon as I got home I’d open up my briefcase, remove the Serenex and spray it down the drain until it was empty, and that would be the end of it.

It would be sort of a waste of money though.

Which was fine. It had been a mistake, and I deserved to pay the literal price at bare minimum.

Though maybe it wasn't safe to dump into the water supply?
Maybe this weekend I could hop online and research a safe way to get rid of it.
Yes, that was the responsible thing to do.

I did some soul-searching that week.

The fantasies, I knew, were getting a bit out of hand. They couldn't be unethical, I told myself, if nobody got hurt by them. Taylor Stern was objectively attractive, and I was attracted to her. There, I'd acknowledged it, and the world didn't end. It wasn't even real attraction. I'd been attracted to Candace Salata when she'd started last year. We'd had the same prep period, and our run-ins waiting in line for the photocopier had gone well. Good sense of humor, pretty, shared professional interests. That was attraction. (Then I learned she wasn't into men, which put my feeble flirtations to rest tout de suite. Lucky Louisa.)

No, with Taylor, it was more... physical. She had a body on her, no two ways about it, and she liked to get it noticed. If I wasn't exactly her target audience, I was still in the room for the shows. Plus, there was a sense that for all she put me through, a little fodder for the imagination was the least I was owed. I disliked almost everything I knew about her personally. She was lazy, conniving, deceitful, entitled, and could be one hell of a bully to anyone who got on her bad side. But somehow, all that was part of it, too. That body, on that mind... it was like her sheer awfulness somehow lended me permission to objectify her. Like her dislike for me meant that anything sexual between us would be a punishment. It sweetened things in an odd way, but I couldn't deny it.

So I jerked off. By Thursday, it was up to four times a day. Once when I woke up, rock hard; once when I got home after standing over Taylor's shoulder on and off for an hour with a bird's eye view of her cleavage; once again before bed in an effort to calm those wild dreams I'd been having; and one final time when I woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, but couldn't pee until I got it to go down.

Oh, and yes, once during my prep period. Not something I was proud of, but the door had been locked and the blinds closed. Masturbating in my classroom, even if it was empty, wasn't an act I meant to make a habit of, but alone in that room, I couldn't help seeing that white board and thinking back to Monday, watching Taylor Stern bend and stretch and perform menial tasks at my direction... So yeah, five times.

It was, I decided, getting out of hand. For all my lecturing Taylor about discipline, it was high time to display some myself. It was one thing to idly fantasize, but for crying out loud, to have my junk out in my classroom...! That was to say nothing of how much more difficult a time I'd had avoiding noticing the allure of her body during class, and even worse, during our one-on-one lessons.

She'd come to class Friday wearing a "shame shirt," one of the handful of t-shirts Principal Horen had acquired for her ill-considered but ardently defended dress code. Taylor had apparently worn something so revealing that one of her teachers earlier in the day had drawn the line and sent her to the office to change out of whatever it had been and into the shame shirt. Except, Taylor being Taylor, she wasn't about to let herself be reprimanded without being as loud as possible about refusing to learn the intended lesson. By the time she showed up to my class, it was pretty obvious she'd foregone a bra under the white tee, and also that she might have been advised to wear a size bigger. As if trying to prove Horen's point, there wasn't a male in the class who didn't lose half the period to trying to memorize the exact position of those two small dark spots under the sea of white.

Except for me, that is. Not half.

When she came back after school, she was still wearing it, but had had enough. "Can I go back to the office and return this stupid thing before we start? It's itchy A F, Mr. Canon."

"Language. And yeah, may as well. Don't take too long."

"Oh you know me, can't wait to get back to essay-writing, on a Friday afternoon on a sixty-eight degree day in May." But she did leave with a modicum of haste and returned not five minutes later. At which point I realized two things:

First, why my colleague had sent her to the office. The neckline on her black, star-spangled shirt was fairly typical Taylor, a square one that still left at least a couple inches of cleavage in evidence above it. Or it would have, if not for the second realization.

Taylor hadn't bothered to put a bra back on.

Those teenage breasts bobbed and jiggled like Taylor was a one-woman hurricane, chaotic and wild and, where I was concerned, potentially deadly. I gaped as she crossed the room to her desk, as even in profile they displayed more buoyancy than any ten tits ought. As she pivoted to sit, my eyes dove toward the safety of my laptop monitor, and I prayed I wasn't too red in the face to give myself away.

I didn't trust myself at all. For the whole remainder of the hour I avoided so much as glancing in her direction – mostly, anyway – and when she left, my peripheral vision strained to drink in another show. But only peripheral.

My heart thundering, my willpower flagging, I had my zipper down before I remembered Randi was apt to come in to clean the room any time now. She usually didn't come in before five, but there was no guarantee. Good god, I'd been so swept away by the sight of Taylor's bouncing breasts that I'd nearly risked exposing myself to a coworker! As I craned my neck to check, I confirmed that Taylor hadn't even closed the damn door behind herself. What was wrong with me?

That was it. No more. I had to put a stop to this and go back to good old-fashioned porn. And no more leggy girls with brown hair and big tits who were hot for teacher, either. No sir. It was time to get rid of the Serenex for good. I waited until the door had closed behind her to take it out of my briefcase. Man, just looking at it got me hard. Harder. How screwed up was that? But there was no denying it. The stuff had to go, and the sooner the better.

If that canister lasted until I got home, I wouldn't be able to pull the trigger. I'd make up an excuse, tell myself I'd come to my senses, promise to do it later with my fingers crossed where my eyes couldn't see them. No, it had to be now. Considering what it was, it couldn't just sit in the trash where Randi might see it and get curious. Instead, I reasoned that maybe if I put it in a smaller bag with some other trash, it would seem like some discarded drink container or the like and nobody would ever be the wiser. Yes, that was—

“Sorry, Mr. Canon, I forgot my chapstick.”

Taylor. And those unrestrained boobs of hers. Oh shit.

“Guess that's what they call irony, right?” she said as she crossed the room. Sure enough, there on her desk was the little pink chapstick egg that had started this whole thing off.

The Serenex was sitting out on my desk. Oh fuck. *Don't notice it don't notice it...*

“What's that?” Taylor immediately opened the cap and began applying more lip balm. Watching a round pink bulb smear across her lips had been a prominent feature in a great many of those fantasies I had been in the presence of culling.

“What's... what?” I asked stupidly.

She pointed directly at the Serenex as she made her way back toward the door, but still putting the cap back on the chapstick, she was moving far too slowly for my comfort. “That. Is that pepper spray or something?”

“Uh.. yes...?” I cleared my throat. “Yep. Pepper spray. You can never be too careful, right?”

But Taylor was cocking her head to the side, studying it as she drew closer. “Are you even allowed to have that? That's, like, a weapon, right?”

“It's fine, Taylor. Now go on, go enjoy your weekend.”

But by now her path had deviated toward my desk. I could see her mouthing the words of the label. “Serr... Serene X?”

It felt like my heart was about to explode in my chest. She'd seen it. She'd read it! A simple google search and she'd know exactly what it was! But she wouldn't, would she?

But if she did...!

I acted without thinking. There was no plan, only panic. “I was kidding, Taylor. Obviously! Like I’d bring pepper spray into a school? How crazy would that be?”

She made a skeptical face. “Then what the hell is it? That warning label is like visible from space.”

“No, it’s harmless, see? Here, I’ll show you.” I picked it up, gave it a little shake. *What? What was I even doing?!*

But Taylor flinched, plainly mistrustful. “You think I’m gonna let you pepper spray me? Fuck that, man!”

Somehow I forced a laugh. Ha, silly Taylor, ha ha, thinking I’d use a chemical weapon on you, ha ha. *Oh fuck me.* “Just on the arm, see? It’s, ah, it’s just sunblock.”

The lie was obvious, yet I suppose to a confused eighteen-year-old girl who’d never had someone try to attack them with a dangerous chemical before – that she knew of – her fight or flight response was already not at its sharpest. That was even before the spray splashed down on her not-recoiling-quickly-enough forearm. I gave her a good thorough dose, a sheen of toxic mist soon gleaming on her skin.

Pressing the trigger had an immediate calming effect, so much so that I took a moment to confirm I hadn’t gotten any on myself. No, all clear. My relief was genuine; I’d defused the situation. Right? My mind raced through the ramifications. Even now, her amygdala was numbing, its capacity for hormone release halting, even as other parts stimulated a little extra serotonin to keep her good and calm. She’d see that nothing bad happened, that it hadn’t been a big deal, and if she left with suspicions, the canister would be long gone before there was any proof this had ever happened.

Deep breath. I was in the clear.

“Gotcha, you son of a bitch!”

I whirled toward the sound. There in the doorway stood Abbie Stern, the phone in her hand brandished like a weapon. The camera. Oh no! “I, um, I don’t know what you think you saw just now...”

“Save it, you creepy fuck. You try to pepper spray my sister? What, were you gonna, like, mace her down and stick her in the back of your van and take her out to the woods and like–”

“Abbie – it’s Abbie, right?”

“Right now it’s Mistress Stern, cunt queen of your loser universe, asshole. And I got that pic ready to share with the whole wide world with the touch of a button, too, so don’t even think about trying to get me with that shit or I will rip your asshole six feet wide.” Her free arm rose, ready to shield her eyes just in case.

“Abbie, look, this isn’t... I wasn’t–”

She was ignoring me, looking with concern at her sister. “You all right, Tay? That shit hurt?”

Taylor had inspected the site of the spray for a moment, but after that, she'd just been looking back and forth between us with a vaguely detached expression. "Mm? Yeah, I'm fine. Chill. Smells gross, but pretty sure it's not pepper spray."

"Yeah, what the fuck is that stuff? Does it hurt?" asked Abbie, inching closer. The phone was still held up threateningly, her thumb poised over some button I couldn't see. A dead man's switch of blackmail. I wasn't about to call her bluff, though. There had been ample opportunity for her to snap a shot or two.

"Nah, it's nothing." Taylor shrugged. "The can said Serene X, or Serenex, or something like that. Doesn't sting or anything though."

There was no sign of recognition in Abbie's eyes as they turned back to me. "Set that shit down. *Now*. Or I hit send. I got fifteen hundred instagram followers, so I give you maybe ten minutes before you go viral for macing a student."

Not knowing what else to do, I set the spray down on my desk and took a step away. That was it. I was done. All there was left was to see if they'd blackmail me, or simply go for the throat and end my life as I knew it right here, right now.

Abbie approached her sister, though it was clear she was apprehensive about Taylor's uncharacteristic nonchalance about all this. Still, she was curious, pulling her sister's arm up where she could see it. It was still wet, almost dripping with how much I'd overdone it. Abbie sniffed, and when she didn't experience any pain or discomfort, sniffed closer. "What even is this shi—"

With reflexes I didn't know I had, I pounced. One hand clapped on the back of Abbie's head and the other under Taylor's arm. The two were pressed together until there was contact, then held there. Abbie squealed and then flailed in shocked alarm. Worried she'd start screaming, I let go a few moments later. Abbie immediately spat and sputtered, wiping her mouth on her sleeve and then spitting some more. I was pretty sure I saw a damp smear across one cheek, too.

"What the fuck was that?!" she demanded. "Oh god, the taste, it's like... it's... Taylor, what did he... what... what did, um..."

She frowned, and soon, there wasn't even a frown. "So... what did you just do?"
What indeed.

"Both of you sit down," I said after a moment in which I attempted to gather my thoughts. I failed. I needed some time to think this through.

"Oh my god, if you make me do another hour, I think I'm going to kill myself," Taylor griped as she took her assigned seat. Abbie followed alongside her, saying nothing, and took the seat beside her big sister.

"And be quiet," I added.

Taylor mouthed a bitchy repetition of my command, but no more. She crossed her legs, folded her arms, and sat there. Abbie was looking around the room, checking to see what I'd done to redecorate since her last Saturday class.

What to do, what to do? *First things first, let's not make things any worse.* I dashed across the room, both girls watching in idle curiosity as I snatched Abbie's phone out of her hand.

"Enter your password," I said when it wouldn't open. Abbie casually traced a pattern, 5-4-7-8-9-6-5-2. It only took a moment's thought to recognize the implied diagram. A middle finger. As classy as her big sis. There on the screen was a picture on her instagram. Live to the world. It showed me, spraying a clearly displeased Taylor with the Serenex. It was a little blurry, and she'd been focusing on Taylor more so than me. The label wasn't legible, and I wasn't sure someone who didn't know it was me would immediately ID me. I deleted it immediately. There hadn't been any likes or comments. It had only been posted for a minute, evidently having made good on her threat when I pressed her face into the Serenex. Hopefully it had lived its brief life on the internet in solitude.

Next I snatched a spare worksheet, flipped it to the blank back side and grabbed a sharpie. *TESTING IN PROGRESS UNTIL 5 PM – DO NOT DISTURB*, I wrote. Once that was taped on the outside of the door, I locked it and shut it behind me. There. That felt smart. Randi wouldn't dare cross that. Nobody would. Like any high school, testing was sacred.

There. Now my timeline for being fucked had at least transitioned from minutes to hours. And I was fucked, as fucked as a stupid fuck like me could be. They'd seen the canister. Read the label. Seen me use it. Fuck, they'd *recorded* me using it! Oh god, I hoped nobody had seen that picture. On reflection, I quickly opened Abbie's photo gallery and deleted the copy there, too.

I almost didn't notice that one of the photos near the bottom of the screen was a selfie of the phone's owner standing in a bathroom. Topless.

On autopilot, I tapped the image. It enlarged to fill the screen. Holy shit, she was hot. She was gorgeous, like her sister, and even the lighting was working pretty well for her. Abbie's hair was down, forming a screen covering most of her breasts. But not all. She was cupping them in both hands, pressing them together in a line of cleavage as long as her forearm. As I stared, eventually I noticed her lower half was only covered by a pair of black satin panties. Zooming in, the screen displayed the outline of her labia.

How many more images like this did she have on here? I scrolled down—

Knock it off, Canon! some marginally less stupid part of my brain shouted. I was so startled I dropped the phone, then quickly turned it back off. Good grief! I'd only meant to delete the image, not to see... that! *Her*. So much of her, too.

I looked over to the girls. Taylor was sitting there looking immensely bored, twirling a finger in her hair and sighing impatiently. Pretty much like Monday. Abbie, though... She barely looked up as I approached. Her eyes were a glassy stare fixed on a point of nothingness across the room. Across the school, maybe. I waved a hand in front

of her face, and after a moment, she looked up at me, but there was a dazed, lazy expression on her fiercely beautiful face.

“Abbie? Can you hear me?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Obviously.” A hint of sass, but it was delivered in a tone so flat that I wondered how someone with curves like Abbie’s could manage it.

At least she could listen and respond, a sign that I hadn’t completely fried her brain. Good. But there was no mistaking it, not this close up. Taylor was looking over with a bit of concern as I studied Abbie’s face. The younger Stern sister looked positively doped. Anybody looking at her would recognize it in an instant.

“What’s her problem?” asked Taylor.

“Hush.”

But what *was* her problem? Was it that she’d ingested it? How much? Abbie had sucked enough down that she’d said something about the taste. Hmm. I retrieved the Serenex, and sure enough in the lengthy warning label there was a bolded prohibition against ingesting the stuff, but it was in there right alongside warnings not to get it in the eyes, not to use more than the prescribed dose, to only deploy it in accordance with state and federal law, and a hundred other cover-your-ass statements. Nothing about the why of any of it. Though it seemed pretty obvious that a chemical that did things to the brain if it made contact with your skin would only get stronger if you swallowed it.

Well, bookmark that. For now, I had a bigger problem, and it was that quite simply, I’d just very openly dosed two students with a chemical weapon. The girls even knew the name of it, and eventually, they’d snap out of the effects. So... doomed, right? They might have all the verve of a pair of steamed potatoes right now, but once it wore off, they’d be losing their minds. Rightly so. Nothing I’d read suggested there was anything in the Serenex to suppress memories. All it did was alter the brain to put people in a relaxed, receptive state for a while.

“Son of a...!”

Once, I’d been sitting on the toilet in the men’s faculty restroom when I’d seen a bit of graffiti scribbled under the toilet paper dispenser. In the blink of an eye, I figured it out without even knowing there was a thing to figure out. The green ink. Complaints from custodial that someone was smoking in here. A chance sighting under the bleachers at a football game last fall. The backwards K in the graffitied “go fuck urself.” The next day, I’d confronted Kenny and gotten a confession.

This was like that. Taylor had been on her relative best behavior all week. She hadn’t told the specifics of Monday’s punishment to her sister. In subsequent meetings she’d been actually doing her work. No more cheating or excuses. I’d had her write a hundred times a promise to behave, do her own work. I’d made her apologize for the chapstick incident, and she’d further apologized for teasing me, for enticing me with her ass. I’d insisted I hadn’t been. She hadn’t seemingly told a soul otherwise. When Abbie

teased her, she'd said she was trying to behave in class, and that she owed me an apology.

Could... could it really...

"Abbie, Taylor, each of you needs a piece of paper," I ordered the two of them.

Taylor took off her backpack, big breasts wobbling furiously as she twisted herself out of it. *Stop looking! You're in enough trouble!* As for Abbie, she merely frowned; she had brought nothing with her. Taylor solved her problem for her, sliding over a sheet she'd torn out. That vexation faded right back to that eerily tranquil facade. I had Taylor supply her a pen as well.

"All right. We're going to do another little writing assignment, OK?"

Taylor groaned. "Oh god, not again. That was so lame Monday. My hand hurt like all night." She looked to Abbie expectantly. "Really? No 'couldn't even jack off your boyfriend' joke? Man, whatever that stuff was really did a number on her."

"Language," I scolded automatically. "And I didn't think you had a boyfriend." Word had it she'd been dating Marco and dumped him at prom in front of all their friends.

She wrote her name at the top of the page by reflex. Abbie glanced over, saw the heading, and followed suit – except I saw after a moment she had written Taylor's name instead of her own. That seemed bad. Taylor didn't seem to notice, though.

"Uh, I don't...? It was just a sick burn. Not sure how that's your business either way, though."

"Fair enough. Anyway, today, let's start off with a simple one. Write down: 'I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon's room.' You too, Abbie."

Taylor arched a neatly tweezed eyebrow at me. "Seriously?"

I mean, what did I have to lose? If it didn't work, I wasn't any worse off. If it did, who knew? Maybe I wouldn't wind up on the short bus to a long prison stay after all. "A hundred times. Chop chop."

"Seriously. Now get to it."

Abbie was already at it. She had boyish handwriting, ugly and uneven, but the words came fast. Taylor sighed irritably and began her own page. I took a moment to watch, ignoring my student's peevish glance at my hovering. It was much faster going than it had been on the whiteboard. Smaller motions, more familiar. I didn't know if the time spent on it or the repetitions were more important. I supposed for now, I had a few minutes to reflect.

Or better yet, Abbie's photo gallery would provide an amusing diversion.

"It's really uncool snooping on a student's phone like that," Taylor pointed out, pausing to shake a cramp out of her hand. Jiggle. I wonder if Abbie's boobs would jiggle the same way. I hadn't found any videos yet.

"What number are you on?"

“Sixty-five.”

“Then let’s talk thirty-five reps from now.”

She frowned, but got back to work. Abbie had never stopped, not even when she glanced up between us during the brief exchange.

The younger Stern wasn’t lacking in confidence, that was for sure. Even aside from having the guts to pose half-naked in the first place, she’d festooned them with quotes, lyrics I was guessing, boasting of her hotness, her sex appeal, her unattainability. Her expressions dripped condescension, arrogance, or both. Pretty nauseating stuff, really. But once I got past that, my eyes almost popped out of my head.

There were dozens of lewd photos in here. None of them were fully nude, and she never did a bottomless pic, quite. But I’d gotten a lot of good peeks at her nipples, often merely partially concealed behind hands or hair or a translucent bra. Wide and pink-red and almost angry-looking. Her tan covered the whole thing – no bikini top in the tanning bed for her. Her ass did have tan lines, right along her panty line. But it looked like she’d come across a thong bikini earlier this spring that she really couldn’t get enough shots of. She was at a pool somewhere, and it looked indoors. Maybe a hotel. It didn’t stop her from strutting around in that thing, though. I wondered who had taken the pics, because it clearly wasn’t her. She even had a few tattoos. One down her spine with Roman numerals that I could only assume was her birthdate, and another on her inner left bicep, a crown that said *Linda* underneath it. I’d spoken with their mother, but perhaps a grandmother? Hell, for all I knew it could be a reality TV star.

Could I send myself copies? Would that make things worse? Was it traceable? Did it even matter at this point?

No, I told myself. Just because you crossed one line doesn’t mean you need to cross the next. This slope was already too slippery by far to drop down and let it become a slide.

Besides, here I was scoping out her most private, personal files, and meanwhile she sat across the room half-aware of me doing it, permission granted by omission of complaint. They were twice as hot with her watching.

I glanced up. Abbie had set down her pen and was staring straight ahead again. Her jaw was open slightly. Was she drooling? No, I guess not. Oh, I hoped this didn’t do any long-term damage. Squatting in front of her, I took her hand and squeezed it gently. After a moment, her eyes focused on me.

“Abbie? Can you hear me?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you feel OK?”

“I guess. I dunno.”

Not exactly helpful. Taylor frowned, concerned, but kept writing. In the eighties now. “You need to answer me completely and honestly, OK?”

“Sure.”

“Do you feel nauseous? Light-headed? Headache? Anything unusual at all.”

She considered. “Maybe a little light-headed. I was smoking pot in the bathroom before I caught you spraying Taylor.”

Wow. Well so much for wondering whether or not she was being honest and compliant. Maybe some of her spaciness had to do with the weed, too? A side effect from mixing drugs? A million miles from my own narrow and limited area of expertise. “Tell me, when you leave here, are you going to tell anyone about this?”

She shook her head. “Nah.”

“Why not?”

Taylor snorted. “Seriously, Mr. Canon? You only had her write it a hundred freaking times.”

But Abbie answered anyway. “I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room.”

Taylor’s paper was numbered up to ninety-four. “All right, that’s good enough, Taylor. You can stop. So what about you?”

“What about me what? Like, do I feel OK?”

“No, I mean are you going to tell anyone about all this.”

“Ah. Well, I guess not. Oh and by the way I’m fine, even though you sprayed me with that stuff. Thanks for asking.”

Her answer was a lot less convincing. Shit. I needed to know if this worked or not. Otherwise, I’d... shit, I don’t even know. Leave town, never come back? I tried to think of a way to get some hard data. “Did you really think I was looking at you on Monday? When you were writing on the board?”

She laughed. “Do I think? Shit, Mr. Canon, I *know*. I caught you red handed like a dozen times. You were nowhere near as subtle as you thought you were.”

“Language. So did you tell anyone?”

“Nah.”

“Why not? No offense, Taylor, but you’re usually first in line to cause me headaches and discomfort.”

Her grin broadened. “Yeah, I know. But I said I’d behave – and I have, right?”

“You have.”

“See? Always saying I’m lying about stuff. But really, I barely even thought of it. Like, I saw you staring at my butt, but I know you said you weren’t, so... meh. Wouldn’t really be good behavior to tell everybody you’re perving on your students.”

“I was not–”

“Dude, I just saw you practically drooling on your desk over whatever you were looking at on Abbie’s phone.” She eyed her sister. “Skank.”

“I was only making sure she wasn’t positioning herself to blackmail me!”

Taylor eyed her sister. “Yeah, sure. Geez, Abbie, good ol’ Mr. Canon is such an upright dude. He’d never do anything inappropriate towards us. We’re lucky to have him. Aren’t we, sis.”

The thick sarcasm was seemingly lost on her sister, who at least still seemed to have the wherewithal to recognize her name when it was spoken. “Yeah, I guess we are.”

Taylor frowned. “You turned her into a vegetable with that crap, you know. What even is that stuff?”

“It’s nothing dangerous. Don’t worry. Not. Dangerous. Understand?”

“Nothing dangerous, my ass! Abbie swallowed some of it and now she’s, like, lobotomized or something!”

Whatever I had done was working a lot better on Abbie than it was on Taylor. I didn’t know what to do. Taylor was suspicious, accusatory, but by the same token, she was still sitting there calmly, her most boisterous resistance a slight elevation in volume. But would her passivity last? Maybe I was safe, maybe, but that was an awfully big risk to take.

“Your sister is fine. And so are you. Understand? Nothing bad happened in here today. Say it, Taylor.”

After a moment, she shrugged. Fucking hell, that jiggle. “Nothing bad happened in here today. Apparently.”

Did that statement mean anything? Her present apathy made it so difficult to predict long-term animosity. There was no telling whether getting away with Monday had been a fluke or a part of Serenex’s intended effect. Their product advertised its ability to suppress an unruly mob, but not to make them permanently well-behaved citizens. Would Taylor keep playing mum?

There was no certainty, and standing around wondering wasn’t going to help. Either I was fucked, or I wasn’t. Either the Serenex would render them susceptible to my tactic, or it wouldn’t. Either my life ended today, or it started anew. There was nothing to do but wait and see.

“She should come around in an hour or two,” I said at last. I gestured toward the door. Taylor didn’t need to be invited twice to get out of here, on her feet in an instant and pulling Abbie to hers. “You can keep an eye on her until then, right?”

“I thought keeping an eye on teenage girls was your department,” Taylor quipped. “But sure, I can—”

“Answer me something Taylor.” That goddamn smirk of hers! The sudden fire in my voice stopped her dead in her tracks, right in the middle of the room. Abbie remained facing the door, oblivious to the world. “What possessed you to eschew a bra today?”

“To chew on a bra? What does that even—”

“Don’t play stupid, Taylor. Why, when you changed, didn’t you leave your bra on.”

The snicker that followed confirmed she’d understood me fine the first time. “Are you complaining? For an old-ass perv ball like you, must be like your birthday come early.”

“OK, for one, I’m hardly ‘old.’ I’m twenty-six. Now answer the question. Why do you try so hard to flaunt that body of yours in my classroom?”

The sneer that crept onto her pretty face just then was truly one for the ages. Derisive. Contemptuous. Haughty. And above all, implacably arrogant. “Why? Because I feel like it. Because I’m hot. Because I can pull this shit off. Because it’s what the people want. Because... for a few more weeks, you’re my teacher and I’m your student and you can make me write essays and copy sentences and what the fuck ever, but the day I graduate, I have all the currency, and you can’t do fuck to me.

She took a step closer, looming despite our height difference. “Because when I walked in here and your *old-ass* eyes locked onto these puppies, it reminded me that I got what you want, and you ain’t got shit for me. I dress like this to make losers you my bitch.” She took one breasts in each hand and hefted them up, flesh bubbling up above her neckline, then on release, bouncing up and down half a dozen times before settling. In spite of it all, I couldn’t look away. “How’s that.”

I didn’t answer. In fact, I was fuming – mostly because, on some level, she was right. I did want her, and she had less than no use for me. Whether or not either of us were right or wrong to want what we wanted was immaterial. However, Taylor was never one to quit while she was winning. No, she was the sort who spiked the ball even when she was winning by fifty points.

She addressed her sister. “See what I mean about this guy? See how he looks at us? Creeping on your phone and everything.” Abbie didn’t seem to register she was being spoken to, so Taylor elbowed her. “Abbie. You got nudes on your phone I bet, right?”

Abbie nodded. “Yeah. Lots. Alex loves ‘em.”

“Oh he’s not the only one.” The sneer returned full force. “Cause that’s what girls like me and Abbie are to you, right, Mr. Canon? Tits and ass. Sex objects. We’re supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your little fantasy sluts, right? How often do you beat off thinking about me, Mr. Canon? I’m betting... twice a week. Am I close?”

I said nothing. “Ooooh, more than that? Four? Hmm? What, *every day*? Jesus, Mr. Canon, you got a complex or something?” She snickered. “You see what I mean, Abbie? Old perv can’t get enough of us. But we’re not supposed to notice, we’re supposed to just let him look, let him push us around and feel powerful. And now apparently we’re supposed to let him spray us with drugs and make us swear not to tell anybody, too. I wonder what he’ll come up with Monday. Maybe he’ll–”

“Take off your shirt, Taylor.”

Her head cocked back. In an instant, the sneer vanished. “What? No. No way I’m—”

“Take. Off. Your. Shirt. Now.” I kept my voice low not because I worried it would spill out into the hall, but because I’d learned early on in teaching that shouting bred arguments. Soft voices commanded silence.

Taylor fidgeted with the hem of her shirt. “You... you shouldn’t...” She looked up, scanning my face for traces of mercy. I gave her none. “I was only kidding, you know.”

“The ‘only kidding’ excuse didn’t work when I caught you bullying Kirsten on the first day I had you in class junior year. Rest assured, it hasn’t aged into potency.”

“But... I don’t want to. You’ll... you’ll see me.”

“That’s right. I will. Now take it off.”

Taylor Stern might be the queen bitch of the senior class, young and desirable and cocky well past the point of fault. But as long as my Serenex was in her system, I could knock her over with a feather. I may or may not be able to control what she did tomorrow, but right here, right now, for once in her miserable life, the little bitch was going to do as I said.

“Do you need me to help?” I pressed as she kept hesitating.

“No,” she said quickly. “No, I got it.”

Last semester, I’d realized she was copying vocab quiz answers off of the boy next to her. She’d denied it, of course. While most students would acquiesce to a deserved rebuke at having been caught cheating red-handed, this was Taylor Stern. She’d never admitted guilt, even after being assigned two nights’ detention for her persistence in lying about it. Even tried to suggest the honor roll student might have been copying off of her. So I’d whipped up a second version of the quiz, one just for her, visually similar enough to the original, but that was the only similarity. Oh, she’d sworn that her grade was the result of a sleepless night and failure to study, insisted until she was blue in the face that I was a monster to accuse a poor innocent student of cheating. Threatened to have her parents call the principal and fire me. So I directed her to an item: *If one fills in the blank in this sentence with the name of a feline animal whose common name is spelled C-A-T, one would write _____ with the word “chicanery.”* (A solid number of her peers caught the joke. Vocab lesson learned, for them.)

Taylor’s glare in that moment – that sulky, indignant, malevolent, entirely impotent glare – it had warmed my heart for days.

It was that same glare she directed at me as, with fretful hands, she began to lift the bottom of her shirt. She dragged it out as long as she could, except she was doing so not to tease me, not this time, but because it was the only resistance she could muster to the inevitability of her submission. I knew I would never forget this moment. Her flat,

toned stomach slowly exposed itself until the shirt was pulled up as high as it could go without revealing anything salacious.

I licked my lips. Here it came. Taylor Stern's fat, round, succulent—
Knock, knock.

For just a moment, I froze. Someone was here. Oh god. I was caught. The underside of Taylor's breasts were visible now. If the door had swung open, that would be it. "Uh... we're testing!" I yelled, only then remembering I'd locked it. Thank god.

"Sure, I just wanted to get your garbage," answered Randi from the far side.

I glared at the girls. "Not a word. Either of you."

Taylor's eyes narrowed resentfully. Abbie was merely studying a spot on the carpet. I hustled over to the trash can, seized the bag and hustled to the door. I opened it exactly long enough to open it, thrust the bag into Randi's surprised hands, and mumble an excuse for my haste. "Sorry, it's timed, and we're right near the deadline. Have a good weekend!"

"Yeah, you too, Mr. C!" came the voice from the far side of the door.

I locked it immediately, my head thudding against it as my anxiety flooded out of me in a lengthy sigh. Crisis averted. Thank goodness. I turned back to the girls—

And there was Taylor Stern, naked from the waist up in the middle of my classroom.

Her shirt was clenched in one fist. Taylor's arms were folded in front of her breasts, and her long hair was draped over them beneath that. That wouldn't do. I crossed the room, hoping the smirk on my face was half as infuriating as hers. It was nowhere to be seen now, of course. Only that glare. That helpless, livid glare.

I took a wrist in each hand and lowered her arms to the side. I would have met with more resistance from a Barbie doll. Not that Barbie could have covered her chest in the first place. Taylor and Barbie. Tall, long-legged, big-breasted and beautiful. Cheap, posable, biddable, and physically incapable of covering themselves. They had a lot in common.

I brushed her hair back over her shoulders. She shivered as her breasts came fully into view. They were... they were great. Amazing. Not perfect. No. They had been perfect in my dreams. This was better than perfect. They were *real*. Big and perky, that held up from my fantasies. But unlike her sister, Taylor's tits had tan lines, pale triangles that I was surprised her wardrobe fully concealed. There was a small black mole on the right underside of her left breast; the right was entirely unblemished. Her nipples were bright pink and brought her breasts to points at the front, which now that I saw them, I reflected probably added to my impression of their perkiness. They were smaller than I had expected, too, almost out of place on the whoppers they capped off, a pair of pale pink buds with hardly any areola surrounding them. They were hardening in the cool air of my classroom even as I stared. Pointing right at me.

Her arms twitched at the elbow, but she couldn't seem to make herself defy my preference that they remain at her sides. "There, now you've seen my tits. Congratulations. Satisfied? Can we go now?"

"Now the shorts."

"Seriously?" Taylor whined. "This is getting super rapey, Mr. Canon. Just... come on. Please?"

"Oh? I thought you were the one who had all the currency, Taylor. Isn't that what you said? Yet suddenly you want something from me?"

"Don't be a prick, Mr. Canon. Come on, you've seen my boobs. Don't make me show you my pussy." I said nothing, gave her nothing. "It's not fair! I don't want to be your little pocket stripper. Let me go!" Still nothing. Her hands slowly moved to the waistline of her shorts, thumbs slowly sneaking down out of sight.

"Seriously, *please!*" The way she whined that final word was easily the hottest sound I'd ever heard in my life. "You can't make me do that. I promise, I won't tell anyone about any of this, OK? I promise!"

"You're a liar, Taylor. Why would I believe you?"

She eased the shorts down an inch. Two inches. I could see the separation between her mons pubis and the tops of the thighs surrounding it. "I mean it! Really, I do. Please, Mr. Canon! Don't make me take my shorts off. Please! I'll never tell a soul!"

And like that, I was having an idea.

Mr. Canon? I know you like my big tits. Come on, let me fuck you with them. Does that sound good? Yeah, just wrap these titties around your huge fat cock, just rub and squeeze you until you come all over my fucking face. Please? Mr. Canon, I'm begging you, please, just let me titty fuck you. Give me an A, and you can have these double D's. Please? God, I'm so horny, I just want my titties fucked so baaaad!

The video ended, immediately looping around to the beginning. There she was, on her knees in the girls' restroom, recording herself begging me to fuck her tits in exchange for a grade. Abbie, I knew, had been in the next stall, waiting to be herded out to their car like a wayward lamb. She ought to be fine by now, according to what I'd read. Serenex's effects only lasted a couple hours, give or take. She'd been dosed right around four, and now it was after dark.

Wow, dark already? I realized I'd been watching Taylor's video for close to two hours. Damn. The thing was only a few minutes long. At some point after dinner I'd remembered I could display it on my TV. The resolution wasn't great, and it magnified the tinny, echoing sound quality, but that the video had poor production qualities, seemed to display a lack of effort on its creators part, only made it more Taylor. I had

her rambling, semicoherent pleading memorized by now, and likewise the tits she was so eagerly offering.

My anxiety hadn't faded completely, but the bottle of wine I'd downed since coming home from work was helping. A tiny part of me kept expecting a SWAT team to kick in my door any second, to drag me away in front of the whole neighborhood. Really, though, I felt like I was pretty damn safe.

I'd explained it to Taylor thusly:

The fact of the matter was, she was a liar. I hadn't believed her promise. Nobody who knew her would. This was someone who could look you in the eye and even get righteously angry at being called out even when she knew full well she was completely full of crap. There wasn't an honest bone in her body.

And I could use that.

If Taylor broke character and actually told someone the truth about what had happened, it was going to be one hell of a tale. That I, a teacher without a spot on his professional record nor so much as a parking ticket attached to his name, had used black market chemical weapons to drug a student widely disliked by the faculty into re-writing her essay... well, it was a hell of a thing to believe. On top of that, this was Taylor Stern, and I knew at least one police officer who had a file as thick as my hand full of incidents she'd been involved in, and any teacher at Grant High could attest that she was as dishonest and vindictive as they came.

That her story was true would help, sure, but she'd have to make them believe that. The character debate, however, was already over and won by me. But I needed one more piece, a little something to validate for any credulous audience she might find why she'd invent such a tale, go to such lengths to try to hurt me.

The video was it. It hadn't taken much. Already topless and desperate, Taylor had latched on quickly to my promise to leave her dignity in no more tattered condition than I'd already rendered it. I'd promised I wouldn't show the video to anyone, of course. After all, I'd told her, why would I? It would only raise questions I didn't want raised. So I loaned the girl her shirt back (and quickly proved I could have her strip back out of it any time I chose), then followed her down to the girls' room. Randi was upstairs in the math hall by then, so by that hour, we had the whole area to ourselves. Then I waited outside the stall while she recorded it, then emailed a copy of it to myself. The body of the email read simply, *xtra credit? ;) xoxo, Taylor Stern Period 6.*

(The "Period 6" inclusion in the signature was a last minute bit of added genius, I thought. Only a halfwit, like most people assumed Taylor was, would think the recipient might need some direction for what class the naked begging teen in the video belonged to.)

With this in my possession, she became a desperate girl who'd tried to prostitute herself for grades. If anyone asked why I didn't come forward, it would be entirely

plausible that I'd been too uncomfortable about these accusations to tell anyone. A speech was ready and rehearsed for Principal Horen about how I didn't want to cost Taylor her shot at graduation for a weak moment, not so close to the end. Officer Barbour could corroborate it, as could Taylor's other teachers who'd given me work for her to complete in our time together. As to the possibility that Louisa might be suspicious that Taylor accused me of using the same obscure substance she'd joked about using, I'd simply say I had left the ad out on my desk and that Taylor had seized it.

Oh, the Serenex, or however you say it? Yeah, that ad was sitting on my desk with some other stuff from my mailbox. Taylor saw it... gee, that must have been Tuesday? Wednesday? Anyway, she made a fuss like it was something real, but she enjoys being dramatic. Why, what did she tell you happened, officer?

With the video completed, I had her strip out of her shorts anyway. I still had her panties clenched in my fist. To my surprise, they'd been surprisingly damp when she handed them over.

I had her. From total catastrophe to a stronger position than I'd been in before it started – not bad for a simple English teacher with no plan. There had been half a dozen moments today where I'd felt like the world was dropping out from under me, but I'd come through. Every time I started to feel guilty for what I'd done to Taylor, all I had to do was remember her tirade; then I could go right back to enjoying the video again.

It once more hit the end, and once more began anew. Weirdly, I think I liked the beginning more than the end. Seeing her with her shirt on, wiggling and jiggling until she gave her final advertisement for her wares... Damn. The nudity was good, but the reveal was everything.

Knock, knock.

For the second time that day, an unexpected presence at my door nearly gave me a heart attack. She'd done it. *Oh shit oh shit oh shit shit shit shit shit!!!* In spite of my threats, my blackmail, my pitiful attempt at brainwashing, Taylor had gone ahead with it anyway! As I tried to summon enough strength in my knees to stand up, I assured myself it would be fine. I'd tell my lies, try not to let my voice break, try not to break down crying. It felt hollow, though, barely comforting enough to keep me from falling to my knees and begging the police who were surely waiting on the other side of that door to–

Knock knock knock knock knock!

Shit!

I cleared my throat and opened the door as casually as I could. *Look surprised, Canon.*

It turned out not to be as difficult as I'd thought. "Abbie...?"

The girl nodded. "Come with me. I have to show you something."

"Uh... what? What are you doing at my–"

“Come *on*, Mr. Canon.” She pulled me by the wrist with both of her hands, tugging me out the front steps. I could have resisted her, I supposed, but I was too startled by her presence, and too relieved by the absence of police, to put up a fight. There in my driveway was that same crummy old car I’d seen them getting into the other day in the lot, apple red and thoroughly rusted along the bottom. A bumper sticker reading *My kid could kick your honor student’s ass* was stuck to the rear windshield. I looked around, nervous someone might pop out and jump me, that I’d been foolish to assume they’d go to the police instead of convincing some guys to just beat the shit out of me.

But we didn’t go farther than the driveway. “What’s going on here? You shouldn’t come to my house like this. It’s... not appropriate.” The reprimand felt rather hypocritical even to me, though, considering what I’d done to the lines of propriety so far today.

“I didn’t have a choice, Mr. Canon.”

“I don’t understand. A choice about what?” But Abbie didn’t answer. Instead, she inserted her key into the hole in the rear end of the car and popped the trunk.

There, inside, with her wrists duct taped behind her, screaming incomprehensible yet unmistakable obscenities into a gag in her mouth, was Taylor.

“She was gonna *tell*. But I stopped her.” She grinned at me, then glared down at her big sister’s antics. Abbie smacked her in the cheek, and not gently. “Shut up, Tay, you dumb cunt!”

She slammed the trunk closed.

“Abbie!”

She pulled the keys out and regarded me gravely. “I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room.”

Part Three: Homeschooling

Deep breaths. Deeeep breaths.

So that wasn't working. The garage door creaked shut behind me. And behind that...

The night was almost perfect aside from that. Mid-sixties, a gentle breeze to keep the mosquitoes at bay, crickets chirping, stars shining. It was the sort of night that made me miss my childhood, camping out in the woods by my parents' house, my friends and I pretending to be trailblazers braving the wilderness, yet conveniently in range to restock our supplies of junk food and flashlight batteries. Then, the worst thing I'd ever done had been hiding around the corner on the stairs and scaring my sister so badly she'd peed her pants; the hardest decision that had lain before me was whether or not to join band once we started middle school.

Oh, what a difference a couple of decades and a canister of black market neuroinhibitor made.

With a sigh, I made for the garage. My car was in the driveway now, the Stern girls' in the garage. I prayed nobody had seen her in the short window before I'd been able to hide her away. My house was on a four-lane street, plenty of traffic; anybody who knew either of us and simply saw the two of us standing together on the front lawn would likely have real questions. Not that those questions would scratch the surface of what they ought to be asking about this whole nightmare. In one week, I'd gone from breaking my bank to try to help a wayward student, to somehow making a teenage girl kidnap her own sister. It was so ludicrous, it was almost funny.

Heh, better get in there before Abbie took it to the next level and started waterboarding her in my kiddie pool.

Oh god. I quickened my pace.

There in the garage sat Abbie on the trunk of her car. Here indoors, Taylor's struggles from inside were much more audible, or perhaps she'd simply decided to kick and scream more now that she'd seen my face. That was a strange little knife in the gut, the idea that one of my students could be that frightened of me. Then again, I wasn't the one who had trussed her up like a Thanksgiving turkey and shoved her in my trunk.

Only now, she was in my garage.

"You cool now? Got the little bitch out of your system?" asked the unrestrained Stern sister.

"Abbie, we ought to have a talk, I think. No, make that *need* to have a talk. But right now, there's a young woman tied up in the trunk of your car that we need to get out of there."

The young woman did not, however, get out of the way. “Respectfully, Mr. C? That’s fucking retarded. I guaran-fucking-tee you that the second that trunk opens, she’s going to start screaming. That gag isn’t exactly Abu Ghraib grade restraint.”

“How in the hell do you know about Abu Ghraib?”

“Our uncle was stationed there when all the shit went down. Whole big thing.” How did that not surprise me? “Anyway, your neighbors’ houses are like five feet away. Y’all got fucking tiny-ass yards in this neighborhood.”

Rudely stated or no, she was right. We’d already been lucky that nobody had overheard Taylor’s brief outburst when Abbie first showed me what she’d stashed in there. On a night like this, too, there were decent odds that the Lawrences or the Maravans had their windows open, making it all the more possible they’d hear something.

There was, of course, the obvious way to make sure Taylor didn’t scream. From the way Abbie was eyeing my mini gardening chainsaw, I supposed there were technically two ways. Jesus. No time to waste. In my paranoia that Taylor might disregard both brainwashing and blackmail, I’d opted not to leave the Serenex in my briefcase. Instead, I’d hidden it in the crawlspace under the house, nestled atop some of the exposed plumbing. Time to get crawling, I supposed. I secured a promise from Abbie that she wouldn’t do anything crazy for a few minutes and got hustling.

When I returned via the door between the garage and the laundry room a few minutes later, marginally cobwebbier and no less horrified by what I’d unleashed, Abbie was bent over the hood. “... if you don’t shut up, I’m a spray that shit right in your fucking eyeball, understand? God, you suck sometimes.” She perked up at the sight of me. “Finally. You ready to do this? She’s gonna kick out the tail lights pretty soon if we don’t dose her.”

I nodded. Envisioning the possibility that she could get a good scream out before the Serenex seeped into her bloodstream, I instead crawled into the backseat. The floor was littered with old fast food containers and other miscellaneous garbage, including, behind the center console, what looked to be a discarded condom. *Classy as ever*, I thought, before considering that maybe I ought to be a hair less judgmental as I prepared to gas my hostage. With a little rehearsal, I got the actions down. Lift the toggle, pull down the back seat, spray into the trunk, slam it closed. The effects hadn’t taken long the last few times. After Abbie directed an exasperated stare at me through the window, I pounced.

Taylor did try to issue what would have been a truly bloodcurdling scream had it not been muffled by the sock taped in her mouth. I sealed her in, climbed back out of the car, and counted to ten. Fifteen, for good measure. At my signal, Abbie popped the trunk.

Taylor was still glaring, still trying to say something. Her struggling and screaming, however, was done. There had been no way to aim very precisely in my method, but I could see a yellowed spot on the shoulder of her white t-shirt from where most of it had hit. I'd used more than enough to soak through, though, and from the visibility of the dark tint of her bra, I was sure she wasn't wearing a second layer underneath. It was quite a transition, from mild-mannered workaday educator to someone who had to analyze the girl tied up in his garage to make sure he'd drugged her thoroughly enough.

"Gonna shut your gaping cunt of a mouth now, Tay?" Abbie thundered immediately, but I shooed her back.

"Taylor, I want to take the gag off and untie you. You promise you won't scream, won't try to run away?"

She mumbled something, but quickly conceded the necessity of answering with a nod. That would have to do. After all, the original manufacturer-stated purpose of this stuff was riot suppression. So far, this was as close as I'd come to use as intended. Great. Always reassuring when one finds oneself drifting into the lane traditionally reserved for authoritarian dictators and villains on cop procedurals.

As if I needed more reassurance that it was working, she didn't so much as flinch as I retrieved my boxcutter and moved it toward her. I cut off the duct-tape from her wrists and mouth, helping her out of the trunk as she worked her sore jaw around. "Thanks," she muttered as she struggled upright.

"Very welcome."

"I was being sarcastic."

"Me too. Are you OK? I mean, circumstance aside, but physically. Are you hurt, injured?"

"My shoulder hurts like hell, and I banged my head, but I probably won't die from it."

Abbie rolled her eyes. "If you didn't try to dive out like a re-re while I was closing the trunk, you'd be fine."

"If my own fucking sister didn't go psycho on me—"

"If *my* own fucking sister didn't make plans to go telling everybody—"

"He drugged us! He molested me!"

"He'd never do anything inappropriate!"

"That's just the drugs talking!"

"That's just the you're a dumb bitch talking!"

“GIRLS!”

They both turned to me, their glares for one another lingering. “How about we go inside and talk about this, calmly, in civil tones, and maybe figure out what we do from here?” Nobody had a better plan, so in we went.

One afternoon last summer, one of my students, Miguel, had stopped by my house randomly to say hello. His family lived in the neighborhood and he’d been walking by, he said. Miguel had always been a nice kid, nobody I’d ever had any trouble with, but from the moment he showed up on my doorstep, there was this nervous tingle in the back of my mind about that tiny remote possibility of someday sitting in a courtroom trying to reassure a jury about a no-witness encounter with a student in my home. Miguel hadn’t made it past the front steps, and that was a student who had never given me any trouble a day in his life before or since.

Now I was walking into my living room with the Stern sisters, one fresh from being kidnapped in a trunk and the other obviously compromised by my indoctrination attempt. In fact, as we walked into the living room, I saw I’d even left Taylor’s video playing muted on the screen. God, I was stupid. If that knock on the door *had* been the police, I’d already be boarding my one-way train to the penitentiary.

“Ew, gross! Were you just sitting here watching that? Oh my god, Mr. Canon was beating off to my video, nasty! God, I think I just threw up in my mouth a little bit.”

I turned it off immediately, as if it made any difference now. “Taylor, maybe you should start thinking about where you are and what’s going on, and if outbursts like that are going to help any of us out of this predicament.”

Abbie was just looking at her sister like the girl had lost her mind, but I wasn’t about to let them start up with each other again. The Serenex might have made Taylor biddable, but it hadn’t made her any less of a bitch. “And then there’s you. Abbie, what in the name of all that’s holy do you think you’re doing?”

She arched an eyebrow. “I told you, she was... Oh! That. Sorry, duh.” Before I could wonder what she was duh-ing about, her shirt was off, dropped on the floor like it was her living room and we weren’t in it with her.

“Abbie!”

“I know, I know,” she grumbled, two mammoth mammaries thrust forward as she arched her back to get at her bra clasp. The bra fell, and so did they. She even brushed her long hair back over her shoulders to make sure my view was unobstructed. God, I’d been a fool to think she and Taylor could be close to the same size. Those mostly-nude pics on her phone had not done these babies justice. It took everything in my conscious mind to abstain from throwing myself on the girl out of pure instinct.

“You are such a fucking skank! God, what is wrong with you?” snapped Taylor.

“What?” Abbie put her hands on her hips. Christ almighty, those things shook around just from her *breathing*. It might honestly be too much – except I couldn’t stop staring, my mouth flooding with saliva.

“You took your top off in Mr. Canon’s house! Am I, like, losing my mind here or something?”

“Apparently. I mean, why haven’t you?”

“Because he’s a dirty old creep!”

“When has he ever done anything creepy to us?”

The gaslighting almost made Taylor’s eyes pop out of her head. As the two went back and forth about why it was strange to be half-naked in my house, or why it was strange not to, I was at a loss. There was a zero percent chance that Abbie was merely a casual exhibitionist, idly strutting her stuff. No, whatever prompted this obviously had something to do with the Serenex. Trying to stop Taylor from ratting me out? That I understood, inasmuch as I understood anything about all this.

The hundred repetitions must have seared the message into her brain, and it looked like when Taylor tried to cross that line, Abbie had lost it. The programming must somehow have sunk in so deep as to be inviolate. If, prior to this afternoon, Taylor had announced her intention to go murder a bunch of schoolchildren, would Abbie have gone to these lengths to stop her? *I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room* must have been shoved as far down as her most basic notions of right and wrong. If not deeper.

As for why she was acting like Taylor was insane not to be happily flashing me her boobs... I was at a loss. Yes, I’d made Taylor take her clothes off, make that video, but I hadn’t done anything improper with Abbie. Aside from looking at her semi-nude selfies. And drugging her. And brainwashing her. *But you didn’t turn her into an exhibitionist*, I feebly consoled myself. But as she doubled down again and again against Taylor’s exasperated accusations, even her repetition of phrasing made it clear something had sunk in there.

I hadn’t done – couldn’t have done – anything inappropriate to them. Their tits, their asses, were mine to ogle. That she wanted to be my fantasy slut – words she used over and over. Even called herself a sex object, insisted she felt lucky to be with me.

That whole afternoon had been such a wild ride that I couldn’t recall any of where those exact things had come from, but something obviously had come up. Taylor had said something, hadn’t she, some sarcastic comment about how I thought of my female students as sex objects? I wasn’t sure. Yet tons of other things that had been said obviously hadn’t sunk in, so why had those?

It would seem shoving untested mind-altering chemicals into people’s mouths wasn’t the most exact science.

“All right, all right, that’s enough,” I said at last, beginning to feel like they’d go back and forth at one another all night if I didn’t intervene. “Both of you have a seat, and let’s start looking forward instead of backward. Whatever happened, happened, and we can’t undo it, so... we... uh...”

Abbie looked perplexed at why I’d stopped talking. “What?”

“Abbie, you’re sitting on my lap.”

“Yeah...? Oh. Gotcha. Sorry, new to this.” She hopped up.

“New to...?” But then her shorts were off. I hadn’t even had time to savor that broad, gorgeous booty, clad only in black cotton trimmed with white lace, bent over within easy grasping distance and offering an unspoken offer to do precisely that, before it was back on my lap, squirming into position. Or maybe just giving me a subtle lap dance.

I *should* make her get up. Get dressed. Sit by Taylor on the love seat. But if I did, then she... then, she, um...

I gave up trying to rationalize her away, and accepted that I was going to let this happen. It was too incredible not to. But I wasn’t going to touch her. That, ah, wouldn’t be right. (Would it...?)

Time to return to the real problem here.

“Ahem. So yes. Taylor, I recognize you’re upset, that you’re much more upset than the Serenex is letting you be right this moment. I understand. But we have to accept the world as it is, not as we would like it to be, and right here, right now, in the real world, this is where we are.” *Somehow*.

“In your living room with my mind-fucked sister curled up naked on your lap, you fucking pig,” Taylor said casually, crossing her legs and studying her nails. It remained just a little off-putting how the feelings were still there, but even her body language wouldn’t put all those feelings into practice beyond a feisty tone and a snotty expression.

“She’s not going to let it go. We should kill her,” murmured Abbie into my ear. Taylor stiffened, but only a little.

“That’s not a funny joke, Abbie. Drugged or no, we’re not going to terrify her any more than we already have.” Damn, I hoped she’d been joking. She had to be.

“And yes,” I continued, redirecting my attention to Taylor. “But I didn’t mean for this to happen. I didn’t mean for *any* of this to happen. But it did.”

“It sure the fuck did. And how did it, exactly?”

“Excuse me?”

Taylor drummed her fingers on my end table, fingernails *cl-cl-cl-clicking* rhythmically. “You had that shit already, right? And you obviously used it on me before today somehow, right? Looking back, no way I would have gone along with that stupid writing on the board bullshit, ignoring you creeping on me, if you hadn’t.”

For the third time, I forced Abbie's fingers away from playing at my chest and back into her lap. "I did. I put it on that chapstick of yours, the one you pelted Jesse with, that you threw that fit over. You were going to be expelled, Taylor. I thought that maybe I could use that stuff to get you out of your own way and behave well enough to graduate. I did all this to *help* you!"

She directed her eyes pointedly to the young woman squirming in my lap. "Wow. You're a real hero, Mr. Canon. Shoe-in for teacher of the goddamn year. What a fucking guy."

"I don't know why you sound sarcastic about that," purred Abbie as she rested her head on my shoulder, nuzzling her nose against my neck. I considered that allowing her to remain on my lap might not actually be worth the disruption to any effort to figure a way out of this, but then she started placing these little kisses, and my will to deny her washed away.

"So what do you propose we do then, Taylor?"

"Oh, I get a say in this now? I thought I was just playing the part of Drugged Out Kidnapping Victim Number Two in this scene of your little porno." I didn't take her bait and issue a retort, waiting until she answered my question. Or maybe I was only distracted by the way Abbie was fondling her breasts. "Well here's a scenario. You let me go, and when this shit wears off, I'll go to the hospital and tell them how you drugged me and how I need my blood tested. Then I'll take that to the cops as proof so you can shove your little bullshit blackmail video up your soon-to-be-gang-raped-by-the-rest-of-the-D-block-boys ass. How's that? Sound like a plan? Because it's what's going to happen."

"See? Let me kill her," whispered Abbie in my ear, pacifying the panic instinct her words invoked with a hand thrust between her thighs to stroke my cock through my slacks.

"I don't think that's a very productive suggestion," I said. The words were meant for both of them separately. "Now Taylor, you have every right to be upset, but you have to believe that this was all an accident. I really did feel awful for what I did to you on Monday, and I was going to throw the canister away. That's what I was doing when you walked back in and saw me with it. Then I panicked, sprayed you, and... here we are. But I promise, I will find a way to make this right."

"You will? Because the naked girl in your lap trying to jack you off right in front of me makes me doubt your commitment to justice."

Abbie licked, with delicious, agonizing slowness, up the length of my neck. The faintest of whimpers escaped her mouth, right into my ear, then somehow rushing right to my cock, skipping everything in between. It said that I could fuck her, right now, any way I wanted, right in front of her sister, that I could make another video of it, that she'd cooperate in any and every way I might dream of and that she would experience the

most intense pleasure of her young life for the opportunity. My fantasy slut. Her pussy was already soaking through her panties, through my pants and underwear, and right into where she so clearly wanted it all to go. All I had to do was grant her permission.

I wouldn't have to stop there, either. There was an obvious fix to this – figure out how I'd broken Abbie's mind, then do the same to Taylor. I'd have both sisters on their knees, pleading for the privilege of sucking me off. They'd make out with each other for my viewing pleasure as they smashed their collective fifty pounds of tits together around my cock. Taylor would confess and apologize for every bitch thing she'd ever done to me as I exacted retribution on her pert young ass. And when she ran out of sins, Abbie would supply more from her sister's lifetime of being a bully and a tease.

Cl-cl-cl-click.

I sighed, looking over to where Taylor sat, regarding her newly ensluttified sister wriggling around on my cock. No. As painful as it was to squelch that fantasy, Taylor was right. I'd already done some terrible things, but there was no uncrossing that line if I took this one step further. If I ever wanted to convince her I was capable of remorse, that I sincerely regretted what I'd let come to pass, I had to put a stop to this, right now.

"Abbie, no." *WHAT?! Are you INSANE?!* wailed my libido. "Taylor's right. We have to stop."

"Taylor's right? Bullshit! Not like we can actually let her go now!" she whined.

And there was another way she was not going to be helping this discussion. "Tell you what, sweetie." Taylor groaned at my affectionate term of address for her sibling. "Why don't you go down and wait for me in my bedroom, OK? Let me deal with her, and when I'm done, I'll come down and we'll have ourselves some fun. OK?"

"But I wanna fuck you *now*," she whined, bouncing petulantly on my lap. If not for the dampened fabric separating us, those bounces would have granted her wish. "What kind of fantasy slut would I be if I make you wait? Haven't you already waited to fuck a hot little student cunt long enough?"

A persuasive argument, admittedly, but my mind had been made up. "I know. But one thing at a time, OK? Get yourself nice and ready for me, and I'll be down soon. It's just down that hall, last door on the right."

She looked where I pointed, frowning like I'd instructed her to march across the Sahara. Then her lips were on mine, tongue on mine, a firm hand clenching our faces together until at last she came up gasping. If I hadn't spent all afternoon jacking off to what now seemed a pathetic imitation of this in Taylor's video, I would have come in my pants from that kiss alone. I hadn't even realized she'd been chewing gum, but suddenly there it was in my mouth with its flavor of fading cinnamon and Abbie Stern.

"Fine. But don't keep me waiting." She stood up, glared at Taylor. "And you just quit being a bitch. God, I can't believe you won't even take your shirt off for him."

"Yeah, whatever you say, slut."

“Cunt.”

“Easy cunt.”

“Soon to be satisfied cunt!” Abbie taunted from the doorway to my bedroom. Then it closed, and I heaved a sigh of... relief? Frustration? I don’t even know.

Taylor rolled her eyes. “So now that you’ve got my sister in your bed, juicing up in preparation for her hundredth performance of pretending to lose her virginity, what shall we discuss, hm? Any other fun plans for your weekend?”

I glanced down the hall. The door was indeed shut. Good. I made my way to the love seat and sat down next to Taylor. She’d only shuffled enough to barely let me squeeze in, so we were rather uncomfortably close. Whatever. Discomfort was going to be a big part of this, and for once, I was hardly even tempted to look down at those long legs and tightly encased boobs. Frankly, after Abbie’s little burlesque show, a fully clothed girl seemed a laughably inadequate source of temptation.

“I’m not going to do it,” I said in a low voice. “But she’s obviously been messed up a little, and we can’t have her getting in the way of you and I figuring this out. I’m truly, very sorry she did what she did to you. I never intended that. I’m sorry for what *I* did to you. It was wrong.”

“Damn right it was wrong.”

I adjusted myself, eyeing the still-wet Serenex stain soaking into her shoulder mere inches away from me. Last thing I needed was to smear that on myself and have all three of us be compromised. “Now look. I really, *really* don’t want to go to prison. You have to believe me when I say that when this all started out, I was trying to help you. I know I screwed up, but ask yourself this: if I’d really wanted things to go this way from the start, why wouldn’t I have done anything about it on Monday?”

“Aside from staring at my ass, you mean.”

“Taylor, if staring at your ass was a crime, we’d have to lock up every man and boy at that school. It was inappropriate, yes. But remember when a week ago, you jumped on me, attacked me, clawed at my hand so hard it left scratches? Officer Barbour wanted to charge you. You could have gone to *prison*, Taylor.” A major embellishment, but not by so much. A necessary rhetorical deviation from the truth.

“Prison? For trying to get *my* property back?”

“That’s assault, Taylor. And if you didn’t leave me black and blue, you have to realize that being attacked like that in your place of work... that can be traumatizing.” I saw I was losing her with this angle, probably rightly so, and shook my head. “Look, whatever. I’ll concede I put you through worse than you did me, all right? You win the victimization contest. But I mean to say, you did something bad to me, and I helped you out of suffering the consequences for it. Even tried to do you a favor after by making sure you graduate. Now I’m asking for you to do the same. Throw me a bone here, Taylor.”

“You turned my sister into your sugarbaby, and you think I’m going to roll over and let you get away with it?”

“First off, I’m not paying her anything, so I don’t think ‘sugarbaby’ applies. Second, we’re going to fix her. That’s the other thing I need help with, figuring out how she got to be the way she is so we can get her back to right.”

“That crazy bitch wasn’t ever ‘right,’ but I guess if we can get her back to *normal*... Maybe. I’m not saying I’ll drop everything. But if I could, yeah, that’s where we gotta start.”

I smiled. “Good. So first off, we need to figure out how we did it. The chemical is only supposed to force someone to calm down, as I’m sure you know since... yeah. It’s not supposed to do anything so severe as what happened to Abbie, though. Somehow, it affected the two of you differently. This afternoon I had both of you write the same message, you were both there in the classroom and heard me say the same things, yet—”

“Let me solve your little problem, professor. She drank the shit, and I just had it on my arm.”

“I was going to suggest that, if you’d let me finish,” I grumbled.

“Sure you were. I remembered the name, Serenex, and I googled it when we got home. Looked like it had worked on me like it was supposed to – like it is right now, you old prick. Shut down my resistance. But Abbie, she *drank* the shit. I felt her tongue on my arm when you pushed her face into it. I got more on me, but I didn’t get any *in* me. It has to be the difference.”

“I’m with you. But I didn’t put any *in* you Monday, and it still imprinted the things which I requested of you doing our meeting. It stopped you from telling anybody. Made you apologize. Even seemed to make you actually be a halfway decent student for the rest of the week. ”

“Halfway? Fuck you, I behave myself in class.” She stopped, eyes narrowing at realizing she’d parroted what I’d made her write. “Because you told me to. See, you said you put it on my chapstick. You didn’t think smearing the poison on my lips might wind up making me swallow any, dumbass? Guess that’s why you aren’t teaching chemistry.”

“I... why yes, that would explain it, actually. You were much more acquiescent Monday – that was why I thought trying the same method on you again this afternoon would work the same. But it must do something different when you swallow it. Instead of shutting down the brain’s resistance to physical stimuli, it shut down its resistance to the mental as well. It let words and ideas push around the ideas already in your brain as easily as it let someone push you around physically.”

“Sure, because neuroscience works on metaphors, Dr. English Teacher. But still, yeah. Whatever actually happened, that’s gotta be the trick.” Taylor stroked her chin pensively. “So, what, we make her drink the stuff, then tell her you’re not her dream guy,

she's not a slut..." Her lips twisted for a moment. "Not *your* slut, anyway. She was kind of a slut already, but for once we've found a problem that isn't your fault."

"That sounds like it might work. And we're sure that's all there was to it? She was still pretty out of it when you took her home. Did you perhaps say anything else to her?"

"What, trying to make this my fault?"

It was my turn for an eye roll. "Hey, *you're* the one who made some oh-so-cutting rejoinder about you two being sex objects to me, if I recall."

"Fuck you, Canon. Anyway, no, she fell asleep in the car, and I just put her in bed and started figuring out how to get back at you. Then she woke up, I told her we needed to go to the hospital and why. That's when she went all psycho on me."

"And once again, I'm sorry. But good. At least we have a pretty good idea what we need to get out of there."

"Yeah, well, here's hoping shit comes out as easily as it got hammered in." She glanced at the stain on her shoulder. "Not sure we can get it out of a shirt, much less out of Abbie's brain."

"Maybe we have her write it two hundred times?" I'd meant it as a joke, but maybe it shouldn't be. "And for you, in the spirit of full restitution... I suppose we could try ending the compulsion to behave the way I want you to in class and let you go back to being your usual delightful self."

"I'll pass," she responded immediately. "No offense, but I'd rather spend the next few weeks earning a nice Pleasure to Have In Class next to my A – and you bet your ass I'm getting an A – than have you fuck around with my head again."

I nodded. "Fair enough, Taylor."

There was a soft thud from the direction of the bedroom. Perhaps Abbie's masturbating had gotten over-vigorous in her impatience for me to arrive and relieve her. Taylor wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, I'm never using chapstick again."

"Once we're done with Abbie, we'll pour the rest of that crap into a hole in the ground and be done with it. Never again."

She pivoted to face me, adjusting to sit cross-legged. The girl really did have a gift for finding ways to reveal her underwear. "Yeah? And how do we know you didn't buy more of it?"

"Well for one, that one canister cost me almost ten grand, so no, I didn't buy in bulk. And for two, if you think I want to put myself in this position ever again, you're nowhere near as smart as I think you are."

The compliment, however veiled, brought a thin smile to her lips. *So maybe there is a merciful god watching over me if I really can talk my way out of this quagmire.* There could be no guarantee that Taylor wouldn't change her mind, but right then, I'd have much rather finally done the right thing and take a risk than keep doing the wrong thing and keep hurting people.

She nudged me – though very gently – with her elbow. “Flattery ain’t getting these clothes off again, Mr. C. Now come on, let’s go get the shit .”

“Oh, you mean *this* shit?”

Taylor and I turned as one. Standing there in the doorway to the kitchen and still wearing nothing but her panties, was Abbie. In her outstretched hand, being waved tauntingly at the two of us, was the Serenex. There was a cold look on her face, colder than the night air that had hardened her bare nipples to dagger points.

“Abbie? How–”

“I heard everything you fuckers were saying out here. Your shitty little plan. So I hopped out the window and came around through the garage. Did you really think I was just gonna sit back and fuck with my head like I’m some playdough playmate or some shit?”

Taylor snorted. “You did this afternoon.”

Her head bobbed defiantly, a caricature of sassy teenage girls everywhere. “Says you. But I ain’t never let somebody come along and try to change me, and I sure as shit ain’t about to now. I’m the queen of this muthafuckin’ castle, and you weak bitches ain’t shit.” She brandished the canister, aiming it directly at the two of us.

I thought I recognized some of her self-aggrandizing ranting from the captions on her pictures, especially the fully clothed but nevertheless highly sexualized ones that I suspected she shared on instagram and the like. *Don’t hate ‘cause you ain’t, im hype 4 the human race*, nonsense like that. In fact, I even recalled one that had read something like *you can’t try to make me a copy of you because I’m the original*. It had been set, seemingly without intended irony, around a very original shot of her making a duck face and flashing a sideways peace sign in her bathroom mirror with a filter that put cartoon deer antlers on her forehead. An arrangement which I was pretty sure had at one time represented half of all posts on instagram.

My snide judgments, however, weren’t going to have any effect in getting out of this without being sprayed by her, and who knows what might happen then. She really might try to do something terrible to Taylor. Trying not to imagine that gruesome fate, I slowly stood. “Abbie, come on. Let’s put that down and talk. All right? Just talk.”

“Like you talked to Satan's little helper over there? Yeah, that went great. Some talker you are, Mr. Canon.”

“It did go well, actually.” Taylor nodded along, though it was obvious she didn’t – couldn’t – share the full extent of my dread.

But Abbie looked entirely unconvinced, and if anything, her sister’s agreement with me seemed to make her grow more suspicious. I tried a new tactic. “Abbie, it’s me. Mr. Canon. You know I wouldn’t do anything inappropriate, right?”

Her arm lowered, but only a hair. “Right...”

“Good, that’s good. You’re my, um, good little fantasy slut.” Mercifully, Taylor neither laughed nor harangued my attempt at empathizing with the addled girl. “See, so you can trust me. We’re not going to change you. We’re going to *un-change* you.”

“But... I don’t feel any different...” The younger Stern frowned, her eyes darting side to side. I was so nervous I could hardly notice her state of undress.

Taylor wisely sensed that her interference would only make things worse, and let me keep going. Cautiously, trying desperately to be as non-threatening as possible, I shuffled toward her in tiny, halting steps. “But you are. That stuff did some things to you, changed the way you think, and we – I – only want to make you yourself again. Make you right, the way you’re supposed to be.”

The arm lowered further. If she depressed the trigger now, it would hit me in the feet, if that. “So... you’re saying... I’m not right right now?”

“You’re not,” I said, inching closer. I could reach it now, but I didn’t want to make a sudden movement and alarm her. Reason was prevailing. “But I’ll help you. I’ll fix you.”

“You’ll fix me...?”

I smiled. “That’s right. Just give me the canister, Abbie, and I’ll fix you.”

She looked down at it, resolve crumbling. Thank god. If she’d used that shit, who knew what–

“Psych!” The stream hit me square in the forehead. I stumbled backward in surprise and alarm, swiping at it, but by then it was all over my face. Before I knew it I’d fallen backwards next to Taylor (“*hey, watch it fuck-ass!*”) and...

and...

Well, crud. This is probably bad.

Abbie stood over the two of us, towering even with her slight stature and lack of footwear. She seemed a giant. Implacable. I knew, both intellectually and in my very soul, that there was nothing I could do to stop her. I tried to command myself to stand up. *Just get up, take the canister, spray her back.* I almost laughed. *And while you’re at it, scale Everest, then flap your arms and fly your way back home.* My arms and legs couldn’t be bothered to move, couldn’t be convinced they were in danger.

Beside me, Taylor shook her head at my plight. “Nice going, Mr. Canon. Way to flex on her.”

“You know, Taylor? Just... shut up. For once in your miserable life, shut the ever-loving fuck all the way up.” That felt good to say. Man, I disliked that girl.

“Both of you shut up,” Abbie snapped. “God, if we were half this annoying, you should have slapped us right in our fucking mouths, Mr. C.”

I chose to ignore the threat. Well, not *choose* so much as *couldn’t oppose*, and not *ignore* so much as *accept that she could do whatever she wanted to me*. I should be

panicking. Instead, I sighed the way I often did when a student was misbehaving. It was no doubt a sound Taylor knew well.

Abbie continued. "You know, that might have actually been hot. I had a huge crush on Mr. Kirzinger sophomore year. All kinds of crazy hot schoolgirl fantasies. I was super looking forward to acting them out with you, but then you have to go and wreck everything by conspiring with my bitch sister." She grabbed Taylor's wrist and pulled her off of the sofa; the girl landed on my living room floor with an indignant grunt. Then Abbie was on me once again, straddling my thigh, her pussy every bit as hot and as wet as it had been earlier.

If she decided to take my pants off and get to it, there was nothing I could do to stop her. Which was a pretty convenient excuse, considering how badly part of me wished for that very thing.

"Abbie, you're not like this. Think! You didn't want any of this before, did you? It's that stuff in your hand! It turned you into something you never wanted to be."

"We're all changing, Mr. Canon. But I actually *like* who I am." The sentiment felt laughable, a holdover from this morning when she was just an insanely hot teenage girl with the accompanying goddess complex. Either Abbie wasn't given to self-reflection, or the chemical reaction simply didn't let her reject it despite it being nonsensical. Probably both.

Time to make one last ditch effort with my silver tongue. It had nearly talked Taylor into letting me off the hook; it might be able to work on her little sister, too. "All right, Abbie. That's a good thing. You should like yourself. I like you too. But can we maybe talk about this? I still want to help you."

"No, you said you were gonna 'fix' me. But you can't fix what ain't broke." She took my hands in hers. It was almost romantic for a moment, until she moved them around to rest on her ass. Fuck. It was so soft, so inviting. It flexed and relaxed as she slowly humped herself against me.

"Do I really need to be here for this?" asked Taylor, still on the floor behind Abbie.

"You are such a fucking prude, Tay. It's Mr. Canon. Like he'd ever do anything inappropriate towards us." She leaned closer, kissed me hard. I kept the gum this time, though. "But maybe you would if I asked real nice, huh?"

"Fuck him if you got to, Abbie, but for the love of god, at least let me leave the room first."

Abbie looked back at Taylor's petulant protests. "But if I let you leave, how is he going to be able to plaster your bitch face with his cum?"

My fingers sank into her ass like a hot scoop in a bucket of ice cream. I only realized after that I'd been trying to pull her onto my cock, willing our clothes out of the way so I could get on with it. But that kind of force wasn't in me right then. A little

squeeze was all I could muster. For the moment. Nevertheless, my blood was roaring in my ears so loud I barely heard Taylor's indignant reply.

Not that she needed to. I wouldn't come on Taylor's face. Only in my fantasies. Or if Abbie made me. Which she could.

"You like that, did you?" Abbie grinned, rubbing her nose on mine. "Yeah, well, get used to it. Your little fantasy sluts are here, and we ain't going nowhere. Maybe it sounds cheesy, but... fuck, I feel so lucky you did to me like you did."

With a surprisingly minute amount of squirming, she eased out of her panties. "Just tell me how you want it, Mr. C. Tell me your fantasy. I'll do it. Be it. Whatever you want. Just tell me. I bet a man like you has a hundred fantasies about a slut like me. Just pick one."

My eyes closed, searching for...

You're in detention with me. It's just the two of us. You're complaining about how you want to go home so you can go on a date with your boyfriend, and you offer to let me punish you the old-fashioned way, just to get it over with.

No, not that. Maybe for...

It's a rainy afternoon as I'm driving out of the lot. As I pull up to the stop sign on Elm, I see you walking, your clothes drenched and clingy. You approach my car and plead with me for a ride; it's against the rules, but I can't say no. As you settle into the back seat, you start changing out of those soggy clothes, and when you see me watching in the rear view mirror, you ask if I mind if you ride with me for a while, dry off. You'd be happy to wait at my place, if I want.

That wasn't it either. Abbie's massive tits pressed into my chest as I kept looking...

I've confiscated your chapstick. You could wait, or try talking it out, maybe even apologize, but no. It's not about that. You make a move, throwing yourself on me, but that's not what why. It's because you're a horny teen slut and you've wanted to be fucked by your teacher for so long you can't stop yourself any more. It's the excuse you've been waiting for, and you take it. Your first time with a man, prostituting yourself for a cheap tube of lip balm...

Nope. Nope nope nope. What was I looking... Oh yeah. Right.

"Abbie... this is wrong. I can't stop you from doing what you want, but this isn't what I want. So do what you gotta do, but know that I don't consent. And I won't."

When my eyes opened, she was studying me from inches away, a wounded expression on her face. "Really? You really don't want me?"

"It's not about what I want," I answered. "It's what I'm willing to live with."

"Really? You... you don't even want to try it, just once, see how you like it?"

"No," I lied. I wanted to fuck her more than I'd wanted almost anything else in my life. But it wouldn't be right to—

“Then open wide, mothafucka!” Her eyes flared wildly.

As she tugged my chin down with her thumb and spritzed into my open mouth, I had to admit she'd been right. Serenex really did taste awful.

What happened next, I couldn't say 100%. I'd been black-out drunk a couple times in college, and it was about like that. The time was just... lost. I woke up in my own bed. Naked. It was still dark out. (Dark out again? No, my phone confirmed it was the same night, but now it was going on three in the morning.) After pulling on some clothes, I first confirmed that the Stern sisters' car was gone. It was.

There was no telling what, if anything they'd done with me. I wasn't sure if Abbie had made me take my clothes off, or if I'd done it myself. I did usually sleep that way, unless it was especially chilly out. The droplets in my shower and Old Spice scent on my body confirmed I'd showered at some point, which I also didn't remember, much less have any inkling as to why. If Abbie *had* taken advantage of me, it would only be poetic justice. Things had finally spiraled so far out of control that I might have actually gotten to live out one of my fantasies, and I didn't even remember it. Other than a mild headache, there was no evidence the girls had ever come over tonight.

Was anything different about me? She'd said she had overheard our conversation, which meant she was in possession of the same knowledge we had in regards to the potency of Serenex ingestion. I racked my brain trying to think what sorts of things Abbie might have tried to do. There were the obvious temptations, but my bank account balance and the cash in my wallet were still there, along with my credit cards. (Not that a relatively new teacher with a mortgage and a penchant for blowing his savings on doomsday devices had much money, but to a high school student, it might seem a small fortune.)

So it hadn't been money. Then what? Sex? Certainly a possibility, but I wasn't sore and was still as passively horny as I'd been all week. There were no condoms in the trash, no signs a woman had tidied herself up after or the like. I ruled it unlikely, but possible. And even if she had fucked me, that wouldn't have taken five hours. As turned on as I'd been, it might not have taken five minutes. So then what else had transpired in the missing time?

With all that had been done to Abbie's brain yesterday, it was hard to guess what other motives were at the forefront of her mind. Not that whatever, if anything, she'd done would have had to be on impulse. She'd had hours with me out of it, no doubt wearing that some dopy, vacant stare she'd had under the same influence. Hours to think of what all she might like to do, to change about me. Oh god, and Taylor! Should it be comforting to think she'd almost certainly plugged our leak? Because it didn't feel

comforting. Not that I was any less resolved to prevent the previous afternoon's events from going public, but that had been true of me before, nothing Abbie would have needed to adjust my thinking on. With that canister of Serenex, she could—

Oh, *no*. The canister!

I raced through the house, eyes darting frantically every which way for the little white container. If she still had that, people could be in serious danger! Those girls had been borderline sociopaths before they'd learned how to brainwash people, and there had been enough in there for a hundred more doses if the labeling was to be believed. Please let it be here. Please let her have been that careless, that stupid. But it was nowhere. Not in the living room where she'd used it on me, not dumped in the garage on their way out, not on the counters, not under the bathroom sink, not between the couch cushions. I even checked the refrigerator at one point, like they might have pranked me for when I woke up and went to pour a bowl of cereal.

But it was gone.

I sunk to my knees at the realization. I'd created a monster – an even *worse* monster than she'd already been – and armed it with power mankind had never been meant to possess. In my hands, sure, it was little more than a teaching tool, but in hers? Damn it all to hell! I shouldn't have been such a pussy. Instead of taking pity on my whiny bitch student, I should have just taken final and definitive charge of this whole fucking mess before I ever let them leave my classroom. My fist pounded down so hard I nearly broke the glass. I slumped over the coffee table, resting my head on my briefcase, imagining all the—

Hmm. My briefcase?

Oh, why not.

I opened the briefcase. There, tucked off to the side, right where I'd been keeping it all week, was the Serenex. I heaved a sigh of relief, but the sensation didn't last long.

Beside the canister was a piece of paper covered in my handwriting. It was written on the back of a quiz from my third period. Guess Faruk wasn't getting that back. It was two columns of small print that grew increasingly sloppy as the repetitions drew nearer to a hundred. The text was simplicity itself, five little words in a declarative sentence. Subject linking verb adverb article predicate nominative. Raw simplicity.

I am not a pussy.

I clutched it in my hands, staring. A deep red lipstick print was at the top of the page. Abbie's color. The longer I looked, the stranger it seemed. Why would they have me write that? It was the sort of thing you'd have a pussy write, and I am not a pussy. I am *so* not a pussy. Not at all. My fist clenched around the paper, crumpling it into a little ball. Pussy? *Me?! I am NOT a pussy!*

“Oh, fuck...”

That comment was sparked by two realizations, the first being fairly obvious. She'd brainwashed me, all right. Decided I was a pussy and had me scribble my way to manhood. Which was ridiculous, because I am *not* a pussy! Which was in turn confusing, because I was, or had been, even if now, I am not a... Crap. Those words. *I am not a pussy*. Once I'd thought them, they wouldn't go away. It was the world's catchiest jingle advertising my own masculinity and refusing to stop. Knowing what I knew about the Serenex, I was aware that intellectually the thought was new, and was false – except not false, not being a pussy was the truest thing about me – and there was no arguing with it. What could be more of a pussy move than deliberately, knowingly, trying to go back to being a pussy? And I am not...

Ugh.

The second realization, and perhaps more disturbing, came only as I tossed the ball of paper aside and saw the one beneath it. Eyes wide, I flipped past it to the next, and the next...

We'd been busy.

Part Four: Staff Collaboration Initiatives

Nice work, moron. Brainwashed by your own brainwashing victim. All the confidence I'd ever had in the supremacy of my intellect shrunk by half. Then half again when I considered the level of genius it had taken to outwit me. The goddamn Stern sisters.

So I slept. Hard. What else was there to do? It was going on four in the morning. I couldn't exactly call up Taylor or Abbie even if I wanted to. For one, I didn't know how. I'd deleted Taylor's number after I downloaded the blackmail video to reduce the evidence trail, and I'd never had Abbie's. I could access their parents' contact via SchoolWays, but that would be one hell of a conversation. *Yes, Mrs. Stern, I know it's the dark hours of a Saturday morning, but I need to talk to your daughters about our secret conspiracy. And maybe fuck them.*

For two, whatever else our new dynamic entailed, I was still pretty irate with the both of them. Abbie for feeding me Serenex, then cramming these new ideas in my head without any apparent thought to the ramifications; Taylor simply for being Taylor. And, I supposed, for her threats to betray our secret. Abbie had made good and sure I shared her passion for secrecy on that front. *I will keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret.* The thought that Taylor had nearly ratted us out had gone from terrifying the night before to positively infuriating now. I had a lot more empathy for the whole kidnapping thing now. But Taylor's copy swearing secrecy had been in my briefcase right alongside mine, so there was no more cause for worry.

Maybe I should be glad Abbie hadn't been stupid enough to have me copy the version of that sentiment I'd put to her, that is, to not let anyone "find out what happened in my classroom." That'd be a hell of a thing for a teacher. God only knew what the Serenex programming would do with an outright paradox.

For now, though, there was nothing I could do about any of it, and I was dog tired. So I slept.

It was mid-day before I woke up. Rock hard. Shockingly, spending a whole afternoon ogling and cuddling a pair of unbelievably hot naked students hadn't done anything but make the dreams more intense. More than anything, I wanted to call the girls back over and fuck the hell out of them. Thanks to Abbie, there was no more reason to hold back. None of us were going to tip anyone off, and I was done being a pussy about my desires. The next time I could get my hands on those bitches, it was time to get to work on that fantasy checklist.

(And when I say "bitches," I swear I'm not the sort to casually use the term to refer to women. It simply happened to be apt in regards to these two particular young women.)

It did occur to me until I stood in the light of day that we lived in the age of social media. I didn't need phone numbers when facebook messenger existed. Taylor was already on my friend list, after all – for once, a fact that wasn't cause for discomfort and regret. I reached for my phone, already giddy with the thought of the evening I was about to have. As I picked up my phone, I saw I already had two texts, both from unknown numbers. Abbie and Taylor, no doubt. I couldn't wait to see what a hundred hand-cramping repetitions of *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* had done to Taylor. From now on, the sky was the limit.

The first message was from Abbie. She'd opened with a picture of her in a tartan skirt and a tight white blouse, hair flat-ironed and done up in a high ponytail with a scrunchy. She was perched on the edge of her bed with her legs spread wide, hands holding her skirt down to preserve her modesty, or to tease its eventual revelation more like, but the posture had the added effect of her biceps pressing her tits together so hard that I could see skin between some of the buttons.

She followed it with a short text: *ready for my lessons, Mr. C. ;)* It was time-stamped only two hours ago.

If last night was any indication, the girl was every bit as horny as I was. I scrolled to the next message, Taylor's. God, what slutty little thing had she put on for me? From what Abbie had made her sister write, I didn't even know if she'd willingly dress up for me, but she'd sure as hell do it if I told her to. I could kiss Abbie for that alone, leaving the girl's spirit intact for me to break it. Taylor Stern, doing as she was told. Teacher's pet. My good girl. Maybe Abbie'd had her put on–

I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING.

I dropped the phone. The glass cracked audibly as it hit the hardwood. A spider web of cracks marred the screen, but I could still read it. To my chagrin, the words hadn't changed. Obviously it wasn't Taylor. So who was it?

First things first, I researched the number and came up empty. One site claimed the number was registered in Mexico City, but when I clicked on that, it put up a paywall. Google confirmed it was a scam site – not that I'd worried my escapades had gone transcontinental. Several confirmed the number was serviced by Verizon, but nothing useful. Nothing I could find put a name or address on it, no bullseye for me to... I didn't know, but to do *something*. I had to keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret!

Was it a burner phone? I only even knew the term from watching crime shows on TV. Regardless, the fact that it didn't come up like most random numbers (or the occasional student prank) with immediate confirmation of location said something was up. Or maybe it didn't. What the hell did I know about this sort of thing?

But one thing was for sure: that message had come from somewhere. My shattered screen wasn't letting me forget. *I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING*. Who the hell

were they, and what did they know? And were they trolling my grammatician sensibilities with that spelling error or what?

My mind raced through the possibilities, but there were too many. Abbie had been in my driveway yesterday in plain sight of anyone who might drive by. The incident at school could conceivably have been overheard as well, if somebody had been walking by my room and eavesdropped at the door, or easier still when I'd dragged Taylor down to the women's room to make the video. That could easily have carried out into the hallway. Any student who'd been in school late, any faculty member in the right place at the right time... fuck, anybody with a car and strong peripheral vision! The whole damn town was a suspect!

So what did I do now? I couldn't let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters! Except... it looked quite possible that someone had. Shit! Shit shit shit! Every goddamn time I was about to get a taste of one of those Stern girls, something came along and fucked it up!

Something needed to be done. But what? I considered reaching out to Abbie, who more than anyone paralleled my passion for concealing our secret, and having an ally might if nothing else take some of the edge off. Only then I remembered her stuffing Taylor in a trunk, threatening to kill her. Drugging me when I didn't give her what she wanted. Rewiring my thoughts on a whim. No. I was going to figure this out, but Abbie was volatility personified. Besides, I was a grown man. I didn't need a teenage girl to fight my battles for me. I am not a pussy.

Dammit, Abbie.

I had no leads. I had no investigative tools or skills to use. All I had was a phone number. Well, whoever it was, if they'd meant to turn me in, they would have done it. Instead, they'd sent me a message. Let's see what they wanted.

Who is this?

I pressed Send. And I waited.

What followed was one of the longest hours of my life. Abbie tried me again, this time with a less seductive *where the fuck u at Mr C, we're bored and I'm horny*. But I told her I was busy taking care of some things and that I'd contact her when I was good and damn well ready.

u fuckin better, she answered succinctly.

Not long after that stimulating exchange with the absurdly hot and desperately horny girl I ought to be fucking right that minute, though, I got the text I'd been relegated to waiting for. All caps again.

SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE DOING

I stared for a moment, waiting for the follow-up.

And waited.

Nope. Seriously? That was it? *You already said that*, I answered with an eye roll. *I don't know what you think you know, but you better start making sense.*

ABBY STERN

MAKING SENSE NO

**NOW*

?

“Fuck!” I almost dropped the phone again. So much for that faint hope that it was just someone screwing with me. Still, they’d only mentioned Abbie, not Taylor. And hadn’t spell her name right, though that may or may not mean anything. Hmm. *I don't know what you're talking about.*

I HAVE PROOF

DONT BS ME

I considered. They said they had proof, but they hadn’t proven it. Maybe they thought they’d seen something inappropriate and hoped I’d admit to it in writing? I would confess nothing. Smart. Maybe. Please let that be smart.

Proof of what...?

It took my phone a few seconds to download the attachment in their next message, but once I saw there was a picture incoming, the only question was which incriminating act they’d caught me. Then there it was, Abbie, naked and straddling my lap in my living room last night. It had been taken through the gap between the curtains in my living room from the looks of it. My face wasn’t visible, obscured by the mountain of flesh jutting forth from Abbie’s chest, but the tattoo along her spine left no doubt who was photographed here. Plus, while I may not be identifiable, it was obviously my living room, my furniture.

“FUCK!” My shout was louder this time, but was equally effective in solving the problem. I looked up; the curtains were still split just so. I stormed across the room and threw them shut. Dammit, I had to be the stupidest man to ever get inappropriately involved with a student!

What do you want? It was hard typing with the glass like this. Maybe my lucky streak would continue and right before I was about to stick my fingers in Taylor’s pussy I’d cut them to hell on my damn phone while Abbie knelt down to suck me off and landed on a shard of the broken glass and screamed so loud the cop who just happened to be driving by at that moment stopped in to see what was up.

GIVE ME WHAT I WANT OR I WILL SHARE THESE WITH THE WORD, they replied, this time not bothering to correct their typo.

*YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR FAMILY, THE POLICE, PRINCIPAL HOREN
EVERYONE*

Hmm. That was interesting. This person knew me enough to know where I worked and the name of my boss. A student, likely, given the proficiency of their

communication. Or maybe a dimwitted neighbor? Randi? My custodian had always seemed so nice, but not like I really knew her that well, and finding out I was up to this kind of thing with some students might have soured her despite the tip I'd left in my Christmas card.

I'm willing to cooperate, but you have to tell me what you want. I hated caving so easily, but what choice did I have? I was not about to let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Sure felt like I was being a pussy, but my rage would have to remain impotent for now.

Ultimately, the response was not especially surprising aside from the total amount. *\$100,000*, they answered, including several money emojis. Perhaps they were there to make sure I took them seriously.

Are you insane? I'm a single teacher with a mortgage. I don't have anywhere near that kind of money, I replied. What kind of idiot was I dealing with here?

WATCH HOW YOU TALK TO ME MR. CANON

Mr. Canon. Not my first name. That didn't mean much though; like most teachers, I was Mr. so-and-so to most of the people I interacted with. I waited for them to continue. Was I supposed to apologize? I was about to when there was finally a follow-up. *FINE, \$50,000*, it read.

With a sigh, I took a moment to pull up my bank account balance only to realize my phone was too busted to screenshot, so I had to use my laptop instead. Any details I didn't want shared were covered over in Paint, and then the pic was sent. *That's my balance. That's all I have.* Revealing so much stung, but with less than two grand left in my savings account, I needed them to get realistic about this. My father would be rolling over in his grave to see his son openly sharing financial information like that. Though perhaps he'd be pretty impressed to see me about to nail those Stern girls. (My dad was a complicated guy.)

As it turned out, they disagreed about the nature of realism. *YOU BETTER GET CREATIVE THEN*

\$25,000

YOU HAVE TIL MIDNIGHT

I grit my teeth as I furiously hammered out a reply, not caring if I scratched my thumbs or not. *Well it's 5:15 on a Saturday night, so even if I could come up with it, the bank's closed for the weekend. So if you'd rather get some \$ instead of going to jail with me for blackmailing me – as that is a felony, btw – then you'll just have to be a little patient.*

There was a long pause, over five minutes this time. Were there more than one of them, talking out my rebuttal? Did they think they were going to sweat their money out of me, like I had a trunk full of cash buried in the yard? Who knew with this idiot.

MONDAY? they proposed at last.

I'll do my best. Is this the best way to contact you with updates?

YOU'D BETTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

I sighed. I'll take that as a yes. Just be patient. I am cooperating. You'll get your money. A couple imbecilic taunts later, our conversation concluded. So that was that.

Time to figure out how to find this mother fucker and burn them down.

Abbie was damn impatient. By that evening, she was already openly regretting that she didn't just make me her slave. I gently reminded her that being dominated by her or anyone did not feature into my fantasies, and that if she wanted to be a good little fantasy slut, she'd stick to looking pretty and waiting to be called on.

Brainstorming was slow going, what with losing my train of thought a hundred times thinking about what I could and by all rights ought to be enjoying right then, namely being tag-teamed by Taylor and Abbie. No, I was having to keep at a distance, not knowing who might be watching me, tailing me, looking for more and juicier blackmail. I at least made sure to get Taylor's number. When I was finally done with this dickhead, I wouldn't have to waste another solitary second before I took my satisfaction.

However, first the dickhead.

I studied the conversation, looking for any detail that might give them away, but it was futile. A dunce, yes, but that narrowed it down not at all. It could be anyone who'd seen Abbie in my driveway and decided to get nosy. Hell, it could be a neighbor who'd seen her darting naked out of my bedroom window and into my garage. There were houses close by on either side of me, and half a dozen more across the alley behind my house who might have had a view of my yard. Assuming it wasn't merely someone out walking their dog who'd seen a naked girl and gone Peeping Tom.

If this were on TV – and if I weren't the bad guy in all this – I tried to think what the police would do. Trace the number, probably. Dust my outside windowsill for prints. Set a trap for them during the exchange? How the hell was I supposed to know how to do this sort of thing?! I'm an English teacher, not a PI! Plus even if I hired one, with my luck, I'd wind up owing yet another blackmailer when they got their hands on the pictures!

Where was an honest, hard-working cop who wouldn't object to my sexual relationship with a pair of teenage students when I needed one? I laughed despondently. Maybe Officer Barbour would be willing to do Taylor yet another favor and help her hide her soon-to-be-affair with me.

Wait a second.

Could I...?

No. NO. That was a terrible idea. It was wrong. Risky as hell. Immoral! Pure lunacy! I couldn't possibly do something *that* stupid on top of all the other stupid I'd done so far.

I mean, I *could*. It was *possible*.

But no. Just... no! *NO, Canon*.

But...

No.

“Louisa, hi!” I waved her over to my table. It was rare, seeing her like this in her civilian garb. I’d never been much for women in uniform, but weirdly, her plain clothes alter ego wasn’t bad at all. Psychological, I guess. In her uniform, she was a cop. Full stop. But like this, she was a woman, and an attractive one at that. I was a terrible judge of racial background, and her Anglicized name did less than nothing to help me figure it out, but if I had to guess, I’d go with Pacific Islander, or maybe that diluted with something else. Olive skin, hair that was dark at the roots but dyed a brownish blonde throughout... beat me. As she drew closer, I wondered if her uniform had some sort of minimizer in it, because her bust was not entirely unimpressive. She was no Abbie Stern, but few women were. I had to say, without the intimidation of her job on display, she was doing it for me.

Not that I was going to have her do anything for me. This was definitely not about that.

Louisa Barbour waved, then made her way through the Sunday morning Starbucks crowd. She managed a smile, yet although I was not a detective, I could tell it was rather forced. “Hey, Mr. Canon. Sorry I’m running late. Had to circle the block looking for parking.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I got here early, beat the rush I guess. And hey, thanks again for meeting me like this on such short notice. I know it’s—”

She held up a hand. “I think if you thank me or apologize one more time, I’m going to have to issue you a citation for it.”

I laughed, though it felt like it came out a little crazy. I’d rehearsed this in my head a thousand times since I’d gotten her to agree to meet me, but I was still almost paralytic with anxiety. Most of what I’d done up until now had been accidental or spur of the moment. Premeditation made me decidedly more anxious. “Sorry.” I winced.

“There’s my citation. But hey, can I bribe you with some coffee? My treat, of course.”

She shrugged. “Sure.”

“What’s your poison?”

“You know what? It’s Sunday, and I’m working, so let’s go nuts. I’ll take a caffe mocha, no whipped cream.”

“Done and done. Settle in, and I’ll be right back.”

I put in our order – a black coffee for me, just so I’d be getting something and not look suspicious returning with only one cup – and waited. It didn’t take long; the baristas were in the zone, moving the line like the pros they were. I took our drinks over to the counter, grabbed napkins, straws, cream and sugar to give me something to do with my hands so my shaking didn’t give away my panic, and oh yeah, half an eye-dropper of Serenex for Louisa once the hipster at my left vacated the area and gave me a window...

It was all a lot easier than I'd worried it would be. Once I sat down, it only took a couple minutes of small talk about my concerns for Taylor, some fabricated bullshit that she'd opened up to me about some disturbing things in her home life but pleaded I not tell the school counselor. "But I know you two have sort of a connection, so I thought if anyone could help..."

She finally took a sip. Licked her lips, took a nice long drink.

"It would be you."

Louisa began a response, and I could see it hitting her as she tried to get the words out. "I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised. Kids who, um, cause as much trouble as Taylor tend to... you know... tend to be... um..." She shook her head. "Taylor probably..."

And she trailed off. Like that, I had her. Now I'd just give her a command to follow me out to my car, plant the necessary suggestions, and I'd have my very own investigator. Easy as—

"Hey, guys!"

I nearly leapt out of my socks from the proximity of the voice that addressed us. It was Candace Salata, newest addition to the social studies department, assistant volleyball coach... and Louisa's girlfriend.

"Candace!" I squeaked. Oh shit, don't let her look over at Officer Barbour. "Hey, we— I mean, I didn't expect you! Good to see you. Having a good weekend so far? End of the year is crazy, right? I know I've been just slammed. Assigned an essay in May like a complete idiot. Now I'll be grading to graduation day to get it done. This time of the year is always BLALALA, ya know? But hey, this weather... can't beat it right? Good time to sit out on the patio and get some work done in the fresh air. You ever do that? I love it. Do you? Um, do that?"

Smooth. So smooth.

It did have the desired effect, though, keeping her eyes on me and off of the glassy-eyed slack-jawed stare of her girlfriend. I estimated maybe two, three seconds of close examination before anyone looking at Louisa realized something was wrong. As it was, if we sat here for very long, total strangers would begin noticing. I'd been banking on them not being intrusive enough to say anything before I could usher Louisa out of here, but now...!

"Uh, yeah. Sometimes. Wow, what're they putting in the coffee today, huh?"

I laughed, and this time it was *definitely* crazy sounding. "Yeah, guess I'm a little tweaked, huh. Haha! Good stuff though. What's your drink?"

"You buying?"

I was babbling so fast that I almost said yes – which would leave the two of them alone at the table. As it was, her eyes were still threatening to roam that direction. "Hey, you know what they pay me," I joked. "Tell you what, you may wanna hurry up and get

in line, though. I think I just saw an SUV pull up full to the brim. Don't want to get stuck in the back of that line, right?"

She glanced away from us. *SMILE!* I mouthed at Louisa. *SMILE, DAMMIT!* "No, I guess not," said Candace. She looked over to Louisa, who donned a dippy grin with no time at all to spare. It was enough to pass muster for the momentary glance. "Don't go too far into things without me, OK? If you're talking about Taylor Stern, I want to be in on it. Girl's turning my hair gray!"

My laugh was marginally less ridiculous-sounding this time, but I didn't say any more words. Nothing that would keep her standing next to the two of us for another second. I waited until she was in line, and to my incredible relief, she seemed to be actually studying the menu rather than look back at us.

My brain was going a hundred miles an hour. What was I going to do?! No way Candace wouldn't notice Louisa's mental state almost instantly. As things stood, at best, she'd think I tried to roffie her girlfriend. No talking my way out of it. And as was becoming all too familiar an instinct these days, my thoughts went immediately to the eyedropper in my pocket and the few drops still in it. I'd made sure to bring more than enough in case some of it dribbled out in my plastic-wrap-lined pocket. At this rate, I was going to have to start lugging the whole canister around to keep up with all the collateral damage I was causing.

And how had I started using it this casually?!

I could agonize about the ethical ramifications later. Right now, there was no other choice. How, though? Candace was second in line now; no, they called her to a second register. Tick tock. I raised up and struck down options in my head like mental whack-a-mole. Intercept her order when they called it? No way. Too weird, and too much chance she'd catch on to Louisa even if she let me. Dribble it in once she sat down? Too conspicuous. What if someone else saw me? At the counter, I'd been able to do it with my body in the way, but right at the table? Impossible. But what if I caused a distraction? Sneeze and pretend to knock my coffee across the cafe. No. That meant apologies, clean-up, delays, all the more time for Louisa's behavior to tip people off. How how how?!

By the time Candace picked up her order, I'd put into motion the only plan I could come up with. Dammit, this had to work. If I were religious I would have been praying, but my fortune these past few days had done nothing if not confirm that if there were a god, they were clearly not on my side.

Candace took a moment to grab her own accoutrements and returned to the table, taking a moment to set down her purse and windbreaker over her chair. "So what did I miss? Isa told me all about what Taylor did to you. Over a chapstick! My god, that girl. I can't believe she would mmf...!"

Louisa did as I had commanded. As her girlfriend sat down, she leaned forward, seized Candace by the back of her neck, and kissed her.

It was hot. Really hot. Louisa was an exotic beauty, very well put together, and while Candace might not have the curves I generally preferred on a woman, she was undeniably very pretty and took excellent care of herself. She was the object of countless crushes by her students. Faculty too, as I could once have attested to.

There was a brief squeak of surprise and alarm, even some a little squirming to get out of it. It was one hell of a sexy kiss, and right there in the crowded cafe... it was not the sort of romantic impulsivity she evidently preferred. But Louisa kept it up until, I fervently hoped, the deed was done.

My colleague wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Isa! Why would you...!" She glanced at me, blushing. "I'm sorry, I don't know what..." She smacked her lips, frowned. "Is that your mocha? Because I gotta say, it's... it tastes like... um... we..."

But whatever verb might have accompanied "we," I wasn't going to wait for it. That kiss had attracted more than a little attention, lookie loos on all sides. We needed to get out of here five minutes ago.

I leaned in. "Louisa? Candace?" Candace looked up. Louisa needed me to say it a couple more times before her eyes focused. "When I stand up, I want you to follow me. Bring your things, and say anything. Understand?" It was hard, keeping my voice soft enough to discourage overhearing but loud enough for both to hear my words clearly. But when I stood, they stood. When I walked, wishing I could sprint, toward the door, they followed.

Moments later, we'd made it back to my car. I'd done it! Done... something anyway. But I was handling things. I wasn't laying down and letting this blackmailer push me around like some weakling.

I am not a pussy.

This was still a high traffic area, both cars and pedestrians, so I drove a short ways off into the abandoned lot by the old Kmart. There, good and private. Even if somebody could see us from the road, they wouldn't recognize us. Not that I had reason to be paranoid about people watching me or anything.

Fuck me. What did I do now? I'd been ready for Louisa. But now!

Hmm.

It occurred to me that one of the primary hazards in my original plan had been the possibility of Candace discovering I'd done something to her girlfriend. So much for that. Maybe... maybe this was a blessing in disguise?

I looked to the two women in my backseat, heads lolling about like a couple of bobblehead dolls. Definitely under, bigtime. I wasn't coming any closer to getting a baseline for the necessary minimum dose for efficacy – and had a few concerns about what might happen in case of an overdose – but so far, they didn't look too bad.

“Louisa? Candace? Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” they answered in near unison.

Good start. I had not turned them into vegetables. That was the bar for good news of late.

I supposed there was no huge rush. They’d be like this for hours, it seemed; no sense acting hastily. Man, they were a hot couple. I frowned at the wayward thought. This was not going to be a repeat of what had happened – accidentally! – to the Sterns. Yes, these women were attractive, and yes, they were at my mercy, but I wasn’t some serial brainwasher on the prowl for fresh minds.

You could, though.

I shook my head. No. *Come on, Canon, do like you planned with Louisa, at least.* “Louisa, I have some instructions for you. All right?”

“OK,” she mumbled.

“Good. Now when I give you those instructions, I want you to repeat them back to me.”

“Repeat them.”

“Then, I want you to say them in your head a hundred times. The whole thing. Understand?”

Regrettably, I’d left my pad of paper back at Starbucks, so we’d have to modify my previous method. I reckoned the writing-it-down aspect of things was probably unnecessary anyway. After all, some things had sunk in for Taylor and Abbie despite them only being said once. This should work just fine. Louisa confirmed that she did indeed understand.

I took a breath. “I am Mr. Canon’s protector. My top priority is keeping him safe and preserving his freedom.”

The choice of words was somewhat hifalutin, but I’d put thought into it. I would be “safe” in prison. The inclusion had been necessary. Louisa murmured the words verbatim. Her lips kept moving, and her fingers counting up the repetitions. Good. It was working.

“Now, what to do with you,” I said, looking to Candace. She wasn’t looking back. Hmm. Maybe you had to get their attention first? It might explain why Abbie had cherry picked what details she’d seized upon. A blessing, if so. It’d be easier to micro-target my messages for their intended audiences. But what did I want to tell her?

I didn’t feel good about it, but honestly? My first impulse was that least ignoble of desires. Candace was in my backseat, the assistant volleyball coach dressed for the part in black spandex shorts and a pink t-shirt with the sleeves and most of the sides cut off, a sports bra partially visible. It matched the shorts. Probably on her way to the gym after coffee, or maybe had already been. She was definitely pretty in a natural kind of way, less made over and conformed to societal beauty standards like Taylor and Abbie. Dyed

black hair with a faint streak of purple in it, edgy for a teacher, but this time last year she'd been a sorority sister with a nose piercing, and it seemed the adjustment was still in progress. Fit, trim, tight and perky.

And sexiest of all, her mind wide open for anything I might want to do with it.

I had to remind myself that it wasn't pussy behavior to *not* make her like the Sterns. Just because I was horny as hell and she was attractive and vulnerable wasn't a reason to take advantage. But I couldn't let her go like this, obviously. I had no idea what she'd remember, but there would be more than enough cause for suspicion to land me in all manner of trouble.

Say. That ought to do it, right?

"Candace," I said. After a moment, she looked up at me, eyes slowly locking on mine. Her pupils were wide. Beside her, Louisa was still subvocalizing her new mantra. "Candace, in a moment I'm going to say something. I want you to repeat it back to me. All right?"

"I want you to repeat it back to me, all right," she monotoned.

"Uh, right." At least she was listening. "Now again, only this time, say, 'I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans.'"

"I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans." I supposed I could have used my first name with these ladies, but my title seemed less ambiguous.

"That's good. Now I want you to repeat that to yourself a hundred more times. Those same exact words. Go ahead." I watched for a moment while she got started, and soon, the women in my backseat were both assiduously drilling my programming into their heads. What I wouldn't give for students who complied with my instruction with that kind of devotion.

Well, I suppose I had that now, too, but... not in that sense.

Each of them did a hundred more repetitions when they finished, in case this was less effective than writing it down. Abbie had been done in by mere off-handed comments, so it was likely overkill anyway. I wasn't about to keep trying this on people until I had actionable data. If I had my way, I'd never use it on anyone again.

Meanwhile, I sat there stewing in guilt. I wasn't stupid. I knew those commands would do more than simply cover my ass, help me with my blackmailer. But I had to preserve the secret. I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Overkill was an unfortunate necessity. I'd probably have to tell Louisa about it all, sure, but I owned her loyalty now. She could no more spread the word than if I wrote it down on a piece of paper and stuck it in my pocket.

They went back to their vacant staring, waiting, taunting me to do more to them. But no. Jesus, I already had two gorgeous young women ready to do anything I might

want to do with these two. They were lesbians to boot! That fact might not matter to the Serenex in their blood, but it mattered to me.

All right. Enough with the violations of basic morality and the natural order. Back to work.

The original plan had been to take them back to my place. Since the blackmailer could well be a nosy neighbor who might still be watching my house, Louisa would have to hide in the trunk, Taylor style, so nobody would know I'd recruited help. Now, though?

"You two have a place together, right?"

Candace massaged her forehead. "Just so I understand you correctly, to summarize: you bought a riot control chemical to make Taylor Stern let you tutor her one on one. You got caught with it, so you used it on her and her sister to stop them from telling anyone. Then you say you wound up brainwashing Abbie to be your 'fantasy slut...'"

"*Accidentally*," I emphasized in response to her accusatory tone.

"At which point she kidnapped Taylor and brought her to your house, tried to seduce you, and when you so very stoically resisted, she dosed you, making you feel like it would be wrong *not* to take advantage of these two teenage girls. Then when you woke up yesterday morning, you found out that somehow, despite your overwhelming abundance of caution, someone had discovered your activities and wants twenty-five thousand dollars to keep quiet. So you thought instead of confessing or using the help you already had, you'd come and enslave my girlfriend. And lucky me, I just happened to be standing in the path of what let's affectionately call the Canon ball."

I sighed. "That's the bulk of it, yeah."

"You know, for a man who netted himself a pair of nubile sex slaves without even trying, you sure have yourself quite a martyrdom complex about it all." She sneered.

"What do you know about the duration of the effect?" asked Louisa, sipping at a fresh and untainted cup of coffee she'd brewed in the kitchen to help clear their heads. Unlike her partner, her voice was devoid of judgment. She was approaching this analytically, a professional through and through. It was a welcome reprieve from Candace's judgment, valid or no.

There was a question I should have asked myself a long time ago. Serenex was only a chemical, after all. Surely it would wear off eventually. Shit! Why did my hindsight never reveal any good news?

I supposed if it wore off on the girls, it would wear off on me not long after. Of course, I'd be in handcuffs or buried in the Sterns' back yard by then. Not much of a consolation.

"Not entirely sure. I first dosed Taylor Monday, and she behaved herself well enough all week that it had to be the Serenex. That was a pretty weak dose, only whatever she got from licking her lips. Abbie's been on the slut warpath for going on forty-eight hours now and showing no signs of slowing down." The text I'd gotten while waiting here at their place had left no doubt of that. *if i dont get some dick in me soon, ima come find u and spray that shit up yo ass.* It had been accompanied by a shot showing her raised fist clenched defiantly, though the wrathfulness was clouded by the bared breasts behind it.

Still no word from Taylor, but then, there wouldn't be. There didn't need to be.

"Well there's one of our first concerns. If we're going to maintain security of information, our biggest potential liability is that one of us will snap out of it. Not much question that any of us would bring you down first thing if we could."

"Who, me? What about me leads you to think I'd object to a teacher drugging and raping his students?" groused Candace.

I was unconvinced any of this could constitute rape to begin with considering the tangled web of who had brainwashed and compromised who, but there was no point arguing semantics. The point was, Candace was going to let me do what I wanted to do, which was good enough.

Louisa patted her girlfriend's shoulder consolingly, but she wasn't deterred from her consultancy. "So that's really the thing. The blackmailer isn't the problem. It's the sheer number of people with knowledge they shouldn't have, that person or persons among them. We need to figure out what we're dealing with here. I'll see what I can learn at the department, if we have anything in the database about side effects of Serenex ingestion. Better give me your phone, too. In case the number isn't enough, we might be able to run a trace with the phone itself."

"Can you do that without anyone reading it?"

"No worries, I'm friends with the tech. I'll buy him a coffee and dose him with the Serenex. Twice the manpower, that way." It wasn't only Candace who looked at her aghast, but Louisa soon cracked a grin. "I'm kidding, geez. Relax, you two. I'm trained on the software myself. Comes up all the time at school, kids sending threatening messages, cyber-bullying, that kind of thing."

"Oh. Well that's good, I guess."

"In the meantime, you two need to be thinking about what you're going to do to keep Candy and I from blabbing if or when it wears off."

"You know I don't like it when you call me that in front of people."

But Louisa merely bent down and kissed her forehead, fuzzing her hair. “Tell me you love me.”

Her eyes darted to me resentfully, but she gave in soon enough. “I love you. For some reason.”

Louisa tucked my cracked phone in her hip pocket and headed out the door. “And then there were two,” I said dryly.

“Look, I was on my way back from the gym when you caught me this morning, so if it’s all the same to you, I’m going to clean up and get dressed and then... I dunno, hide in my room and pretend you’re not here. No offense.” I had a hard time believing she didn’t intend at least *some* offense.

“What about what Louisa said?”

Candace rolled her eyes. “Isa. Nobody calls her Louisa except at work.”

“Candy and Isa, eh? Shows what I know.” I donned a cheesy high-pitched voice. “*Isa me! Candy-o!*”

“Don’t do that. Oh god, don’t ever do that.”

I allowed myself a smirk. “Anyway, what about what she said, about a contingency plan? She has a point. Seems pretty certain you’ll report me the second you’re able.”

“Maybe. I don’t know, seems hard to imagine doing anything to cause you trouble. I would never do that.”

“Let’s hope it stays that way.”

Paradoxically, for all her naked disdain for my conduct, Candace nodded sincerely. “Yeah, let’s hope. If I start to feel like anything you shoved in my head is coming loose, I’ll warn you ASAP, OK?”

“Yeah. That’s, uh, great.” Huh. Guess she preferred keeping my plans intact to having her mind back in one piece.

Well that shouldn’t turn me on.

My hostess retreated to her bedroom. I tried not to think, as I had been for most of those seemingly interminable hours when I’d been waiting for them to come to, of what I could get away with. Spending this much time in close quarters with the two of them had only made me more keenly aware of what their respective work uniforms had allowed me not to ignore. Candace’s athletic build might not command the same attention as classic bombshells like the Stern girls, but as I watched those spandex shorts glide down her hallway, it seemed unjust. There had been a good reason I’d been attracted to Candace back then.

There was a brief pause, then I heard water turn on. The shower. I grit my teeth. Nudity. Prolonged nudity. Wetness. Soap. Hot warm water. Hot warm teacher.

No. That was the slipperiest slope I’d ever stood on. One inch downward, and I’d be coasting until... oh god, yes, until...

I sat up. There it was. Abbie. I needed to contact Abbie. What was I being blackmailed for, after all, but for the presence of a naked student in my house? All I had to do was have Abbie come over here and take some pictures of my own. Then if Louisa and Candace – Isa and Candy, that is – did snap out of it, they'd be as screwed as I was, caught in the exact same vice of guilt and blame as me, and look how far I'd been willing to go to get out of it! It was perfect.

Or maybe I was just tired of waiting and wanted to get my girls over here. Whatever. I was doing it, and if the pictures never served a higher purpose than fueling my spank bank, that was fine by me.

I was going to need a phone. Hmm. I could borrow Candace's, I suppose. Looking around, I surmised she'd taken it with her. I stole quietly toward the bedroom, trying not to think of how she'd disapprove of what I was about to do. Ah, well. She'd find out before long anyway when–

“Need something?” asked Candace. She was standing in the middle of her bedroom. Apart from her sports bra and two long socks, she was naked. Holy shit. Candace – Candy – shaved. (Anyone with that name and that pussy was definitely a Candy. I was never letting that go.) She waxed too, from the look of things. I couldn't help but gape at the two pink, puffy lips in front of me – then more so when it occurred to me that rather than push me out or dive in the bathroom, she merely stood there. Her response was no more severe than to place her hands on slender hips, watching me with a mildly irritated expression.

“I... um... phone.”

“What for?” Despite her question, she didn't hesitate to point to where it sat charging on her nightstand beneath a framed photo of her and Isa sitting in some picturesque gazebo somewhere. They were dressed up nice. Someone's wedding, maybe? They looked happy. Content. Much more so than the real Candy, who was gesturing for me to answer her and looking anything but.

“Oh, nothing. Just, um, some pictures. Your girlfriend took my phone, so... yeah.” Explaining everything to her the first time had been hard enough. Having to admit my sleazy plan aloud was more than I felt like doing. “It's part of a plan.”

Excellent – my choice of words evidently struck home, and her veneer of disdain vanished. “Oh? All right. Here, let me swipe you in.” My nearly naked colleague walked over and retrieved the phone. Holy *shit*, that ass! Two spherical bubbles above a thigh gap that was basically an arrow originating at her pussy. It couldn't have been tighter if she had been sculpted in plastic. She caught me looking as she turned, but said nothing as she handed me the activated phone.

“Thanks. Um, I think your water's hot now.” A cloud of steam drifted slowly from the open door to the master bathroom.

“Oh. Right.” Her lips twisted to one side for a moment, but only a moment. Then it was off with the sports bra in one swift motion, revealing a pair of unbelievably cute little tits. Her fair skin almost hid the petite, conical pink nipples. The socks went last, giving me an amazing view of the slit itself as she bent to peel them off. Then the social studies turned and strode into the bathroom. My cock threatened to jump out of my pants and follow. The glass door slid open, and in she went. With the panes already fogging over, I waited for her to close it so I could pry myself away. After a brief pause, it did so, and time started moving again.

Jesus. Causing me trouble and disrupting my plans had one hell of a broad definition where sweet Candy was concerned. I wondered if she'd let me...

No. No, on with the actual plan. Thankfully, I still remembered Abbie's number. I punched it in hastily, double- and triple-checking to make sure I didn't send it to some stranger. *Abbie, this is Mr. Canon. Get your ass over to 2530 Rock Creek Rd. Now.*

Bring Taylor.

The reply came fast. *How do I know this is u*

I considered. And wear that schoolgirl outfit, slut.

<3 <3 <3 omw soon!!! She included half a dozen eggplant and kitty emojis, evidently in case I'd forgotten she wanted to have sex.

There. Now hopefully Candy would stay out of the way so we could—

“You coming, or what?”

I looked up. There she was again, leaning around the shower door and looking expectantly at where I was sitting on the end of her bed. “Am I what now?”

“Yeah. If you don't do this soon, I'm gonna start pruning up.”

“Do what?”

“You said you were going to take pictures, right?” There was no mistaking the mild teacherly condescension in her voice. It worked; I felt pretty stupid just then.

“Huh? Why would I...?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Isn't that your plan? Get some naked pictures of me, make sure you have leverage in case I get un-mind-controlled?”

Wow. It somehow hadn't occurred to me to do something so straightforward. That was a lot simpler than my plan of using the Sterns. She sure leapt to that assumption about my intentions quickly, though. Should I be offended?

“Uh, yes?” Why did I make that a question? Here was one of, if not the hottest teachers in school inviting me to take pictures of her showering. What was I supposed to say, “naw, lame plan”?

To tell the truth, as I entered the bathroom and took my place in front of the open shower door, I was barely bothering with the camera. Why watch her on the screen of her phone when I could just stare at the genuine article in all its glory? Her slim, taut body gleamed head to toe under the sheen of steam, water beading across her chest and

slowly dribbling down to the underside of each breast. It was like a game, waiting to see if each trickle and droplet would trail down her stomach or drip right down through the air.

I could have stared at this all day.

“Do you think it’s better if I pose, or just act naturally?” she asked, adding, “Sorry if the loofah’s in the way, but I actually do need to get clean, too.”

“Um, maybe posing? And smiling, yeah. The shower door’s open, after all, so not like anyone seeing these would think you didn’t know you were being watched.”

“Yeah, that’s smart. OK, sure.” She clasped the loofah to her chest with both hands and cocked one knee forward, and I swear, the sight of Ms. Salata’s naked, glistening ass in profile almost did me in then and there. An experienced observer might say she didn’t know how to model, that she largely alternated between the simple acts of thrusting out her butt, thrusting out her chest, or both. I couldn’t have cared less. My preconceptions about the sex appeal of body types was realigning itself even as I looked.

“God, your fucking tits look amazing like that.”

Oh crap, did I say that out loud?

Candy frowned. “Please don’t use that word.”

“What, fucking? Or tits?”

“I suppose either, but I meant the latter. I don’t go for the whole dirty talk thing with Isa, and I sure as hell don’t want to hear it from some random coworker. OK?” Then, as if to confirm the utterance had offended her only in its vulgarity and not in its clear relation to her behavior, she cupped her breasts, one in each hand, kneading and caressing them for the camera.

“Sure, sure. Sorry. Just... damn, Isa’s a lucky woman.” Her nipples hardened as she played. “You know, when you first started at GHS, I was actually trying to flirt with you?”

“I know. Half the single men on staff did. At least you were more subtle about it than Coach Krieger. He literally cornered me in the lounge one day. Would not stop talking at me. I started to wonder if he just meant to keep me there until I surrendered or what.” Her eyes flicked to her phone in my outstretched hand. “Of course, he didn’t drug me and my girlfriend and film me in the shower, so...”

“Yeah, yeah. Use more soap.”

Her nostrils flared at my command, but she did it, fetching a fancy-looking artisanal bottle from the caddy slung over the nozzle. Fresh suds bloomed across her torso as she massaged the fragrant oil into her skin. I could barely make out the discomfort and disdain in her eyes. She couldn’t be blamed, I guess. I hadn’t made her want this like Taylor inadvertently had with Abbie. But still, the traces were there.

“Come on, smile for the camera, Candy,” I said, modeling one such. Instead, she flipped me the bird and went back to pinching her left nipple. “I’m serious. If these are going to work for keeping you quiet, they can’t look coerced. Right?”

She stopped, glared openly, then flicked a splash of soapy water at me. “Fine.” My coworker turned to face the stream, lowering her head under the spray. “Are you taking pictures, or video?”

“Um, pictures.” Technically true. I think I’d taken three or four so far, and I wasn’t even sure if they showed her. I didn’t care.

Her petite breasts heaved in and out, as much as they could anyway, as she steeled herself. Then practically before I knew what was happening, she turned back to me, a broad smile on her face. “Stop!” she cried, but she was giggling in apparent glee as she swatted playfully at the space in front of the camera. “You’re such a fucking pig, Canon! I can’t believe you’re going around dosing women with some shit you don’t even understand!” She splashed me playfully. “And now I have to let you record me in the shower like some garden variety whore!” She feebly tried to cover her breasts with one arm, her pussy with the other. As seemed to be her intent, the act did more to draw the eyes than thwart them, and with how much she was wiggling and squirming, it failed completely at covering her body.

“Like, ohmygosh, if there’s a hell, you’re going to the lowest level! You do realize that right? Heehee!” Candy shifted from the faux embarrassment act and went to the opposite extreme, leaning against the far wall of the shower and spreading her labia for me. “One-way ticket, first class, all the way down. Haha!”

One would think that, being served this compact bundle of sensuality served up on a platter of steamy suds, my mind would be incapable of wandering. But instead, as Candy’s middle finger teased between the folds of her labia, probing at her swelling clit, I had a flashback to one day last fall.

It had been right before Halloween, I recalled, my memory somehow retaining the presence of cheap paper pumpkins stuck to the window, drooping even before their short-lived utility had been reached. Funny though, I couldn’t remember exactly what had brought me to Ms. Salata’s classroom that day. It was pretty rare for me to need to stop by the room of someone outside my department.

Anyway, what brought me back to it was the memory of that moment when I walked in. She’d been helping a student with an assignment, bent over with her palms on their desk. At her questioning glance at my arrival, I’d motioned to continue, no rush on my account. My patience, however, had not been born out of courtesy, but rather out of the way her ass looked in those pants. Tight enough I could make out her panty lines, which were a lot narrower than I would have thought. The detail only helped paint a picture in my mind of what it would have looked like without those pants in the way. I hadn’t *stared*, per se, but any man would have at least looked.

And then I caught a female student looking at me, and her eyes went back to that ass, back to me, and the girl somehow managed to simultaneously smirk and sneer at having caught me. I narrowed my eyes as a soft rebuke of her correct assessment, then went on with whatever it was I'd come for.

But I'd gone home that night and satisfied myself at length to the memory of that image. It hadn't made its way into my playlist, as it were, but perhaps it ought to have. If not for that student intruding on my admiration, it might have.

That student had been Taylor Stern. Because who else would it have been.

"Turn around."

"Really? We have to have enough by now. And if you can't see my face, it's not exactly useful as blackmail. Unless we've moved beyond 'the plan' now."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means, if you're done prepping for the eventuality of blackmail and are now just enjoying yourself, say so, and let's get on with things." She sighed, brushed a strand of hair off of her forehead, and turned away from me. There it was. The ass, straight-on, unobstructed, posed for consumption. "Not like I can do anything about it, so have your fun."

Something in that made me look up for a moment. "What do you mean, you can't do anything about it? This was your idea."

"Uh, no, I just figured out your idea before I had to hear you say it. I agree, making sure I have something so humiliating hanging over my head that I'd never betray you is smart. I'm not sure this will be enough, but it's a good start." For the life of me, I couldn't say why I got so turned on hearing her agree to that. "But if you just want to leer at me, watch me shower, then that's just you being a pervert. It's fine, I already knew you were, but own it, and get on with it."

"I'm... I'm not, ah..."

"The hell you're not, Canon. Now relax, I guess, and get on with it. I mean, what am I gonna do? Report you to HR? Call the police? Tell Isa? You know as well as I do I can't cause you any trouble." She planted her hands on the wall. It may as well have been that kid's desk. Her back arched, her ass thrust back. The water was hitting the small of her back, pooling there, then running off along her ribs, and right down the lines of her ass.

So yes, six seconds ago I had been excoriated for reprogramming her to be the perfect victim, but my mind was six months ago. Only this time, there was no judgmental student watching. To quote the woman whose butt I was reaching out to pinch, not like she can do anything about it. It was too slippery to get much of a grip, but that didn't stop me from trying again.

And again.

“Really? Fucking really?” Her head swiveled to face me, scowling murderously. It was intimidating enough that I pulled back – at least, after a couple more seconds – and held my hands up in surrender.

“Fine, fine. Sorry, I couldn’t help myself.” Oh, fuck it. I gave it a few pats. And a squeeze. But that was it. “Finish up in here. Take your time. I’ll be in the living room, but feel free to hide out back here if you’re feeling put upon, Candy.” One last squeeze.

“*Candace.*” My god, she hadn’t even adjusted out of her pose, as I was still watching. Did not offering herself up like a rack of lamb constitute ‘causing Mr. Canon trouble’ to her warped mind? Jesus, this Serenex stuff was dangerous. In the wrong hands, that is.

“You’re too sweet not to be Candy, Candy.” One more squeeze, a quick stroke along the length of her exposed pussy, and I finally left the bathroom.

There was company coming, after all.

Part Five: Lesson Planning

Last year, I agreed to help chaperone the class trip to Mexico that the Spanish department put together. My own Spanish was negligible but the kids helped get me through it. I dare say I even learned a bit from them, as well as some of the (very patient) locals I interacted with. The whole trip was incredible. Amazing food, fascinating cultural and historic sites, and lots of opportunity to roam and play. I got a first rate vacation and a first degree sunburn. (Yo soy muy blanca.)

Back in the hotel, the kids all slept four to a room. After the first night or two, they even piped down with complaints about “sharing beds with other dudes,” as the homophobic dude-bros put it. Some of the chaperones doubled up to save money, but as an introvert about to be thrust into non-stop company nearly every waking hour for over a week, I splurged and got my own room. It did me a lot of good to have somewhere to retreat to at the end of the day, and if I could still hear them down the halls and out the window, at least I could let my hair down, so to speak, and relax. To the extent I could.

I didn’t masturbate once the entire trip.

Not for lack of inspiration. We hit up several beaches, thronging with bikini-clad women, and no matter where we went, I was surrounded by scores of horny teenage girls working double-time to advertise their interest in going home without their v card intact. (Or another hole punched in it, at least.) No, Taylor wasn’t there; she threw quite the tantrum over her ineligibility, but her discipline record precluded her from going on a field trip across town to the bowling alley, much less international. Still, she was hardly the only pair of mouth-watering tits to be found in Mexico, imported or local.

By the time I got home, my balls had been ready to explode. A mild breeze was enough to induce an erection. It felt like I went through a bottle of lotion in a week while I caught up on lost time. But there’s just something about being in an unfamiliar place that makes it hard for me to relax enough to enjoy myself. Always has been.

If Taylor and Abbie had taken thirty more seconds to get to Candy and Isa’s house, I would have painted the ceiling of the living room pearlescent white.

I heard them before I saw them, even knew it was them and not Officer Barbour coming back unexpectedly early from the creak of the door opening and closing on that rustbucket car of theirs. I met them at the door, ushering them in quickly and keeping myself behind the door and out of sight of lookers-on. I doubted they were being followed, but I’d been burned enough already.

“What in god’s name are you two wearing?”

It wasn’t the most cordial welcome, I’ll grant, but it was the first thing that came to mind. Abbie was dressed in a bulky sweatsuit. Her hair was still straightened from yesterday’s flat ironing, up in the same high ponytail she’d had in yesterday’s pictures,

and she had a touch of makeup on. Very red lipstick. Otherwise, she looked like she was on her way to a slumber party. An all girl slumber party. Full of girls she felt completely and totally unthreatened by.

Taylor was little better in a baggy t-shirt and her own sweatpants. As they walked into the living room, studying their new environment warily, I saw she at least had the decency to pick a pair of sweats that clung to her behind nicely, even had the word “juicy” written in calligraphic script across the butt to give people an excuse to be looking. Still, compared to what I felt like I had been promised, they were both crushing disappointments.

“Tell me where the fuck we are first,” said Abbie, frowning.

Taylor let out an exasperated breath. “I told you, we’re—”

But Abbie put a finger to her sister’s lips, and Taylor fell instantly silent. Looked like a hundred copies of *my little sister is the boss of me* had produced Abbie’s desired results. If nothing else, it made my own commands feel humble by comparison. I was very glad I’d never had a boss like Abbie.

“We’re at Ms. Salata’s and Officer Barbour’s house,” I answered coolly. I didn’t like her taking control of the conversation, but it was fair of her to ask. We had to keep our relationship a secret.

“So Dick-Breath over there was right.” She removed her finger, allowing Taylor to sullenly mumble an I-told-you-I-googled-it under her breath. “All right, so *why* are we at their house?”

Another fair question, but trickier. “First off, let me stress that I have the situation well in hand.”

“Situation? There’s a situ-fucking-ation now? Pardon my French, but, dafuq?”

“Someone found out about us, see, and—”

Four eyes threatened to pop out of two heads. “Someone...! And we’re just now finding out?! Is it Barbour? I will stone cold knife that little piglet!”

“No, and keep your voices down. So when I woke up yesterday—”

“Yesterday! And we’re just now hearing about it!” exclaimed Taylor.

“Because like I said, I have the situation well in hand.”

Abbie threw her hands in the air. “Well in hand, he says! Like when you were gonna let this back-stabber blab about us to the whole world? That kind of ‘well in hand’?”

“Someone saw you at my house and got pictures of it! They want me to pay them twenty-five grand or they’ll share them with the world. Now let’s see, was it me who climbed out the window naked, or was that you? I forget.”

“Don’t put this shit on me! I was taking care of business, yo!”

“Abbie, you moron!”

“Kiss my cooch, Tay!”

“BUT!” I roared. These two were unraveling everything I knew about de-escalation. They did turn back to me though. “But, I’m handling it. I, ah, gained the services of Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. They’re going to help me find this son of a bitch, and then I’ll make sure our secret stays safe.”

They stared at me in silence. It was Abbie who finally broke it. “Now let me see if I got this straight, Mr. C. You’re telling me, our secret got out, and your reaction to that was to involve TWO MORE PEOPLE in it?! Is THAT what I’m hearing?!”

“I’m sorry, do you know how to run a trace on a cell phone? Conduct an investigation? If needs be, subdue and detain someone? Because from what I hear, you make your sister’s D average seem a work of genius. We needed the help of a professional, and Officer Barbour was the only one I knew!”

Taylor gestured to a photo hanging on the wall of the two residents of the house. It looked to be from the Winter Formal, actually. “And her rug-munching bitch of a girlfriend? What’s she bring to the table?”

“Language, Taylor. Now as for Ms. Salata, she was... we...” I sighed. “It was an unavoidable necessity. But she’s dealt with. Neither of them can spread word any more than you or I can. So we’re fine. Officer Barbour is out right now looking into things for me. For *us*. She seemed confident that she’ll be able to trace the communication. When she does, we’ll take care of that leak Abbie created, and that will be that. So going all the way back to your original question of why we’re here and not elsewhere, since you alerted someone to the nature of our relationship, my house isn’t secure any more. I figured your parents probably wouldn’t love the idea of me swinging by to spend some quality time with their daughters, so it had to be here. There, now you’re all caught up.”

The girls glared at me, at each other, at the pictures on the wall, at the house they stood in. Really, though, there was nothing else to say, so I went on. “Let’s get back now to *my* question. I believe I asked why you two are dressed like you’re heading out on a camping trip. When you professed to be my fantasy slut, Abbie, I have to say, this was not how I fantasized you looking.”

Like that, Abbie’s glare vanished, replaced immediately by a look so smug she could probably copyright it. I hadn’t noticed the high-heeled platform sandals she was wearing, but as the girl stripped out of her sweatsuit to reveal the fetish schoolgirl outfit beneath it, I appreciated how prepared she’d been to get into costume. Thin white blouse tied off beneath her breasts, buttons straining to contain their bounty beneath. A bra, this time, easily discernible through the paper-thin fabric of the top. Navy blue? Black? I wasn’t sure. I would be soon. The tartan skirt from the photo, though, that was navy. Once Abbie had adjusted it to where she wanted it, the waist was clear up over her belly button, which meant the bottom was struggling to cover anything it was meant to be covering.

To satisfy the itch of curiosity, I lifted the front to inspect. Plain white cotton panties. Like a good schoolgirl should wear.

“Teacher likey?” she asked, twisting to give me a good look from all angles.

My mouth was suddenly parched. “Very much. You get that just for me?”

“The top, yes. The skirt is from middle school when my cunt stepdad tried to force me to go to St. Mary’s. Nuns couldn’t handle me. Virgin-ass penguins held me back and everything. But what do you think? Still fits pretty good for what it’s doing, right?”

“Yes, it certainly...” Somehow, mid-sentence it dawned on me that if she hadn’t been held back a year, she’d be a senior. “Hang on, what?”

Abbie shrugged. “Nuns are cunts. They just don’t know how to use ‘em.”

“No, you’re... wait. That’d make you two the same age.”

“I’m six weeks older,” Taylor clarified ambiguously.

“But... but are you... twins can’t...”

The girls shared a look, then broke into laughter. “You thought we were twins?” snorted Taylor.

“Not before thirty seconds ago! So then what—”

“Stepsisters. Duh. Her mom married my dad, like, six or seven years ago. How could you not know that? We don’t even look anything alike.” Taylor eyed her apparent stepsister with disdain.

“She wishes,” retorted Abbie.

I looked back and forth between the two girls with their long blondish brown hair, curvy figures, tanned skin, beautiful faces. How could they *not* be... but I supposed they weren’t the only busty blonde girls with tans in school. “Huh. That’s... I don’t know. Huh.”

Abbie dragged a fingernail in zigzags down my chest. “You thought I was seventeen, and you were gonna fuck me anyway?”

“Um, I wasn’t... I mean, I was, but—”

This time, Abbie’s giggling was pointed rather more directly at me. “Holy shit, Tay, I’m so hot I turned him into a fuckin’ child molester!”

“You hit on me first!” I cried defensively.

Taylor was howling. “Right, so it would’ve only been statutory, see?”

I glared between the two of them until, after a bit too long for my dignity’s sake, they finally stopped laughing. “Are you done?”

Abbie patted my shoulder. “Come on, Mr. C. A couple minutes’ teasing is better than twenty to forty without parole, right?”

Before I could say something clever back at her, or more likely, the girls could continue mocking me, there was the pointed sound of a throat clearing behind me.

“Oh hey, Ms. Salata. You got a nice pad.” Taylor’s tone was as dry as Candy’s shower had been wet. Her hair still was, somewhat, though the rest of her was now dry

and covered in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and a billowy shirt. It couldn't have been more of a pointed attempt to protect her shape from roving eyes than if she'd come out in a hazmat suit.

"Good afternoon, girls. I take it Mr. Canon has brought you up to speed on our arrangement?"

"Yeah, he said he made you his bitch, pretty much." Abbie helped herself to a seat on the sofa. She didn't bother crossing her legs, not that it would have done anything to preserve her modesty. "So how's it feel?"

The sight of a teacher mustering the resolve to show restraint despite a student trying their best to provoke a reaction engendered more empathy in me than all of her belly-aching and sass in the shower had. "Look. Abbie, Taylor, none of us are in a position we want to be in," their other teacher began.

Abbie shrugged. "I dunno, I'm kind of OK with it."

"OK, a situation none of us wanted to be in this time Thursday," continued Candy evenly. "Now it's going to make some things complicated, obviously. That said, I expect you two to remember that I am still your teacher, and presently, your hostess, and I expect you to act accordingly."

Taylor took her own seat in the armchair I'd used when I'd broken all this to Isa and Candy. "But like, you can't tell anybody about any of this, can you? Like, for instance, if I called you, say, a gash guzzling geezer... you can't actually do anything about, right?"

Always the age slams with these two – and Candy was even newer to the profession than I was! She wasn't put off, though. "If I understand correctly, no one in this house is empowered to disclose the nature of your relationship, you included. So if I opted to assign you detention every day through graduation, my question is what exactly *you* think you're going to do to stop me."

"But Mr. Canon already has me with him every day after school."

My colleague glanced to me, and I nodded. "Fine, Saturday classes then. We still have time for a few of those."

Abbie giggled. "Oh no, don't lock us alone in a room with Mr. Canon for five hours. However would we fill the time?"

Candy sighed. "You do Saturday class?"

"Yeah. Most weeks. I had to call in a favor to cover it yesterday because of... well." All this chest-thumping was getting out of hand, though, and moreover interfering with my plan. "Look here, girls. You two are going to behave yourselves for Ms. Salata. Ms. Salata, you're not going to unjustly punish them either. The more out of character you behave, the more attention it calls to us, and the last thing we need is more people asking questions or looking for connections. Yes?"

One by one, they each sullenly conceded that I was right. Whatever our different opinions and compulsions, none of us wanted people to grow curious, however slightly. “Good. Now, if you’ll excuse us, Candy, the girls and I have a lot to catch up on.”

Abbie snickered. “Translation: piss off so we can fuck in your living room without you lezzing out on us.”

“Hey, enough!” I snapped.

Taylor scrunched up her face. “What? We’re just busting her girl balls, Mr. C, chill.”

“That’s not the first homophobic slur I’ve heard you girls utter since you entered Ms. Salata’s home. Nor, frankly, is it the first outside of it for you, Taylor.”

Taylor folded her arms. “I have no fucking clue what you’re talking about.”

“Let’s see. How about the time you spread a rumor that Deborah was, and I’m quoting it as it was revealed to me here, ‘a dick-disdaining deep-diving diesel dyke?’”

Recognition bloomed on her face, followed by fresh gales of laughter. “Oh my god, I forgot about that! It wasn’t a rumor – remember, it was the day we did, what’s it called... alliteration! Oh shit, Ryan fucking lost it over that. That shit’s on you, Mr. Canon.”

“And you don’t see how you’re making my point for me with your reaction, Taylor?”

Abbie rolled her eyes. “She’s too used to guys who wanna fuck her so they laugh at all her dumbass jokes.”

“Yes, well, nevertheless, ‘it was just a joke’ is not an acceptable excuse for bullying or mistreatment of others. Now apologize.”

Taylor stroked her chin contemplatively. “Or... now I’m looking at this from all angles here, so bear with me. Or... get bent.” More laughter. Abbie giggled along this time.

Quit letting her behave like this, Canon. Don’t be a pussy.

“What you girls may or may not realize is that such displays of bigotry can often be a mask for latent homosexual urges in the person espousing them,” I began.

Candy arched an eyebrow and addressed me in a low tone, meekly interjecting. “Actually, the science on that is not really confirmed...”

“Ms. Salata, I’m trying to teach these girls something, and you’re *disrupting* my lesson *plan*.” The significant look that accompanied my words was totally unnecessary. Her eyes widened, mortified, and she mouthed a hasty apology.

“Though there have been numerous studies to suggest that very possibility,” she amended.

“Nice save,” said Abbie. “So can we fuck now or are we gonna get the whole SJW treatment?”

“My point being, how do we know you’re not using these outbursts to cover for your own feelings of attraction to other women, Taylor?”

“What? Seriously? Look, I got nothing against her kind. But I’m not gonna tone it down just to spare some weak-ass bitch’s feelings. I ain’t built that way.”

“Oh yes, we’re all familiar with your capacity for ‘keepin’ it rull,’ as the kids say,” the social studies teacher replied dryly.

“Nobody ever says that,” the two answered in unison.

I ignored all three of them. “So I think what we need to do, as a thought experiment, is to give Taylor an opportunity to engage in lesbian behavior and see whether or not her body responds.”

This time, it was all three women who spoke together. “We need to what?!”

“Was I unclear?”

Taylor rose to her feet, hands wadded into fists. “Mr. Canon, you can’t do that! She’s... she’s my *sister*!”

“I thought she was your stepsister?”

“Yeah, but like since we were twelve! We didn’t even have tits back then! You can’t!” Abbie, for her part, was objecting no less vociferously.

“Well, if the idea of being with one another makes you so uncomfortable, then perhaps we’ll need a third party to assist us.”

Candy was already back-pedaling as we all looked to her. “What? No. No way, Canon. You want me to... I don’t even know, but no. If you’re going to engage in sexual intercourse with students, I’ll state once more for the record that I don’t approve and I think you’re sick, but I won’t get in the way. But I will not stand idly by and let you involve me in—”

“It’s part of the lesson plan.”

Seven little syllables and her protest died on her lips. All she needed was that nudge, and her next breath was a sigh of resignation. “Fine, then. Just tell me what you need me to do.”

Thank you, Serenex.

“For starts, go change into something less... that. See what Abbie did? Like that, but for teachers. Best you can do.”

Now that it was part of the plan, there was no resistance, no sulking. She would never do anything to disrupt my plans, even made-up sex lessons with her students. Candy nodded and padded quickly down towards her bedroom without another word.

“And you,” I said, walking over to Taylor. “You had to know what I had in mind for this afternoon. You might be lazy and disrespectful, but you’re not stupid. And yet you dressed like this. Were you trying to provoke me, or what?”

“Abbie made me!” Taylor insisted. “But look, I—”

“Shh. Hush, Tay.” Her sister cut her off quickly, rising from the couch and coming up behind me. Abbie’s body pressed against my back, her pelvis grinding softly against my ass, hands massaging my chest. “I wanted her to look cas for the road. Low profile, keeping our secret and all. I will *never* let anyone find out what happened in your room. But what you’re looking at is just the gift wrapping. See, Mr. C? I brought my favy teacher a shiny red apple. You just gotta unwrap it.”

Mixed metaphor aside, I have to say I was pleased. Abbie Stern was a lot of things, but I was fast learning that an incredibly generous sexual partner was chief among them. Or maybe her ego simply couldn’t handle not having jaws drop at her handiwork. I looked over Taylor, and indeed, on closer consideration, there was something under that baggy tee. As for the sweats, I couldn’t tell, but I suddenly had a good feeling.

A very, very good feeling.

It was happening. My god, at last it was happening! Taylor Stern, the unrepentant bitch who’d made my job hell for two long years, who’d bullied and lied and thrown tantrums and teased and frustrated me in every way a student and a woman could... It was happening. She was mine.

It was happening.

I began by untucking her shirt. It was wedged in there good and tight. That provided a glimpse of her lower belly, as smooth and flat as Candy’s. Except it was Taylor Stern’s. With a hand on her chest, I shoved her back down into her seat so I could untie and remove her shoes and socks. Abbie stepped back to let me work. Nice of her. As for Taylor, ditching footwear was necessary, true, but tackling that first was mostly done to give me a moment to ponder whether I wanted to go after the top or the bottoms first. Those tits of hers had been shoved in my face for years, at times almost literally when she took the opportunity to loom. Her ass, though... ever since her first dose, watching her bend over to write her lessons on the whiteboard, it had haunted me.

With two handfuls of buttocks, I pulled her back to her feet, but I remained kneeling.

Her pussy was mere inches from my face. I could feel the heat emanating from it. Was I imagining things, or was it hotter than the rest of her? Well duh, obviously the girl’s pussy was hotter than... oh, never mind. I hooked a finger in both of the hip pockets. It would have been easy to pull them down all at once, but why rush? Whatever happened in the time to come, I would never be able to undress Taylor Stern for the first time again. I didn’t even untie the drawstring, giving it maximum resistance.

It was high time to wear down that resistance.

Left side down an inch.

Right side down an inch.

Left side.

Right side.

Left...

“Whoa.” I looked back to where Abbie was sitting. The girl looked pretty pleased with herself at the look on my face, and she had every right to be. I was finally getting a glimpse of what Taylor had on under those pink sweats. I’d wondered if it would be a classic teen slut uniform complete with the fluorescent thong, or perhaps nothing at all. All those times her panties or thong straps showed above her pants, the times she wore those white leggings and brightly color panties beneath, the skirts that found ways to divulge their secrets. I’d been beside myself with anticipation of which one my eyes would meet.

Instead... Leather. It was leather.

Once I’d gotten a glimpse, my incrementalism was forgotten. Those things went right down to her knees, showing me the painfully tight black leather boy cut shorts Taylor’s sister had picked out for her. They were so tight they cut into her skin. The cleft between her labia was visible, even. Right there in front of me. There was no stopping it now. I nestled my face into that heavenly space between her thighs.

Suspicion confirmed: it was indeed hotter than the rest of her. The smell of her... god. I couldn’t wait to taste it. Except I could, because I wasn’t done unwrapping my apple yet.

I didn’t tarry long before I spun her around. It was equally tight in the back, cutting a horizontal line across her butt cheeks that caused the lower portion to pooch out like an upside down muffin top. Perhaps inspired subconsciously by that very thought, I helped myself to a bite. I took that revealed flesh and sunk my teeth in and just chewed for a moment. Somewhere in there the sweatpants came off the rest of the way, but my whole world was that tender, rubbery buttock. What my hands were doing was their business; my mouth was busy chewing on Taylor Stern’s ass.

She said nothing.

Eventually I remembered there was more to her than an ass and a pussy. But first, I crooked a finger to Abbie, beckoning her. She took my meaning, slipping to her knees and crawling across the room to me. The bitch knew exactly what I’d wanted her for, too, because as she reached me she climbed up my body like a snake until we were chest to chest, and I locked my mouth on hers instantly. No gum this time, just a slippery teen tongue and the fervent desire to use it.

“Good girl.”

She grinned. “You ain’t seen nothing yet, Mr. C. Go on. Ogle that body. She’s a sex object. Tits and ass.” Until that moment, I couldn’t recall with clarity what exactly had been said to make Abbie this way, but hearing her echo her sister’s words did the trick. Taylor Stern’s penchant for sass had indeed, as I had long predicted, proven her undoing.

Abbie graciously helped me to my feet, but remained kneeling beside me. The girl's thighs spread so she could press the whole center of her body against me, from her pussy against my ankle to my tits draped around my thigh. But my attention was back on Taylor. Standing face to face was a handy reminder that she had a face at all. Presently, it was glowering like I'd accused her of cheating.

"Well? Get on with it. Need me to lift my arms for ya, or can you handle it?"

No sir, I hadn't come this far to let her start calling the shots, even if it was the thing I'd been about to do anyway. No. She wanted me to play on her terms, or if she couldn't have those, then to savor what enjoyment she could by denying me my control of the situation. Taylor was still Taylor. So instead, I grasped her ass in both hands and pulled her slowly but firmly against me. "Did you bring any of that chapstick you love so much?"

The question took her by surprise. "Um, yeah? It's in my pocket. The pants." She pointed. I gestured, and Abbie helpfully fetched and delivered it. Which one of us was more into watching Taylor brought down a few pegs?

"Different color," I observed, examining it behind her head.

"Yeah, something about the last one being poisoned or something." She flashed a sardonic grin.

I took my time, casually unscrewing the cap with my arms still wrapped around her back. Took a sniff. Sweet, fruity. Berry, maybe? Taylor waited, chest heaving with each breath. At last, I brought the body of it near her lips. "Tell me you want it."

Her eyes narrowed. This close, those resentful orbs were my window to the world. "I want it."

I slapped her ass, open-palmed, with my free hand. She yelped in surprise and pain. "Like you really want it. Like you did in my classroom."

Her jaw was trembling. In outrage, anticipation, dread... who could say. Maybe lust, even if she'd never give me the pleasure of admitting it. "It's mine. Give it to me. You can't take my stuff for no reason."

"Say please."

My forehead leaned against hers. Our noses touched. I wanted to feel her breath on my lips when she gave in. The girl made me wait for it, though. Hand to god, this was better than any sex I'd ever had. When I got around to fucking her, I had no doubt it would be incredible. That face, that body, her power and her energy... it would be great. But here, watching her hold out as long as she could, knowing there was no way out but to give me what I wanted, unwilling to yield but left with no alternative... I was watching her spirit break. I only hoped it was resilient enough that it could handle breaking a little more.

A whisper. "Please."

I gave her what she wanted. I smeared on a layer across each lip, first upper, then lower. The berry fragrance filled my nostrils along with the barest hint of my student's breath. By reflex, she puckered her lips in and out to apply it evenly. I gave her a little extra help with my thumb.

"Food for thought, Ms. Stern. If you'd been so accommodating when it was first confiscated, you'd have never been put in this position. You'd be at home cyber-bullying the fat girls and getting high with your idiot friends. Instead you had to pick a fight with me. And it looks as though you lost."

"Fuck y—"

I kissed her. Not in the celebratory way I had Abbie. I simply extended my lips, and hers were close enough they made contact. She didn't kiss back. Good. I sucked her lower lip into my mouth, wet and tender and berry. Then as my tongue slowly invaded her mouth, she had little choice but to kiss back, or stand there like a statue and be explored. Either was fine with me, but she evidently preferred the less awkward path of submission. Taylor's head tilted to the side and her jaw slid open for easier commingling of our tongues. My hands slid up her back and came to rest behind her head, fingers twining into Taylor's thick wavy tresses to hold her face to mine. I made out with that beautiful, evil face until we ran out of air.

Then I kissed her some more.

Was she reciprocating because she liked it? Because she'd been compelled to? Because she'd rather play along than submit to being the victim? Who the fuck cared. By now my hands had run out of patience for my lips, and they were easing that shirt up of their own accord as they'd done earlier with the sweatpants. There was something under that outer layer, I felt, but I couldn't tell what. It was on her stomach, so no mere bra. Taylor's shirt flew across the room, knocking over a pile of junk mail and coasters on the coffee table, and I knew I had to look. Despite my desire to remain attached to those lips, those lips which had devoted so much time and energy to pissing me the fuck off all this time, I needed to see Taylor. The new Taylor.

My Taylor.

It was a corset. Taylor Stern was wearing a corset. For me.

There was a thin strip of tanned flesh between it and the black leather shorts. The corset looked like leather at a glance, but whatever the imitation material was made of was crimson red. The bodice was decorated with stitched patterns of the same color. Taylor was slender already, but it pinched in her waist all the more, which only helped to showcase her breasts in a way nothing ever had before. Upwards, outwards, lifting and thrusting and squeezing and bulging... her tits were a work of art. Literally, I think. They were spectacular.

"Abbie... I am going to fuck that slutty pussy of yours harder than anyone ever has or will again," I promised, marveling at the sight before me. That she was back to

scowling only sweetened it. I was seeing the real Taylor, the bitch, the vixen, the tease and the thug all at once. Seeing how much she hated being seen that way was icing on the cake. Or on the apple, as it were. My bright red apple.

Abbie purred at my promise. “You better. I’d almost forgot she had the corset, actually.”

“You already owned this Taylor? What the heck for?”

She tugged at the garment here and there, adjusting it into place. Better still. “I do a little cosplaying at cons sometimes. You can make insane money off these dorks just to pose and smile. Corset set me back two hundred bucks, but I raked in close to six grand off it so far this year.”

“Look at that initiative, Taylor. I’m proud of you.” Her smile at my praise only rendered my punchline all the sweeter. “Already completing an internship in the prostitutional arts – good career planning for a girl who’d rather flunk out with glossy lips than graduate without.”

“Eat me, Mr. Canon.”

“I will. But I think I’ll let you go first.”

Abbie was running out of patience, though. “Yeah, so can we skip this stupid thing with Ms. Salata, or wha...”

I saw my colleague’s apt entrance at the same time the girls did. “Jesus Christ, Candace...”

Really, she’d earned the moniker of Candy now more than ever, but I reached for the more familiar term of address by reflex. The outfit itself was actually quite simple. Black stockings ending mid-thigh, held up by suspenders. A black mini skirt with pin stripes that, not unlike Abbie’s, couldn’t be covering more than an inch or two below her pussy, with the same margin above her ass. Where did one get such an outfit? With her slight build and the tightness of the skirt, it was like she’d found it at a rummage sale for pre-teen skanks.

Then there was the top, which... didn’t exist. There was a black jacket, buttoned once near the belly button, and beneath that, nothing. Skin. Cleavage. Nakedness. Miles of it. The only decoration above the neck was a fairly plain gold necklace with a tiny blue stone that dangled between her breasts, its luster making sure we all took a look in case we’d forgotten to.

Oh, and her earrings matched. That was a nice touch.

“Is this OK?” she asked, giving us a spin. The skirt was so tight it outlined each ass cheek separately. Damn.

“Sorry, but why does a teacher even own something that slutty?” queried Abbie, evidently oblivious to the irony of asking such a question while kneeling subserviently at another teacher’s feet.

“It was something I had for a sorority party senior year. CEO’s and Secretary Hoes, it was called. I didn’t choose the theme. I used to have this see-through top that went with it, but I think something got spilled on it and I threw it out. Guess I didn’t figure I’d have any further need to dress like a slutty parody of professionalism in my career. Shows what I know.”

God, I wanted to fuck her. Bend her over, tug those panties aside, and dive in. She’d let me too. Say it was educational, or some such nonsense. I didn’t care. She wasn’t going to make trouble for me, so if I wanted to do it, I could do it. Same with Abbie, my fawning fantasy slut. And Taylor, the sex object who’d let me do whatever I wanted thanks to her little sister’s intervention. I looked back to leatherclad Taylor, then down to schoolgirl plaything Abbie, and back to slutty instructor Candy, round and round.

“Mr. Canon?” prompted Candy at last. “I believe you said there was a plan...?”

I blinked. “I did, didn’t I.” I mean, why not? After this long of a wait, may as well enjoy myself as thoroughly as possible. It was a sobering thought, that once I actually took it out and put it to use, this thing would be over all too soon. Today was for savoring.

“Very well, ladies. Let’s start the lesson.”

Part Six: Anti-Bullying Initiatives

“Wait, so... you’re serious? I really have to...?” Abbie’s look to me was pleading, to her social studies teacher, revulsed.

“To let her teach you, yes. Is there a problem?”

“You mean, other than her being my teacher and me not being gay?”

“Are you my fantasy slut, or are you just here to get yourself off?”

“Hey, don’t be like that, Mr. C. You know I’m your T&A sex object. Such a fucking hoe.”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe you’re letting him do this to you,” grumbled Taylor.

“Do what? Not like Mr. Canon would do anything inappropriate,” retorted Abbie hotly. “We’re lucky to have him, you ungrateful cunt.”

“That’s enough, you two. Now come on, Abbie. Be my good girl and pay attention.”

She sighed. “All right. Fine.” Suddenly she affected such a smiles-and-sunshine demeanor that the mockery was almost painful. “So, Ms. Salata, what super awesome new and exciting thing are we gonna learn about today?”

Candy gave me a pleading look of her own, but there was no reprieve in my eyes. She’d likely have verbalized her own misgivings if not for her desire to look less pathetic than Abbie had doing the same. Then she turned back to her pupil, looming over where her student sat on her living room sofa. “Today, we’re going to learn about...” She steeled herself with a few deep breaths. “About how to pleasure a woman.”

“Oh, cool! Gee golly, how lucky am I to have a genius teacher like you!” Abbie clapped her hands together, but when she caught my warning gaze, she let up. “Fine. Sorry, just... This is so lame. How fucking hard can it be.”

Candy shook her head. “I didn’t say it was hard. But... hmm. What’s something you’re really good at?”

“Rollin’ bliggity blunts, yo!” She made some funky gesture with her hand I didn’t understand. Taylor rolled her eyes, and I simply stood behind Taylor, watching passively. Without her audience, Abbie would quickly lose her steam.

“Hilarious. But really, Abbie. What’s a skill you have? Something you’re proud of?”

To my colleague’s credit, her student actually seemed to give it some thought the second time around. Abbie was too proud of herself by half in my estimation, but playing to it got her invested fast. “I dunno. I used to be pretty decent on a skateboard.”

“Skateboarding, eh? That’s pretty cool,” continued Candy. “Though is that really a skill? You stand on the board, give it a push, try not to fall down. Seems idiot-proof to me.”

“Yeah? Think you could do it? They’d be scraping you off the bottom of the half-pipe, Ms. Salata.”

“But my little brother used to skateboard when he was eight or nine years old. I mean, if a small child could do it...”

Abbie still wasn’t picking up on the analogy, but she had all night. Or until her curfew, anyway. Candy and I had insisted before getting started that the girls notify their parents they wouldn’t be home for dinner. “Well yeah, a kid can stand on the board and glide a little, but they got no tricks. That shit—”

“Watch the language, Abbie.”

“Fine. That *crap* don’t come easy, yo.”

“So how’d you get good at it, then?”

“I mean, like ya do, right? Watch how the pros do it, practice, and when you can do something good, you try something harder.”

“I see. So, to summarize what you’re saying, anyone can partake in the activity, but it takes practice, mentoring, and observing experts to become truly skilled?”

“Yeah, but what does that have to do with—” Her eyes narrowed in suspicion upon having realized she’d been tricked into learning something. “Oh.”

But Candy laughed it off and took a seat beside her. There was something fire engine red under that skirt, I couldn’t help but notice. “I’m not trying to tease you, Abbie. I’m only making a point. When it comes to sex, any knuckle-dragger with a penis can...” She made a circle with her left hand, then jammed two fingers from her right in and out a few times. “*Pth, pth, pth, plrrrb!* It’s the old biological imperative. If it took actual talent rather than mere genital friction to cause a male orgasm, our species would have died out in our infancy.”

Abbie actually laughed, her observers beginning to be forgotten. “I can’t believe I just saw Ms. Salata go *pth pth plrrrb.*” She duplicated the gesture. “But, like, no offense, what do you know about dicks and genital friction?”

“For one, it’s tough to grow up with a television and an internet connection and *not* know about that. The basics, anyway. I concede I’m no expert there. And before you ask more explicitly, yes, I’ve slept with a man before, but I’m admittedly not the best fit for an instructor on that subject. Which is why we’re talking specifically about how two women can do this, in those rare and blessed moments when we find ourselves in the state of *phallus absentium.*”

I was pretty sure that was not authentic Latin, but it merited a chuckle. As Candy went on, explaining the differences between female and male pleasure, I bade Taylor stand up from the armchair, then took her place. A pat on my lap summoned her to sit back down, her leather-bound bottom nestling in right next to my straining cock. Her tits, upthrust by the corset, were closer to my face than ever before, so close she had to

feel my breath on the acres of bared cleavage. Her hands folded themselves in her lap self-consciously, while I rested one above her knee and the other on her hip.

I pulled her hair back to reveal her ear, a pair of silver studs set in it. “Now, Taylor,” I whispered, “you’re going to watch these two women do... whatever they wind up doing. And we’ll just see if all your haranguing is mere heterosexism, or if it’s a beard for your own urges.”

“If you think this shit’s gonna turn me on, you’re fucking cray-cray, Mr. C.”

“We’ll find out.”

As our attention returned to the lesson, Candy was laughing gently at something Abbie had said. “That’s called the clitoris, sweetie. And yes, some men will have some idea of what to do with one. But I promise you, there are plenty out there who don’t even realize you have one, much less endeavor to do anything with it.”

“Well maybe I don’t care if they do. I mean, shit, sex still feels good, clit or no clit,” said Abbie defensively.

“Sure it does. Nobody’s denying that. But remember, we’re talking about skill here, and one of the major goals of sexual skill development is enhancing the pleasure of the experience. And that’s what the clit is all about.”

“OK, so... diddle the clittle. Boom, I know how to lezzie. Done.”

Candy patted her knee; Abbie only recoiled slightly, but with a glance at me, relaxed somewhat. She was going to be touched by a woman in this fantasy, no boners about it. “We may have gotten ahead of ourselves, sweetie. The clit is... well, that comes later. Now I won’t ask you about your own sexual experiences—”

“Good thing, or we’ll be here all night,” Taylor whispered to me. I pinched her thigh and motioned for silence.

“—but I imagine most of them don’t begin with tearing off pants and jumping right into the sex. There’s other things that come first, right?”

Abbie pursed her lips. “Sure. I mean, sometimes there is.”

“Yeah. And those things, what some people call foreplay, can do a lot to make things better. So for today, rather than dive in to the deep end, why don’t we wade into the shallows together, start with the basics and then see what we see? OK?”

“I... I mean, I guess. Do whatcha gotta do, Ms. Salata.”

Candy laughed. “Relax, Abbie. I don’t bite until lesson three.” Abbie did not laugh with her. Taylor did a bit, though only at her sister’s discomfort. “All right. For starters, I think you look a little tense. Which is understandable and perfectly normal, OK? So for me when I’m tense, and a woman wants to help me relax so I’m ready to go further, that woman might—”

“You mean Officer Barbie? You can just say her name.”

There was a flash to Candy’s eyes; she wasn’t going to disrupt my plans, but talking explicitly about her sex life with one of her least favorite students was pushing it

further even than the lesson in abstract, I could tell. “Yes, but there have been others. At any rate, one of the easy ways to start relaxing a woman is massage. That might be a neck rub, a foot rub, shoulders, thighs, the whole back, whatever. To make things more comfortable for you, we’ll start with the neck. Have you ever had your neck rubbed before?”

Abbie shook her head, looking surprisingly bashful. “All right, Abbie. Let’s get you comfortable first, OK?”

As Candy positioned her to lie face-down on the couch, her head propped up on a pillow, I amused myself by moving my hand up Taylor’s thigh, stroking it softly. Naturally – no, not naturally, but whatever passed for “natural” in my new life – she let me.

Candy knelt beside the sofa, adjusting her student’s ponytail off to the side. The tartan skirt had ridden up somewhat, revealing a significant portion of the white panties beneath. Candy tried to smooth it down, but seeing it wasn’t going to be possible without either starting over or a lot of touching on and around Abbie’s butt, she chose to ignore it for now.

“All right, Abbie. Now just close your eyes, try to relax. Remember, this is about making you feel good; it doesn’t necessarily need to be capital-S Sexual. When I was a little girl, my mom used to rub my back to keep me quiet and calm during these long boring church services. It wasn’t erotic, but it felt nice, and I liked it. Try to think of it like that, in terms of the sensations, and not the broader situations. OK?”

“Whatever. I’ll try, OK? I’m not sure I even *oooooongmmmf...*” The effect of Candy’s finger’s was instantaneous. From across the room, it simply looked like a very basic kneading around the base of her neck. But to Abbie, evidently, it was pleasurable enough to shatter her resistance in an instant.

Or maybe she just knew what I wanted to see. Good by me.

The house was almost silent, save for the occasional unconscious grunt from Abbie. Taylor adjusted herself, then one more time, as I idly stroked her inner thigh. I couldn’t help myself, and snuck a soft kiss on the exposed slope of her breast. The skin was chilly; Candy and Isa kept the AC quite cool. Poor girl. Someone should help warm these things up for her. I rested my cheek against it, careful not to nuzzle my stubble too hard into the tender mound.

“Seems like you liked that,” said Candy.

Abbie smiled sheepishly. “It’s been a long weekend is all.”

“Sure. Now if it’s all right with you, I’d like to move a bit lower. Would you like that?”

“Yeah. Sure, I guess backrubs are fine. Um, do I need to...?” The girl pointed to the sleeve of her blouse.

“I think you’d enjoy it more that way, but it’s your choice. Do you want to?”

Abbie considered. Meanwhile, I took a page out of the instructor's playbook and shifted my right hand from Taylor's hip to her neck, up under that tangled mass of hair. Her eyes closed for a moment as I pressed my fingers softly into her skin. I was so caught up watching her for reactions that I didn't even see that Abbie's top had come off until Candy was already at work on her shoulders.

"Now to make sure you're learning something and not just milking me for backrubs," the teacher said, "I want you to see if you can pick out some things I've done that you could imitate in your own activities."

Her student was too busy groaning in pleasure as Candy worked an elbow in along her spine to reply. When it suddenly stopped, her eyes opened and she seemed to gradually remember she'd been called on by teacher. "Oh. Sorry. Um... I don't know, you rubbed my neck and my back. Isn't that it?"

"There is that." Candy resumed, but more gently, teasing her by withholding the more forceful treatment the girl had been enjoying. "But I was doing other things, too. For instance, I could have told you to take your top off, or simply tried to remove it without asking. What did I do instead?"

"Uh, you asked?"

"I did. Consent is important." I didn't miss the three pointed looks that were suddenly shot in my direction, but she went on quickly. "You can push for what you want, try to expand your partner's comfort zone, but don't press past it too aggressively, and take no for an answer."

"I dunno, all that 'please can I maybe hold your hand' crap is for pussies. And don't complain about cussing because that word is so on the vocab list."

"It's good to show your partner that you're interested, yes. But you don't want to push too hard past those boundaries if you aren't sure they're ready." Abbie was already in the midst of forming a rebuttal, but Candy continued on top of her. "For instance, I might think you'd enjoy some ass play."

Candy suddenly flipped up the girl's skirt to show her whole ass. Abbie suddenly shot up on her elbows. "Whoa there, what?!"

The teacher was already jerking her student's panties down. "I might be sure of it. Who's the veteran lesbian here after all, right?" Prone and surprised, it was easy work, and suddenly there was the younger Stern girl's thick juicy ass out there in the open air. Taylor's neck was abandoned; her whole body trembled softly as I squeezed the leather encasing her butt.

Abbie was sputtering protests, but kept looking to me as if unsure this was part of the fantasy, or just her co-slut taking advantage of her. Candy wasn't slowing, though. "I might want to just shove my thumb right up your presumably virgin ass, watch you explode with pleasure as I stimulate you in ways you didn't know were possible."

"Ms. Salata!" Abbie whined.

“But...” The teacher stopped with one of Abbie’s broad buttocks in each hand, pulling them wide, poised to do exactly as she’d suggested. Her thumbs kneaded the skin up along the inner crack of her student’s ass cheeks. There was plenty of it, and Abbie’s Serenex-induced compulsions muted her resistance to mere skittishness. Her ass and her mind alike were putty in our hands.

Candy planted a kiss on the back of Abbie’s thigh. With aching slowness, her tongue dragged up to meet her hands. “However,” she murmured softly into the girl’s ass, “whether or not I know you’d love being my little butt slut... it’s obviously not something *you* want. So, because I want you to feel good, I wouldn’t shove anything up your ass.” She sat up, gave Abbie’s bottom a few soft pats. “No matter how enjoyable it might be for me.”

Abbie glared at her for a moment, flopping back down to her stomach now that the threat had passed. The instructor, though, was immune to her scorn. Who knew, maybe she was actually starting to enjoy herself. Me, I almost had to laugh. The number of times I had thought (or privately said aloud) that I wanted to see Taylor shove it (whatever “it” was) up her ass? Beyond number. Presently my finger found where the crack of Taylor’s ass was peeking out of her shorts and teased in and out of that space softly.

“So yes. Direct skin on skin contact, asking permission, seeking consent, accepting boundaries. All ways you can enhance your partner’s pleasure. And so far, all good for men or women, too, so that’s a bonus for you. Are you keeping up?”

Slowly, Abbie nodded. “Yeah.”

“Now I’d like to model another lesson.” With a flick of the wrist maneuver that was honestly the most impressive thing I’d seen her do yet, the clasps of Abbie’s industrial strength bra were undone. It had happened so fast, Abbie seemed to barely comprehend. “I was teasing you a moment ago, but in all honesty, Abbie, I think you’re a very attractive young woman. Mind, I’ll never repeat it outside of this room—”

“Bet your ass *none* of this shit leaves the room, Ms. Salata.”

Candy chuckled, resting one hand between Abbie’s bared shoulders, the other in the small of her back, fingers grazing the girl’s skin softly. “So like I said, consent is important. Now I want to put the onus for it on you. Learning when to say no is important. I’m going to start touching your body, and I want you to tell me when I’m doing something you want me to stop. All right?”

Abbie frowned. “Don’t you fucking dare put *nothing* in my ass.”

“Understood. And—”

“Hold up a sec. May as well...” Abbie pushed up to her hands and knees and slipped her bra off altogether. Those pendulous tits of hers hung low beneath her, nearly reaching the couch cushions even with her arms fully extended. God damn, but that girl

was stacked to hell and back. I could hardly wait to get my hands on those things. Delightfully, I knew she felt the same way. “There.”

The teacher’s hands returned to their former places. “Ready?”

“As I’m gonna be,” the girl muttered, but her eyes closed, and the caresses began.

And then, Candace Salata... taught. Her hands and digits everywhere and lingering and moving on to everywhere else all at once. Abbie’s shoulders, her arms, her fingers. Along her ribs. Higher, near the sides of her breasts. The back. Lower, near the swell of her buttocks. Lower.

On our side of the room, it was time for a check-up. I trailed along Taylor’s inner thigh right up to where her pussy was doing its best to suck in the leather. Even through that layer of fabric, though, there was a palpable moisture.

Oh god, I was running a finger along Taylor Stern’s sopping wet slit, and she was spreading her thighs to let me.

“Well, well, well... looks like somebody’s enjoying the show.”

“The hell I am,” she grumbled.

“Why not? I am.” I stood Taylor up, pulling myself up behind her using her waistband for a handhold. I started taking off my clothes. Taylor whirled. “What the... oh fuck. Oh... *fuck*.” Her eyes widened at the sight of my swollen purple shaft as I kicked my pants and underwear aside. This time, instead of seating her sideways, I planted her facing front, the crack of her ass resting along the length of my cock.

Her pussy was a furnace.

Across the room, Candy had shed her jacket; Abbie’s eyes were open now, staring at the topless teacher whose lips had now joined her hands, raining rose petal kisses at random across her exposed body.

Each of Taylor’s breasts more than filled the hand that grasped it as I pulled her backwards against me. She was incredible, as incredible as I’d imagined for so long. The pressure of a single finger was sufficient to turn her head to the side. Like last time, she didn’t reciprocate at first, but was soon motivated to kiss me back rather than lay there being kissed upon. The more I tasted her, the harder I squeezed those big tits of hers. I was vaguely aware of the corset’s neckline (which, upon tactile exploration, turned out to be more like lycra than leather, as cheap as the reputation of the girl wearing it); the deeper my fingers sunk, the more it abandoned its efforts to conceal her. Finally, with a barely audible *snap*, it slipped beneath her boobs entirely and I was no longer inhibited in the least.

Taylor Stern’s tits were mine. Two hard points pressed into my palms; I grasped each and let myself pinch, twist and pull until finally, I heard a noise claw free from my student’s throat. Pain? Humiliation? Bliss? I didn’t know. I didn’t care. But one thing was for sure: there was nothing cold about them now.

Her whole body was soft, sexy heat.

Along the whole length of my cock, her cunt was an inferno.

As I devoted one hand to an effort to maneuver into those impossibly tight leather shorts to experience this fact more directly, I got a fresh look at the other teacher-student couple in the room. Candy was straddling Abbie's lower back, facing her feet. The whole weight of her torso was being put into a vigorous massage that was at this point really just fondling. Aggressive fondling at that, squeezing and pulling at Abbie's ample booty, up and down her thighs, easing them wider, caressing higher, probing ever closer to that holy of holies.

I noted that her student hadn't voiced any objection. When at last Candy extended her long, slender middle finger and slipped it effortlessly into her student's juicy wet pussy, there was no resistance at all. To the contrary, Abbie wailed in ecstasy into the pillow, back arching, thighs thrown wide to welcome the intruder.

Around that time, my own probe finally reached the corresponding target on my pupil. To my surprise, I felt no hair beneath those shorts as my hand slid down the front of her. Shaved. Taylor Stern shaved her pussy – and had done so since I stole her panties after school on Friday. Had she done it herself, or had she been made to by her sister to prepare her for me? Both thoughts were so hot that it was only surprising that the *splat* against the back of Taylor's shorts was only a bit of precum and not two aching testicles full.

Then I was at the pussy itself, drenching my digits on contact.

"Wow. So this lesbian stuff really is driving you wild, isn't it?" I taunted, pulling my hand out of her shorts and thrusting the moistened fingers into her mouth. I waited for her to suck them clean before removing them. It took her a moment to succumb, but she did it.

"I told you, I'm not into that," she mumbled once I withdrew.

"Really? Because it sure feels like you are. Come on, stand up and take off your shorts. Show me how unaroused you really are."

"I'm—" But I twisted hard on her nipples, and her eyes and mouth squeezed shut. Then I prompted her again with a slap on the ass. Sullenly, she rose and turned her back to where her sister was grunting and moaning with what may well be her first orgasm of the evening. Candy wasn't letting up or resting on her laurels. The sight of Taylor's tits, however, blinded me to everything else in the world. Friday's show had burned their likeness onto the backs of my eyelids, yet now it was like they were going a step further, searing right into my soul.

I was so eager to get them back in my hands – oh fuck, and in my *mouth* – that I almost forgot why I'd had her stand. Taylor hadn't, though. With her eyes squeezed shut, my leggy bitch goddess of a student forced her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts. It took visible effort to peel them down, wriggling her hips side to side to pry at the clingy leather. Her body was revealed in minuscule increments. Taylor's mound

exposed itself more and more, the skin so smooth I suspected it had been waxed as well. Then, at last, her shorts cleared the bottom of her ass and finally were allowed to tumble down her thighs unaided. Taylor stepped out of them, her glistening pink snatch bare and beautiful.

Her wetness spread before my eyes. My feet were resting between hers, keeping them shoulder width apart and thus providing an uncensored view. As the seconds passed, the abundance of moisture gathered between her labia and trickled right down her evenly tanned thighs. A single droplet was seized by gravity and born directly onto my bare foot. The echo of that splash filled my universe.

I dragged a finger from the back of her slit up to and over her clit. It was a little marble of a bud that peeked out like a budding flower upon receiving my touch. "I rest my case. Taylor Stern, closet lesbian."

Her hands balled into fists, but she remained stock still as I fingered her pussy. "I. Am not. A lesbian!"

"Your mouth says no, but the pussy doesn't lie, Taylor." I rubbed my thumb and forefinger together, then slowly pulled them apart. The ooze from her cunt stretched into a thin line between them.

Nine days earlier, Taylor Stern had screeched accusations of impropriety at me so loudly I'd had to stall my entire class in order to address her insistence that she was not the cheater that we all knew she was. But the sounds that tripped from her lips now were so quiet they wouldn't have been audible over the *shlick shlick* of Candy's vigorous pumping of Abbie's snatch, much less the delirious moans that accompanied it.

"Come again, Taylor?"

Her whole body was trembling. "I said, 'it's not from them.'"

I affected confusion. "Oh? What then?" Abbie managed to split her attention enough to sport a wolfish grin at her sister's mortification, but Candy was easing into position, scooching her butt back so that soon, she could join her mouth with her fingers.

Her knees buckled for a moment as I surprised her with a sudden pressure on her clit, swirling my thumb around it while she fought to regain her balance, her voice. "Gee, I fucking wonder," she grumbled, face contorting in unwilling acknowledgment of her body's response.

"What, this?" I seized her ass in both hands, pulling her pussy right up to my face. To her credit, she managed to maintain her balance and prop one leg up on an arm of the chair to keep from falling. Not that it made a difference. Sitting on my face or standing pressed against it was pretty much the same. As I dove in, devouring that hot drippy pussy, lapping and slurping and providing the tongue-lashing of a lifetime, she fast gave out altogether, sinking to rest one knee on either arm rest, only maintaining

her balance with two tight handfuls of my hair. If I'd wanted to pull back, I couldn't have. She wasn't letting me.

Right before her grasp grew to be uncomfortable, I stopped. After a moment, she dazedly let go, slipping backwards to straddle my lap across the thighs. The moisture that had trickled down her legs now smeared across mine.

A few inches farther forward and I'd be fucking her.

I seized her tits again, rubbing each swollen orchid pink nipple between a thumb and index finger, smirking at the convulsive gasp that followed. "Sorry, Taylor, I'm not following. Surely it's the show on the sofa that has you so turned on. It has to be, right? Because I distinctly remember you saying that you'd rather flunk out of school and spend eternity in purgatory before you let a pervy old creep like me touch you. Right? Isn't that what you said?"

"But... but Abbie, she... I don't have a choice. You can do anything you want to me. It's not... I don't..."

"Oh no, Taylor. She didn't make you like it. She just made you permit it. This..." I dragged her forward, her pussy gliding up the length of my cock. I was sandwiched between her folds. A moaned trickled forth from Taylor's throat in spite of herself. "This is all you."

"I... I... No. No, I... I... please, Mr. Canon," she whimpered.

Abbie's sudden wail of elation interrupted us for a moment; Candy was now positively devouring her, the bombshell's whole body spasming uncontrollably on the sofa. The girl's pussy was wrapped around her teacher's face like a scarf.

"Sorry, please... what, Taylor?"

"Don't make me say it. Just... just do it already. *Please!*" That word, the entitled, petulant, resentful delivery... It brought me back to last Friday, when I'd had her begging me in my classroom not to make her show me her pussy. That *please* had been reverberating inside my head ever since. Suddenly I realized, her reticence hadn't been because she'd been embarrassed at the thought of having me see her body.

It was because she'd been embarrassed to have me see how horny she'd been.

My hips slid my cock back and forth along her slippery, hungry pussy. I made sure the tip was making contact right along her clit with each go. "Say it, Taylor. Come on, just open wide, choke down that ego of yours, and tell me what you want. Tell me, and I'll do it."

Behind her there were two squeals of surprise followed by peals of giggling as one of Abbie's orgasms became so violent that she threw the both of them to the floor. But it didn't stop them for long. Taylor's breath came spasmodically as I teased her, but I could wait. It felt like I'd been waiting my whole life for this.

Meanwhile Abbie had thrown herself on top of Ms. Salata, pinning her to the ground by her shoulders and doing her best to thrust both of those tits of hers into the

woman's mouth at once as she dry humped her teacher's toned, pale midsection. Candy groaned in pleasure. I couldn't blame her. I meant to spend an hour or two sucking those nipples off Abbie's body myself. Later, though. First...

Taylor.

"Fuckme," she whispered in a rush.

"Speak up, Ms. Stern. Come on, we went over this in our presentation skills unit last year, remember? Clear, and enunciate."

"I said *fuck me*," she growled, raising up her hips. One hand found my cock and started guiding me to her wet, ready hole.

I wasn't quite ready, though. My hands clutching her ass were more than powerful enough to stop her from sucking my shaft inside her. "First, you will apologize to Ms. Salata."

Taylor didn't delay this time. She wanted it. Bad. The girl didn't half-ass it, either. "I'm sorry, Ms. Salata. I was just trying to fuck with you. I'm not actually like that. I won't say shit like that again, I promise." The woman's only response was a thumb's up as she devoured Abbie's nipples as if they were her own namesake.

"Good girl. Now apologize to me."

This time it was more reserved. "I'm sorry, Mr. Canon."

"For what, Ms. Stern?"

Her eyes flashed. "For being bad."

I planted a kiss on each of her swollen nipples. "And how do you intend to make up for that?"

Taylor licked her glossy, chapstick-coated lips. For the first time since our lesson had begun, she cracked a smile. "Duh, Mr. Canon. By being good."

I returned it. "Say please."

Taylor entrusted her entire weight to my hands. The only thing stopping me from being inside her right then and there was the strength of my grip on her ass. Her body pressed forward, tits jutting into my bare chest, and her lips met mine. There was an absolute hunger to her kiss this time. Her hands cupped my chin and held it to her face, fingernails sinking possessively into my skin, unwilling to let me pull away again.

Her words were spoken right into my mouth. "Please, mother fucker."

I let go. Her sweet teen cunt sank down to the hilt in an instant, lips never leaving mine as her moan echoed around my skull. But before I thrust, I gave her ass a nice sharp smack. "Language."

I gave a single upward thrust. In an instant, her back arched, her eyes shot wide as big as dinner plates, and her body toppled backwards all the way down to the floor. A volcano of cum jettisoned up into the air where she had been, launching right past her thrashing, helpless body and splatting across the face of a woman standing behind where Taylor had been, the taser in her hand still flashing menacingly.

“Officer Barbie?” said Abbie.

“Isa?” breathed Candy.

“Louisa!” I roared.

“Ghhhrpl,” managed Taylor.

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry, was she not choking you? I thought she was choking you,” the woman said dryly, deactivating the taser and returning it to its holster.

“Choking...! She was...! We were...!”

“Innocent mistake. Anyway, Mr. Canon, girls, *dear...*” She directed an absolutely withering gaze to her girlfriend where she was still catching her breath from the smother embrace of Abbie’s boobs. “When the three of you are done here, I’ll be in the kitchen cleaning this crap off my face.”

We all watched in sheepish silence as she strode of the room, my cum dribbling down her cheek. She paused in the doorway for just a moment and turned back. “And by the way, you’re welcome. I found your blackmailer.”

Part Seven: Collaborative Learning

“Looks like someone’s got a case of the Mondays!”

The look I gave Mrs. Cook-Burfield, almost knocked her back a step.

“You know, like the movie? *Office Space*?” She smiled apologetically. “Sorry. You just look... you know. Tired. But who wouldn’t, right? Thirty-some Mondays in and all. Geez, maybe *I* have a case of the Mondays.”

After a moment, I forced a smile. “Yeah. Sorry, long weekend, but I still don’t feel ready for the week. One of those, eh?”

“One of those. Hang in there, Mr. Canon.”

“Yeah. You have a good one, Amy.”

It was 6:45 when I let myself into my classroom that morning, fifteen minutes earlier than usual. I wasn’t surprised to see my department head here this early. She’d only inherited the position last year and practically had a complex about proving herself. She was on the benefits committee, the extracurricular committee, hiring committee, PTA, and co-coached Academic Super Bowl. Somehow the woman even managed to raise a kid and keep a husband. Whenever I felt overwhelmed, I thanked my lucky stars I hadn’t been afflicted by whatever ambition plagued Mrs. Cook-Burfield.

I hadn’t been lying to her, either. It really had been a long weekend, and I really wasn’t ready for the week. Candy, Isa and I had met in the kitchen to figure out how to deal with our little blackmailing issue, though we’d wound up letting the girls in on it in the end anyway. Better than leaving them huffing and grumbling by their lonesomes in the living room, pouting at being ignored. I’d bid them a grudging but thorough goodbye once we were as ready as we could be. Taylor, who’d hardly said a word since we’d scraped her body off the floor, ran to their car the moment she was given permission. Abbie practically begged me to give her a turn, but between finally getting off and the cloud of judgment Officer Barbour had brought to bear on the proceedings, I was having misgivings about the whole thing.

As for Isa and Candy, the former refused to discuss the subject of what she’d walked in on or the ensuing tasing (a “mild” one, she insisted); the latter made it plain that she blamed me without expressing a single word. I supposed it was up to them to handle it, at least for now. If they couldn’t fix things, maybe I could try to find a way to intervene – this time, *without* the Serenex.

After all, despite Isa’s best efforts at researching it using her police resources, she hadn’t turned up much. There was no mention of deliberately inducing the mind-altering effects we’d unwittingly discovered in their archives. Her thoughts were that considering how probable it was that spraying a crowd with the stuff would end with some of it being inadvertently ingested, she speculated that it was possible the

canister I'd purchased had an impurity or defect. Common enough with black market drug purchases, or so she said. There was always the possibility of having the chemists in the regional crime lab run a test on it, but she warned that could raise red flags, force her to answer questions about where she'd gotten it, to say nothing of the possibility of not getting it back. For now, we'd hold off. For now.

As to the question of the duration of the effect, what she'd found was only marginally less useful. Serenex suppressed the fight or flight system in the brain, while the influx of its chemical compound damaged that portion of the brain in the process. In effect, it meant that the memories of being dosed couldn't produce those responses either. (I'd given Taylor props for applying the metaphor of a scar over the brain's panic button. Not perfect, but considering the source...) We had no way of knowing if that would extend to the added mind-altering effect, but it was cause for hope, at least.

(And yes, I recognized that having Abbie think of herself as my fuck buddy for the rest of her life was problematic in all sorts of ways, but it was preferable to having her wake up one morning and decide to stuff me in a trunk.)

Our business concluded, then it was home to do laundry, prep the week's lunches, and finish grading my juniors' tests over our read of *Night*. It was quite the transition, from the most intense sexual encounter of my life to assigning grades on a 5-point scale for responses to a Holocaust memoir.

It would make today easier, at least. My seniors and I would be transitioning out of that weighty subject matter with the help of a three-day viewing of *Toy Story 3*. They didn't believe me yet about its status as a Holocaust allegory, but they'd come around as their predecessors had in years past. My juniors were working on assessing bias in the media, so I filled the morning looking for a few different takes on some current events and headed down to the photocopier.

When Ms. Salata walked past me to check her mailbox on her way into the building, we nodded hellos to one another and went about our business. Nobody can know about my relationship with the Stern girls, and it only made sense to extend that rationale to Candy. Play it casual. Don't think about what she'd looked like spreading herself for me in the shower. Just keep collating. Get through the day.

One day a few years back, I'd dropped a marker while writing the day's standards on the board before school. When I bent to pick it up, I then managed to split my pants down the back. Too embarrassed to explain my predicament to anyone so I could get somebody to cover for me, I'd had no choice but to ride it out. Until lunch, I'd had to teach sitting in my chair at my desk. Then during my lunch period, I wrapped my jacket around my waist and darted home to change. It had been some of the most intense anxiety of my life. I'd been on edge for hours, knowing that if anyone found out, it would be all over school in minutes and take years to live down.

Today made that memory feel comical by comparison. Having even one person out there in the world who knew what I'd done – one who wasn't part of our pact of secrecy, that is – made it feel like anyone and everyone else might, too. I'd texted them to promise payment this evening, and they'd assured me they'd be in contact with instructions. No word as yet. Every minute I didn't hear from them was a minute closer to discovery.

"Oh my god, Mr. Canon! You're the worst!" exclaimed Billie during second period. My head jerked up from the essays I'd been grading at my desk. Oh no. Who'd told her?! How had she found out?! I should kick her out of class, send her to the office before she could tell everyone that–

"You guys, look, the toys are stuck hiding in the attic – it's all Ann Frank and everything! You have ruined this movie for me!" Billie chided, laughing.

"No freaking way!"

"That's kind of a stretch, don't you think?"

"No, but look – then they get sent off to the daycare, which is like a labor camp, right?"

"Dude!"

I shushed them and let the movie play on, my heart slowly sinking back down out of my throat and into its proper place. *Don't faint, Canon. You're not a pussy.* I made sure I hadn't peed my pants. Nope. Solid.

Needless to say, the grading wasn't going very expeditiously.

By the time sixth period rolled around, my final class of the day, I was feeling a bit better. In part, I had the girls to thank. Right before lunch, I saw Abbie in the hall leaving her own English class, but she ignored me altogether except to give me a dirty look when I lost sight of myself and stared a little too hard. Nobody seemed to notice, though. But a few minutes later as I flipped open my lunchbox, my phone buzzed in my pocket. It was her, texting a picture of her shirt lifted over her bra in a bathroom stall. *NOW u can stare :P c u soon!*

Stare I did.

As for Taylor, the first time I saw her all day was in class. She behaved as well as she had ever since I'd first had her write those words on my whiteboard. I tried to orient myself so I didn't have to look directly at her – too distracting – and did my best to forget she was there. To forget those mouth-watering tits, that gorgeous round ass, that sopping wet pussy. Those lips.

I'd fucked her. I'd fucked Taylor Stern. For like two seconds, technically, but I'd done it. Every time I caught one of her classmates checking her out, a common enough occurrence any day but particularly so in today's beige leggings and her v-neck shirt, I had to fight down a smug grin. *Eat your hearts out, losers. I've been there, and you never will. And yes, it was as incredible as we all imagined it would be and then some.*

It was a bizarre high, but an intense one.

Taylor lingered for a moment after class. I made the handoff per the plan. She took it without a word, tucking it into her purse.

“Taylor, wait,” I said as she reached the door. She paused, closed it, turned to face me. Her face was as imperious as ever; no one looking at her would think a thing had changed between us.

“What.”

“About yesterday...”

When I didn’t say anything, she rolled her fingers, prompting me. “Yeah? What about it?”

“Do you think we should talk about it?”

“I’m on the pill, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

It hadn’t been, but holy hell it should have been! “That’s a load off.”

When I once again trailed off, threw her hands up. “Is there anything else? Because I got somewhere to be, you know.”

“No, I guess that’s it for now.”

“Fucking waste my time, why don’t you. Asshole,” she muttered as she threw the door open.

“Ms. Stern, hold it.”

She once again froze, once again shut it. “Am I allowed to leave or not?”

“Come here.”

With a sullen scowl, she stalked over to me. “Yeah?”

I placed a hand on her back. Wordlessly, with soft but unyielding pressure, I bent her over the top of my desk. Her leggings came down easily. “Thong today? Nice.” It hadn’t been twenty-four hours yet, but damn, had I ever missed her body.

It was her turn to be unresponsive. Leaving her in place, I snatched the scissors from their place on my desk and snipped first at her right hip, then her left, then pulled the stringy yellow panties free. I gave her naked ass a few soft pats. “All right, now you can go.”

“You know, that’s the second school day in a row that you’ve stolen my panties. If this is going to be a daily thing, lemme know so I can buy more underwear.”

I tucked them into my pocket as she pulled her leggings back into place. Rubbing them between my fingers, I made an observation. “Doesn’t feel like you mind so much to me.”

“You do know that’s not necessarily from being turned on, right?”

“Not necessarily. Sure. Now hurry up and get to class.”

Her nostrils flared. I didn’t stop her this time.

Part of me was chiding myself for doing something so rash without even having the door locked – and during passing period no less, when the halls were thronging with

people. But the bigger part of me told myself that was the old, pussified Mr. Canon speaking, and patted me on the back for bringing the girl to heel.

She would be on her way down to Officer Barbour's office now. There was nothing left to do but wait and see. If it didn't work out, I supposed I could take Isa and Candy up on their offer to empty their savings and pool it together to pay this lowlife off. Or, I tried not to tell myself, I could always pack up my girls and flee, start a new life somewhere far, far away.

And never leave my new bedroom again.

"Well?" I demanded an hour later. "Did it work?"

"Of course it worked. Why wouldn't it work?" Taylor folded her arms beneath her breasts.

"So? What happened?"

"She took the bait. I offered, she took it, smeared it right on. I even told her she needed a little more to make her lips really pop, and she put it on."

"Yes!" I pounded my fist on my desk. At this point, the school was emptying out. I didn't have to worry about making a little noise. Randi's vacuum was already audible down the hallway.

"Sure, cool. Anyway, I sent the text like we said, and she got called out like thirty seconds later. Never came back by the end of class. Her stuff was still sitting there a few minutes ago when I left."

"Good work, Taylor."

"Don't thank me. We used to be friends when I was still doing sports. Just don't go all psycho like Abbie, OK?"

"Speaking of, why don't you go out and wait with her. We will get some work done today, but I don't want you two around while we deal with this."

Taylor sneered. "What, you don't trust us?"

"Why would I."

"Mr. Canon... that hurts." Her sarcasm was kept nice and thick.

My solitude lasted only a few more minutes before the door opened again. Officer Barbour came in first, but right on her heels was our quarry. My blackmailer Cassie Brown.

I'd known Cassie for years, even before I started teaching. She and her mother Megan and little brother Robby were my next door neighbors. They'd lived there for many years before that, but I was the new guy on the block. I knew the family pretty well. Our grills were situated adjacent to one another on either side of the fence between our properties, and Megan and I would shoot the breeze while we cooked oftentimes. I'd

always liked the lot of them rather well, and my sense had been that the feeling was mutual. I dog-sat for them when they were out of town, for crying out loud. Pepper and I were fast friends.

But Officer Barbour had traced the number to a prepaid phone, and had taken some “extrajudicial” measures to find out who paid for it. Luckily, Cassie had been stupid enough to use a credit card instead of paying cash. I remember talking to Megan only a couple months back about her apprehension about letting her daughter get a credit card. Had I supported the idea? Opposed it? I had enough conversations with parents about their students that my memories weren’t a hundred percent.

It had floored me to learn that Cassie was behind this. Before this weekend, the most trouble she’d ever given me was the time she and some of her teammates were practicing in her backyard and bumped a volleyball over the fence and knocked over my bird feeder. Cassie had still been crying when she knocked on my door to tell me, horrified that she might have (but didn’t) hurt some innocent bird. She’d always been such a good kid – that made her perfidy all the harder to accept. Sweet, shy little Cassie Brown. I’d once thought of her as a friend of sorts. Now, she’d photographed me in a compromising situation and demanded a king’s ransom to delete the evidence. I guess greed could be a powerful motivator.

However, thanks to Taylor’s uncharacteristic generosity with the Serenex-infused chapstick I’d provided her after class, Cassie was dosed. Thanks to Officer Barbour, she’d been called down to the office and kept under close scrutiny to keep anyone from screwing with her before she could be delivered to me. The plan had gone off without a hitch.

Remembering the last time I’d had that confidence – Saturday, moments before I’d had to improvise a second dose for Candy – I hurried over to lock the door before I said a word, then gestured for Officer Barbour to stand guard in front of it while I handled things.

“Cassie. Have a seat.”

“Yes, Mr. Canon.” Terrified. That was the only word for her expression. Good. Served her right. This weak of a dose of Serenex ought to keep her pliable but not altogether suppress her personality. Well done, Taylor. (When was the last time I thought those words in this classroom?)

She took a spot near my desk. The desk in front of her made a handy perch for me, ideal for looming. Cassie was taller even than Taylor. Coach Howland had been crushed when Taylor’s grades rendered her ineligible, but Cassie was her pride and joy. “Let’s cut to the chase. Do you know what you’re doing here?”

She swallowed, and it was audible. “I... no?”

“Really? Because I’d be willing to bet that you do. Sticking your nose in my property, prying into my business, cheating me out of my hard-earned money? Any of this ringing a bell?”

“But... but... this is about *that*?”

“Yes, Cassie. This is about that, that one tiny incident of you trying to screw me over. You really thought you’d get away with this?”

“I know I was being kinda pushy, but I didn’t think it’d make you this mad!” Tears were already brimming up in her eyes, but I didn’t have any sympathy for them.

“Didn’t think I’d be mad?! Didn’t think I had friends in law enforcement is more like it,” I thundered, gesturing to my protector in the doorway. “If not for Officer Barbour, no doubt you’d be kicking my door down right now, demanding your little bounty. I was the one being taken advantage of! I thought we were friends, Cassie. I trusted you! And this is how you repay my good will?”

“I’m sorry! I thought I was doing the right thing!” she wailed. The girl had the audacity to start crying. It might have moved me were I still a pussy like I had been in those pictures, when she’d caught me in the act of struggling not to fuck Abbie Stern.

“The right thing? Right, the Send Cassie Brown to College Foundation, one of my favorite charities,” I said snidely.

“Not just me,” she mumbled.

“Right, you were thinking of others. It was a selfless act, antagonizing me. Your altruism is truly moving.”

“Alt... what?”

“Self-sacrifice. Which, by the way, is what you’ve accomplished. Not in the way you might have intended with your little venture into entrepreneurship, but I’ve got a special remedy for predators like you, Cassie. Very special.”

“Wait, am I in trouble? I didn’t think it was that big of a deal!”

“Of course not. After all, what’s a little blackmail between neighbors?”

“Blackmail!” Cassie exclaimed. “That’s not...!”

“Not... what? Here’s a vocabulary lesson, Cassie. When you take pictures of someone, threaten them, that’s called blackmail. Now be quiet,” I snapped. “Until we’re done here, I don’t want to hear another word out of you unless I tell you to. Do you understand?”

She nodded. It looked like she wanted to reply, but the Serenex was working. I’d been careful to avoid imperatives or any of the incidental identity-altering phrasing that had done its work on the others. Still, remembering the less pronounced results I’d gotten from Taylor’s initial session, I wasn’t settling for half measures when it came to this little would-be thief. I retrieved the Serenex from my briefcase and tilted her mouth open with my thumb. Her eyes were wide, frightened, but she didn’t resist. Couldn’t resist.

I'd have to repay Taylor for her role in this later. Maybe the people who made her chapstick, too.

She made a face at the acrid taste, but I didn't let her spit any out. Sure enough, after a few moments her posture relaxed. Her mind opened. *Blackmail me, will you? Now, you're mine.*

"Try not to go too hard on her," cautioned Isa. It was the first she'd said since leading Cassie into my room.

"If I don't do at least twenty-five grand in damages, she can consider herself lucky."

"I mean it, Canon. I'm here to keep you out of trouble, not watch you violate students," she said evenly. "Again, that is."

I made sure Cassie wasn't paying attention, but like the others had, she was staring into space, oblivious to the world. With the others, I'd had to say their name, make noise in their face to get their attention, otherwise they didn't seem to absorb anything that was said. With Cassie sufficiently docile, I approached Isa more aggressively than I'd thought I ever could. The woman didn't budge in the least.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"I... what are you getting at?"

"You're my protector, right?"

She frowned. "Oh. Yeah, you know I am. You made damn sure of it."

"And what is your number one priority?"

"Keeping you safe and preserving your freedom."

"That's right. And you don't think that this girl and her hare-brained stunt were a threat to those priorities?"

Isa's eyes flickered to Cassie, then back to me. "Well, yes, but—"

"And as an officer of the law, what do you do with people who threaten the safety and well-being of others?"

"Arrest them, usually, but I can't exactly—"

I cut her off. "Why do you arrest them?"

"So they can be tried and prosecuted."

"The goal being?"

Her eyes narrowed. I could see she didn't want to say it, but there was no honest way to answer the question without using the word. "Punishment," she conceded after a lengthy pause.

"Good, we're on the same page. So since the regular system isn't set up for situations like mine, pipe down and let me handle this."

I'd thought I had her, but instead she took a step forward, as in my face as anyone had ever been. "Like you did with those other two girls? Like you did with Candace?"

"Hey, first off, I never laid a hand on her. I just—"

“Just used her to get you off while you molested two teenage girls? Took skeezy pics of her showering?”

I wasn't about to let her cow me with heavy-handed rhetoric. “First of all, I only took those pictures because you two said I needed a means of keeping you in line if the Serenex wore off. So you can blame yourselves for that.”

“Blame...?!”

“*Second*,” I cut in hotly, “I only ‘molested’ one of them, I’ll have you know. And if you get in my way again the next time I feel like doing it, you and I are going to have a whole different discussion. Officer.”

“Oh yeah? And what’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you’re going to keep me safe and keep me free no matter what, which makes you an accessory to anything I do. For starters.” I stepped forward, my chest pressing against hers and pushing her back against the door. She didn’t do anything to stop me, and I saw a thread of fear run through those fiery eyes. “It also means that you can’t stop me from doing anything I want to that girl. Or to Candy. Or to you.”

She squirmed a little, but my body was still pinning hers to the door. Our foreheads were practically touching. “And how do you figure that?”

“Well what are you going to do if I do something you don’t like? You can’t tase me like you did Taylor. Can’t kick my ass with all your cop training. Because you have to keep me safe, and hurting me does the opposite of that.”

I put my hands on her hips. There was power in this woman, but none of it could be directed at me. “And you can’t arrest me, obviously. Can you?” What had even come over me, acting this way? It was so unlike me! Plus, there was... that. Ever since this whole thing started, more and more I’d been getting hard without even doing anything sexual.

I just felt... powerful. It was new to me.

Isa shook her head. “No, but... but I can still...”

“Still what? Use a stern voice when you beg me not to do something? That’s about all you got.” I let her go and took a few steps back. “Now if you’re done helping me, then get the hell out of my classroom.”

She took a few slow breaths. I waited for her to tell me I was wrong, that I’d overestimated my leverage over her, but she said nothing of the sort. In fact, her only response was a petulant growl of, “Fine.”

“And Isa?” I said before she could escape. Ever the teacher, shouting instructions as people fled my room. “Be a doll and send in the Sterns on your way out.”

“You know, you’re a real piece of work, Canon.” She opened the door. “He’s ready for you.”

I hadn’t felt the need to justify myself to Isa, but I should clarify: I did *not* intend to do anything sexual with Cassie Brown. Not at all. Was it tempting? Sure. She had legs

up to her elbows and a pleasing body even beside that. Her face was the original mold from which innocent schoolgirls were fashioned, sweet and freckled and just a little bit more horizontal than her very vertical frame suggested. She smiled too much, giggled too loud, talked too high-pitched. Everything about her was sort of annoyingly cute.

Except for the fact that the bitch had blackmailed me. That simple fact was enough to make me forget a lot of my usual restraint. Nonetheless, I had enough presence of mind about what Abbie had done to me to want to approach this rationally. Cassie would be zonked for hours yet, and after what I'd done to Taylor in class, after my display of dominance with Isa, I honestly didn't trust myself to do this right.

I needed to clear my head.

The Stern girls filed into the room. First came Taylor in her leggings and cleavage-baring top, followed by Abbie in jeans that were somehow even tighter and the blouse she'd half-removed for me during lunch.

Before locking the door behind them, I put my trash can in the hallway and put the Testing In Progress sign back on the door. The blinds were already closed.

Abbie wasted no time in turning a malevolent glare on where Cassie sat with her back to the door. "Oh hey, that went quick. How's it feel now, dick for brains? I swear to fuck, if it had been left up to me, you'd be—"

I clamped a hand over her mouth. She squealed irritably, but didn't fight back much. "Not a word to her, understand? I have her well in hand, and she'll be dealt with. I don't need you going and screwing up her head like you did to the two of us."

"But she deserves it! Come on, let me make her a meth addict, or have her piss her pants when she—"

"Abbie, this is your only warning. If you so much as look in her direction again—"

"All right, all right, all right!" she huffed. "So then what the fuck did you bring us in here for if we're not allowed to play?"

My answer was to unceremoniously take off my pants and my briefs. Although Cassie had her back to me, she probably wouldn't have seen anything even if I'd waved it under her nose. Abbie clapped her hands giddily. Taylor just watched it with a wary look, like I'd released a snake into the room with us.

This was wrong. I knew that. *So* wrong. To do what I was about to do, with students, in front of another student, one whom I'd drugged into a waking coma so I could compel her to... to do whatever I wanted, really. What the hell was I turning into? Sure, maybe I wasn't hiding from my urges like some pussy, but perhaps this was getting out of—

"Oh yippie, is it finally my turn to ride that bad boy?" cooed Abbie, coming up behind me and giving my erection a few slow strokes. She must have licked her palm already, too. Or shit, was that Serenex?! No, no, I'd locked it back in my briefcase. This girl made me almost as paranoid as she did horny. With good reason. If not for her, I'd

still be subtly peering at Taylor while she made up for overdue econ assignments, and ashamed of even that.

“Taylor, get on your knees.” I snapped my fingers and pointed at where she might ideally do so. Right at my feet.

Her sister’s jaw dropped in indignation. “But... no fair! She got it last time!”

“For one, keep your voice down. For two, I didn’t say you couldn’t join her.”

That brought back that lascivious grin of hers. “‘Bout time. C’mon, Tay, hurry your skank ass up! Abbie thirsty!” she baby-voiced.

“Sorry, I forgot how fucking enthused I’m s’posed to be to suck my lame-ass teacher’s dick,” the girl grumbled as she joined Abbie.

“You seem fairly enthused to get a shot at it yesterday,” I countered. Abbie was plainly ready to go; I had to take a step back to keep her from simply engulfing me on the spot.

“If you say so.”

“Are you really going to deny it? We were there, Taylor. You were literally *dripping* from arousal. I felt it.”

“Do we have to rehash it? Fuckin’ A, be a sore winner, why don’t you. I’m here, I’m kneeling, and you can stick it in my mouth if you want to. What the fuck more do you want?”

“If you insist.” In it went. My student didn’t do anything once I’d penetrated her mouth, so I simply grabbed her hair and started slowly thrusting. Finally, I was fucking Taylor Stern’s face, shutting her up in the most satisfying possible way. *Good luck trying to squeeze in some bitchy wisecrack now*, I thought at her. Abbie clearly spent time contemplating what my fantasies might be so she could put them into action, but the only way this one could be attained is with this singular mouth.

God, this felt good.

Psychologically, anyway.

Physically... hmm. I’d never realized how much difference there was in an authentic blowjob where the woman was making an effort versus this, this imitation where the woman was simply a hot wet hole making token effort to keep her teeth out of the way. Huh. Yesterday, she’d been literally trembling with desire. She must just really not like giving head. Not a unique mindset, clearly, but...

“OK, get out of the way,” I snapped, bucking her backwards with a firm thrust of my hips. Taylor tumbled from her knees to her butt, knocking into a desk and crashing it into the one behind it. Cassie looked back for the source of the noise, curious, but she’d already lost interest before Taylor even picked herself up.

For what it was worth, I did apologize. Sincerely. But then Abbie saw her opening, and I left Taylor to nurse her own wounded pride. “My turn, Mr. Canon?” she asked, staring up at me coquettishly as she massaged her sister’s spit into my shaft with

both hands. The girl even batted her eyelashes. She couldn't look more wholesome about this if she were... well, if she were Cassie Brown.

"Show me what you got, Abbie."

"I'll do my best. You're actually really hung – for a white guy, anyway." She sounded daunted; I genuinely didn't know if it was an act. It was certainly a momentary break in her character, but then she was easing my cock between her lips, through a soft, wet, tight little ring she'd made just for me. Her moan vibrated through the core of me as I entered. Despite her face being split wide by my girth, there was no missing the smile in her eyes.

Simple mind, simple pleasures, I supposed.

While Abbie's was far from my first blowjob, it was indubitably the best I'd ever had. As Taylor had just demonstrated on the opposite end of the spectrum, I was learning that enthusiasm counted rather a lot. Oh, perhaps there was something to all of Ms. Salata's lecturing about skill in the arts of love, but I'd take a girl with Abbie's devotion to her task over another who was surgical in their use of their tongue. Or whatever "skill" meant in this arena. I had no such metrics.

Abbie's blowjob, though? It was messy. It was wet. It was noisy. It was eyes monitoring me, beaming with joy. It was hungrily licking up and down her favorite treat, sucking on my balls for dessert. It was clutching my ass in her hands to make sure I didn't get away. It was rubbing my cock on her cheeks, her nose, all over her face like she was anointing herself with cock. It was worship.

"Mr. Canon? Would it be OK if I took my top off?" she asked in a voice that was barely recognizable as hers. Too shy by an order of magnitude. "I just think I could do a better job if you could see my boobies."

"Boobies"? Oh my fucking god, Abbie," grumbled Taylor from... somewhere. I couldn't look away as the girl accepted my nod and hastily shed her shirt. I recognized the bra from the pictures earlier, but as she resumed sucking me off while now adding fondling herself into the mix, it seemed to get in the way and quickly joined the shirt. I could feel her tits rubbing against my bare legs. Those things really were amazing. She might only be eighteen years old, but she was all the woman any man could ask for.

This was good. Soon, she'd drain my balls dry, and then I wouldn't feel all that temptation to turn Cassie into another fantasy girl. The conniving little bitch deserved it, and in a fashion more in line with Taylor's grudging acceptance than Abbie's elated adventurism. It would be a lot more convenient, too, as my next door neighbor. Mere feet away. She could come and go at my whim. Their mom had a spare key to my place already for emergencies, even. When I woke up panting after another of these wild dreams the Sterns had been injecting into my soul of late, I could call her over and in seconds, be sucked and fucked right back to sleep. She could sneak back home before anyone knew she'd been gone. It was ideal, really. Plus, one hell of a baller move, as the

kids say. I was no pussy. I was all man, as Abbie's deep-throated gagging was so amply demonstrating. Not like I would actually hurt Cassie or anything so extreme. Just have some fun. If it embarrassed her a little, maybe that was what she deserved. Had it coming, really. Maybe I should...

No. I had more than enough on my plate as it was. *Come on, Abbie, do your job. Suck that cum out of my brain.*

As if reading my mind, she let my dick pop out from between her lips with a noisy *shklop*. She leaned back until her weight was on her hands on the floor behind her, mountains of tit rolling back and forth as she adjusted her position. "Mr. Canon? Am I doing a good job?"

"You were until you stopped."

The girl giggled. "I'll finish, I promise. Only I was thinking... you like my big boobies, right?"

"Abbie, who wouldn't?"

"Yay!" She rolled her shoulders, jiggling them for effect. And what an effect! "So yeah, I was thinking that, if you wanted, maybe I could put *it* between them? Like, I think it's called, um... 'titty fucking'? I know, I know 'language, Abbie!' But I don't know what else to call it, and I wanted to say if you wanted to, then, like, I would be happy to do that for you. If you wanted to."

Dammit to hell, that character she was playing was working. It was a little fourth wall breaking considering this was one of the most ruthless people I'd ever met, but Abbie was so committed to it that I could hardly begrudge her sub-par acting skills. Her eyes were sparkling like the devil himself was back there enjoying the show, but outwardly, she was all wide-eyed willingness to put her assets to good use.

"S-sure," I answered instantly. How could I say no to an offer like that? "How about..." I looked around. Taylor was sitting in her assigned seat – even looked to be working on homework – and Cassie was still studying the carpet fibers. They actually looked pretty uncomfortable. One of the social studies teachers had a sofa in his room, the lucky bastard. I supposed I'd have to make do with what furniture I had.

Would it be more bad-ass to sweep all the junk off my desk in one elaborate gesture? Sure. But as the person who would also have to pick it up and resort it after, I opted to go about it with a little more finesse. It didn't take long, though, before the desktop was clear and Abbie was on her back looking up at me giddily. I climbed on top of her carefully. (This thing really wasn't all that wide, but she was well worth the risk.) My prick hadn't lost a whit of its turgidity, its weight bearing it down to rest between and fill that lengthy valley between her two high peaks. She pressed them together, and my cock instantly disappeared, happily smothered.

"Do you have any lotion? It'll feel better if we can make 'em slicker," she said, gazing around awkwardly.

Ironically, I *used to* have lotion in my desk. Then one day, a student (who shall remain nameless but just so happened to be sitting across the room trying not to notice me tit-fucking her stepsister) saw it on my desk, and thought it would be hilarious to make a joke about me using it to jerk off during my prep period. Oh, then “or maybe during passing period, three minutes easy!” which I’m not sure I fully grasp as an insult but certainly seemed to further throw the class into chaos. I’d taken it home that same day; if I got a little ashy, it was better than tolerating more snickering from Taylor and her peers. Abbie was right, too; as I took a few thrusts, the spit on my shaft was quickly drying up in the air conditioned classroom.

Hmm. Maybe this was Taylor’s opportunity to make it up to me.

“Taylor, come over here.”

She looked up in evident disgust. “I think she’s got things well in hand. Or in ‘boobies.’ Ya nasty.”

“Do you need me to come over there and lead you by the hand, or are you coming?”

She sighed. “Fine. But let me remind you up front that I think I proved last night that I am *not* into chicks, and I am majorly, majorly not into incest shit.”

“Incest? I thought you weren’t sisters.”

Taylor stood at the side of my desk, her shadow cast across Abbie’s naked torso. She kept her eyes riveted on mine, refusing to glance down. “Yeah, let’s split hairs. Now what do you want.”

“I don’t have lotion.”

“Why, over-spank it or something?” She snickered.

“Ha, yes, very funny, just like before. At any rate, I need you to get your mouth down there and keep my dick wet.”

“Uh... what?”

“Was I unclear? Bend down, open your mouth, and for once put it to productive use.”

“Wait, you want me to...?”

I rose up to my full height, the desk more than making up for my kneeling stature. From this vantage point, it was easy to remove her shirt for her. Unlike the heavy-duty no-nonsense bra her sister had put on that morning, Taylor’s was pretty sexy, white lace with lots of lift.

Almost sexy enough to make me hesitate to take it off, too.

With her nipples serving as handles, I pulled her up until our lips met, kissing her roughly but briefly. “Atta girl. Seems like you got plenty of spit in there. Now get to it.”

The stare-off lasted all of three seconds before she caved.

“Aw gee, thanks, sis,” Abbie chirped as Taylor leaned over and started licking up and down my cock. Her voice was muffled by the presence of Taylor’s own ample chest

hanging in her face. I almost laughed at how hard she was trying to keep her tongue exclusively on me. There was actual rigidity in her tongue, no joke, a warm stiff sponge poking up and down the length of my cock. It was enough, however, to reinstate some lubrication, and my titty-fucking of Abbie Stern resumed with Taylor holding her mouth in place to keep the machine running.

“A man could get used to this,” I uttered with a sigh. This was the life. Being serviced by one of my least favorite people and another who probably ought to be but was somehow becoming an expert at ingratiation. I guided Abbie’s hands to her sister’s chest, and without hesitation she began kneading and squeezing.

Behind us, Cassie sneezed. I looked back, but she was still sitting there like a vegetable. Ya know, maybe I should bring her over and–

No, Canon! Yeesh. I needed to make this one hell of an orgasm, purge these thoughts completely. Taylor’s tepid participation wasn’t helping – or at least, not nearly as much as it could.

“All right, enough with the bullshit, Taylor.”

She twisted her head to the side to glare up at me. “What now? I’m licking, just like you said!” Meanwhile, Abbie was still groping with abandon. I thought I could even hear some slurping down there. Was she sucking on Taylor’s tits? I was jealous.

“Here’s what’s going to happen. I’m going to stop thrusting. Taylor, you’re going to take Abbie’s tits in your hands and use them to get me off. And you’re going to start actually licking – no more of this...” I stuck my tongue out, imitating her style. “...bullshit. And when I come, you’re going to catch it all in your mouth, and then share with Abbie.”

Taylor stood upright, though her jaw might have remained where it was. “What?! No fucking way! That’s disgusting! I–”

I put a finger to her lips, already bored of her foot-dragging. There was no question I could make her do it. I had a paper reading *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* a hundred times in a drawer in my desk at home, and it was only in there because I hadn’t had time to frame it and hang it above my mantle yet. (Not really, obviously, since nobody can know about my relationship with the Stern girls, but it sure as hell deserved to be in a place of honor.) Sure, I could always let her off and just have my fun with Abbie alone, but... no. No, that was a pussy way to go about this. She’d proved I turned her on last night, and god knew she turned me on, so no way was I going to be the one to back out over some minor stumbling blocks.

But how to get her not merely tolerate, but to cooperate?

I could threaten her. I had authority as a teacher, for one. That was to say nothing of the countless ways I could mess her up with the power Abbie had given me over her. Tattoo the word “whore” on her stomach. Put naked photos of her on the internet. Bend her ass over my desk and spank her black and blue.

Also all good ideas for how to handle the Cassie situation, my subconscious added, but I squelched it.

I could, I suppose, physically force her to do it, but I didn't want to have to play puppeteer, forcing her hands (and mouth, and so forth) every step of the way. Maybe if I got her started, she'd get into it? I guess I could I try—

“Taylor? You heard the man. Get to it. *Now*,” snapped Abbie.

Taylor's eyes squeezed shut, and when they opened they had been hollowed out by resignation. “OK, Abbie.”

Oh yeah. Abbie was the boss of her.

For the first time, I wondered just how far Abbie was taking that outside of our interactions. Then Taylor Stern was squashing her sister's big fat tits against my cock and slurping on them noisily, and I stopped caring about anything else.

It was the best of all worlds. The thrill of knowing I was fucking two of the most sought-after tits at GHS. The soft, yielding skin gliding up and down my cock. The outline of Taylor's ass in those leggings. Her unspoken permission as I leaned in and pulled them down, and the way her cheeks clapped softly as she maneuvered around exploring Abbie's tits. The warmth and the wetness of the mouth slobbering all over my dick. The way Taylor's back was trembling as Abbie sucked a nipple into her mouth and did her best to return the pleasure – all to put on a show, to be the kind of slut she thought I fantasized about.

Which, if I hadn't fantasized about this before, I sure as hell would from now on.

“Are you gonna come for her, Mr. C? I can tell she wants it. You should feel her pussy – it's fucking soaked,” crowed Abbie. I hadn't even seen her snake her arm down there to check, but there she was, fingering Taylor's pussy as casually as if it were her own. At home, in her own bedroom, instead of in my classroom.

I didn't answer, but Abbie didn't let up. Maybe her tits had some sixth sense for when the cock between them was getting harder or something, I didn't know. But she kept at it. I'd never had sex with an especially vocal woman before, and I had to say, I was liking it.

“How does he taste, Taylor? It's good, right? I thought it was good. I can't wait until you share his cum with me.”

“God, Taylor, from down here, your boobies look almost as big as mine. Almost. They're super cute, though!”

“You are going to share, right? No fair swallowing it all for yourself!”

“Doesn't it feel good to do something nice for someone? Maybe I should let you tit-fuck Mr. Canon every day!”

That did it.

The first spurt caught Taylor in the chin, but she got her mouth in place quickly as more followed. (“Oh gawd, that tickled my titties!”) Once more I was essentially

fucking Taylor's face, pumping in and out, only now she wasn't just a hole. ("She looks so cute with her face split around your gigantic dick, Mr. C!") She was licking, sucking, trying her best not to cough too much up. ("Hey Cassie, are you awake over there?") No joke, my climax was so intense my vision was blurring, and at the last moment I lost my balance and fell to the floor. It was more surprising than anything, and I felt too good to be—

Wait, what was she saying...?!

"Cassie? Hey, Cassie! Doesn't it look fun to pleasure Mr. Canon? There's nothing wrong with it, and it feels amazing being his personal booty call. You should totally—"

Not knowing what else to do, I launched myself to my feet and slammed Taylor's tits down into Abbie's face. It worked, muffling her words beyond intelligibility, though the sudden pressure on Taylor made her cough up a mouth that had to have been full to the brim of my cum all over her sister's breasts. She gasped for air after, but before I understood what was happening, she was slurping it back up, then pressed her mouth to Abbie's, an open-mouthed kiss that fulfilled the final letter of her boss's instructions. It helped shut the stupid bitch up, too.

It would have been the hottest thing I'd ever seen if I wasn't preoccupied by the sight of Cassie Brown swiveling backward in her chair to stare at us, mouthing words to herself that I didn't need training as a lip-reader to interpret.

I was already pulling my pants back on. My head was indeed clearer. Great plan. "Abbie, Taylor, I think that will be all for today," I managed through gritted teeth.

What on earth had they done.

Abbie giggled as she dabbed her "boobies" dry with a tissue. "C'mon, Tay. Sounds like someone has a case of the Mondays."

Part Eight: Differentiated Instruction

There. My desk was put back together. Better double check and make sure nobody dribbled anything anywhere. Hmm. Couple little spots where Taylor didn't get her mouth in place on time. Some tissue, dab dab dab, aaaand good. Cleaned up. Very good. One thing down.

Cassie yawned, the first sound she'd made since I'd pumped her full of Serenex. Somehow it made her look even less alert.

Now, what else needs doing...

Knock, knock, knock.

"Can's in the hallway! Testing!" I called once my heart started beating again.

"It's Candace and Louisa," came the reply.

Cassie blinked. Sort of. One eye, then the other a second later. But that was about it.

I let them in.

Their expressions said they knew perfectly well what had transpired between me and the Stern sisters this afternoon. At least in terms of the carnal, that is. Not the other thing. Even so, their disapproval was apparent.

"Is she...?"

I nodded. These two had never been around someone in a Serenex ingestion trance before, other than each other when I'd put them both under. "Try not to do anything too loud, say her name, poke at her. If we let her stay adrift like this, it's safe to talk around her."

They each studied her for a moment, but one by one turned back to me. "So Isa said she confessed?"

"Yeah. Actually had the guts to act like we were overreacting. Kids these days, ya know."

My colleague sighed at my attempt at humorous hubris. "You do realize we're the same generation as her, right? You're what, twenty-eight?"

"Twenty-six. But millennial, gen Z. Apples and oranges."

"Look, whatever. So how did it go? Once you finished defiling Taylor and Abbie, that is."

"You're one to talk, Candy. And... well, I haven't quite started yet. Quite."

Louisa piped up. “Haven’t started? When you kicked me out, you were ready to chew her up and spit her out. I don’t think she’s capable of appreciating your very sinister bidding of time when she’s like this.”

“I’ll do it when I’m good and ready.”

“You’re not ready?” Both women spoke on top of one another, and Isa continued. “You had all last night and all day today. How hard can it be to tell her not to blackmail you, and if you’re feeling vindictive, to feel guilty about trying?”

Candy dug deeper, asking, “You don’t mean... emotionally ready, do you?” *Pussy*, added her expression.

“I’m not... Rather, she isn’t...” I rounded on them. “Look, it’s a little more complicated than that.”

Eyes were narrowing at me. I tried not to shrink away from them, but having screwed up this spectacularly, it wasn’t easy. “It’s nothing to worry about, but... there was a small... accident.”

“An accident,” Candy repeated.

“What kind of accident?” probed Isa. *Moron*, added her expression.

“I’m managing it.”

“If I’m going to help keep your nuts out of the cracker, Canon, I need to know what’s going on. Don’t b.s. me. You might be pulling the strings with those girls, but when it comes to OPSEC, I’m in charge.”

This was a good reminder why women in uniform didn’t do it for me. I sighed, thinking truly unpleasant thoughts about Abbie and what I’d do to her if she crossed my path right now. No sense trying to dodge the truth with these two. “All right. So, Abbie... said some things. To Cassie.”

The women shared a look before Candy asked, “What kind of things?”

“Not to be crude, but... well, along the lines of making Cassie a bit more like her.”

“What’s ‘like her’ mean? A bully? A bitch? A narcissist?” she pressed.

“A sex slave?” said Isa more directly.

“That one. Now look, before you go flying off the handle,” I raised my hands defensively as they both plainly prepared to do just that, “it wasn’t my idea. She caught me off guard, blurting some things out before I could shut her up. I dismissed them both immediately after. She will be reprimanded when the time presents itself, I assure you.”

Candy took a seat in a vacant desk on the opposite side from where Cassie sat. Isa was content to remain standing, asking, “And will this stern talking-to of yours undo what she did?”

“Well, no, but—”

“Then maybe we ought to focus on what needs to happen here and now. So you said some things were blurted. What kinds of things?”

I tried to think. “Something like, it would be fun to sleep with me, nothing unusual about it. Like that.”

“Oh come on, you expect us to believe that!” exclaimed the resource officer. “Don’t blame those girls. At every turn you’ve been scheming to use that crap to force women to—”

Candy shushed her, though, and we all watched Cassie a moment until we were sure she wasn’t stirring. I chimed in before Isa could go on. “It’s not my fault! I know how it looks, but it really isn’t. I told you yesterday, Taylor said some things to me – sarcastically – that wound up sinking in for her sister. Now her sister can’t separate these new thoughts from her old ones, and it’s making her act out. Come on, Candy, you saw her yesterday, the lengths she was willing to go to be the sort of girl she thought would make me happy.”

“Is that what that was,” Isa grumbled with a sidelong look at her girlfriend. Ex-girlfriend? I didn’t know what had been happening in their household since she’d caught Candy’s tongue buried in a student’s pussy.

“I’m serious. You saw how she was playing a character, didn’t you? She says she’s my ‘fantasy slut,’ that they’re ‘lucky to have me.’ And with that in her head, and Cassie threatening to blow open our whole operation—”

Candy frowned. “It’s an operation now?”

“Figuratively. But Abbie overreacted. And anyway, it’s done now, so it doesn’t matter. All we can do now is press forward, figure out how to make it as right as we can.”

I gave them a moment to join me in acceptance and brainstorming. How must I seem to them? How had things gone so far? Thankfully, when Candy next spoke up, it wasn’t to criticize, but to be productive. “How sure are you that she heard what Abbie said? Is there a way to tell if she internalized it?”

“You can ask her yourself. Just stick to questions and she should be fine. It seems to be a lot like teaching when they stayed up too late the night before. They can sleep through anything until you say their name.”

She nodded, then crossed the room and knelt in front of Cassie. The girl didn’t look up, not even when the teacher joined hands with her. “Cassie? Cassie, can you hear me?”

“Yeah, Coach.” Coach? Oh right, volleyball. I’d forgotten they were already close. No wonder she was pissed. Then again, she’d been the sweet giggly neighbor kid to me for years; amazing how fast goodwill dried up in the face of most of a year’s salary in ransom demands.

For Candy, though, it was a relief to be recognized. I wanted to assure her that she’d looked just as out of it and she’d come out fine, but I let her go on and learn for herself. “Did either of the Stern girls say anything unusual to you earlier this afternoon?”

Cassie nodded. “Yeah.”

The ladies waited for her to go on, but she didn't. Isa came around, sparing a brief disgusted look for me. Like I was the one who'd made her blackmail me! Her attitude was beginning to annoy me. "What did they say? Cassie? What happened?"

"Taylor invited me to use her chapstick. I thought it was kind of gross but I was afraid of her so I said yes. It wasted kinda bad, too. I was just glad she didn't start anything. I heard one time Taylor was drunk at a party at Maxine Wightman's house and she tried to kiss Ian only Ian was dating Anna so he said no, and she took someone's lighter and burned his arm."

It was a small vindication that my suspicion that the chapstick would work and for pretty much that exact reason, though I'd expected her fear would be more social consequence than pyromania. Regardless, with the slow, dreamy way of talking Cassie had taken on, we'd be here all night if we didn't cut to the chase. Candy simply rolled her eyes and went on. "What about Abbie? Did she say anything weird to you?"

"No, Coach."

Both women turned to me, confused, but it caught me off-guard, too. Was it possible she hadn't heard somehow? "You didn't hear Abbie say anything?" I asked. Why was part of me disappointed?

The feeling didn't last long, though. "Do you mean when she said, 'Doesn't it look fun to pleasure Mr. Canon, Mr. Canon?'"

"There it is," Isa grumbled. "Why didn't you say that before?"

"Ms. Salata asked if she said anything weird."

"And that's not weird?!"

The question had been rhetorical, but Cassie answered nevertheless. "There's nothing wrong with it. It feels amazing being his personal booty call. I should, totally." She made a little squeak noise, which I suppose was her approximation of the sound Abbie had made when I'd mashed Taylor's boob in her mouth.

With the mystery solved, I could tell Candy was about to make a cutting remark at me, but my warning look kept her from saying it in front of Cassie. Taylor's sarcasm in front of her compromised sister had already done enough damage. "I see. Do... do you believe her?" asked Isa.

"I guess so."

"Why? Why do you guess so?"

"Because what she said is true."

"But... how do you know it's true?"

"I dunno. Just a feeling. But I know."

"So you don't know, but you know?" Candance countered. "Cassie, that's—"

"That's enough, Candy."

"But she's—"

"We're not improvising this. We're sticking to my plan."

Like yesterday, all it took was the assertion that I had a plan to shatter her resistance. We walked with Isa to the far side of the room, and like that, Cassie went back into her shell. “All right. So what’s the plan?”

“If it involves making that girl into your ‘booty call,’ then let’s skip past it and get to the backup plan,” stated the officer firmly.

“But here’s the problem with that,” I said, choosing my words carefully, doing my best to project calm reason. I’d had time to think this over, and I knew that when it came to selling it to my co-conspirators, it wasn’t going to be easy.

Here goes.

“Those things that Serenex put in our heads... they’re very deeply ingrained, as you both know. Enough that Abbie stuffed her sister in the trunk of her car. That those two young women and I are doing things none of us ever imagined we might a week ago. That even you two, who received a much lighter touch, have allowed things to happen that you otherwise never would have.”

Isa placed her hands on her hips. “We know all this. Get to the point.”

“In short, my point is that I’m honestly worried about what might happen if we try to put two directly conflicting ideas in her head.”

Isa could already see where this was going. “Canon...”

“Before you go accusing me of ulterior motives, keep in mind that for one, let’s remember we’re dealing with an extortionist. I looked it up, and you can do twenty years for what she’s done.”

Before Isa could point out how unlikely Cassie was to receive the max sentence, I hurried to my next point. “For two, just because Abbie put these feelings in her head doesn’t mean I have to indulge them. I already have, as you put it yesterday, two ‘nubile sex slaves’ – a categorization I don’t agree with, but for purposes of my point, I’ll temporarily concede the basic nature of it. Point being, it’s not as if I didn’t already have an outlet for... that.”

“Is there a three,” Isa prompted dryly.

“For three, let’s look at it like this. If I said I planned to go all in, embrace Abbie’s plan and turn her into an actual sex slave... what would the two of you do about it? Not what do you *think* should be done, but if I did it, right now... what would you actually do?”

Neither was in a hurry to speak up. “I... I guess I’d make sure you got her the way you wanted her,” mumbled Candy sheepishly.

Isa looked at her lover aghast, but as I prompted her again for her own response, her indignation faded. “I’d tell you you’re a piece of shit,” she said softly, “and then figure out how to make sure nobody caught you.”

“That you would. Now – suppose you found out someone was going to... liberate her, I suppose you’d say. Set her free, try to fix her. What would you do then?”

“Nothing good,” mumbled Isa sullenly. Candy said nothing, which said it all.

“See, so this is my point. Look what you’d do, thanks to how Serenex transformed your thinking. It somehow seems to overpower every other consideration. So what happens, then, if we try to use it to counteract itself? Suppose I dosed you again, Isa, and told you to beat me black and blue and drag me down to the station to tell them everything?”

“I would *never* do that!” she insisted automatically. In the next breath, she understood me. “I... yeah. Shit. I don’t know.”

“Exactly. Abbie already fired the unstoppable bullet; if we then put an immovable wall in that girl’s head, we could cause some kind of complete psychotic break. I do realize, I really do, that what Abbie did is wrong. But right now, all she’ll have is a more colorful version of a schoolgirl crush on a teacher. If we try to tell her she doesn’t... we may well do a lot more harm than good.”

I gave them a moment to think it over. They even huddled in the corner to discuss privately, as if I couldn’t hear it all anyway. With their deliberation proceeding in the direction I wanted, I said nothing.

“Do what you have to do, Mr. Canon,” said Candy sullenly.

“Fair enough.” I was a bit relieved that she paused to give Isa a swift kiss before she left, directing a lingering look at her athlete before excusing herself from the room. Then it was down to me, Cassie, and the officer.

“So like the woman said, we’re resigned to this. When we’re done here today, though, I need you to give me the Serenex canister so I can have it tested. I’ll make up a story about where I found it, something that won’t lead back to you. Don’t worry about that. But we need to know more about this before you fuck up someone else’s life like you did ours.”

It was only my relief to have successfully persuaded them that kept me from responding in kind. “Why? We have plenty of it left – that canister was meant to disperse a mob, and so far we’ve spritzed it a half dozen times. A few teaspoons, maybe. We have more than enough to reapply doses if needed.”

“But you don’t know that you’ll get any warning before that happens, do you?” She took a step forward, and though I had a few inches on her, it certainly didn’t feel that way as her tone darkened. “I can tell you right now, if I wake up one morning and that crap is out of my head, out of Candace’s head... I can’t guarantee you’ll make it to jail. You get me?”

My head cocked back. “Is that a threat?”

The question seemed to confuse her for a moment. “Of course not. I’m your protector, after all. Just think of it as good advice. Very, very good advice.”

“So noted, Officer. Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me. Now we got work to do, so let’s bite the bullet already.”

She withdrew, and I was amazed at how much easier I could breathe. How could I be so frightened by someone who I knew for a certainty couldn't hurt me? I glared at her shapely backside as she made her way back to the far side of the room. *Don't treat me like a pussy!* I wanted to scream at her, except what could be more of a pussy thing to do than that?

For the first time since I'd dosed her, I approached Cassie, pulling up a desk in front of her, seating us face to face. Her eyes were barely open. Had she fallen asleep? No, when I said her name, those soft green orbs slowly focused on me, a bit dazed and droopy, but focused nonetheless.

After jotting down a few words on it myself, I slid a piece of paper across the desk, along with a pen. Inwardly I chuckled; my policy on lending students a pen was to take collateral to make sure I got them back, but I supposed I had reasonable assurances of its return. "Cassie, I want you to read the words I wrote on that paper and copy them a hundred times. All right?"

"Sure, Mr. Canon." She picked up the pen, and I watched to make sure she was getting it right. From a few feet farther away, Isa watched for the same. *I will protect Mr. Canon's secrets.*

Simple and straightforward. That was important. Misinterpretation or using too broad strokes could foul this up in a hurry. This should both nullify her threats of blackmail as well as make sure that if or when Cassie noticed anything happening that might be a threat to me, she'd help me regain control. Isa and I watched as she copied it, and little by little, I began to relax.

I relaxed for the first twenty or thirty repetitions, anyway. I hadn't realized at first that Cassie's huge, loopy handwriting was taking a lot longer than it had the others. By the time she was nearing fifty, I decided that was good enough and told her to stop.

"Can't. Need to do a hundred," she murmured, continuing unabated.

Isa and I shared an exasperated look, but I didn't push things. On some level it was a relief. Her minuscule defiance here wasn't confirmation that we couldn't plant contradictory commands in her, but that we'd told her to do something and then been unable to tell her to stop corroborated my suspicion at least. With that, we let her go. Even after the encounter with the Sterns and the conference beforehand, it was still only just past four. Cassie's predecessors had all needed several hours before waking up. Candy had needed over four. We simply needed to be patient. Everything was taken care of now; all that was left was to—

My phone buzzed. Cassie was on line eighty-two. I fished my phone out of my pocket, and...

It was the number. The blackmailer. "What the hell...?!"

ARE YOU READY FOR INSTRUCTION? read the text.

I looked to Cassie, as if she might have covertly sent the text without alerting me. She was starting eighty-three.

“What is it?” asked Isa, concerned.

“It’s... them. It’s that number.” I held up the phone.

Not surprisingly, Isa was analyzing the caper faster than I was. “Shit. She has a collaborator. Dammit, I was worried about something like this.”

“Shit! Cassie, did... Cassie, look at me. Cassie, stop.”

“Can’t. Writing a hundred times. Almost done.” Splitting her diminished capacity for attention actually made her even *slower*!

“Cassie...!”

But she shushed me. She shushed me! “Not yet.”

“Relax, Canon,” said Isa, putting a soft hand on my shoulder before I could go fully apoplectic. “She’ll be done in a minute, and then she’ll be able to talk. Not surprising, really. Having someone else know the secret is a good failsafe to prevent someone from getting leverage over her. Plus she’s a high school girl. Not a one of them who can keep their mouths shut worth a damn.”

“But what if she told all her friends! What if—”

“She didn’t. Man up, OK? She obviously didn’t. For one, if there was a rumor going around school about you fucking Abbie Stern, one of us would have heard about it. For two, if she wants her money, she has to at least keep the secret until she gets her hands on it.”

“But she already told someone!”

“Hey. Calm down. You’re panicking, and we can’t have you panicking around someone in her condition. Most likely scenario, she told one other person. Now take a few breaths, grow a pair, and keep them occupied on the phone while we wait for Cassie to finish up. And remember, don’t tip them off that we know about the kid. Whoever that is probably feels nervous enough as it is, and we don’t want them pissing themselves either.”

My fist clenched, and not only because of the avalanche of anxiety crashing down on me. Officer Barbour sure knew how to push my buttons. She was, however, right. Annoyingly. Her suggestion of deep breathing actually did help. Cassie’s scribing was still advancing in its glacial way. Eighty-seven now.

What assurances do I have that those pictures will get deleted? I typed slowly, reasoning Cassie’s ally would see I was replying and thus not do anything rash in the midst of it. Plus, avoiding answering their question could drag it out a little longer. My students had taught me this tactic well.

Eighty-nine.

NONE BUT YOU HAVE MY WORD

*YOU TRYING TO BACK OUT? I CAN SEND THEM TO THE WIDE WORLD
BEFORE YOU CAN BLINK BUDDY*

Ninety-one.

My fingers wanted to sprint, but I kept them on a tight leash. *I'm not backing out of anything. You're getting your money.*

Ninety-two.

GOOD

I WANT YOU TO LEAVE THE MONEY ON YOUR BACK POUCH

**PORCH*

A blackmailer who couldn't bother to proofread before hitting send. Karmic justice for a wayward English teacher, I supposed.

THEN I WANT YOU TO GET IN YOUR CAR AND TEXT ME

ILL TELL YOU WHERE TO DRIVE

WHEN YOU GET THERE, SEND ME A PIC SO I KNOW

Ninety-four. Hurry the hell up, Cassie!

That's fine, but... how do you know I won't have someone else watching?

DO YOU???????????

I rolled my eyes. *Of course not, but obviously someone who did wouldn't tell you they did.* Good god, did Cassie and her little friend not even google "blackmail" before they dove into this?

YOU BETTER NOT!!!!!!!!!!

Ninety-six. I silently cursed her third-grade teacher for cursive lessons so heavily over-prioritized form over efficiency. Isa was reading over my shoulder, though I credited her with looking a good deal more serene than I felt.

I don't, I promise. But I'm at work now, and I have a few things I need to finish up. It might be an hour or more before I can get home.

LEAVE NOW

IT TAKES TEN MINUTES TO GET HOME

*ILL GIVE YOU FIFTEEN TO SEND ME A PIC OF YOUR GARAGE DOOR SO I
KNOW YOUR THEIR*

Ow. Just... OW. I looked over.

Ninety-nine.

omw. There was nothing else to say.

The pen clicked as she set it on the desktop. "Done, Mr. Canon." She even handed me my pen back.

Officer Barbour escorted Cassie to the lot, practically pushing her to keep her moving. I went on ahead, and when the officer judged it clear, we stuffed Cassie in my backseat, lying on her side, and I got the hell out of there. Isa was going to follow behind as a just in case; she'd wanted to ride with us, but I insisted we were taking enough of a risk with me and Cassie without adding even more potential questions with her presence.

There was no time to waste. Traffic this time of day wasn't helping, either, so I steered down side streets, skipping stop signs wherever it was safe. Meanwhile, it was finally time to interrogate this little bitch about how much blabbing she'd done.

"Cassie? Are you listening?"

"Yep, Mr. C," came a voice muffled by the seats.

"Good. Now Cassie, you need to be completely honest with me. Understand? Tell me the complete and total truth, no mat—" I caught myself, proud I still had some small amount of my wits functioning in spite of everything. "The complete and total truth, so long as it's only me and the other people who know my secrets." A list that was already too long for my liking by far. "Do you understand?"

"Yeah." She didn't elaborate, but with nine minutes to make it home, I didn't have time to waste on repetitions.

"Good. Now tell me, Cassie. Who else did you tell about me and Abbie?"

"Miss Salata, and Officer Barbour."

"What?" Oh right, when I'd had them question her. "No, *before* today!"

"It only happened today, Mr. Canon."

I tilted the rear view mirror down, but all I could see of her was one hip. The seats blocked the rest of her. "What do you mean, you didn't know before today? Cassie, remember, you have to tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We know you sent me those messages. We know you bought that prepaid phone. We know you took those pictures."

"I... I don't... My mom pays for my phone. Me and Robby's. I didn't send you any messages or take any pictures of you."

"Bullshit. Officer Barbour said it was *your* credit card that bought that phone."

"It wasn't me. I swear."

Despite the girl's deadpan words, my mind was on fire. Had Isa lied to me? Was she in on it?! Had I left some loophole, some way she could exploit the situation to—

"My mom could have done that though. We both have a copy of the card. She made a big deal about telling me not to go near your house the other day."

A car horn blared as I ran through a red light. If either of us had swerved a moment later, they would have T-boned me, right there by where Cassie's head was resting on the seat. The girl didn't so much as sit up, just squeaked when her head banged against the car door.

We'd gotten the wrong person. Fuck me, we'd gotten the wrong person!

Detail after detail clicked into place. The atrocious grammar – classic Megan. All caps? It had been a couple years since I'd hidden her on facebook for screaming in her posts, but that was her all right. I'd long known she wasn't an especially bright woman, but I gave her a pass the same as she did for my intellectual snobbery. And the money! Of course, the money! A daughter hoping to go to college in the fall, and things had always been tight for them thanks to her deadbeat ex-husband. Must be tighter than I'd realized – or maybe Megan was simply a greedy bitch.

I slowed a hair through the next intersection, this time avoiding a brush with death. It didn't sting any less that it was Megan Brown and not her daughter Cassie. Only... “So why did you admit to it before I dosed you, Cassie?!”

“I didn't.”

“Yes you did! I asked you why you were trying to steal from me, and you said you thought you were doing the right thing? Ringing any bells?”

“I thought you were mad about the coupon books for the volleyball fundraiser.”

“But you said you were going to use my money to send you and your brother college!”

“There's a scholarship for the girl who sells the most. And if I go to college, I can get a good job and help my brother go, too.”

Dear god. Any other time it would have been touching. Right now, it made me want to scream.

We crossed Route 2. Just over a mile to go. Shit shit shit! What did I do now? I couldn't dose *another* woman. This was already approaching insanity. If I had a couple more hours, I might be able to use Cassie to talk her mother down, make her see reason. I didn't have hours, though. I had just over four minutes. Isa wouldn't be far behind. My pet policewoman wasn't going to be much help, though. She couldn't arrest Megan for blackmail without the blackmail coming out; if she didn't arrest her, there was no guarantee she wouldn't disseminate a backup of those pictures the moment she and Isa part company.

I turned into my subdivision. There was no time for elaborate plans. Nothing left but that damned spray. Megan didn't know I was on to her. I'd go over, knock on the door, then spray her the moment it opened. Then one last no-secret-blabbing indoctrination, and that would be that. And this time, nothing more complicated like that shitshow at Starbucks.

Megan scrunched down at my command. For good measure, I tossed my jacket over her back. We pulled into the driveway with less than a minute to spare. Once the car was parked, I snapped a picture of the garage door and sent it to the offending phone number.

I'm here.

Her response came so quickly that it had to have been pre-typed. *GOOD. SET THE MONEY ON THE BACK PORCH THEN GET BACK IN YOUR CAR AND GO*

Suddenly I realized my plan had been stupid. Megan was in all probability watching us right now. If she saw me get out of the car and start towards her house, she could get paranoid – rightly so – and she could pull the trigger before I had my shot. Dammit! What did I do? If I'd taken up the ladies on their offer to front the cash, I could have at least passed it along and bought some time. As things stood, though–

DO IT NOW

No doubt about it. I was being watched. And Megan was impatient.

The garage door creaked and groaned open, and I pulled in. “Come with me, Cassie.” Luckily there were no windows in here, and it was adjoined to the house. Her mother wouldn't see I had her daughter with me. That was imperative now.

Not knowing what else to do, I grabbed my gym bag and started filling it with books from the shelf in my office. How big was \$25,000? I had no idea. But I doubted Megan knew either. Meanwhile, I was conveying instructions to her daughter as quickly as I could while still watching my phrasing to keep from further warping this apparently innocent girl's mind.

I had no idea if this was going to work, but it was all I had.

“All right Cassie. I'm going to put this bag on the back porch, and then leave. I want you to stand by the back door. In a few minutes, someone is going to come over and take the bag. When they do, I want you to take this...” I put the Serenex in her hand. Oh god, what was I doing?! This girl shouldn't have a weapon like this in hand if she were in full command of her faculties, much less...! “Then I want you to open the door and spray this into her mouth. Cassie? It *has* to be into their mouth. Keep spraying at them until you get some in there. Do you understand?”

“I... think so.”

That wasn't especially convincing. “Tell me what's going to happen, Cassie.”

“You'll put that on the porch, then leave. Someone is going to come over and take it. I'll take that and spray them. Until I spray it into their mouth.”

“Very good. And then just stop and wait for me. OK?”

“OK.”

I guided her where I wanted her to wait, where she could see through the window set in the door to watch for her mother. “I'm sorry, for what it's worth,” I said, then took my bag and stepped out. The heavy bag thudded as it slammed down on the bricks of the porch. I forced myself not to look up at the Browns' house across the fence and reveal my knowledge of who was watching. Then I walked around the outside of the house and back into the garage. My phone was ringing as I walked. Isa, I saw. Megan was the only communication I was answering right then, though. She didn't take long, the alert buzzing before I reached the end of the driveway.

DRIVE TO THE ARBY'S ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN

TEXT ME A SELFIE OF YOU IN FRONT OF THE DRIVE-THRU MENU

Arby's? Classy. *Want me to pick you up anything?*

JUST DO IT

NOW!!

So much for humor. I backed out of the driveway and pulled out into the street. Meanwhile Isa was hitting the redial.

“What the hell is going on up there?” she demanded. “Did you just leave?”

“I have it taken care of,” I said vaguely.

“What does that mean?”

“It means, stay away. You’re only going to make this worse if you get involved. I have it in hand, I promise.”

The phone moved away from her mouth to growl in frustration. “People always think that they know better than the professionals. You’re in over your head, and I can’t keep letting you fuck this up like you’ve fucked up every other thing in this whole mess!”

My jaw clenched. “I need to get off the phone before I get pulled over by the real cops.”

“I *am* a real—”

I hung up. Fuck things up, did I? She was the one who’d pushed the idea of Serenex into my head in the first place! The one who’d pegged the wrong person as the blackmailer! The one whose brilliant sting operation had painted me into the corner, nearly blown our secrets! I couldn’t wait to show her how I’d made this work *in spite of* her hamstringing me. Tasing Taylor. Guilting Candy for what was probably one of the hottest experiences of her life. Acting like I couldn’t handle myself, like I was some kind of... of... of pussy! *I am not a pussy!*

It was a good half hour to Arby’s and back. (*Arby’s, Megan? Seriously?*) Not that I had any intention of going. I figured she’d wait a few minutes to make sure I didn’t pull a one-eighty at the end of the block. Maybe not. Either way, I circled the neighborhood a few times, giving her ample time to work up the nerve to go get her “money.” I drove until my frayed nerves couldn’t take it any more. So like, three minutes.

I pulled into the driveway at a crawl. Yes, objectively it was pure idiocy trying to sneak back in, like the car had tip toes or something. Once I was there out of the car, though, my instincts reversed themselves and I sprinted around to the back of the house. Had Cassie come through for me?

Standing there on my porch, sure enough, were two women. One of them was Megan Brown, two long stripes of sepia fluid staining her face. One of them led right into her mouth, which hung open.

Next to her, similarly slack-jawed, stood Louisa Barbour.

I looked around, but saw no sign of Cassie. Then I opened the back door only to find she'd been standing on the other side, so close her nose had probably been pressing against the glass. Stand and wait, I'd said. And she'd done it.

"Cassie? What happened!"

"I did what you said. Then Officer Barbour showed up."

"I didn't say to...! Oh, never mind." Why bother chastising her? It had worked out well enough. "Cassie, Megan, Isa? Inside. Now."

Every door was locked, every curtain drawn, every phone confiscated. At long last, I was in total control of the situation. No more interference from the outside, no more unknown variables making a mess of things. Time to make things right.

"Well now, Isa," I began, kneeling down in front of her. "Let's talk."

Part Nine: Core Curricula

Every other Tuesday in our district was an e-learning day for the students. For most of them, it meant sleeping in, waking up two minutes before sign-in was required for attendance, then brushing their teeth and eating breakfast while they half-listened to their first recorded lecture of the day. Then another lecture or two, along with a series of half-cocked worksheets and quizlets that were so basic it insulted even the dullest student's intelligence. While the student body had been excited for it at the onset, after a while the comforts of home became less and less of an allure. E-learning meant no socialization, boring lessons, technical glitches, minimal engagement, and a tragic exacerbation of the hardships our impoverished students suffered.

For teachers, it was little better. The morning was a series of meetings, most of which were either updates on the state DoE's latest bit of fuckery or collaborating to respond to them. The afternoon was departmental work on curricular coordination, which had its place early in the semester, but by this time of year was simply each department cramming themselves into one teacher's room and getting their own work done, then pretending to be working together if Mrs. Horen popped in.

Everyone hated e-learning Tuesdays. The only exception was probably the school's business officer, for whom the one in ten days of instruction with no students was an opportunity to stable the buses and turn off the AC as she watched those savings mount.

That Tuesday, however, I walked into the building with a spring in my step.

"Good morning, Amy!" I motioned a tipping of my nonexistent hat.

Mrs. Cook Burfield smiled behind bleary eyes. She'd had a new kid only last fall, and her sleep schedule was still in shambles. "Morning, Mr. Canon. You seem chipper this morning."

"Just off to a good start this week. And hey, it's the second-to-last e-learning Tuesday of the year."

"I suppose it is. How 'bout that."

"Save me a seat in the caf, all right?"

She offered a fist bump, which I heartily returned explosion and all. I let myself into good old H121 and set down my briefcase. The combo lock entered, it clicked open and I emptied it of last night's workload, sorting the papers into piles by period number.

For the first time in weeks, there was no Serenex in it. There was no more need.

Megan had confessed everything, crumbling like a cookie in a woodchipper. And of course she did. A hundred *I will enthusiastically cooperate with and support anything Mr. Canon wants* left her little choice. Was it a tad extreme? Maybe. The time

for half-measures was over, however. No more light touches that left outcomes up to chance. No more second-guessing myself. Last night, I got stuff done.

As for the budding extortionist, her story had been simplicity itself. As the new and improved Isa opined while we heard her spill the beans, criminals were generally not the masterminds that they were on TV. Megan had seen Abbie in my driveway, recognizing her from her daughter's school. She'd thought it a little strange, and far more so when I came out and hurriedly ushered her car into my garage. She hadn't even seen Abbie sneaking naked out my bedroom window, as it turned out. Megan had simply been suspicious and decided to take a closer look. She used the excuse of walking Pepper, then peered in and saw what Abbie had been doing. Our friendship had quickly been squelched by her then-inaccurate perception that I was sleeping with a student, and greed had taken over. That she had used Megan's credit card had been sheer coincidence. Her own cards were maxed out – hence the blackmail.

With the interrogation over in minutes, Megan then deleted the pictures from the prepaid phone, the originals on her own phone, and her backups on the cloud. My neighbor apologized and swore she'd never tell anyone about anything I did that might be seen as inappropriate or reflect poorly on me. Isa took it one step further, and at her suggestion I directed Megan to let me know immediately if she heard or saw anything that might assist Isa with her protector duties. They exchanged numbers, in case I couldn't be reached. All of it ran so much better than the half-assed improvised plans we'd been relying on to date.

If I'd had any worries that Megan might misinterpret my commands or find a way to weasel out of them, her daughter Cassie had put those to rest. Once I'd started Isa and Megan on their copying, I'd turned my attention back to Cassie. There hadn't been much more needing doing with her beyond the usual swearing to secrecy, and by the time she'd finished that up, the girl had been starting to come around. I'd told her to go home and keep an eye on Robby, get some homework done while I tended to the other two. Eventually, though, I'd gotten her number from Megan and called her back over to make sure she was coping all right. After all, she was innocent in all this.

“How are you feeling, Cassie?”

“Pretty weird? I dunno. Like, this is all kinda crazy. Is my mom OK? The way you two were acting earlier was pretty wild. Like, you could make her do anything at all! Is that how she's gonna be from now on? And if so, do you think you could ask her to let me go camping with Derek's family next weekend?”

“I'm sitting right here, sweetheart, and trust me, that is not happening. Unless you think otherwise, Mr. Canon.”

“Your mom's got the last word on this one. Sorry.”

“It's OK. It would have been cool, but I already figured that was how it was gonna be. Anyway, are we gonna have sex now?”

“Um, what?”

“Cassie Brown! That is unbelievably inappropriate!”

“He called me over, Mom! Did he not tell you I’m his personal bootycall? I gotta say, it feels amazing. Not that I’ve never done it before, but... Mmm.”

“Cassie, you stop that this instant!”

“Moooooom, you’re being super lame! There’s nothing wrong with having fun pleasuring Mr. Canon.”

“There most certainly is!”

“No, Megan, there’s not. I want her to give me a blowjob.”

“Oh. Oh, I see. Well, if that’s what you want...”

“So I can, Mom? Really?”

“Of course you can. Make it a good one.”

“Now I should warn you, I’ve never sucked anyone’s dick before – pardon my French – even though my ex-friend Owen told all his friends that I did, but it was only a handjob and he came, like, right away. I guess he got embarrassed. Maybe that’s why he lied about it, so if I told anybody they’d think I was the one making stuff up? Boys are weird, Mr. Canon. Oh wow, you’re like, already hard! Well, here goes nmmfmm...!”

“Mind your teeth, sweetheart.”

Megan had sat by, smiling dotingly and offering the occasional sage bit of blowjob wisdom as her daughter did her best to get me off. It was a far cry from Abbie and Taylor’s tag-team a few hours earlier, but it wouldn’t be much of a test of Megan’s loyalty if I didn’t push her limits. Cassie was caught off guard by my very telegraphed orgasm and coughed up all manner of jizz onto herself. Her mother gently scolded her for making a mess on my floor. Then, as Cassie tried to mumble an apology around a mouthful she hadn’t yet figured out she should swallow, Megan fuzzed her head and told her to toss her clothes in the laundry and she’d get the cum cleaned out for her before it stained.

Isa had been well and thoroughly satisfied that the girls would not constitute a breach of security. I’d agreed, then patted her ass and told her to get home and work on patching things up with Candy. She giggled, waited until I was done squeezing, then sashayed out of my house with a wink and a smile.

The new Isa was going to be a lot easier to get along with. *Making Mr. Canon happy is my second priority*, read fresh papers in my home office, right under the original outlining her first priority as my protector. I’d had her go two hundred times, for good measure. Bitch.

Candy’s judgmental glances and Taylor’s sulkiness were the only burrs left in my saddle, but those could play out. The former was probably a good check on my impulses,

reminding me where the lines were supposed to be. As for the latter, it was nothing short of the sexiest thing in my world.

That morning, as Mrs. Horen explained the newest wave of modifications to our curriculum-standards re-alignment that would be necessary under HB 117, I was monitoring Taylor's progress on my posted assignment exploring bias and propaganda. Her letters appeared on my screen as she worked. She typed faster than I would have thought for someone who copy-pasted most of their essay paragraphs.

Hi, Mr. Canon, she typed after a few minutes. She must have noticed I was logged into her assignment. The words were immediately backspaced. Smart girl. No traces, on the off chance another teacher happened to do the same.

Morning, Ms. Stern. How goes the e-learning? I followed suit, deleting my message after I saw her cursor move past it.

*Same s***, different day. (yw for not cussing btw)*

I chuckled softly, then looked around to make sure nobody had noticed. *See? I told you that you were teachable.*

oh I'm sure you're getting teacher of the year for sure

Oh, come now, you know I don't do it for the awards.

trust me I know better than anyone what you get out of it

She sure did. Oh, how I wanted to leave this meeting so I could have her show me what she was wearing. Was she still in her pajamas? Did she even wear pajamas?

Just the smile on my students' faces is reward enough for me, Taylor. I deleted again, but then quickly added, *And just because today is e-learning day doesn't mean you're off the hook after school.*

Don't you think it'll be weird if I'm the only student in the entire school...?

We can do it at my house. I'll park on the street and leave the garage open for you. 3:15 sharp.

Fine. The word disappeared almost as soon as she typed it. *Do I need to bring anything?*

I'll provide required materials.

Any one?

I thought immediately of Abbie. She'd be elated to be allowed to come back over to my house. An elated Abbie was a thing to behold. At my house, we could make all the noise we wanted, finally let her be as wild and unrestrained as she wanted. The girl probably had a dozen fresh fantasies she wanted to play out, and would have parts for Taylor in half of them. She'd likely want Cassie over, too. Not that I had any idea what to do with that many tits and asses all at once. Abbie probably had ideas.

Just yourself.

I closed the window.

Once there was something to look forward to, the day was suddenly crawling by. Every inane bullet point was agony. When we broke up into departments, it was a fight to project proper attentiveness and collegiality. During our lunch break, despite the rare privilege of permission to eat off-campus, I instead made my way up to Ms. Salata's room. Maybe it would cheer me up.

Part of me hoped she'd chew me out for what I'd done to Megan and Cassie last night. It might be helpful to be reminded where the lines were supposed to be.

"Afternoon, Candy," I said as I closed her door behind me. She looked to be in the middle of updating her bulletin board. Being sufficiently caught up on work to have time to fritter away on such things with weeks to go in the year seemed unthinkable. Must be nice not to teach a subject with standardized tests that the state ignored when it came to funding.

"Afternoon," she returned. Seeing the door was shut gave her freedom for some candor. "So I heard you took care of the Cassie situation?"

"That I did. Isa filled you in on the details, I take it."

"Yeah." I almost missed the impish grin on her face until she turned to pick up her stapler. "Eventually."

It took me aback, but if she was in a good mood, I wasn't about to go out of my way to request a tongue lashing. "Eventually? Why, you two had something more pressing to talk about?"

"Can it, Canon. She told me you sent her back early to smooth things over between us."

"The least I owed the two of you."

She seemed to be looking for the staple remover; I retrieved it from the corner of her desk and ferried it over. "Yeah, well, you're not wrong. Not gonna lie, some of the stuff you pulled Sunday... you got issues, buddy."

"Yeah, that's probably true."

"Probably shmobbably. You were out of line with Taylor before her sister ever even got involved."

I frowned. "How do you figure? Before I had to dose them to cover for having the stuff at all, all I was doing was trying to drag her to the stage for graduation. I was only thinking of—"

"You spent thousands of dollars on a black market drug to force her to spend an hour alone with you every day. And if you don't understand how fucked up that is, you're farther gone than I thought you are."

I stepped back and sat on top of one of the student desks. "Yeah, I know."

"So why? Did you really think you were going to fix a grade A brat like Taylor Stern? Or was there more to it?"

“Would that be so wrong? Come on, you’re almost a year into this gig. Don’t tell me you haven’t seen anybody whose neck you wanted to wring until you saved them.”

“Sure I have. But I didn’t drug them and lock them in a room with me to do it.”

She let me think in peace for a bit. Or maybe she was just more focused on her work. The truth of it was, I didn’t know why I’d done it. I wanted to believe it had started because I wanted to help her. Save her from herself. But I’d wanted something else, too. She’d pushed me, bullied me, teased me, and... there was no denying that played a part. But I’d had other shitheads in class, too. Matt, two years ago... if someone had treated me the way he had in any other context, I’d have thrown fists, yet with Matt, I wouldn’t have given a moment’s thought to serenexing him into compliance. He’d failed, made it up with Mr. Posener in summer school, and the world had spun on without my giving him a second thought.

Could a fantastic body really make that much difference?

“We are where we are now, anyway,” I said at last. “And as a history teacher, you don’t need any reminders that we can’t go back and undo the past.”

“That I don’t. And... if I tell you something, do you swear not to tell anybody?”

“Even Isa?”

“Especially Isa.” She walked up to me and, to my complete shock, flicked me right in the fly! “I’m not sure I want to undo it. There’s no point pretending I didn’t have fun Sunday, and whether or not I ever would have initiated it, teaching a couple bigots to be a little more open-minded and sex-positive felt good. I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and maybe our glass is half full, not empty. Maybe it’s more than half, even.”

I arched an eyebrow. “How do you figure?”

“You don’t think those girls will be better off with us being able to push them this hard towards a right direction? You’re not wrong that if you hadn’t intervened, Taylor wouldn’t have finished high school. She was failing three required classes with only weeks on the clock. Abbie is even worse. That kid was probably bound for juvie.”

“So you’re saying that justified us taking advantage of them?”

“Of course not. But... nobody got hurt, aside from Isa’s taser, which we talked about and won’t happen again. In fact, I dare say everybody got the opposite of hurt.”

“Yeah. I guess not. Feels... weird, sometimes, but maybe you’re right. Though I am sorry about the other thing. You know, before.”

“You mean that stunt you pulled in the shower, watching me like that? Eh. That was actually... yeah.” I didn’t miss a little grin. “Not that I’m inviting you to do it again,” she added quickly.

“Really? Little exhibitionist streak in you?”

“More like a two year streak since I’ve been with a man. Don’t get me wrong – I’m happy with Isa, like ninety percent of the time. But there’s nothing quite like a cock.”

“Hey, any time you–”

“I’ll do what I have to because of the Serenex, same as you. But where that’s concerned, let’s hold off until the next lesson, all right? Assuming there is another lesson planned.” She turned, anticipation plain. “Is there?”

“Of course there is.” There was now, anyway.

“Good. I... don’t suppose Cassie is now enrolled in our little course?”

Oh, right. I’d forgotten they were close already from the volleyball team. “I’m sure that can be arranged, thanks to Abbie.”

“Good. That girl has a lot to learn.” She grinned. “I’ll make sure I have something special planned for her. As for you... don’t be surprised if you get a dinner invitation some night this week.”

“Dinner invitation?”

“Isa knows I’ve been missing a man’s touch, and... well, after the way she freaked out on me the other day just for doing what the Serenex made me do... as part of her apology, she’s become a bit more amenable to certain... arrangements.”

“Oh, so dinner invitation is code for—”

“Dinner. Something yummy.”

“I can’t wait.”

With that, I left her to it. For a while, I was stumped by her change of heart. I guess getting to fuck Abbie Stern has a way of bringing one around. Besides, not like lusting after hot young women was something I had a monopoly on. So much for trusting her to be my conscience. Even my parting words to her had been a lie.

There was only one encounter I couldn’t wait for.

“Abbie’s fucking pissed,” said Taylor as she let herself in via the door to the garage. She looked... normal. More normal than she usually did even in school. Jean shorts, a shirt striped in green and blue under an unzipped hoodie, tennis shoes. Her hair was damp. She must have showered. Her makeup was neither absent nor conspicuous. Her curves made even the drab outfit pop, but objectively, she was as casual as someone with that body could be.

“I was a little surprised she didn’t invite herself along,” I said, gesturing for her to take a seat wherever. I’d tidied up a little, but only a little. I hadn’t even had time to change out of my work clothes.

“She probably would have, but I told her I wasn’t leaving for another half hour yet, then bugged out early and shut my phone off. She’s the boss, not the mistress.”

“Has it been hard, all that?”

“All what? Abbie? She’s as big of a bitch as ever.”

“Yeah, but with tha whole new ‘boss’ dynamic.”

“Oh, that. You know how it is. Feels normal, even if you know it’s fucking weird. She hasn’t been too bad about it. Can’t make me do her chores without weirding out mom and dad, and obviously we can’t let them suspect anything’s up. And she might be a cunt, but we’re still sisters.”

“Were you two close before all this?”

Her eyes narrowed. “Is this today’s assignment, being grilled about my sister?”

“I’m just trying to get to know you, Taylor. Making conversation.”

“You need to get to know a girl to fuck her now or something?”

“What makes you think this has anything to do with that?”

She arched a brow incredulously. “Right, you just made me come over to your house, alone, with nothing, in secret, to *not* fuck me.”

“I really just wanted to talk, Taylor.”

“I’d have an easier time believing you if you weren’t staring at my pussy while you said it.”

She had me there. “Sorry. Just... you have nice legs is all. That’s what I was looking at, not... Whatever. It probably doesn’t make a difference.”

“Not really, no.”

“Look, I know things have been... intense. Let me ask you though, in all sincerity... are you doing OK?”

“Would it make any difference if I said ‘no’?”

I heaved a sigh. This was what I got for trying to show a little humanity with her. She had a way of shredding my patience that was unparalleled. “It certainly never made any difference to you, all the times I said no.”

“What? When did I ever ask you to lay a finger on me?” She laughed the familiar cruel Taylor laugh at the mere idea she might ever have entertained such a thought.

“I don’t mean that. I mean when I said no don’t plagiarize. Don’t talk over me in class. Don’t draw on my desks. Don’t copy your neighbor’s answers. Don’t pelt people in the head with your friggin’ chapstick.”

She gasped. “Language, Mr. Canon!”

“I’m not trying to justify what I did. I shouldn’t need to anyway, since if it hadn’t been for your sister, I never would have done it in the first place. But I was there, Taylor, and you can say whatever you want, but that was real.”

“What? You shoving your dick in my mouth? Making me suck Abbie’s tits? Because that lying bitch made that shit up about me being turned on, yo. I’m not some weak-ass blowjob queen, and I sure as shit don’t get off on another chick’s boobs.”

“No. Well, yes, but I meant at Ms. Salata’s house Sunday. You and me. You were into that every bit as much as I was.”

Taylor studied her fingernails, huffed irritably. “Whatever you need to tell yourself, C-dawg.”

“Dammit, Taylor, just be straight with me!” I took to my feet. “I know what I know. You were more turned on than any woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Maybe ‘cause you’ve never seen—”

I held up a hand. “Save it. But if you didn’t like it, then... I don’t even know what that means. Did Abbie do something to you? I’m not stupid. I know we were both out of it for a while on... god, was that only Friday night? Did she put something else in your head, something she didn’t tell me about?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. Frankly, after what you pulled this weekend, I wondered the same about you.”

I realized I was looming, and sat down on the far end of the couch from her. I could smell her shampoo, this close. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean, have you looked at yourself lately? Before that Serenex shit, you were probably the biggest pussy I ever met. No offense. But check you out now, brah. Now you got Abbie and Cassie as your fuckbunnies, me as your whatever, teacher hottie and slut cop who do whatever you say.”

She failed to mention Megan, but I didn’t correct her oversight. “And?”

“Like, you’re making a fucking harem. You know that, right?”

“A harem? What on earth are you talking about?”

“All right, go ahead and name all the dudes and the non-hotties you’ve used that spray on so far. Go ahead. I’ll wait.”

Her rhetoric was on point, but it didn’t make her right. “If our school employed a male resource officer with a boyfriend, I would have used it on them. If my next door neighbor had been a boy, I would have used it on him. Yes, it fits a pattern, but correlation does not imply causation.”

“All right. So you’re saying the only one you first degree Serenexed was me?”

“‘First degree’? What’s that mean?”

“Premeditation, Mr. C. I watch a lot of serial killer shit. Try to keep up.”

That made more sense than I wanted it to. Still, on analysis, she was actually right, at least in spirit. Yes, I’d planned the dosing of Isa and Cassie, but really, it was like I’d said – I’d dosed a police officer because I’d needed one and what I’d thought was a blackmailer in self-defense. The only person I’d ever set out to use Serenex on because of who they were was Taylor.

“I suppose you’re right. What of it?”

“Well, why? You obviously didn’t know what the stuff did all this when you started. You just thought it made people put up with your bullshit. I heard you bitching about how expensive it was for your poor ass, so... why? Why spend all that just to make me be willing to do your stupid homework?”

In essence, it was the same question Candy had asked me during lunch. The same question I'd asked myself all afternoon. But it wasn't until right now, with Taylor herself in front of me, that I had an answer.

"Why you? All right. There is a part of it that was just me trying to get you to graduate. I can't tell you how frustrating it is watching you flush your education down the toilet because being smart isn't cool."

She groaned. "Oh my fucking god, not this bullshit again."

"But," I went on quickly, "you're right. I wouldn't have bought that stuff for any other student but you. Hell, I could have bought a used car for that amount. A decent one. But I did. For you." I tapped her on the knee.

"Because...?" She gestured impatiently.

I scooted closer, halving the gap between us. She noted it warily. "Because you're a fucking bitch, Taylor."

Her eyes widened. Clearly, that had not been what she'd expected. "Excuse me?!"

"I'm serious. You treat people badly. Use people, manipulate people, bully people. And you get away with all of it, because you have a gorgeous face and a body that was frankly made for underwear modeling. People give you a pass because the way you show off your tits and your legs reminds them on a daily basis that as big of a cunt as you can be, they'd still forget all about it in a heartbeat if you let them into your panties."

It was her turn to stand, exasperated. "What, you're slut-shaming me for how I dress now? Like I have a hot face and big tits and don't hide it, so that makes what you did OK or something?!"

"I'm not talking about what I did. And you know I'm not slut-shaming. Have you ever once seen me enforce the dress code? For the love of... Do you not remember when you were wearing that short dress, the beige one with the red flowers, and you kept trying to sit on the stool in the front of the room? You whined half the class period to be allowed to sit there. Was a backless plastic stool really so comfortable, or can you just admit you like flaunting your body?"

"There's nothing wrong with it if I do!" she shouted.

I wasn't about to let her shout down at my face. Not in my own home. Not any more. I stood up and got right in her face. "I'm not saying it's wrong! I'm just saying it worked!"

"What? What worked?!"

"Making me want to fuck you more than anyone I've ever met no matter how much I despise you!"

She froze, and for a moment I really thought she was going to knee me in the balls. Instead, she slowly broke out in a smug grin. "Is that right?"

"Oh, don't gloat. It's beneath even you. You have to know that you're the top of every hate-fuck list of every guy who's ever made one. You or that sister of yours."

“No no, don’t deflect, C-dawg.”

“I’ve told you not to call me that.”

“Yeah, but you know me. I’m bad at listening to teachers. You say ‘don’t,’ and I say...”

The girl was sidling closer, and there was no missing the flirtatious way she was doing it. “What are you doing.”

“Making you uncomfortable.”

It was working, all right. I took a step back. “What... what’s come over you? I just told you I hate you.”

“Yeah ya did.” Her fingers lanced out and grasped my shirt, preventing my retreat. “And that you wanna fuck me, like I told you when I showed up, like you pretended you didn’t.”

“I don’t understand this.”

“It’s simple. There’s two things I want from a guy. The first one?” She started working on the buttons, but while she did, her lips ascended to my ear. I could feel them on my skin when she whispered. “I want to be worshipped like a goddess.”

I shrugged the shirt off my shoulders and let her get to work on my belt as I went to work on her shorts. Pink panties. Bright fucking pink. As pink as the pussy inside them. “And the second one?”

My pants went down. Underwear, too. I attacked her shirt next. A black bra. It looked amazing. A moment later, it looked even more amazing on my living room floor. There was no more waiting left in me. I threw her down to the couch, pouncing after mouth-first. When I came up for air, her eyes flared indignantly at the rough handling, but only for a moment. At least, only a moment as far as I knew, because then I’d flipped her upside down and hefted her hips into a doggy style position, leaving her to rest on the side of her face.

“You need to clean this fucking couch, man,” she griped.

“And you need to order some new underwear pretty quick.” I tore the waistband of these at both hips. The right one almost didn’t tear, but before it could transition from discomfort to pain, those stitches yielded their treasure. She was naked now except for a gold-colored necklace.

“I swear, I don’t understand what the fuck you have against my panties,” Taylor grunted.

“I have nothing against them. They’re just in the way of *this*.” This time I adjusted her so she was standing facing the couch, hands braced on the wall behind it. There it was, two exquisitely sculpted ass cheeks, and between them, Taylor Stern’s pussy. I dove in.

“I told you you were a pervert,” she spat out between moans.

With my tongue swirling her clit and my nose trying to bury itself in her slit, I started banging her ass like a bongo. She wailed indignantly, but that only made me go harder. Not that she tried to stop me. The closest Taylor came to resistance was when her legs turned to jelly as she came.

“Told you,” she panted, “you brought me over here to fuck me.” She was on her knees now, her face planted back in the couch cushions.

Two fingers slid inside her, grazing her inner tightness. “Feels to me like you came over here to get fucked.”

Her hips pumped slowly back against my hand. “You’re the one who’s making me do this, asshole.”

My fingers slid in and out of her like a hot knife through butter. Warm, soft, melty, fuckable butter. “You mean, making you come? Because you’re welcome. I’ll admit this isn’t what I was aiming for when I set out to touch my students’ lives, but... I suppose this will have to do.”

“Mothafucka you trying to act like you settling?” The snarl on her face as she tried to look back at me was almost dauntingly sincere-looking. “Like you’re ever gonna get your hands on a piece of tail like me ever again?”

I withdrew my fingers, then seized her tits and pulled her upright against me, squeezing them hard. Her nipples jutted out into my palms. “Like your sister?”

“If you wanted Abbie as bad as you want me, you’d have her ‘fantasy whore’ ass over here right now instead of mine.” With impressive grace, Taylor reached back and grasped the back of my head, roughly forcing my lips down to hers.

With my cock rubbing up and down the crack of her ass, Taylor gasped when I bent it down to rest between her thighs, letting it press meaningfully along all those wonderful bits along the way. “You know you just called yourself a whore, right?”

“My bad,” she breathed. Was she trying to trick my cock inside her? Her hips writhed to some unseen rhythm. “Whores get paid, don’t they? Don’t know what that makes me then.”

I obliged her, finding the spot and slamming it home in a thrust so forceful it momentarily lifted her knees off the ground altogether. Her back arched, and for the first few seconds, my student’s scream was silent. I held her there until she ran out of air, trailing off into a guttural moan. Then I swept aside that mass of still-damp hair and put my lips right in her ear.

“Taylor, you never pay attention to my vocab lessons. I already told you what you are, and I don’t believe I said ‘whore.’” The thrusts began, and she wailed again in bliss. “You’re a bitch.”

I could hardly believe my own stamina that evening. Then again, it was fueled by Taylor's insufferable attitude. Every time we let up for more than a few minutes, she found some way to get my hackles up.

Your place looks like you decorated it with shit from the dumpster behind Goodwill lead to throwing the two of us to the floor, finally fucking face to face with her hair splayed out on the faux hardwood floor of the dining room. It seemed so unfair that someone so terrible could be so beautiful, but then again, if life were fair, she wouldn't be fucking me in the first place.

You're not tiny or anything, but you're not as hung as Abbie says you are converted a brief use of her mouth to clean my dick off into a full-blown blowjob. I let her outburst over having me give her a facial slide, at least until she brought it up again later when she found a bit dried into her hair. That gave her an hour crouching under the table in my office slowly jacking me off while I pretended I was getting some grading done. In actuality, I was mostly texting Abbie to discuss some of her ideas for what we might try the next time we got together. The mere suggestion that we could have Taylor roleplay being our maid almost pushed me over the edge by itself.

Heya, Mr. Canon! I just wanted to say I had a lot of fun learning to suck your cock yesterday, and now I'm thinking about it a lot and I'm really (REALLY) horny, which is weird because I don't normally get like this, but maybe it's because of that chemical stuff you talked about? but anyway I wanted to say if you're bored or horny or anything you could totally call me over to pleasure you. it would be super fun! kthx!

That was from Cassie, obviously, but Taylor snatched my phone away when she saw the name on the text and read too much of it too quickly to bother stopping her from reading it all. Then I got to hear a whole diatribe about what a perky pig I was, using all these innocent high school girls the way I was. To which I responded that I'd had sex with four women in my life to date, including her; that she was no more innocent than I was; that if she'd like me to do something less innocent, she still had one more hole I hadn't touched. In the end, I kept to the usual one, with her moaning and complaining and coming all the while.

I left Cassie on read.

"What time is it?" I mumbled into her hair after collapsing on top of her sweaty naked body, both of us exhausted.

"The fuck should I know? And I can't reach my phone because your hairy ass is crushing me."

I rolled over, and after a moment she crawled across the bed to get to the nightstand. "8:45. Fuck. I was supposed to be home for dinner at seven." She rolled back over until she was draped over the top of me, one powerful thigh rubbing back and forth across my flagging manhood, then began typing out a text to her mom. It looked to be

some lie about getting caught up watching a movie at her friend Justin's house. I'd had both of them in class together the year before. It had been hell.

After hours of her vitriol, the tenderness of her proximity caught me by my surprise. "What the heck are you doing, Taylor?" I ran a hand over her naked body to clarify.

She finished her message and hit send, then looked up at me, annoyed. "You fucked me like forty fucking times in half the rooms in the house and had me kneel on the dirty floor to jack you off. But you're right, a little cuddling crosses the line. God, you're a shit heel."

She started to roll away, but let an arm around her shoulder mollify her. Or maybe it was just the Serenex. Who knew. "Fine. Sorry."

Her phone buzzed after a minute. "Shit," she grumbled after reading. "Mom wants me home."

I kissed her. "One more go. Ten minutes, tops."

"Considering it took even my sexified ass that long to get you hard again after last time, I think that shit's some fairy tale optimism, C-dawg. Plus I gotta wash up a little so I don't go home with dirty knees and smelling like my teacher's cum-sweat."

I laughed. "What on earth is cum-sweat?"

She grinned. "I don't even fucking know any more. Now come on, lemme go. You know you can molest me again whenever you want, you old perv."

"Except now, apparently." I gave one nipple a parting pinch; Taylor held for it, eyes closed, until I stopped. The sound of water issued from the bathroom; the only thing stopping me from going into that shower and taking as many minutes as I damn well pleased was Abbie's prohibition against letting someone discover our relationship. If I went in there, we'd be in there until the water heater gave out.

Once we were dressed again – except her shredded pink panties – I walked her to the garage. "You know, you never said what the second thing was."

Taylor dug in her purse for her keys. "What second thing?"

"You said there were two things you wanted from a man. To be worshipped like a goddess, you said, but you never said the other."

Taylor let herself into her car. She nearly slipped, her thighs were so wobbly. The car started so loudly in the confined space it literally made me jump. Was she not going to answer?

But as she backed out, her window rolled down. "Duh, Mr. C. Same thing every goddess wants. To be fucked by a god." Then she winked, flipped me off, and drove away.

Fairy tale optimism, my ass. I fished my phone out of my pocket, the most recent text still on the screen. *Get over here.*

I stopped myself before I put it away. *And wear pink panties.*

Part Ten: One on One Conferencing

“Morning, Mr. Canon!”

The truth was I had already been awake for several minutes by that point, thanks to the gentle but unceasing dedication of Cassie’s tongue, but I was only now letting myself open my eyes. It was the first time in my life a woman had ever awakened me with a blowjob. I have to say, it sure beat the hell out of an alarm.

“Good morning, Cassie.” I flashed her a smile and helped hold her hair back out of her face while she kept at it. It was a little chilly without the sheets. The thermostat was programmed to cool off a little in the morning hours to facilitate my waking up process, which was still working. In fact, just to make sure we hadn’t overslept I snatched my phone off the nightstand and made sure. Only 5:35. Wouldn’t even go off for another ten minutes. I silenced it early and let Cassie take its place.

Sweet, relaxing silence. The whole reason I woke up so early on weekdays, so I could take my time on myself before I had to worry about the rest of the world. Nothing to do but read the news, maybe play a video game for a bit, anything but think about being a teacher and listening to students.

Well, just one student maybe, but she had her mouth full.

“So now that you’re awake, do you want to finish in my cha-cha, or should I keep using my mouth?” she asked. Not unlike the grueling pace of her handwriting, her words took forever to get out as well. Only this time, it was on account of liberal slathering of my cock with her saliva, so it was easier to be patient.

“Dealer’s choice,” I mumbled after a moment to clear my throat. My real preference had been for her to continue as she was, but telling the girl to essentially shut up and blow me felt crass.

Cassie giggled, then gagged when she tried to go down too far, then coughed on my leg, then licked some more, then responded. “Dealer’s choice? What does that mean?”

“It means you pick. I’m happy either way.”

“Oh! Is that about dealing drugs? Because I remember that one time I came over to return your hedge trimmers but your shed was locked so I had to come in and get you to unlock it, and you were watching that show *The Wire*, and you said it was one of the best shows, and then I tried to – *UNNNNGGGGGGGH HOLY JEEBERS THAT TINGLES* – to watch it with you, but I didn’t understand anything they were saying.”

“No. It’s for cards. Like poker.”

“Dealing cards! Oh geez, do I feel dumb now. Man. So, um, I’m s’posed to just sort of wiggle up and down, right? Because I watched a TON of porn yesterday afternoon to get caught up on this whole ‘booty call’ gig, and it looked like that was what the ladies

did. Do you watch porn, Mr. Canon? Because you wouldn't believe how much there is out there on the internet!"

"Um, sometimes."

"Like, I knew porn was out there, but my mom has all these blockers on our internet because Robby's a total weirdo. But then yesterday I came home and she goes 'Cassie don't tell your brother but I unblocked everything, and you need to learn a few things if you're gonna be any good to Mr. Canon.' It was SO uncomfortable, but after she pointed me to a few sites where I could kinda search and browse, she left me alone. But there was *everything* there, Mr. Canon. Like, *everything*."

"I think they call that rule 34."

"You have the rulebook memorized? Man, you're so smart, Mr. Canon. Or do all the teachers know that?"

"No, it's not a school rule. It's an internet thing."

"Geez, there's rules for porn? I don't think this site was following them. There were all kinds of stuff that was super gross and creepy. Like hidden cameras in bathrooms, and foot stuff, and old people..." Her eyes widened. "Not like *you* old, Mr. Canon, like *old* old. Like grandmas and grandpas and stuff."

"You know, Cassie, we do have school in a couple hours."

"Oh, right! Durr, Cassie, like he wants to sit around listening to you talk about you watching nasty porn and touching yourself for hours and hours while your mom gave you pointers on which things those porn ladies were doing that I should try out on you. Sorry, Mr. C. Kind of slow this morning." She patted my chest playfully as her hips started to move. The girl took it slowly, intuiting what worked and what didn't with incremental yet intensely satisfying movements. It was a fun transition from how I'd spend most of the previous evening; Taylor had known quite well how to use her body to create the right sorts of friction. But watching Cassie learn was wasn't such a step d-

"Huh, I guess I'm not a virgin any more." Oh, GOD. "Wild, huh? Guess I can't tell my friends, but man, wait 'til I tell Mom. She's gonna flip! Do you think I should... Um, Mr. Canon? Did you just...? Did I make you...?!"

Shit. Well that wasn't my most impressive showing. "Yeah, I guess I did."

There was a flutter of self-congratulatory clapping. "Oh wow! Wow, that's such a rush! No wonder my friends are always talking about how awesome sex is! Not all of them that is. Most of them are good girls, or they used to be. Mom says we're growing up too fast. But geez, that feels cool. Like it's squooshing around in me! Does... does it dribble out? Oh man, I don't wanna make a mess in your bed. I really like your sheets by the way. They're so soft."

"They're flannel. Wear out fast."

"Cool. I hope it's OK that I stayed the night, by the way, but you fell asleep so fast that I thought maybe that was what you'd wanted? I dunno. I texted Mom and she said

it was cool, though. Just between you and me, it's actually really fun to have somebody who can make Mom be chill about things. Sometimes it's like she thinks I'm a bad kid or something, with the tracky thingy on my phone and my stupid curfew and and making me take birth control even though before you I only ever made out with two boys, and I never even let them touch my boobs. Well, no, one of them did a little bit, but I decided that was special so I told him to stop pretty quick."

With our ninety-second bout of love-making already over, I rolled her off and hauled myself into a sitting position. She slipped a finger between her legs, sniffing at the traces of cum she dredged up. "I think I'm gonna take a shower, Cassie."

"Oh, yeah. I probably should, too, right? Do you want me to shower with you? I remember one time when I was in middle school I got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and I saw the TV was on so I went to see if I'd left it on because I didn't wanna get yelled at, but it was my dad, and he was asleep, but there was this porn on the TV, and it was shower sex. I didn't watch it for long, but now showers always sorta make me think of sex. I guess that's weird, huh? But they're such a naked place. That's my favorite place to masturbate, too. It can be hard not to lose my balance, but that's part of what I like about it, the challenge. I can't just GO GO GO because I'd slip and fall, so I sort of have to take my time, which is cool. Sometimes I come two or three times even, if I'm feeling super horny. Yesterday after practice I stayed in there until I came five times thinking about when you let me suck your cock. Pleasuring you is so fun. You're not gonna tell Mom I said that about my showers, are you? She gets cheesed that I use so much water already. If she knew I was petting Miss Kitty in there, it would be so weird."

"I'll take it to my grave."

After using the bathroom, I opened the door wordlessly. Cassie let herself right in. She was walking weird, stiff-legged and with her feet wide apart, as near as I could tell to make room for her hand to remain between her legs to catch anything that might dribble out. Good thing I'd already established she'd been on birth control. That had come out last night before I zonked out. I couldn't even guess what had been said to elicit the sharing of that information at this point.

"Sorry I look like a spaz, but I'm trying not to dribble. Oh cool, you have one of those overhead rain shower things! I've seen those on those home improvement shows Mom really likes, and I always thought they looked so cool, like you're in the rain, but you're in the bathroom. Don't you love the rain? It's so quiet and peaceful, you can just sit there and think. Oh, weird, I've never seen your cock when it's soft before. Is that normal? Is it still a cock when it's soft, or does cock mean hard? It still feels weird to say that word, but you used it so I guess if you like it, it's totally fine with me. Cock, cock, cocky cock. I can learn to use the porn words if you want, by the way. I just don't like how they sound, but maybe it's time to grow up and start saying pussy and dick and

titties.” She wrinkled her nose in distaste, then fed a little dribble of cum into her mouth. Her smile returned. “It’s so weirdly yummy. It’s like the taste of your happiness.”

The glass began to steam. I let myself into the shower, Cassie right on my heels. Once inside, she abandoned her silly-walking and let the cum dribble where it may. A twist of the shower head adjusted it from my usual narrow hard spray to a broader, gentler fall. That would get both of us better. I’d installed this fixture not long after I moved in here. I’d been dating Nicola at the time. She’d refused shower play because she complained that one person was always left out of the water, so I’d thought it would be romantic. Or sexy. Or something. In any event, it had turned out her disdain for shower sex additionally had something to do with my being in the shower. We’d broken up before I ever even told her I’d had it installed.

“Do you want me to wash you? Or do you wanna wash me? Sometimes when I’m imagining, while I’m you-know-whating myself, I think about a man washing me. I close my eyes and I picture his hands on my body. Massaging my neck, pulling me up against him and rubbing my tummy, then lower down from my tummy. Imagination man spends a lot of time rubbing there, to be honest. Is it OK that I have hair down there? A lot of the porn girls had theirs shaved off. Mom said I should think about it, but I figured I’d just ask. I think it might feel weird? But I like having my legs and armpits smooth, so maybe it’d be the same?”

“Sure, Cassie, give it a try. If you don’t like it, it grows back.”

She giggled. “Yeah, that’s a good point. Anyway, I didn’t mean to make it sound like I only wanted you to touch my cha-cha. You could touch my body anywhere you want to. If you just wanna squish my boobs, that’s super cool. I know guys really like my boobs. They’re sort of annoying, though. Like, I know they’re not huge, but it’s track season right now and they’re such a pain to run with, and I bet I would make way better times if I were flatter. Do you think they’re too big? I’ve never really let a guy look at them before, so I’m real curious what you think. I love that I have a guy I can just show my boobs to and ask his opinion! Man, you should have done this to me years ago. Well no, years ago my boobs weren’t very big yet, and also I was underaged so that would be way weird, but yeah. So what do you think? Too big?”

My head had been leaning against my arms, my arms leaning against the wall, but I looked over. Cassie’s hands were on her hips, back arched to thrust those things out as far as they would go. They looked great on her, a little too big for her trim figure, but in a good way. Drew the eyes. She stood by, posing, until I muttered a response. “You have nice tits, Cassie.”

She giggled, pleased. “Cool. ‘Tits.’ I never used to like that word before, but it’s *everywhere* in porn, I found out. Maybe I should get on board, now that I’m officially a woman and all? I dunno. Feels dirrrrrty though. But maybe dirty is good. I’m not sure. I watched this one porn video titled ‘dirty little teen whore gets the ass-fucking she

deserves,' and it probably wasn't for me. I couldn't come watching that girl get her booty badumped. Not until the next one where this stepbrother and stepsister were doing sex stuff while their parents were out of town. Which sounds SO gross I know, but I figured since you had me and Mom and the Sterns like this, maybe that was something you were into so I should check it out. It turns out their being steps didn't even matter, they just mentioned it in the opening scene and then he was like 'you're so hot, I wanna fuck' and she was like 'no you're my brother' and he was like 'c'mon' and she was like 'ok.' After that it was pretty much normal porn. Kinda boring, actually, except the boy was really hot in that one. Is that something you're into, Mr. Canon? Do you think you'll have me and Mom double up with you? She said it'd be cool with her, and if it'd pleasure you, I guess there's nothing wrong with it. It'd probably be fun, actually. If you wanted. Do you?"

"I don't really know, Cassie. Never tried it." Yet. Technically. If I didn't properly fuck Abbie soon, she was going to drug me again and make me. I hadn't yet discounted bringing Taylor on board. I didn't know if it turned me on because they were sisters (step or otherwise), or because they were Taylor and Abbie.

"Here, let me wash you. You look super tired. Is it better if I wash you to do a good job, or just to be gropy? I kinda wanna be gropy about it because I'm crazy horny after that sex we had. The best sex I ever had, right?" She giggled hysterically. "But if you're too tired, I understand. You slept like the dead, though. I got up to pee at one point and I was super sneaky about it because I didn't wanna wake you, except then I tripped over my own shoe and like kuh-*rashed* into the wall really hard, but you didn't even stop snoring." She giggled. "But when I got back into bed, you kept snoring, except you rolled over and started squishing my boobs around. You did that for like an hour. It was AWESOME. I was so bummed when you rolled over and stopped fondling them. I guess it was good because I needed my sleep because I have a test in third period. Anyway that's why I was so horny this morning. I guess I really like being touched, I'm learning. Bet you never thought you'd teach a student something like that, huh?"

Cassie pressed her body against my back as she talked, massaging body wash into my skin. She'd elected a "gropy" wash without my bothering to answer, but she was nevertheless thorough about it. More attention was dedicated to my reinvigorating shaft than elsewhere, but no flesh was left unsudsed. At some point she broke contact. The sound of her squirting out more behind my back followed. Then she was back, and from the way her body glided frictionlessly against mine, it was clear she was using her torso as well as her hands as a sponge. Cassie was getting everything her breasts could reach, cupping them in her hands and spot cleaning my backside inch by inch. I'd never felt a woman's nipple roaming up and down the crack of my ass before. I didn't know how to feel about it. It wasn't six o'clock yet, though, so I didn't have to feel anything. The usual deal I'd made with myself concerning these morning hours.

“Guess not.”

“You know, you’re such a good listener, Mr. Canon. You just let me say anything and you don’t judge me. I really appreciate that, you know? I’m really shy around most people, and people act like I have nothing to say, but there’s all this stuff inside me and sometimes I wanna scream it out, but I feel like people would think I was weird or something. But with you I feel like I have to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It’s scary sometimes, saying stuff out loud that I never told anybody. Like remember last night when I told you that I loved the taste of your cum so much I wished they made a salad dressing out of it? It felt really slutty to say, but cum is sort of the flavor version of the emotion that goes with pleasuring you, which is super fun, and I just love it. I bet a lot of guys would think I was sort of a slut for talking like that, but you just let me keep blowing you like you were totally OK with me. Then this morning when you let me have sex with you for a bit, and by the way we can totally do that again if you wanted more. I for sure do, but I’m starting to think maybe now that I’m your personal booty call maybe I just always want more? Because I for sure have the past few days. Geez, maybe I *am* a dirty teen whore who deserves an ass-fucking.” Her giggled echoed around the shower chamber.

I remembered. I hadn’t said anything at the time because it had made me realize she was also slurping Taylor’s cum off of my shaft and I didn’t want to gross her out. Plus I’d supposed she may as well get used to the taste early if this was going to be a recurring thing. I’d already given up any hope of summoning the willpower to prevent that from happening. From here on out, I meant for that to be my cock’s regular flavor. If I got my way, I’d fuck Taylor every day of the week and ten times on Sundays. And it looked like I was in a position to get my way.

“Anyway, do you wanna?”

“Huh? Do I wanna what?”

Her point was made visually before it was elucidated vocally as I craned my neck around. Cassie had both hands planted on the far wall of the shower, water splashing down the lines of her deeply arched back. Her ass was on display, the very one I’d tried not to notice when I attended school volleyball games with her mother. Cassie’s feet were set wide enough that all the space between was displayed, the whole of her ripe for the taking.

“Do you wanna ass-fuck me? I loosened it up some yesterday, so I dunno if it’s ready, but we can totally try.”

I stood, using a hand to shield the water from falling in my eyes so I could stare. Gape. Leer. “Loosened it up?”

“Yeah, when I saw how much porn there was for ass-fucking – sorry, I know that sounds super dirty – I figured if I was gonna be your personal bootycall, it’d be pretty dumb not to have my booty ready if you called on it.” She snorted. “Sorry, teacher pun.

So anyway, you wanna have sex with my butt, Mr. Canon? I'll do my best. I've had a bunch of boys say stuff about how they like my butt. It's usually really creepy, but I do work out a lot and I think it looks pretty good. If you wanted to say stuff about my butt you could, and I don't think it'd be creepy at all. The opposite of creepy. Sometimes my imagination boy will say stuff about me and I actually get even squooshier down there. He'll be like, 'Cassie, your butt looks so awesome tonight, leg day paid off bigtime,' and I'll say – but in my head, not like out loud – 'you can touch it if you want.' It's not like the porn stuff, but it makes me come really hard when guys are romantic like that." Finally realizing I hadn't touched her, she looked back, but her ass stayed poised and spread for me. "Well, Mr. Canon? Are you gonna ass-fuck me?"

I closed the short distance between us. Her head turned back toward the wall, but not before a giddy smile stole onto her face. Cassie's buttocks rippled, the streams of water finding new runnels, as she broadened her stance further. Her legs were so long that even spread apart like this, her ass was even with my crotch. She whimpered as my cock nestled between her wide-spread cheeks. I took my time aiming at my target, savoring each microspasm of pleasure that jolted through her lithe young body.

At the last minute, I readjusted. "This will be fine for today, Cassie. But keep working on the loosening. You never know."

Taylor would have made some bitchy remark. Abbie would snarked that it was about time. But Cassie's reaction was, per my idiotically inflicted compulsion to truthfulness, truthful. The whole truth.

Which, I was realizing, was not an ambiguous term for Cassie Brown.

"Wow, I love how you feel in my cha-cha! Is that weird to say? But seriously, it's so awesome! It feels *really* good. I think shower sex might be even more fun than bed sex. Though I guess bed sex was kinda short. Was that short? It felt short. Not that I'm criticizing or anything. Did that sound witchy? I didn't mean it to, I swear! I bet if a hot guy woke me up giving me a girl-blowjob or whatever that I'd be super ready to whoomp it up too. Oh man now I sound conceited. I don't mean like I'm so super hot or anything – I know Abbie and Taylor are like insanely hot, so I'm like totally bleh next to them – but I just mean, you know, I don't think I'm *ugly* or anything. Gosh, that's *really*, *REALLY* good, though. I think I really like sex, Mr. Canon. At least with you. I don't think I wanna go out and start doing it all over the place, but this is super great. Are you having fun? I hope so. I feel like I don't really know what to do, like I'm just sorta standing here letting you stuff my cha-cha and squish my boobs around. Can I like squeeze it or something? No... no, I don't think so. Like, *something* is moving, but I don't think I'm squeezing. Or would that hurt? Sorry, Mr. Canon, I'll do some more porn research and see. Or maybe Mom knows. I know I sound so dumb about sex and all. I'm sorry. I promise I'll do better once I get some study and practice and all. That's what Coach Salata says, work like it's game day so when it's game day it's not work. Or

something. I think I said that wrong. Oh GAWSH I like that – that thing with my nubbin, I mean. That's AWESOME. My friend Quan – I think she has you for English – she was just ranting the other day in this post about how how awful it is sex ed doesn't teach about female pleasure. I guess they did back in your day, huh? You seem to know it really good. Or no, really well. I always mix that up. Geez, I like your hand down there. You don't have to keep doing it just because I like it. I really do though. Wow. Oh wow. Wow wow wow wow wowowow..."

With her body going slack in my arms, I let up before she slipped and hurt herself. Wouldn't that be fun to explain to Megan. *Sorry, your daughter has a concussion because I made her come too hard in the shower this morning right after I took her virginity. I guess she'd never been fingered while a guy fucked her from behind in the shower before.* The woman tried to blackmail me to cover her debts; just think how much fun a fat hospital bill would be to cover my over-stimulating her firstborn's clit.

"Gosh, sorry, Mr. Canon. That was... wow. You can do that to me any time. I mean, you can pretty much do whatever to me any time, since I'm your personal booty call and all. Nothing wrong with that. But I definitely liked that. I guess that's the perk of learning sex from a grown-up, right? Like, I–"

All right, that was crossing the line. "Dammit, Cassie, please do not refer to me as a 'grown-up' when I'm the middle of...!"

She snort-laughed. "Yeah, I guess we're all kids at heart, right Mr. Canon?"

The *shcrack* of my hand slapping down on her dripping wet ass reverberated around the shower. "Just shut up and let me fuck you, OK, Cassie?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Canon."

Finally, some quiet. I held my position a moment, basking in the snug grip of her breathtakingly innocent grip on my shaft. There was no rush. We'd gotten up early. The shower only gave me twenty, maybe twenty-five good minutes of hot water before it kicked me out. That meant I still had plenty of time to savor her, to drag out my satisfaction at my leisure. After my e-learning day, I was all set for first period, so I didn't need to be at school for well over an hour. All the time in the world to enjoy a leisurely bout of–

"I really like this position, I think. My behind is my good side, everyone says, so it feels kinda sexy to be showing it to you. And like, with my face mashed up against the wall like this, I can close my eyes and let my imagination help, too. Not that I need imagination man. Honestly, I think I so prefer you to him. Your cock is so hard in my cha-cha it's like a rock. But warm. And awesome. And moving so fast! Wow! Mmm. You know, I don't think I ever said thank you? I mean it. Thank you, Mr. Canon. I might have gone years before I let a boy do all this, and it's just the best. I swear I'm not just sucking up! I could do this every day. I mean, not tonight, because I have this group

project for econ we're working on and I'll be lucky to get home by curfew as it is. Though hey! You could tell Mom to let me stay out past curfew. We could do another sleepover, and we could do as much sex stuff as you want! Man, that'd be awesome. I really like sleepovers anyway, and getting to pleasure you is so fun that it makes them like a million times better. Man, you're really going hard! I think I like softer better, but maybe I just don't know enough yet. I'll watch more porn and see what the deal is. Geez! Wow, the tile feels really cold on my boobs, you know? Which is weird because the water is so warm. I feel like I'm at a bad angle. Here, maybe if I get up on my tippy toes? Yeah, that's way better. For me, anyway. Let me know if it's not better for you. Oh. Oh, man, Mister, Canon, you're, sexing, me, so, hard, it's, hard, to, talk! OPE! Spanking! That's, so... Oh! Oh wow, did you just come in me? Twice in one day? Oh man, awesome! Why do I feel so proud? I guess I never made a grown—err, a boy come before. Except with my hands a couple times, but that barely counts. But doing it like that, with my cha-cha, that feels... mmm. Like... womanly. I really like that. I hope you do sex stuff with me a lot, Mr. Canon. You're really, really good at it."

My chin sunk onto her shoulder as I caught my breath. "Likewise, Cassie."

"Aw, thanks!" As my cock deflated and eventually slipped out of her, it was replaced by her hand probing the site. "Does it just slip out of me? Or stay in? I don't know how cum works. Like, is it going to just squoosh out in my underwear all day, or does it come out when I go to the bathroom, or what?"

"I don't know, Cassie."

"Huh. Well I'll let you know once I find out."

"Thanks, Cassie."

She twisted her head and gave me a sweet but lengthy kiss, lips only. "Any time, Mr. Canon."

"Afternoon, Mr. C."

"Abbie? Why aren't you in class?"

"Fuck me, you're so hot when you're doing your teacher shit. 'Why aren't you in class, Abbie,'" she parroted in a deep voice, wagging her finger sternly and laughing off my concern. "Anyway, my class is watching a video and doing a worksheet. I'll have one of the horny dork-boys copy their answers on mine. Probably just a completion grade anyway. Mr. Reeves is retiring, and he pretty much checked out after spring break."

"I'm sure he still at least takes attendance. You can't ditch class. You'll get suspended."

“I’m not ditching. I called this little dork-ass freshman who thinks she’s such hot shit taking junior classes a prepubescent cunt. I got up in her face when I said it, so he sent me down to Officer Barbour ‘cause it looked like we were gonna fight.”

“You what?”

“Chill. I went down there, got the referral stamped and shit so it’s legit. Then I told her to give me a Saturday class and left. She knows where I was going, said it’d be cool. You wanna lock the door though? Be pretty weird if somebody stops in, since I don’t even have you or nothing.”

She was right, of course, and I did as she suggested. Why didn’t I just kick her out? The way her chest looked in that scoop-necked top probably had something to do with it. “So, to what do I owe the privilege of your illicit company?”

The girl shook her head, sweeping her hair back over her shoulder as if to make sure her breasts suffered no obstruction. “You do it for me, Mr. C. You really do. But that vocabulary of yours dries me right the fuck up. No lie.”

“Humblest apologies,” I said sarcastically.

“Oh, don’t pout. You know I’m just giving you shit. Taylor said you like real talk anyway. That right? You like us when we’re a little bitchy?”

I gestured for her to sit. Rather than use the desk’s chair, though, she sat down on the desktop. The usual rebuke came by reflex. “In the chair, please. Those surfaces aren’t built to take a hundred-some pounds of weight on them. It breaks the brackets that hold the desktop in place.”

“Yeah, but if I sit in the chair, how you gonna see how cute my panties look.” She lifted her skirt, flashing me a glimpse of something black, or maybe dark red, underneath.

“Off the desk.”

She laughed, hopping down. Instead of sliding into the chair, though, she glided over to where I was sitting and threw one thick leg over my lap. There was a cloud of fragrance around her, the sort of blindingly floral perfume I remembered the sorority girls in my dorm dousing themselves with before a big party. She plopped down atop a stack of worksheets from my juniors, legs spread wide. I was only a few inches too tall to be able to see right up her skirt right there, but it didn’t keep me from trying to develop X-ray vision. Up close, her scent really was transfixing. Simply looking at her had a way of gumming up my thoughts. Adding in another sensory input was downright discombobulating.

“This better?”

“It’s fine. Just don’t mess up those papers. I collect them in order so they’re easier to redistribute.”

“Pretty sure my twat doesn’t know how to shuffle, dawg. It’s gonna be OK.”

I let the vulgarity slide. “So what all did Taylor tell you?”

“Pretty much all of it. That you called her a bitch, said you wanted to hate-fuck her. Then you did, like fifty times. Seemed like somebody was a little embarrassed about how much she liked it. Took some work getting it out of her.”

“Poor you...?” I shrugged.

“No worries. But you know what? It got me thinking. Look at you, getting students thinking. You should feel good about yourself.”

“Are you going to tell me what you were thinking, or are you waiting for me to ask? Because believe it or not, I do actually have work to do.”

Abbie leaned forward, hands braced on the desk surface between her legs. Her breasts hung invitingly in my face. “Why haven’t you fucked me yet?”

The bluntness of her question took me aback. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, look at me. I’m hot as fuck. They built pornhub on girls like me. Search ‘big tits teen’ and you find a hundred girls built exactly like me. I got it, and enough to share with the mothafuckin’ class, yo. I’ve even been overdressing for it lately, too. Shit, I got sent to the office second period by that fucking bitch Mrs. Lindstrom for dress code today.”

“For that? Or were you actually wearing something sluttier before?”

“This. I didn’t actually go, retard. Sorry. ‘Mr. Canon.’ Half the time teachers think the central office is letting my shit slide, but really I just don’t go and y’all are too busy to follow up. Anyway, the point is, even I wanna fuck me. Taylor and I look enough alike you thought we were actual sisters, so I know I’m your type. Shit, I’m every guy’s type. I’ve flashed you my underwear, sent you nudes, told you in every language I speak that I wanna fuck you, but you still haven’t. So... what the fuck?”

“Pretty sure you only told me in English.” If that was what she was speaking, I didn’t share some of my colleagues’ contempt for black English, but coming out of the mouth of this suburban white girl, it was a bit much.

“Yeah, well, I’m flunking Spanish. Answer the question.”

It was hard not to ogle her while I sought the answer. She didn’t seem to mind, though. Heck, the ogling might even mollify her bruised ego. “Look, I don’t know. It’s not personal. Yes, like you said, you’re attractive.”

“I said ‘hot.’ ‘Attractive’ is for forty-something cougars who used to be hot.”

“Semantics. But I’m not trying to hurt your feelings, all right?” What had the world come to, where I was apologizing to a student for *not* having sex with her?

“And you’re not. Trust me, I know what I’m worth. All this?” She gestured expansively to her bust, or maybe it was meant to refer to the entirety of the person sporting it. “It’s premium content. There’s bitches got onlyfans and private snapchats making bank who don’t got half of this. Feel me? I ain’t coming in here crying because poe widdle me ain’t getting her muffin buttered. Now lemme axe you again, why you ain’t fucked me?”

One unintended slight and suddenly she was full-on channeling Nicki Minaj at me. Poor time for a lecture on cultural appropriation, though, I supposed. “I don’t know, Abbie. Honestly. I don’t.”

“Well something’s stopping you. You could be inside me, right now, but instead you’re all ‘buh, buh, I dunno, Abbie.’ Just be straight with me. You’re obviously dtf, so—”

“Dtf?”

“Down to fuck. Jesus.”

“Isn’t that dtfj?”

“Hilarious, Mr. C. But you wanna fuck pussies, that’s established. So why not mine? Is it just now you got Taylor, you don’t want nothing else?”

I shook my head. “That’s definitely not it.”

The girl read more than I’d meant to reveal in that response, smile broadening. “I thought Cassie was walking a lil bowlegged today. Good for you, man.” She swatted me on the arm. “So you’re not a strict Taylorsexual, either. So... what? You gotta gimme something.”

“It’ll happen eventually, Abbie. When I feel like it. Did you really ditch class to come down here and try to bully me into having sex with you?”

“Bully...? What? Fuck you, Mr. C. Fuck, man, I risked getting my ass suspended to come down here and talk to you about getting this pussy on you, and you act like I’m being selfish? Damn. What I’m saying is, if I ain’t got what you want, you gotta tell me that shit so I can doordash it.”

“Can you translate that into English for me? I’m apparently flunking... whatever *that* was.”

Abbie laughed. “Yo, I know what girls like me and Taylor are to you. Tits and ass. Sex objects. We’re supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your fantasy sluts.” There they were – Taylor’s words, spoken in sarcasm but now translated into frank pragmatism by her brainwashed sister. “Thing is, only Taylor’s getting to be in those fantasies. Seems like I gotta force my way in. But I’m your fantasy slut too. That’s just who I am. And if there’s one thing that drives me out of my goddamn mind, it’s somebody trying to stop me from being me.”

It took me a moment to wrap my head around that. “Holy shit, you are twisted, Abbie.”

“Well if I am, I ain’t the one who did the twisting. Now what do I gotta do? What’s your fantasy girl? You want me to be a prissy little princess bitch like Taylor?”

(Taylor? The girl who last night told me how she’d ripped a handful of pubes off of a guy from Westmoore High because he’d told somebody at a party she dressed slutty? Yeah, move over, Meghan Markle.)

But Abbie kept right on going. “You want me to wear a schoolgirl outfit and call you ‘sir’? Wear a cheerleader uniform and giggle at how smart you are? Wear leather

and slap you around? Just name it, yo. But quit ducking me because you're afraid to take what you want."

"Is that supposed to goad me into something, Abbie? Imply I'm a pussy, and the Serenex will make me lose my mind and do anything to make you think I'm not? Even for you, reverse psychology is a fairly amateur gambit."

"Right, so having a teenage babe like me alone in your classroom begging you to fuck her any way you want no questions asked, no limits, and you go 'nah, I'd rather grade worksheets' – that doesn't seem like pussy shit to you."

She had a point. But... "Just because I'm not having sex with you specifically here and now doesn't mean I'm not having sex with someone else elsewhere and later. I'm not a pussy. I simply have a modicum of self-control." Not the best way to categorize my recent history, but in this exchange at least.

"OK, so you want me to be a good girl. Behave myself. Wait for you to be ready. Is that it?"

"It would be an excellent starting point."

"Fine then," she said, sliding down off my desk. To her credit, she kept the papers under her butt from being knocked onto the floor and making a mess. "I'll start waiting."

"Thank you."

I expected her to leave, but instead, she walked to the opposite side of the room and sat down at a desk facing my own. That was it. She sat there, and she stared. Better than a tantrum, I supposed. Why is it I wasn't giving her what we both wanted, anyway? Was I really denying myself this pleasure simply because I didn't like being pushed around in my own classroom?

Once again I wondered what all, if anything, she might have put in my head during my own Serenex trance without telling me. Whatever it was, if anything, it hadn't turned me into the sort of man she wanted. Some sort of misogynistic brute, from the sound of it.

Whatever. Let her sulk. I uncapped my pen and got back to work. It was easy grading at least, fill-in-the-blank stuff that was a quick boom, boom, boom down the rows. Hopefully a little simple work like this would boost their grades a little. It was my juniors' second-to-last semester colleges would look at, so a little padding never hurt. After a little while it became like Saturday class, sitting in a room with silent occupants who needed no minding. Abbie faded out of existence and I got back in my zone.

For about twenty whole minutes.

Unff.

I heard it before I saw it. Honestly, the first time the noise reached my ears, my peripheral vision assured me she'd merely been adjusting herself in her seat, thighs bared by her short skirt squeaking softly on the plastic seat. Then after a few moments, I

heard it again. That time I ignored it. She was only trying to act out, get attention. A tale as old as time in my profession.

The third time the noise reached my ears, I made a fatal mistake. I looked up.

Abbie was still in her seat. Her legs were crossed, and if the length of her skirt meant that showed me a few square miles of soft, tanned thigh, the leg at least blocked her panties from view. Her hands were folded neatly in her lap, and her eyes were closed. If I'd kept my eyes on her for one second less, I might not have even noticed. Partially obscured by that raised leg, one wrist was betraying the slightest bit of motion.

Abbie was playing with herself.

It was impossible not to watch. All the things I'd done with these women in the past week, and yet I still hadn't had them simply sit there and let me watch them pleasure themselves. With the spectacle unfolding in front of me, I wanted to kick myself. Abbie was remarkably subtle. If not for that micro-moan, if not for the fact that I could stare as hard as I wanted without her caring, I probably wouldn't have noticed. She could have sat there in my class in the middle of my lesson and masturbated in front of me, and I might never have even noticed.

Her lips parted. *Unff.*

"Abbie..." I said cautioningly.

Her hands flew out from between her legs, eyes flew open. "Shit! Sorry. Shit shit. God damnit, now it's happening in school! Shit!"

"OK, I'll bite. What's happening in school."

"Fuck you. You're just gonna be a dick about it."

"About you... masturbating in the middle of my classroom?"

"I wasn't...!" Her mouth pursed at the obviousness of the lie. "Fine, I was jilling it, whatever. But it's your fault. Anyway, chill. I won't do it again."

"My fault? What on earth did I do to make you start behaving *that* inappropriately in my classroom?"

"Yeah so first off, maybe the guy who fucked my tits on his desk while my sister lubed him up with her tongue should be a little less judgy about being inappropriate in his classroom. Second off, it's... it's embarrassing."

It was bizarre, seeing her blush. Was it an act? It had to be. Right? "Abbie, is something really wrong, or are you just playing games with me for attention?"

"Is something wrong? Is...!" She laughed. "You're a piece of fucking work, Mr. C. Make me like this, treat me like shit, then blame me for not being able to handle it."

"Make you like what? I thought you were OG, don't play by nobody's rule but my own, yo." Admittedly, caricaturing her did feel pretty satisfying. I could see why she did it so much.

"I mean for being... being so..." She grit her teeth. "For being so fucking horny I can barely function every waking minute of the mother fucking day!"

I arched an eyebrow. “That’s just what being a teenager is like. Trust me, it’ll pass.”

“No, not like that. This is... different. I can still *feel* your cum on my tits, your cock stabbing in and out of them. Like, whenever I close my eyes... you’re there. I can’t stop thinking about you. About doing stuff with you. About you doing stuff to me. About the things we’ve already done, the things we didn’t do yet. And like, I just...” She trailed off, eyes squinting shut.

I frowned. This was still probably some game... but if it wasn’t, could this be something serious? I hadn’t been paying close attention to what all Taylor and I had said in front of her that afternoon, nor did I know what else Taylor might have said to her in the car on their way home. Maybe nothing. But maybe...

“You just have to relax, Abbie. It’s just hormones. If you’re this worked up, maybe just find a nice guy and have a little harmless fun. Work it out of your system.”

The girl scoffed. “Yeah, ‘cause that’s your fantasy. Me fucking a bunch of randos to blow off steam.” Then she paused, looking at me warily. “It’s not, is it?”

Her tone conveyed an unspoken certainty that if the answer was yes, she’d walk out the door and proposition the first boy who walked past her in the hallway. Be a whore, spread her legs because I said it might amuse me. God, this much power over a person... it was heady. “It’s not,” I assured her. “I’m only trying to give advice, such as it is. Though really, the best thing for it is to just go home, take care of things yourself, and one of these days we’ll get together and have some fun. After last night, I just need some time to recuperate.”

“Yeah. Yeah, you’re probably right. Just... go home, do it there. Yeah. That’s a good idea.” Her eyes drifted shut, her words slowly transmuted into mumbles. “Don’t think about it. Not a whore. Masturbate at home. He’ll have fun with me soon. God, be soon...”

Right before my grading regained my attention, I saw it. Again. “Abbie... you’re masturbating again.”

“No I’m...!” She caught herself, pulling the guilty hand away with the other. “Fuck! This is just unreal. I’m really not trying to be a pain, Mr. Canon. Just... I’m so horny. I’ve never felt anything like this, like what I feel for you. These thoughts, these images, they’re constantly in my head. I actually had to start a list on my phone so I could keep track of all the fantasies I’ve had about you – they keep coming to me so fast, so often, I can’t keep them straight otherwise. It’s like all I think about.”

My pen tumbled from my fingers, clattering to my desk. “You... have a list?”

She nodded. “It’s not spell checked or whatever, but I got one, yeah.”

“Can... can I see it?” Why? Why was I indulging this? The girl seemed like she was on the verge of hysteria, and here I was feeding it! What was wrong with me?

But the list! insisted my subconscious.

Abbie handed me her phone a moment later, kneeling beside my chair to watch me read.

I read.

“Holy... Abbie, this is... this is almost two hundred items long!”

She nodded. “I know, I didn’t start it until Sunday night, or it’d be way longer.”

“That’s three days, Abbie! That’s...” My brain tried to do math and not dwell on *blindfold him and bring tay in and have him guess whose tits and cunts are who’s at the same time.* “That’s a lot.” That was as accurate as I could be, thanks to *record a pov of him fucking me and sell 4 porn so everyone can see me 4 what i am but not no who it is fucking me.*

“You’re telling me. And don’t make fun of it. I know some of them are weird. I can’t help it. I don’t know what you want, so like, my brain keeps making me try to think of everything you *might* want. So I can be ready for anything.”

But I was reading more than I was listening. Every blink was stretched out over an hour, the words playing out in my mind. “You have this one twice,” I said after a while, pointing to *help him sneak into my room and fuck me while my parents are still up.*

She looked. “No I don’t. See, the other one...” She scrolled up, scanning until she found it. *help him sneak in and fuck me in my parents bed,* it read. “See? Totally different.”

“If you say so.” On and on it went. It was certainly creative, more so than anything most of my students ever generated in their brainstorming for topics. Some of it was positions, some of it locations, some of it was fetishes to explore, roles to play, costumes to acquire. A good many included Taylor along with us, too. *bury his head in mine and tays tits until he doesnt know who’s are who’s; take turns spanking tay with paddle; tie her to a tree and leave her there until she agrees to be his willing sex slave 4 life.* I didn’t even know how the hell that would work, but it wasn’t even the least plausible of her ideas.

“Twisted” barely began to scratch the surface of what had been done to her.

“Abbie, I—” But when I looked down, I saw her eyes had closed, and she was once more masturbating. Her arousal was evident to more sense than one. The scent of moist teen pussy commingled with her perfume into something almost animalistic, a new subspecies that was pure feral slut. Had the Serenex transformed her into raw id? Reduced her into a mere sex object? One who submit to any whim, any perversion, any kink that might strike my fancy?

One kneeling in front of me, panting with lust, eyes begging me to take her, promising that nothing I asked would be off limits, that every way I could want to use her teenage bombshell body would be the greatest joy she could ever know, that her

entire being was an extension of the filthiest, most self-centered pieces of my imagination?

“Take your shirt off, Abbie.”

Her eyes opened, one hand darting out of her panties to hastily obey. She stood, chest thrust out, breathing heavily even though we had barely started. Her bra was deep red; looking up at those colossal tits of hers from underneath was the only way one might be able to see the little white bow beneath them. A present, just for me.

“Now the skirt.”

She nearly tripped, taking it off with her shoes still on, but she managed. The panties were red after all. They didn't quite match the brighter shade of her bra, but I could well imagine when you had to custom order bras because your tits weren't covered by the regular catalogs, you had to make do.

Wine red. Almost black where her pussy had dampened them.

“Jump up and down.” I said the words before they were even a conscious thought. Before I could even chastise myself for such juvenile sentiments, she erased my doubts about her sincerity. Abbie didn't hesitate, bouncing awkwardly on her chunky platform sandals. It didn't matter the footwear, however; those tits were going wild. I felt like I should be paying admission to see a show like this. Hell, she was the one who had written, *let him pay me for sex like a hooker*. Maybe it would be fun? Couldn't hurt to try one someday.

“Turn around.”

It was a thong. That was unexpected. It split her two wide, round ass cheeks neatly. When I took turns squeezing them, one, then the other, I could feel her body quiver at my attention. There was that tattoo down her spine, mostly Roman numerals from the look of it. Birthday, maybe? Who cared. I wasn't about to puzzle it out right then.

The bra and thong I removed myself, savoring the quickening of her breathing as I touched her. How could two girls whose pussies both got *that* wet *not* be biological siblings? Maybe it was another Serenex side effect. Questions for another day.

“Ask... no. Beg me to fuck you.”

Her hands clasped together pleadingly. “Please fuck me. I know I was kinda bossy about it, but I don't know what else to do. I want you so bad. I need you. I need you inside me. I need you to let me be a little fucking slut. The slutty little student you fantasized about all your life. Fuck me, Mr. C.”

It was addicting, see how fast she caved, how automatically her personality was overwritten by my desires. “Call me sir.”

“Yes, sir. I'll do anything you want, sir, anything, if you just fuck me this one time. I'll fuck you so good, I promise. I need your cock, sir. My pussy is so fucking wet for you.”

Just try it on, you'll see. You won't be disappointed. I'm such a good fuck. It's all I want, sir, to be fucked by you all day every day. I'll—"

"Say 'I'm a stupid slut.'"

"I'm a stupid slut, sir."

A minor ad lib, but it worked for me. "Say, 'Taylor and I are your fantasy sluts.'"

"Taylor and I are your fantasy sluts, sir."

"You can fuck me any time, anywhere you want."

She was staring so hard at my cock that she struggled to piece the words together. "You can fuck me any time you want. Anywhere, sir."

She kept repeating after me, spouting lines so depraved I was barely comprehending them until I heard them parroted back to me.

"My tits belong to Mr. Canon."

"My cunt belongs to Mr. Canon. Mr. Canon can use it any time he wants."

"Mr. Canon's cock makes me come my silly little brains out."

"I am a weak-willed horny slut who would sell her soul for a ride on Mr. Canon's cock."

That last one I liked so much, I had her keep repeating it while I fucked her, right up until I came.

The bell rang. Students flooded the halls as eagerly as my balls had flooded Abbie Stern's pussy. They hurried from classes to lockers, from lockers to buses and cars. Except Abbie, who was still spasming in little aftershock orgasms as I massaged her dripping slit with my fingers. Our combined cum was oozing out of her, right onto that pile of papers I'd warned her not to mess up earlier. Looked like I wouldn't be returning those, if I could even finish grading them. When I helped her stand, I could hardly even believe my eyes, and broke into a fit of laughter so hard she had to use her phone's camera as a mirror to see what I was pointing at. From where I'd bent her over my desk, the sweat on her breast had absorbed a bit of the ink from one of the papers I'd been grading. Right above her left nipple it read in Bic blue ink: *10/10*.

"I am so tattooing that shit on me, right there, right like that," she said when she recovered from laughter of her own.

"I... actually really like that. You'll have to show me once it's done."

"I will." She gathered up her clothes and began dressing herself. "So, how'd that go for you? Fantasy quality sex?"

"I... well, yes. Do you feel better?"

"Mr. C, I felt fine before, but I always feel pretty good after sex."

"I'd hardly call uncontrollable masturbation 'feeling fine,' Abbie. If this keeps up, we're going to have to—"

"Relax, 'sir.' Unlike Taylor and the weed, I could quit whenever I want. I was just trying to do you a favor, yo."

My muscles tensed. “What? Do me a favor? I was only trying to help you with your arousal situation.”

“Oh gawd. Seriously? You thought I was sooooo turned on I couldn’t stop randomly playing with myself? Fuck, man.” She put a hand on my shoulder to steady herself as she tugged her sandal straps into place. “It’s sorta like you were telling our girl Candy. You know, about why you did what you did to Taylor. To try to ‘save her from herself,’ I think you said.”

“What does that have to do with what we just did?”

“You got hangups, man. You’re acting like we need to be mature about this, have relationships, set boundaries, all that shit. I’m just trying to show you, it can be whatever you want. *We* can be whatever you want.”

“Wait, so you... that was all an act just now?” It was fairly obvious, in fact, and I was embarrassed to have taken so long to realize it.

“Not an act. It was a fantasy.”

“That’s not what I...” I stopped myself. What was the point in denying I’d enjoyed it? I’d fucked her so hard it had moved my desk half a foot from its usual place. There was a bright spot where the carpet had never gotten dirty before. “How did you even know that would work?”

She rolled her eyes. “Horny, desperate, submissive teen slut? Gee, it was a tough guess. I figured I’d throw you a softball first one out.”

I cinched my belt, then folded my arms across my chest. “I’m not sure I like being manipulated.”

“You and Tay both, dawg. You just need to get your minds right.” Suddenly, she was pressing herself against me, arms around my neck, her voice a smoky whisper, lips so close to mine I could feel them move. “That list was real, yo. Every word I wrote, I would do for you if you wanted. I’ll send you a copy. I hope you double that bitch.”

“Are you giving me homework?” I asked with a wry smile.

“I’m giving you *me*. Now if you wanna go again any time, you know how to reach me, but otherwise, Ima give you space to think about what you want from me. But come Saturday morning, after our little Saturday class together...”

Her lips closed in. There was no missing the hunger in that kiss. I’d doubted her sincerity when I’d first seen her touching herself. Again when she blindsided me with the news that her plight had been a ruse. But those lips left no doubt how very sincere her desire to please me was. In fact, we stood there making out for so long, the hallways were silent again when I let her go.

I’d forgotten she’d been saying something, but she hadn’t. “You have that fantasy ready for me, all right? Sir?” She winked. “And do me a favor, make it something weird. Something no other bitch would ever do for you.”

Abbie winked, and I could only stare after the swishing of her skirt as she left my classroom. Taylor entered only a moment later, and Randi came in right on her heels to take the trash. “You’re going to burn yourself out doing all this overtime,” Randi joked, gesturing to where the girl was already unloading work from her backpack.

“Oh, you know how it is,” I answered with a smile. “Just living the dream.”

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 pied 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?” Damnit, 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 un 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 un plagiarized 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?

Part Twenty-One: Faculty Meetings

“Aw, man, do I have to, Mr. Canon?”

What a night that had been. And what a morning. I’d never felt socially awkward alone in my car before. With Tabitha in her Prius stopped at the light in front of me, and Taylor in her shitbox wedging me in from behind, there had been no escape.

“Yes, Jessica. Complete sentences. Big, happy, full ideas.”

I was a teacher again. I was a teacher, and it was first period, and I had students. Normal, non-compromised students who I couldn’t have sex with, who didn’t know what I’d done, who had their own lives and their own problems and didn’t care about the look on Taylor’s face when she passed Tabitha on Megan’s driveway yesterday evening.

I hadn’t seen it. I didn’t need to.

I’d told her to wait until Taylor left. Don’t court trouble, I’d said both to her and silently to myself. She claimed she’d been looking for it on the driveway and hadn’t seen it on the street. It was probably a lie, though on my own first time driving to pick up a girl for one of my own high school dances, I’d gone to the wrong house – and I’d been to her place twice before that. Nerves happened. It didn’t convince Taylor, who of course turned right back around and demanded to know what was up with the apparent trade-off. I hadn’t had a good answer ready. I hadn’t thought I’d need one.

“Would you stop freaking touching me?!”

The plan had been to get some work done, let Tabitha “work” on her acclimation to nudity, then go to bed. In the morning, we’d see how I felt. She pointedly ignored Taylor, casually undressing in the middle of the living room as if it were perfectly natural to meet up with a despised classmate at her English teacher’s house and strip for them. She asked if I was all right that she’d undressed the way she had, without making it sexy. I said spicing it up was nice if she were trying to entice me, but wasn’t necessary every time she took her clothes off.

“Knock it off, you two. Last time I want to have to warn you. Hands to yourselves, eyes on your own work.” Had second period ever passed by so slowly?

Taylor asked, unjustly, how spicy her little pancake titties could even get. Tabitha responded with frosty elegance, complimenting Taylor on her impressive bust, to enjoy it before gravity joined forces with biology and they sagged to her waist, and noting that she hoped the variety would enhance my satisfaction. Taylor laughed and snarked back that if a man already had a crazy hot girl with an amazing body, of course the next thing I would want was variety. Tabitha shrugged, sharing only that I hadn’t complained thus far, and asked if Taylor had likewise made the offer to undergo surgery to better herself for me?

Or tutoring, perhaps, if it wasn't Taylor's body that was lacking.

"Oh my god, I can't believe how hard this is."

Not to be out-classed, Taylor shucked off her shorts and t-shirt. They were probably still warm from the dryer, having been still damp even all those hours later after she'd exited my shower. My breath caught in my throat. It was easily top three hottest things I'd ever seen. Tabitha, in all her raw, sculpted beauty, alongside Taylor with her unbelievable curves. If you could put the former's head atop the latter's body, it might actually make the perfect woman. But both were damn close in their own right, so gorgeous that only individual taste could place one ahead of the other.

As to my own... hmm.

"It's not that difficult, TJ. That's just the senioritis talking. Here, why don't you and Anjul go out in the hall and read together. Don't get lost, hear me?"

Taylor didn't even understand why they were naked. She simply wasn't going to be out-classed. As I explained that I was going to get back to grading and they were free to entertain themselves however, she demanded to know why the hell they'd undressed to begin with. She was welcome to get dressed, I said, and welcome to go home if she wanted. Then I went into my office and picked up where I'd left off before Taylor's break-in. Tabitha asked if I minded if she looked through my browsing history to see what kind of porn I liked. Taylor cattily insisted on watching with her, offering to help explain to the uninitiated what the fellas and ladies on the screen were doing.

"This doesn't taste like I would have thought."

I attempted to defuse the tension by praising each of them on their journal entries. Tabitha had gotten a perfect score, like usual; Taylor had actually managed an A herself, though that was only because I'd had her re-write them during our after school sessions when her pre-Serenex effort had yielded two off-topic paragraphs and ended with "this is stupid and I don't care." Her re-try had been better, and if it was objectively unfair that their scores were a mere three points apart, Tabitha was used to it by now. My praise did less than nothing to mollify either of them, and the three of us climbed into my bed, one naked, flawless girl curled up on either side of me, and went to sleep without another word.

"That's the vinegar, mama. I told you we were out of your usual dressing last week, remember, but you said you didn't wanna go grocery shopping until we made space in the fridge," Candy explained over lunch. Isa made a face but kept eating in her place kneeling beneath my desk. I hadn't even asked her to do that, and ignored her quiet overtures in search of fresh abuse. I was still trapped some hours in the past.

I'd awakened with a tongue in my mouth. It was dark in the room; I later found out it was not quite four in the morning. At the time, however, I was drowning in a sea of hands and legs and mouths. Once again my hands had been busy in my sleep. One young woman had decided I was trying to start something, or more likely, one of them

thought they could one-up the other by starting it themselves. The other decided it was a game they thought they could win.

It wasn't long before they were pushing one another off of me, forcing their tongues down my throat before the other did the same. Then a tit was in my face, a hand on my cock, an ass in my palm, a pussy enveloping my fingers. In the dark I couldn't see, couldn't guess whose was whose. All I knew was it was more intense than I'd signed on for.

"You don't think having a teacher grab you like that in the middle of the night is super pedo stuff?"

I had to tell them to stop before someone got hurt. My bed wasn't big enough for them to be shoving one another around like that. Plus, the batteries that stored my patience for teen drama charged in my sleep, so I was completely tapped. I stopped Tabitha with a smack on the ass, and Taylor with a hard twist of the nipple. Or maybe vice versa. As my eyes finally adjusted to the dark, I could make out the two of them glaring balefully at one another from opposite sides of my erection.

I didn't know what to do with them. I couldn't send them home in the middle of the night. I didn't even want to. I simply wanted them to get along, let me have my fun without ruining it with their selfishness. I hated Taylor too, after all, but you didn't see me letting it diminish my appetite for her body.

So I told them to kiss.

"Keep your voice down, Ben – you know the policy on spoilers. I'm excited for you that you read ahead, but let's not ruin Holden's antics for those who haven't, K?"

It had been too dark to see which one of them moved first. My ears picked it up before my eyes, the slow, wet sound of lips meeting lips. Then it broke. I hadn't been literal enough, I saw, so I took an ass in each hand and pulled them together. Their only options were to hold each other up, or let me push them down to their hands and knees. Taylor probably would have selected the latter, but Tabitha, more in tune with my wishes, caught her playmate-to-be, their chests pressed together in the air above me. I held them there for a time, but before I knew what was happening, there was a cunt on my face. I didn't even know whose. I didn't think it tasted like Taylor's, but the pussy that mounted my cock felt like Tabitha's, too.

"That's what you get for using a five-dollar whore, huh."

They fell asleep again almost the moment we finished. At least I think they finished. The pussy on my mouth definitely did. The one on my cock, I was pretty sure. Tabitha quietly apologized for letting her temper get away with her; Taylor simply put her nipple in my mouth as her version of a good night kiss.

My alarm went off at 5:30, though I'd barely slept in the interim. Tabitha awakened, blushed upon remembering she was naked and in bed with not only me but another woman, then apologized for her moment of embarrassment and asked if she

could blow me until I was fully awake. Taylor told her that she was welcome to suck Cassie's butt off my dick, but that a titty-fuck might be more my speed – noting it that it was nothing to be ashamed of for anyone who didn't have the cleavage needed to do so. So I had them do both. At the same time.

“Hey, language! Do you want one last detention before graduation, Mike? Besides, get your facts straight. Sunny was a ten-dollar, shall we say, lady of the evening.” Was it fifth period already? I could barely remember anything that had happened that day.

When we got around to getting dressed finally, I was pleased that Tabitha had brought a thong like I had forgotten I asked. She wore it beneath a thin ash gray dress that made it painfully obvious she wasn't wearing a bra, deciding to take my request for her after-school attire and extend it to the entire day. It wasn't in direct defiance of the dress code, but her petite but shapely build and dancer's legs were going to turn heads. Taylor's stinkeye went unheeded as she put on her same dirty clothes she'd worn over to my place the day before. (Abbie had promised to bring her a change at school, but that wasn't helping her compete that morning.)

“Do I have dick breath? I feel like I have dick breath. Mr. Canon, do you have any gum or mints or anything? I think I have major dick breath.”

I didn't see either of them until sixth period. Tabitha strolled in promptly, skirts swishing behind her, just short enough to tantalize. She bade me a casual greeting as she took her seat, and I almost missed it when she flashed me a glimpse of that bright yellow thong before crossing her legs. Taylor arrived mere seconds before the bell in a t-shirt so tight it actually hugged the underside of her breasts, further proof that the dress code would need to be too explicit to survive the school's written communication policy in order to do its intended job. Tabitha's lack of bra was obvious if one looked for it; on Taylor, the absence would be discernible from outer space. As the class filtered in, there were more than a few double-takes at the sight of two nipples pressing into Taylor's tie-dyed shirt; later, when the shock wore off, they began to notice the miles of leg being advertised by the honors student across the room.

What could I say, though? It would be wholly inappropriate for a male teacher to bring up such a thing about a female student in front of the class, and even if I tried to handle it quietly, the offended party would only point out that the other was equally culpable. There was nothing to do but start class and try not to notice the placid smile on Tabitha's face, the cool smirk on Taylor's.

“Go to the office, Justin. Don't say another word. If they try to send you back before the end of class, don't you dare come back into my classroom.”

“What? I'm just saying, my breath smells like—”

“Not another goddamn word. Go.”

“You got it, C-dawg. Say, you look nice today, by the way. Good enough to—”

“GO.”

With a last snicker, he strutted out the door. I took a few deep breaths as the class sat in idle discomfort. “OK. So today we’re talking about the reading from the weekend. Everybody get out a half sheet of paper – we’re going to do a quick reading check.” A chorus of groans fired back at me. “Relax. This isn’t a quiz; it’s a reading check. If you took your notes or at least paid attention, and you finished the reading from Friday, it should be a joke.”

I waited for them to get their materials ready, sheets hastily torn in half and shared with neighbors. Tabitha had stored a half sheet for herself from the last reading check, she tear a perfect line across the top of the page. Taylor had forgotten a notebook. And a pen. And to do the reading, as was plain from the look on her face.

“Question one: which of the major themes we discussed – remember, you can use your notes on this – was the dominant theme of these two chapters?”

I gave them a minute to flip through notes, issued the standard reminder about full sentences. It didn’t take long. That was the point of these, after all, an easy way to dole out simple pass/fail grades for doing the work. Once time was up, I had them swap with a neighbor, initial it so I could tell who graded it, and addressed the class.

“All right, brilliant people. What’s the dominant theme of the past two chapters?” Several hands went up, but I called on Tabitha.

She smiled sweetly. “The sexual confusion of adolescence.”

“Mark it, circle it, pass it back.”

Abbie looked surprised to see me. As many times as she’d surprised me the past few weeks, it was good to turn the tables, if only by this small act of ambushing her in Barbour’s office. Her eyes narrowed suspiciously, but here, in the heart of my paltry school teacher authority, there was nothing she could do to escape. Not unless she thought her dwindling reserves of Serenex were going to get her past Principal Horen, two vice principals, Officer Barbour, myself, three secretaries, and sweet old Mrs. Pedretti, our volunteer parent door monitor.

Nobody got past Mrs. Pedretti.

“Well, at least you got me out of precal,” she said dryly, closing the door behind her.

“Glad to oblige. Isa, would you give us the room?”

“Just... try not to make a mess, mast... fuck.” She sighed, glowered at Abbie’s giggle fit, and stormed out.

“Grats, you cornered me. Whatcha wanna do? Something messy, I hope.” She grinned suggestively.

“Not just yet. We need to talk first. Now, I’m not mad.” Her grin widened a little too much. “OK, I’m not *that* mad. But I am very much confused, and I’d appreciate a few answers from you.”

She hopped up on the edge of the desk, probably the first time since I’d known her she could claim the high ground. It also afforded me a good view right up her blue and yellow striped dress. Purple panties, a garish contrast. Christ, I was practically fucking the Joker.

“Right, so what’s up. The gay thing?”

“Sure, we can start there. Forget the why. I get why. I shouldn’t have made you do all that stuff with Taylor, with Ms. Salata, the shower thing. It was—”

“Hot as fuck,” she interjected. “I mean Miss Candy, yeah, whatever. It’s not fun if it’s not with you. Near you was OK. With you was awesome. Don’t you dare apologize to me for that shit.”

I hesitated. “Even... with your sister?”

“Dude. That’s some next level shit. That’s not just fantasy slut. That’s *fetish* slut. Thicc-ass pawg-ass incest bi-ass shit. And that look in your eyes when you...” She licked her lips. I wasn’t even sure it was deliberate. “That’s the fucking stuff, yo.”

“OK, so... then I guess I don’t get the thing with Justin. What the fuck, Abbie?”

She laughed. “I dunno, I just thought you might like it. Isn’t that what guys always say to other guys they think suck ass? ‘Suck my dick, asshole.’ I figured you’d like taking pretty boy and making him your little cum-guzzling bitch.”

I folded my arms. “Yeah, see, I don’t buy that. If you thought I’d enjoy it, you wouldn’t have tricked me into it. That’s how you get a toddler to eat their vegetables, not how you treat sexual liaisons!”

She waited for me to remember where we were. “Yeah, maybe wanna keep your voice down? And also that’s a terrible way to get kids to like veggies. I used to babysit for my cousin. You shove broccoli in their mouth when they’re expecting hot dog chunks and you’re gonna get one hell of a—”

“I don’t care about vegetables! You put my dick in Justin’s mouth!” I hissed.

Her lips twisted. “So you’re saying you’re still miffed.”

“Yeah. I’m still miffed. The fact that you won’t even apologize, much less explain yourself, is not helping, I have to say.”

“I figured Tay patched things up when she went over to your place yesterday. Guess not, huh.”

“Taylor is answerable for Taylor. You’re answerable for you. Besides, you can’t blame your minions for your failings. Remember, you’re the boss, right?”

“Yeah, that’s me. Boss bitch.” She frowned. “OK fine. No more boys. But tell me you didn’t have fun sticking it to that twiggy little bitch Tabitha. Right? You can’t say I didn’t knock that one out the motha fuckin’ park, huh?”

The absence of an apology still galled, but there was no sense forcing it. This young woman was not someone I credited with great psychological depth. “That was... better. But that brings me to my other concern. Exactly what have you been doing with my Serenex? I’m told you took people aside at the party last weekend – err, weekend before last, whatever – and dosed them. Is there something I should know?”

“Depends on what you find worrying,” she replied after a moment of consideration.

Objectively, the notion of Abbie blithely spraying that crap into people’s mouths at random ought to terrify me. If it were Taylor or Isa or Megan or any of the rest of us, I’d be chilled. Abbie could use my Serenex whenever she wanted, however, so there was no use being a pussy about it. I suppose it was a bit like drunk driving. On the whole I vehemently disapproved of it, yet my dad had often done it and I’d gotten so used to it that I hardly even worried about him.

“Have you used it on anyone else?”

The smug, evasive grin that stole onto her lips said it all. There was that chill after all.

I took to my feet, pressing, “Who?”

“Why do you care? I never promised I was only gonna use it to bring you fresh pussy.”

“I care because... Jesus, isn’t it obvious? That stuff is dangerous, Abbie! What happens when someone finds out? Have you even considered it?” My palms gripped her shoulders, pressing my earnestness into her flesh. “There are people who would *kill* to get their hands on it. We’re talking about literal mind control. Sure, you and I have used it to have a little fun, but even in relatively benign hands, it’s already done way more damage than I ever would have signed on for. Officer Barbour comes in her panties when I call her a bitch. Ms. Salata gets off watching me do it. I have fucked four of my students, one of whom is still going to be attending GHS for a full ‘nother year! I’ve all but enslaved my next door neighbor, who’s pimping out her daughter to me to pay off a debt that I basically invented.”

“So? All that shit’s fuckin’ hot, C-dawg. That’s just sexy-time shit.”

“I’m not disagreeing – much – but again, that’s in the hands of someone who didn’t *want* to fuck anyone’s life up. Let’s say we extend the same credit to you.” I didn’t, but I wanted to keep this civil. “Look me in the eye and tell me that you don’t have friends who would do some serious harm to people if they caught on to what you’re doing. Shit, I don’t even want *my* friends to find out about this, and they’re not...”

Abbie was too keen to miss what I’d been out to say, “What, a bunch of hoodrats?”

Too late to walk it back now. “I know some of your friends, Abbie. If you keep this up, someone *will* notice, and then your only option is going to be to use it on them. I can

attest firsthand that it can and will spiral beyond your ability to control it. And that's best case scenario. It's not hard to envision others that end a lot worse."

Little by little, I could see my words sinking in. Good. So she had some imagination after all. "You're saying you wouldn't go all Liam Neeson and use your particular skills to bail my ass out if I got taken?"

"I'm sorry, 'taken?'" She merely nodded. "If you keep abusing my language like that, I'm going to root for the tookers."

Abbie sighed. "OK fine. You can have the rest back. Wasn't enough to do anything too cool with anyway. I'll drop it off." She caught my skeptical expression. "I will! What, you think I'm gonna go on a rampage in the next twenty minutes of the school day? Short-ass rampage. Almost nothing left anyway."

"And again, did you use it on anyone other than Justin and Tabitha? We do have our own designated security chief in all this. It would be smart to keep her informed so she can be looking out for us." I omitted the fact that I hadn't yet told her about the addition of Tabitha (and to the limited degree of his involvement, Justin) myself. It was on my to do list. Now.

"Nah. I was gonna use it on that fucking hoebag Katie Medina, but I couldn't pry her away from her boyfriend at the party. So much for an early birthday present."

I tried not to imagine Katie Medina joining the lineup. I had little doubt her name would have come up if someone forced a confession of fantasies out of me. Even without Serenex, she was already well on her way to fantasy slutdom. It was almost cliché – the quintessential vapid, gorgeous, busty blonde cheerleader. The blonde was dyed, and the vapidness was a learned response after years of reinforcing that if she couldn't do something people would line up to do it for her. It was my least original student-centered fantasy, no doubt, but it was impossible to look at that body, that blank, doe-eyed stare, all of it wrapped in a tight sweater and short skirt and waving its pom-poms, and not think about fucking her.

But not now.

"My birthday is in February."

"Way to be literal, dude. Early Memorial Day present then, what the fuck ever. Bitch was gonna support my lil' trooper."

The troops only wished they had a pinup like Katie Medina. I reminded myself that it was a *good* thing that Abbie had failed to ensnare her. "So you'll return the canister then?"

"Yeah, yeah, fine."

A pallet of bricks suddenly lifted off my shoulders. Mostly, at least. I'd relax when it was securely in my hands. "Good. Thank you, Abbie. I was... well, to be honest, I'd started to worry that you and I were drifting apart."

“So then come over here and let’s drift together.” Her thighs slowly spread, putting ever more purple before my eyes. “You haven’t fucked me in, like, five days now. Your widdle Abbiekins wants dicky.”

Honestly, I’d meant to save some for Tabitha or Taylor after school, but if it would help fix the rift between us, I supposed I could donate some dick to this poor under-dicked teen. “All right, but we have to be quick.”

She clapped her hands giddily, jerking her panties to the side and sliding her hips into place as I took a moment to lock the door, in case Isa came back early. My slacks dropped to my ankles as I stepped up to the desk. I wasn’t hard enough yet to just thrust straight into her, so I teased what I had along her moistening labia.

Her eyes squeezed shut in exhilaration, and she inched forward to press me inside her too-long-vacant teenage pussy. “Come on, just fuck me already, Mr. Canon. Fuck your little fantasy slut. God, how did I get so lucky to land a man like you. I was so jealous of Taylor last night. Can I sleep over sometime? I want to suck your fucking dick all night long. While you eat dinner, while you watch TV, while you text your other fuck toys, while you plan your little lessons, while you shower, until you fall asleep. Your dick in my hot little mouth until-”

All right, now I was hard enough. I pulled her hips down to meet me, the dress slipping up to pool around her waist on the desktop. “Ya miss me?”

“I missed these,” I answered, taking hold of her tits, which were doing an incredible job of filling out that dress. There was no simple way of getting them out of that thing, so for now, I settled for pawing at them through the material. Her sister hadn’t worn a bra today. No. Stay in the moment. And in this moment, I was going to fuck the hell out of Abbie St-

The door to the office suddenly jiggled behind me as someone tried to enter. It was followed a heart-stopping moment later by a pair of staccato knocks, accompanied by a voice.

“Mr. Canon? Are you in there?”

Principal Horen’s voice.

“Keep going,” whispered Abbie.

“Um, yeah, do you, um, do you need me?” My voice broke. Good grief, my voice broke!

She tried the knob again. Oh thank god I’d locked the thing! I nearly hadn’t! Shit! “Can you let me in? I need to talk to you about something.”

My cock was out of Abbie’s pussy and back in my underwear in a flash, recinching my belt as quickly as I could. “*Hide!*” I mouthed to Abbie. “Right, sorry – forgot I, ah, did that.”

Abbie rolled backwards across the desk and crouched in the hollow beneath it. Hands trembling, I undid the lock and opened the door. Did it smell like pussy in here?

We hadn't been at it long enough for that. Had we? Would Principal Horen even recognize that smell?

The middle-aged woman on the other side of the door wore her usual pinched-off expression. She glanced into the office quizzically. "Is Louisa not with you?"

"Um, no, she had to step out. Don't know why she locked it. Wait, were you looking for her, or for me?"

"You, though I was hoping for both. No matter."

I was breathing too fast. I tried to go slower, but that only made me feel more out of breath. *Relax!* I ordered myself. *She doesn't know anything. This is just some mundane—*

"What can you tell me about your relationship with Abigail Stern?"

To my credit, I didn't faint on the spot.

"Excuse me?"

Her eyes narrowed. "We should talk in my office. I'll have Louisa paged."

"Um, now?"

"Yes. This has already waited too long."

Oh *fuck*.

I followed behind her woodenly, at least relieved that Abbie would be able to flee. I hadn't been caught redhanded or in any provable fashion, at least. But what did Horen know? *How* did she know? Why Abbie and Isa but not the others – or did she know about them, too? I will not let anyone learn about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Except I already had! *Fuck!* The best I could do now was protect my secret about Taylor.

We marched down the hall to her office. Was everyone staring at us? No, that was my guilty conscience. I think. Were they? She shut the door behind her, and I fought my instinct to panic. This was the fruition of that moment I had dreaded when I'd first received Megan's blackmail message, all that dread suddenly poured out like a truckload of concrete. At her gesture, I sat down in the hard wooden chair opposite her desk, and she took a seat behind it.

"So what's up?" I asked, trying to keep my voice casual. Probably failing.

"Up front, Mr. Canon, is there anything you'd like to tell me before we go further?"

So much for my dim hope that there could be some benign explanation for her previous question about Abbie. This was the start of an interrogation.

Like so many occupants of this chair before me, I feigned ignorance. "I'm not sure what we're doing here, so I'm not sure what you're looking to hear. You said something about Abbie Stern?"

"I did. You know her?"

"Vaguely," I replied vaguely. "I've had her older sister the past couple years, but I haven't been graced with Abbie's presence." I made sure the sarcasm came through.

Maybe she had nothing but suspicion, some anonymous report. (From who, though?!) Maybe I could bullshit my way out of this.

“What about outside of class?”

Most students thought teachers disappeared into the ether with the tolling of the last bell, and I channeled that belief into my response. “Outside of class?” A place I’d never been, never heard of, my face said. “I think I’ve seen her in Saturday class here and there. Usually kind of a pain in the tush about it, too, but that’s what you pay me the big bucks for, right?” I chuckled.

She did not.

“And nothing beyond that?”

“How else would I know her? From what I hear, she’s not exactly Spell Bowl team material.” (I coached Spell Bowl in the spring. Too nerdy for the Sterns, too intellectual for Cassie, too low-brow for Tabitha. It was a fantasy-free zone.)

Usually Mrs. Horen let her glasses hang from a cord around her neck. Presently, she raised them to her face. I recognized that maneuver. I’d seen it before in conferences with difficult parents, where she was done listening to them blaviate and was about to lay down the law. I have to say, it was doing work.

Without a word, the principal flipped open her laptop and tapped a few keys. She then pivoted it so I could see. It was a video. A large, dark room somewhere. The quality was crap, way too low-def for fullscreen. Then she hit the spacebar and it began to play.

I recognized it almost immediately.

Gooses, the bar I met my friends at in White Oaks. Oh god, what was this? The screen zoomed in towards the bar, where after a moment, I recognized myself from behind, perched upon a stool. Roddy was beside me, the two of us talking inaudibly. “Aw, he looks so sad,” someone said over the din. Jacqui?

The realization of what I was about to see dawned on me but slowly, but only because I didn’t want to believe this was happening.

After some brief jibes at my expense by my friends, I watched as Roddy patted me on the shoulder and returned to the table, drink in hand.

“Dude, you’re recording?” Roddy accused the camera operator. I wasn’t sure who it was. “Come on, bad enough he’s gonna be humiliated, but you’re gonna immortalize it?”

It was Jay who replied, confirming the cameraman’s identity. “Remember we were talking about his pouty face?” He made a mopy sound, and indeed I remembered both the conversation from a previous gathering, as well as his use of that sound to mock me then. “Here it comes.”

“Come on, Jailbait, give our guy a chance.” Alice, at least, was rooting for me. But by then, my aggressive tactic was working, and rather than waiting for the long shot of my walk of shame, he zoomed in to catch me leading Abbie away from that older guy

she'd been using to make me jealous and back to my stool. My friends' reactions varied between shock and elation as Abbie and I briefly talked. Jay zoomed in on us. The quality was really poor, especially zoomed in all the way across the bar like that, but there it was. There on my principal's monitor, I watched with nauseating horror as the two of us kissed.

(Hey, so I had kissed girls other than Taylor after all. I'd have to tell Cassie when I got out of prison.)

In the middle of the kiss, the bell rang signaling the end of the school day. As an English teacher, I appreciated the symbolism in its selection of timing.

My friends, Roddy in particular, marveled at what I had pulled off as Abbie and I walked out of the bar. Jay finally turned the camera around, laughing delightedly. "My fucking hero, man! Fire dat cannon, boy!" he exclaimed a bit too on the nose.

The recording ended.

"Wait, you think that woman was Abbie Stern?" I asked. I wanted to cringe at my own audacity. The quality had been poor, but I was pretty sure anyone who knew the girl well would agree it was her. They might even recognize her unprompted. Not many women with that body, those good looks.

"Are you telling me it wasn't?"

"Of course it wasn't! Where did you even get this video, by the way?"

With that, she tapped the right arrow, and the screen switched over to Instagram. No, a screenshot of Instagram. It was Jay's page, the screen frozen on the start of the video at the center. I squinted, trying to make out words from over here. It was mostly comments from my friends expressing their disbelief and a little hero worship – and Jacqui once more referring to Abbie as jailbait – but I did see that they had tagged me in it. Then I saw a comment from someone that read, "I think that's one of our students..."

I froze. Amy Cook-Burfield. My department head.

According to the screenshot, her comment was less than an hour old, from which I quickly surmised the chain of events. It wasn't hard to imagine. Amy saw one of her work buddies was tagged in a video, the comments suggestive and enticing. She clicked it, did a double take when she saw Abbie, probably watched it a few times to try to be sure. Her comment was probably a knee jerk response, but then she'd remembered herself and contacted Principal Horen.

Now here I was.

How long had this been out there? How had I not known?! When I'd shut off social media notifications on my phone, I'd figured it would be a time-saver, not cost me my only opportunity to save my career! Thankfully I didn't let students add me on Instagram – one thing to socially network, another to do so in a medium that all too often shared images inappropriate for teachers' eyes. At least it meant the whole student body hadn't seen this by now. Had Jay even taken the video down after seeing Amy's

comment? The dumbass certainly hadn't contacted me – he must have thought Amy was teasing me for the girl's apparent (and actual) age. Not jailbait in the traditional sense, but add to her youth the complication of teacher and student, and the term once again applied.

Nothing left to do but double down. The penalties for lying my ass off were insignificant compared to the penalties for telling the truth.

“That woman was not Abbie Stern. I guess I could see from this video how it sort of looks like her – not that I know what she looks like! – I mean I do (sort of) but not very well – but it wasn't her. It was just some random woman I met in a bar.”

Principal Horen listened to my raving, then nodded and tapped the arrow again. Another screenshot, this one from facebook. Abbie's page. It was a picture of her at last year's junior prom, wearing that same incredible dress.

“Anything else you'd like to say for yourself?”

“So the dress shop isn't allowed to sell multiple similar dresses?”

“To multiple similar women, you mean.” She may as well have used air quotes with her “similar.”

“Look, all I can say is, that woman wasn't Abbie Stern. You can call her down here and ask her – she'll laugh in your face, Mrs. Horen. Why would a girl like her even want a guy like me?”

In hindsight, the “I'm not cool enough to fuck a babe like her” defense might not have been my best tactic.

“Mr. Canon, with heavy heart, I must inform you that you're being suspended without pay while we conduct an investigation. The police will be notified and called upon to assist. Should the investigation find you innocent of wrong-doing, you will be reinstated and resume regular duties. If it concludes that you engaged in sexual conduct with a GHS student...” She paused, pivoting the monitor back to her, steepling her fingers such that it almost felt as if she were the villain and not I, “you will be terminated, and charges will be filed against you.”

My heart ran cold. Was it even beating? This couldn't be happening. I deserved this, though, no denying it. I'd simply spent so long in this building where merit and outcomes were so utterly divorced from one another that I'd let myself believe this could never happen.

“Will it be Officer Barbour? Conducting the investigation, I mean.”

“Your friend, Louisa Barbour, whom you've been eating lunch with for several weeks now? No. This is above her pay grade. But she and I will be escorting you to your classroom to claim any personal effects just as soon as she gets here. The building should be mostly empty of students, but please don't attempt to interact with any on your way out of the building. Keep your dignity about you, Canon. While you can.”

That was all there was to it. Neither of us had anything left to say. What would happen now? Should I flee the state? The country? Should I try to bring any of the girls with me? Could I dose Principal Horsen? And Amy Cook-Burfield? And everyone they'd told?

I'd need a vat of Serenex to cover this up. An ocean.

No, it was over.

Or, well, almost over. Isa arrived a few minutes of awkward silence later. Mrs. Horsen briefly explained the situation to her aside, but Isa kept in character as the school resource officer, love slave persona temporarily suppressed. Her job was to protect the secret, but the secret was out now. I shuffled down to my classroom, head hung low, the two women following a respectful distance behind. They didn't want to look like they were escorting me. This would be dramatic enough without creating a scene now.

I made my way down to my room and keyed my way in. With a sigh, I reflected that I'd have to turn the key over, too. I opened the door and—

“Hi, Mr. Canon! I came for those extra lessons you mentioned!” crowed Tabitha. She was standing in the corner behind my desk so she'd be visible only to me and not to anyone out in the hall. The girl sounded like she was smiling, but I couldn't tell. I couldn't tell because she had her back to me, and was in the process of flipping up her little gray dress to reveal the thong wedged up her ass crack.

“Get outta here with that shit. Panties are for prisses,” shared Taylor, standing next to her in the corner lowering her shorts around her thighs to reveal her bare pussy.

And there was Cassie, peering nervously between them. “Am I supposed to take my pants off or something? I mean, I guess I could...”

The door swung open behind me. The girls tried to conceal themselves in a flash, but when they saw it was Isa, Taylored rolled her eyes and relaxed, shorts slipping down again. Not to be outdone, Tabitha hiked her dress up, ass back on display. Cassie lowered her leggings, revealing her own sculpted bottom.

“I wondered if we could talk real quick about what happened after you butt-fucked me yesterday...?” Cassie asked.

Taylor was speaking at the same time. “Fuck, Barbie, we thought you were somebody else coming in here to...”

But the door, which had never fully closed, swung open again, and in walked our principal. Everyone present froze – in confusion, in terror, in humiliation, in stupefaction, in contemplation of tasing our way out of this. In defeat. After a moment, Tabitha turned back to see why Taylor had trailed off, squeaking in alarm and dropping her dress. Taylor's shorts were already back up, but far, far too late.

“Mr. Canon? You're fired. Get a lawyer.”

Part Twenty-Two: Staff Discipline

“There’s not enough.”
And that was that.

I am not a pussy, but I wasn’t superhuman either, nor did I cleave to that tired but persistent belief that crying is a sign of weakness. I owed Isa big time, though. The fact that I was trying and mostly failing to stop sobbing with self-pity in the seclusion of my own home instead of festering in a jail cell was entirely her doing. Maybe a small nod to me for having the foresight to enslave her in the first place.

(Yes, enslave. No sense pussyfooting around the term now. Not when the whole city – the whole country, maybe, if this thing got traction – was going to be using it to describe me soon enough. *Acclimate, Canon.*)

Still, no matter Isa’s insistence that they couldn’t arrest me for something the girls had done, their exposure (pun intended) had done more than enough damage. I didn’t know how much Principal Horen had overheard of their damning greeting, but she’d certainly *seen* plenty. The girls had been dragged to the office by Horen in anticipation of contacting their parents. Me, I’d been all but punted out the building ahead of them. By now, she’d contacted Megan, the Hutchings, Mr. and Mrs. Stern. Taylor’s mom and Abbie’s dad. The police department. Amy Cook-Burfield. The superintendent. Those were the ones I was sure of. If one were being paranoid, Mrs. Horen’s contact list might extend to Mrs. Horen, the district’s lawyers, my union rep, someone from HR. Her favorite bartender, maybe, after the night she’d no doubt been having.

I was grateful to Megan for taking the risk of serving as a mule to deliver Abbie’s package. She alone among all involved parties could contact me without suspicion. The look of pure wrath on her face as she stormed across our lawns had put a fright in me even knowing her real purpose. Even so, the pathetic trickle in the canister was hardly enough to make noise, much less take down everyone who now had access to our secret. If I used it as sparingly as I had on Taylor’s chapstick, it would still be too little.

Per Isa’s advice, uttered in haste as she’d escorted me to my vehicle in the faculty lot, I avoided calling her or any of the others. Still, thanks to Megan and her blackmailing burner phone, I had access to a safe line. As the rings sounded in my ear, my neighbor kneaded my shoulders softly but intently.

“Canon?”

“It’s me.”

“About time you called. You know, I’ve been meaning to tell you, you’re not the easiest guy to run security for.”

I gritted my teeth. Megan winced as tense muscles turned to stone. “You know, considering preventing this exact thing was your main job...”

“Really, master? You want to blame today on me? Do I even need to explain to you the dozen different ways this was your fault?”

It didn’t help that she was right. I was the idiot who’d let Abbie get away with that idiot stunt at Gooses. Who’d gone to that dive motel with her after. Who’d routinely used his classroom as a sexnasium. Who hadn’t even told his pet cop about his latest acquisition. “Surprised you could manage to place blame without falling to your knees,” I replied cattily.

“I was on my knees the moment I heard your voice, and now I’m so pissed off at you I can’t stop masturbating. So thanks for that.” She was masking it well. I might not have heard the unevenness in her voice if she hadn’t called attention to it.

“Yeah, because you’re the one having a bad day.” Megan switched to teasing her fingernails along my neck, sidling up behind me to offer her breasts as a neck pillow. It was going to do as much to relax me as any massage. “Anyway, talk to me. What’s going to happen?”

“Let’s start with what’s already happened. Parents have been notified, and the girls were interviewed by Horen. They did good, kept their mouths shut like I told them. Still, it might be too little too late. The department’s been notified too, so they’ll be grilled more thoroughly soon, probably tomorrow. I don’t think Horen overheard enough to suspect I’m in on it, but she thinks we’re friends so I’m on the outs with her anyway.”

“Parents. Jesus. How did they take it?”

“Well I assume you can answer for Mrs. Brown on your own, since you called me from one of her phones. The Sterns couldn’t be reached, so she left messages for now. As for Tabitha – and thanks for giving me the heads up on that addition, by the way – her mom came in and met with Horen privately, but... yeah, I wouldn’t put yourself alone in a room with her. Same goes for Tabitha, I expect.”

“Tabitha’s mad at me?”

“Huh? No, I meant her mother’s pissed at her, too.”

“Oh.” That felt... not better, but less bad maybe. “Anything else?”

“If it wasn’t clear already, Serenex is out as a solution. There’s way too many who know now, and it’s only getting worse. There’s Horen herself, Cook-Burfield, at least a couple officers, parents—”

“I know. I already figured. Abbie got the rest of the canister to me, but it’s practically fumes.”

Megan wordlessly lifted her top above her breasts, wrapping her big bare tits around my head. They were weighty enough that I didn't even need to hold onto the phone any more, their weight pressing it there firmly. I reached back and pinched her ass appreciatively.

Isa continued, "Right. So... looking ahead, there's going to be an investigation. Hard to say how it'll go, but we're going to make them work for it at least."

"Hard to say how it'll go? My boss – ex-boss – has a video of me making out with a student in a bar, and walked in on three other students waiting for me half-naked in my classroom. How the hell can this be anything other than a one-way ticket to Fuckedville? Am I missing something? Some exculpatory miracle?"

"Hey, I won't lie; it doesn't look good. Still, it's not all bad. All of the girls are going to help cover for you, and without their testimony, they won't find out about all the *really* bad shit. I've already made the rounds, and we're agreed on a story. As far as anyone's concerned, the whole thing this afternoon was a stupid prank initiated by the Sterns. Cassie and Tabitha will say they were bullied into it."

"Bullied. Into showing me their asses, in school. Are you serious?"

"Kids these days, ya know. It's stupid, but they can't lock you up for something someone else did to you, and I'd be surprised if they'd risk taking this to trial when every witness will swear you had no knowledge of it. Not sure what fallout will hit the girls, but less than would come down on you."

Interesting. I suppose under normal circumstances, the girls would probably confirm Horen's assumption. Without their word, I could claim I'd been as surprised as the principal had been. Flimsy, but maybe a reasonable doubt? "What about the bar, though? She has a copy of the video. She matched Abbie's dress to her own prom pics."

"That's going to be trickier. How much had you had to drink that night? Enough that your friends would agree you weren't operating at peak efficiency?"

Megan pulled her breast to the side, then released it, letting the mound of jiggling flesh slap against my cheek playfully. "Some. I was probably tipsy, but I wasn't drunk. Why, are we supposed to claim she roofied me or something?"

"No, but if you were drunk enough, you might not have recognized her. She's not one of your students, after all, which might muddy the waters enough to give you plausible deniability. If she were still a minor, it wouldn't matter, but the codes on teachers banging students have a higher burden of proof of intent."

"You're sure?" It sounded too easy. Way too easy. I hadn't expected to be peddled hope, especially not from Louisa Barbour, a woman who'd called me a child molester to my face.

"I'm sure you have a chance. Not all of your fuck slaves lie as well as the Sterns, and there's no telling what else they'll dig up. We don't know who else has suspicions that may come forward. Plus they'll likely check your phone records, so we'll need a

reason why you made any calls to your girls. I figure we can explain Taylor with your after school meet-ups, and Abbie we'll say she used her sister's phone and you just assumed it was Taylor at an alternate number. You were helping Cassie do some SAT retake tutoring as a favor to her mom, I figured, in case you two ever used phones."

"Huh. All right, I guess that makes sense. Sort of."

"They won't be able to get copies of your text messages, thank god, so just make sure you do like I told the girls and delete anything incriminating."

I squeezed Megan's tits tighter around my head, a warm, fleshy security blanket. "What about surveillance?"

"Surveillance?" she repeated incredulously. "Canon, you're an English teacher, not Jason Bourne. I suppose they might put your house on a patrol route. It shouldn't need saying, but given your penchant for ignoring the obvious, it's a bad idea to have your pets over, just in case they get nosy or your usual penchant for fucking everything up strikes again."

"Man. Lied to by TV once again. Guess you guys are more useless than I thought."

I'd thrown in the barb just to titillate her, and was rewarded by the addition of a slight tremor in her voice as the rage translated into heightened arousal. "Canon, at worst, you're some lucky prick who got to do what half the assholes at the precinct only wish they could. They don't tap phones and do stakeouts for guys like you."

"For an accused child molester, even? Sorry, just... not what I expected."

She clicked her tongue reprovingly. "First off, they're not children. You're all adults in the eyes of the law. If you weren't their teacher, you could fuck them all day every day and nobody could say boo. Second, that's not what you're accused of. The charge is a teacher engaging in sexual conduct with students. What they've seen doesn't look good, but they didn't walk in on... well, any of the hundred-odd incidents that would be damning."

Hearing it that way was at least some relief. Not much, but some. "How do you rate my odds?"

She was quiet a moment; I could hear Candy in the background prodding her to admit she'd just come in her panties, Isa shushing her. "It's hard to say, master. Horen wants your head, that's for sure. Still, all she has is girls who will all swear you knew nothing about their state of undress, and a grainy video of what's probably a student kissing you in a bar. If I were you, I'd be getting in touch with my union and contesting the charges. You'll look a lot less guilty if you formally deny it. Innocent men tend to fight back."

"Huh. So you really think we could get away with it?"

"I don't think we have any choice but to try."

We spent some time going over the particulars. It was determined that our story about the Gooses incident would be that I didn't recognize Abbie until after we left the dimly lit bar, at which point I spurned her and sent her home untouched, then was subsequently too mortified to tell anyone. Her outrage at that rejection was Abbie's motive for pushing her sister, a girl with a well-established record of despising me, to fuck with me as she had after school. The Sterns had gotten compromising information about Cassie and Tabitha at a recent party at Cassie's house, using it to coerce them into joining her. I was the victim, not the perpetrator.

Like *Wild Things*, basically, except without the circular firing squad.

Horen would never believe our little fiction, but she didn't really have to. We had only to satisfy the detective, help them present such a mild case that it drifted away in a cloud of he-said/she-said. Horen could try to fire me for what she thought she'd seen, but when it came to the judicial end of things, it was nebulous. Maybe not as nebulous as I'd like, but Isa succeeded in convincing me that it wasn't over.

"So you're going to pawn this all off on Cassie and the girls?" inquired Megan in between casual slurps on my cock. It was late, now, closer to the sun's next rising than its prior setting. Megan had tasked Cassie with putting Robby to bed so she could stay over here and work on her debt. She'd been doing so for hours now, rotating from method to method as orifices and limbs grew fatigued. I'd taken a nap after dinner, during which time she'd taken a break to quietly tidy the house. Then it was back to work.

"That's the real question, isn't it," I non-answered. There had been no judgment in her tone; she was merely helping me process. "If I don't, I'm done. There's no other reason besides the truth why those idiot girls would be in my classroom half-naked and grinning."

She wiped a tear from her eye brought on by a fresh effort at deep-throating. Mere weeks of practice and her daughter was already surpassing her. Still, big tits and a round ass went a long way toward taking me away from my troubles. "And if you do?"

"Then... I don't know. If we can sell our story, the Sterns will be expelled. Cassie and Tabitha too, maybe." There had been a boy my first year teaching who had claimed one of the PE teachers had made sexual advances on him at a track meet, though he hadn't counted on a friend betraying him and admitting the kid had made it up. That boy had been tossed out of GHS so hard I wasn't sure he'd landed yet. "Somebody's head is gonna roll for this. I just don't know."

"If that's what happens, how are you going to feel about that?" Again, no judgment. Lord, I'd done a number on her.

"Shitty. So shitty. Cassie and Tabitha never did anything wrong. They're great. Hell, even the Sterns don't deserve expulsion." I reflected. "Not for this, anyway."

She let her hands take over for her mouth, only sucking me off now when I was talking. “There’s always GED programs. They wouldn’t have to do much to finish them, considering their situations.”

“You know that’s not the same.” Megan had a GED herself, and she’d complained more than a few times about the distinction in the eyes of employers, especially when she’d been younger. “Besides, they earned it. I’d never forgive myself if I cheated them out of a rite of passage like this. But then, I also really, really don’t want to go to prison.” Or explain to my mom why I lost my job. Ugh.

“So then... quit. You could quit, right?”

“Quit? I can’t quit. This is my job. My *calling*. This is what I was meant to do. Without this job...” I shook my head. “What good would it do the girls to quit anyway?”

“Tell your b.s. story, get them to drop charges. Then trade Horen your dismissal for their graduation.”

I snorted. “You say ‘drop the charges’ like it’s a guaranteed thing.”

Megan took the time to give me a few dozen bobs before replying. It was oddly frustrating, this first moment in my life where I was more interested by words coming out of a woman’s mouth than my cock going into it. “Tell ya what, I think you’ve got a real shot here, buddy. From what Isa was telling me earlier, the Sterns have disciplinary records as long as my legs. Cassie even told me Abbie was already expelled once in middle school. People would believe they’d do something like that.” She paused, swished a finger in her mouth and flicked something irritably. “Sorry, pube. But seriously, this is the *cops* we’re talking about – they live for the chance to ignore allegations of sexual misconduct by men. At my old job at the cannery, at least half a dozen women made complaints about our manager and they didn’t lift a damn finger until they found out he was hiring illegals. Some bro fucking hot babes? Hero. But let a few Mexicans try to make a buck and blammo, they’re out in force.”

“What would *you* do, if you were me, Megan?”

“I’d use the last of that Serenex shit on Bradley Cooper, that’s what I’d do. I love me some Bradley Cooper.” She chuckled. “Look, I don’t know what to tell you. You don’t want to go down for it. You don’t want to throw the girls under the bus. You don’t want to go for a plea. I guess you just gotta figure out what you want, and what you can live with.”

I put her mouth back to work as I mulled it over. Maybe this would all blow over. It sure didn’t feel like it, but as someone who’d taught *Crime and Punishment* three years running, I knew that my sense of guilt over what I’d done outweighed the evidence against me. By the time Megan coaxed a grudging spurt of cum out of my balls, I was no closer to peace of mind nor to a plan for dealing with Horen, but the distraction had been fun while it lasted. I wasn’t sure what I could live with, but as I considered a life

separated from my ladies, I was more certain than I wanted to admit about what I couldn't live without.

Tuesday morning I contacted my union rep to appeal my dismissal and for legal counsel. They rushed somebody out before noon, a tired-looking fellow named Capaldi with wire-frame glasses and only a few lonely hairs left on his head. I explained my situation using the lies I'd settled on with Isa. We were still talking over what to expect when I got the call from someone at the police department asking me to come in for questioning as soon as possible. The appointment was set for that afternoon.

I'd driven past the place a thousand times without a second glance, an old brick building next to the courthouse. It was on my route to the high school. Nonetheless, it was a daunting thing, walking into that police department with all that guilt weighing me down. I couldn't escape the feeling that I would never leave, like they would ask the perfect question and I'd be left with no choice but to confess all my sins and throw myself at their absent mercy.

Capaldi and I were led to a sparsely decorated office. It was nothing like what I'd expected, some concrete cell with a heavy steel door, a hanging lamp and a window through which their profilers might observe me, watching every word for signs of guilt. Instead, the dread interrogation chamber was brightly lit and comfortably furnished, more welcoming than my reception the day before in the principal's office. It was cozy, almost. Disarming. Perhaps that was the point.

The occupant of the office was a heavysset man close to my father's age who introduced himself as Nick Shipman. I shook his hand, he asked permission to record, and off we went.

The interview proceeded about like how Isa had said. Maybe because she was the school's resource officer, I'd been doubtful about her knowledge of more conventional police proceedings. Not so. He asked about the incident at Gooses, and I explained my version of events – my impaired state, my swiftness to reject Abbie once I recognized her, her anger at being pushed away. Shipman asked why I didn't go back in to rejoin my friends, but I said I was feeling too confused and upset by what had happened to be good company.

From there, it was a checklist of sorts, asking about my relationship with each of the three bare-assed and/or bare-pussied high school girls who'd been discovered in my room the day before. I explained what I could and lied my ass off about what I couldn't. As to contact with them outside of school, I vaguely replied that Taylor and I kept in touch about her makeup work; remembering the handful of texts to Tabitha, I claimed that she had asked me to write a letter of recommendation for her and we'd briefly

corresponded, as well as a few other times earlier in the year regarding special projects for her honors credit – in case they were that thorough. That last part was actually true, but nonetheless felt as deceitful as the rest to say.

All in all, it was fairly pointed and easy to navigate the simple lies we'd constructed. As near as I could tell, he didn't try to sweat me out, trip me up, entrap me, or press on the weaker points. I'd subjected students to greater scrutiny about lengthy trips to the restroom. Still, I reminded myself that they could always call me back in again – or drag me back in – and it could simply be some cop trick to make me feel comfortable enough to let something slip.

I didn't. I don't think.

"All right, Mr. Canon, I think that about wraps it up – unless there's anything else you think we ought to know about...?" the detective said. I glanced at the clock on the wall. It had barely taken half an hour.

There was a part of me that thought back to two years – eight seemingly interminable academic quarters – of Taylor Stern. The snickers, the smirks, the lies, the interruptions, all the time and effort not merely wasted, but actually counterproductive, her attitude worsening with every attempt to bring her to heel. This was my chance. I had a heap of stories as deep and juicy as her silken cunt about the bullshit that girl had put me through. If I wanted to paint her as the evil bitch who'd made it her mission to drive me out of teaching once and for all, here was the chance. Isa had even suggested it might be worth saying something, since Horen would likely not be using the Sterns' disciplinary file to do me any favors. I ought to plant the seed, at least. Abbie I barely knew, at least for purposes of our narrative, but Taylor...

But part of me was the taste of cold spring rain washing over crimson lips.

"I don't think so. I'm not sure I fully understand what all happened in those girls' heads, but for my part, I think I've shared everything I know."

"Good. You think of something, you let me know."

He rose, which I took as a dismissal. Capaldi and I followed suit, but as I shook his hand again, I paused to ask, "What happens now? We're close to the end of the school year. Any chance this might be resolved before finals?"

Shipman nodded. "I hear you. I can't comment on the process, but I can share that we're fast-tracking this thing. I promise, you'll hear from me before long, one way or the other."

Ominous, but there was probably no other way for him to say it. Either he thought I was full of shit and he'd have charges to press, or he was ready to write it off as bratty Gen Z shenanigans. Either felt possible. "Right. Thanks, detective."

Having carpooled on the way over, Capaldi and I spoke some on our drive back to his office. He assured me I'd acquitted myself well, and reminded me not to try to contact any of the alleged victims or their families. Really, he said, just go home and stay

there. Order in, he suggested. And let him know if I heard anything. I told him I would, and that was the end of it. He moved on to his next case, and I got back in my car.

I started the engine, as anxious as I'd ever been. It was impossible not to notice that the vehicle's clock read 2:55. Not ten blocks from here, school was letting out. Normally I'd be waiting for Taylor to swagger in for her daily makeup session. She'd try to distract me by crossing her legs a certain way or flashing her panties under her skirt, and I'd try to not rip them off her and fuck her on my desk. It was the best, most excruciating game I'd ever played.

Back home, it was a hell of a long evening. Megan was at work. My only interaction was with Isa, whom I called with Megan's burner phone. There wasn't much to it; she said she didn't know Shipman personally, but figured she'd at least try to put in a good word, see if she could learn anything or give it a nudge. Beyond that, yet another reminder to keep my hands to myself and get used to solitude. The worst thing for my situation would be for some nosy neighbor to see a schoolgirl sneaking in my back door, then read the next week in the paper about charges.

To my credit, I made it until almost ten o'clock. For a guy with a contact list full of nubile sex slaves, that was one hell of an achievement as far as I was concerned.

You up? I sent.

I didn't have to wait long. *Is that you???*

Smart girl. Saw an unknown number, but clever enough to use pronouns. *Who else.*

Are you OK? I've been freaking out!

I'm sorry about that. I'm fine. Can you get out?

omw.

The door to the garage swung quietly open a short while later. Entering my house was a figure who could have been nearly anyone. It was disguised in a bulky hoodie and leggings, both black. The hood was up, shrouding its face. Even the shoes were black.

"Tabitha, Jesus, you look like an urban ninja or something." I rose to greet her, but she was already starting to strip even as she closed the door with a foot. Not the worst hug rejection I'd ever gotten, I supposed.

"Sorry. I didn't see any police cars, but I didn't want to take chances. I parked two blocks down in the lot by the Walgreens and hiked over – down the alley, just to be sure. Nobody saw me."

She was already naked by the time the brief explanation was done. Lack of socks, bra and panties probably helped, but still, impressive stripping speed. "I appreciate the caution, but they don't have a SWAT team on standby. I'm an English teacher, not Jason Bourne."

"Did you crib that line from Officer Barbour, or did she steal it from you?" A little shiver ran through her body as she took stock of me taking stock of her. Still conquering

that shyness, though you'd hardly know it with how quickly she'd tossed off those clothes. Had it really only been a few days since I'd first seen her naked? The smattering of tits and ass sort of blurred together after a while. Still, the sight of her was something else. She might not share the Sterns' porn star builds, but Tabitha's petite body was mesmerizing in its own right.

"Surprised your mother let you out," I deflected.

Tabitha shrugged, apple breasts bouncing once, twice, then still. The physics were so different on those cute little things. "I'm grounded, officially, but she's three sheets to the wind as usual."

"Grounded? First time for that, I'll bet."

Her lips pursed. "Just because I get good grades doesn't mean I'm some simpering do-gooder, you know. That's one of those shitty positive but negative stereotypes. Like Asians being good at math or Jews having a lot of money."

"OK, OK. I'm sure a bad-ass rebel like you gets grounded all the time."

Her face softened. A bit. "It's the *second* time," she conceded in a scarcely audible mumble. "First time was in fifth grade when Mrs. Melendez gave me a B+ in social studies."

"You mean when you earned a B+ in social studies," I corrected. Students, always blaming their teachers for grades like we invented the points on the fly. "And if your mom hated that, you better start boosting your grade in sex ed double time. A couple rocky assignments – but still plenty of points left to be earned."

I'd meant it as a joke, but Tabitha nodded austere. "I mean to. That is, at least as long as you're out of jail and all. Do you really think that'll happen? Because I'm going to have to make more corrections to my five-year plan if that's the direction this all goes."

Touching. "I don't know. My lawyer didn't laugh in my face and tell me I'm fucked, at least, but I suppose we'll see how our little fiction plays out. How were things in school today? Are we trending?"

"Nah, I haven't heard anybody talking yet. Can't believe the principal could walk in on me showing you my bare butt and not even get in trouble for it. I guess Mrs. Horen kept her mouth shut about it though, because I wasn't even getting weird looks. So far, so good, I guess."

I got to work on my own clothes. "That's a relief. If we can actually somehow keep this under wraps, coming back will be a lot easier."

"Yeah, it'd be nice not to graduate with an asterisk. 'Most likely to whore her way through college' doesn't feel like a cool superlative. I wonder if Mrs. Horen is going to investigate along those lines, now that we're taking the fall for you. Ugh, just the idea that *I* would be bullied into *that* by a total loser like Taylor Stern..." She grimaced, evidently not appreciating the irony of her words.

Myself, I was grimacing for a different reason. “I am sorry for that, you know. That you’re in this position. It wasn’t my intention to... well, none of this was my intention, least of all inserting my best student into all this chaos and drama.”

“And if sorry’s and please’s were infectious diseases, we’d all be dead by winter.” She reacted to my expression with a dismissive eye roll. “Something my grandfather says.”

“Colorful. Still, I want you to know—”

But Tabitha held up a hand. “You really don’t have to apologize. We’re here. It’s happening. Let’s not waste our breath on accusations and apologies, OK? Taylor sucks, her sister sucks, and what’s happening sucks. Now you invited me over. I hope that wasn’t why.”

Somehow, in that moment I was reminded of my second year teaching when Chris... crap, I’d already forgotten his last name. Anyway, Chris Somebody wasn’t happy with his semester grade, and he had the temerity to swing by after school and pull the old “my parents’ taxes pay your salary” routine. It hadn’t done much for Chris. Tabitha probably hadn’t meant it like that, but something in her tone, the entitlement...

“Have you ever been spanked?”

It just rubbed me the wrong way, here at the end of a hard day.

The sudden flush to her skin, the way her whole body went rigid, was already satisfying enough that I barely felt the compulsion to do it any more. Barely. “N-no...” she stammered.

“Well lucky you, Tabitha. You’re about to have a new experience to put on your transcript.”

“You can’t... I didn’t...”

“I can’t what? Speak up, sweetie. Are you here for my approval, or do you want another F?”

“No!” she shook her head fervently. “No, you can... you can spank me. That’s fine. So I, um... what do I do?”

I ventured a thin smile. “Assume the position.”

“Yeah, but... what position? If you want me on your lap you’ll have to sit down. Or do I just grab my ankles, or...? You have to throw me a bone, here, Mr. Canon.”

I let my displeasure show, and the effect was visibly chastening. “First things first, spanking is about punishment, and contrition. If I wanted sass, I’d have brought Taylor over. You have to want my approval more than her, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she squeaked, then cleared her throat. “I mean, yes... sir? Please punish me, sir.” She arched an eyebrow. “Is that better?”

“It’s progress. Now... assume the position.”

Quick learner that she was, Tabitha didn’t balk or stall this time. Instead, she shuffled across the room, eyes on her toes, until coming to a stop next to the coffee table.

There she bent down and placed her palms on the surface. Half the girl's height was in her legs, and with her ass flying high in the air like that, she was suddenly nothing but. The honor roll student looked back over her shoulder, big blue eyes meek and plaintive. "Like this, sir?"

"That's my girl." I took my time admiring her. I'd always fancied myself more of a tit man, but there really was a lot to be said for a pair of smooth lean thighs. Two cute little bubbles of an ass, between them a smooth pink slit just begging to be fucked. Tabitha Hutchings, academic all star and teacher's pet extraordinaire, presenting herself for anything I might want to do to her. If I came around and shoved my dick in her mouth, she would suck it, and do her best. If I surprised her with a thrust into her pussy, she'd thank me for helping show her how to ride a cock.

When my palm came down with a sharp *crack* against her naked bottom, she... moaned.

She moaned.

"Thank you, sir."

After giving myself a moment to relish in that post-spank moment, when the aftershock reverberated throughout her rounded bottom, I wound up and gave her another one, harder. A grunt, this time, but not entirely of pain. "I'm sorry, sir."

I took a moment to fondle her ass, squeezing each plump cheek in turn. Damn, she kept this thing in perfect shape. The sudden shift to another smack caught her off-guard, only her grip on the tabletop keeping her from teetering over. "Again please, sir?"

I gave her what she asked for. "Thank you for teaching me, sir."

Another. "Please punish me, sir."

Another. "I'm so sorry, sir."

Another. "Spank my naughty ass, sir."

Another. "Please don't stop, sir."

Another. "Harder, sir."

Another, one on each cheek in rapid succession. "Fuck... I'm getting s-so horny, sir."

I probed, and fucking hell, you could cook a roast in the heat emanating from between those thighs. Wet as hell, too. Had she really never done this before? We'd only just begun and she was ready to be fucked. "You sure you don't have a thing for being spanked, Tabitha? Damn."

"I will if you want me to, sir."

Hot damn. She earned another swat for that one. "C-closer, sir. Please don't stop."

"Arch your back more. You have a great ass. Show it off."

In a flash, she complied. The hunch became a deep valley, and I swear it was like her ass was suddenly... smiling at me. The red blooming in her cheeks shone in the lamplight; the cleft advertised her pussy even more tantalizingly. "Like this, sir?"

I fondled that thing lovingly, a kid with a new puppy. Except my puppy was wet and ready to be fucked. *What? Jesus, Canon.* She seemed to be waiting for it, so I gave her another smack. "I'm so sorry, sir. Would you like to pull my hair while you spank me?"

Until she offered, I hadn't realized I wanted to. She gasped – in fright? in discomfort? in delight? – as my fingers snaked into her thick mane and seized a handful. Somehow the girl even managed to keep her back arched as I pulled her face sideways to where my cock now waited. She was already braced to accept my shaft in her throat, though I didn't leave her time to make another slutty plea before I skewered her perfect face.

I used my new handle to fuck her at my leisure. With my other hand, I kept on spanking at intervals. If she hadn't been moaning into my shaft like that, I might have been more gentle, but as it was, she only spurred me on to new heights of savagery. A short time later – I think; I was beyond time in this slut's mouth – I inadvertently set off a chain reaction.

A smack.

A shudder.

Weak knees thudding onto the tabletop.

A muffled squeal.

Fade to groan.

Rise to squeal again.

A shockwave.

A pussy thrumming in climax.

A cock spurting into a girl's mouth.

Desperately eager swallows.

Dizzy stumbles toward my chair.

A girl crawling after me.

Eyes locked on eyes.

Matched breathlessness.

"Thank you for teaching me, sir."

"If I spank you any more, it's going to bruise. It may have already," I told her some hours later.

She looked back at me, sulking. “So? So when I sit down tomorrow, I’ll remember how much Mr. Canon approves of my ass. It’ll feel good. Go on. Bruise me.”

I patted the bed. “Come on, give it a rest for a bit. I can only take so much.”

Tabitha stood, frowning, and gestured to my admittedly fully erect shaft upthrust from my prone position. “Really? Because it looks like you could take more.”

“I meant my hand, actually. But if you’re so intent on brushing up, climb aboard. You’re almost as bad as Taylor about getting me off-topic from my lesson plan.” Not that I’d had a plan. And no one was as bad as Taylor.

It was a little strange, in a way. If I had told Taylor to mount my cock, she’d have grinned that self-satisfied smirk of hers. Abbie, too. Cassie would have practically leapt on it. No, not practically, definitely. Isa would pout, Candy too, but they’d have that angrily horny face on to mitigate it as they complied. Megan would flash her cockeyed grin and say something funny.

Tabitha merely nodded and obeyed.

“Cowgirl, or reverse?”

There was something to be said for her dutiful approach. Her unquestioning compliance quickly banished my reservations about taking advantage of her. With Taylor I’d push her buttons just to bother her. Tabitha, however, somehow didn’t have any buttons. Her dignity, sometimes, but once she’d committed, there was no more hesitation.

If I wanted to fuck her face, she relaxed her throat and let me. Her first spanking had transitioned in mere seconds from grudging acceptance to what looked to be a full-blown fetish. If my cock was anywhere beyond completely flaccid, she was analyzing how best to make use of it, and her analysis plainly ran something like this: *what will bring Mr. Canon the most satisfaction?*

All so she could get another A in my make-believe class, Sex Slavery 101.

“Reverse. Let me admire my handywork.”

The budding young slut was selfishly selfless, perversely perverted. Everything about it was backwards. Brainwashed by another to belong to me, to spite her with pleasure, so she would better herself as she uplifted herself through submission to degradation. I could barely wrap my mind around how utterly fucked up things were with this girl. Yet as I watched her pretty pink snatch get split wide by my shaft, I couldn’t help but wonder if there was any higher pleasure in life than this. To have a woman wholly and unquestioningly committed to my carnal satisfaction.

Egotistical? Sure. But that it stoked the fires of my ego was part of what made it so good. For her, too, because the more I liked it, the better she got to feel about herself. Slapping her ass and telling her to go faster wasn’t greedy; I was doing her a favor, helping her learn how to improve her ability to get me off. The better I helped her do,

the more she got to bask in new heights of my approval. There was no greater generosity I could show her than raw, unapologetic self-centeredness.

“Twist yourself, if you can. I want to see those little tits of yours bounce while you work.”

And she was learning. This was Tabitha Hutchings, after all. She watched and listened and *felt* for my reactions, seizing on anything I seemed to like, avoiding anything that hadn't produced results. Sometimes her discoveries came from pointed questions, but she was also learning how to learn independently. Interrogating me about my preferences wasn't sexy. No, better to experiment and learn from the response. She was taking mental notes: *side to side with hips good; hamming up orgasm meh; playing with her clit unnecessary when I can't see it but hot when I can; vocalizations super hot.*

Her teeth clenched in an effort to keep from wailing in pleasure, she still managed, “Oh god, I must be the luckiest fucking slut fuck toy at GHS, I swear to fuck, Mr. Canon! My tight little fucking pussy can barely fit your huge fat fucking dick, but, ungh, I can't help myself! Just *please* promise me, *please*, that you won't make me stop!”

For instance. Theater, to be sure, but she was good at it, and frankly, her tight little fucking pussy really was damn snug around my presently huge-as-it-was-gonna-get dick. The girl was feather-light, so with a firm grasp of her slender waist I could ram her up and down until she was a wet, warm jackhammer of sex. She reacted perfectly, head thrown back in wild ecstasy, her on-going presentation on the merits of being my teen pleasure slave cut short by what may or may not have been another orgasm. I didn't care either way, because she didn't care. The only pleasure either of us cared about was happening between *my* legs, where I was soon flooding her tight pink cunt. Because I fucking felt like it, and because she wanted to learn how to get comed in like the little slut I was turning her into.

Tabitha pivoted to collapse on top of me, her mop of brown hair sticking to the sweat on my shoulder. I caught her eyes glancing up to mine, monitoring to make sure that cuddling was the right answer, that her living essay on the theme of being too delighted with my boundless masculinity was following the assigned font and formatting.

I patted her butt reassuringly. “Another A+, sweetie.”

Her body trembled, and I just caught a shallow gasp over the sound of my own heavy breathing. “Really? I thought I'd lose some credit for whipping you with my hair there at the end.”

“Nah, you just missed. Plus you look good when you lose control. Don't overdo it, but if you're coming, I like to know it.”

She caressed my side softly, suggestively, making sure I understood how wet and ready she remained should the desire arise. “How can I lose control when I’ve already given all the control over to you?”

I snort-laughed. “All the control? Come on. You were steering there as much as I was.”

But Tabitha shook her head. “I was following your directions. Really, Mr. Canon, it doesn’t take a genius to figure out what gets you off. I’m just trying to train my body and my mind to get on board with it.”

I gave her poor, overwrought butt a squeeze. This little minx was going to have me ready again in no time. “Oh yeah? You think you got me figured out?”

“I *know* I have you figured out. You’re more complex than the boys at school, but you’re not exactly an enigma.”

“OK. Let’s call it a quiz then. Tell me what it is that you think gets me off. Pass/fail.”

Her hands folded under her chin and she looked up at me with an almost condescending expression. No, not almost. Definitely condescending. “It’s simple. Obedience.”

“Obedience? Tabitha, I never told you to—”

“Like hell you didn’t! But it doesn’t even matter. You don’t have to. Look at you, Mr. Canon. Yeah, us girls are all hot, boobs and pussies and an excuse to bandy about the term ‘nubile’ in your head and whatever. Sure. You like that, but that’s not what you *love* about it. It’s breaking us. Taking the evil bitch who’s pissed you off and putting her on her knees with your dick in her mouth and there’s nothing she can do about it. Taking your backstabbing neighbor and making her not just watch you fuck her only daughter, but thank you for it, help you think of new uses for her. I don’t know what all you have going on with Officer Barbour, but I’d bet my bottom dollar that when it’s just the two of you, that woman crawls when and where you snap and point.

“Or take me. The pretty, prissy honors girl, and you fucked my head so bad that I can actually orgasm from you spanking me. I think I came harder from that than from the actual sex – which also felt amazing, because you made me need to make you feel like you can give a girl amazing sex. Or maybe none of that’s true and I’m only saying that to make you feel that way, but even then, you’ve made me want to say that.”

“Wait, did you really come from... or wait. What?”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t care if I ever get off from what you do with me. Zero percent. I like that I do – if I do – but if you just wanted me to spend all night on my knees blowing you and coming on my face and slapping me around with your dick, I would do it, because that’s the sort of woman you really approve of. A shameless, obedient slut who worships you as the god of her idolatry.”

I stared at her for a long time, but there was nothing in her eyes that betrayed any sign that she thought she even *might* be wrong.

“Pass,” I said quietly, then flipped off the light.

My eyes closed, but I was nowhere near sleeping. In fact, I was already wondering how long I could wait before I rolled her on her back and dove into that pussy buffet between her legs.

“You don’t need the others any more, you know,” she said softly. “I’ll be everything you could ever want.”

“Nobody’s perfect, Tabitha.”

“Only because you’ve been wasting yourself on lesser women. Nobody’s been perfect for you *yet*, Mr. Canon.”

Her lips found mine in the dark, and she made out with me until too long had passed to bother with a retort. Then I fucked her again. Right before I came in her, Tabitha breathily whispered her fear: “God, I think I might fall in love with you, Mr. Canon.” When Cassie had something similar, it had been awkward, an inadvertent admission that we’d had to find a way to work around.

With Tabitha, she had very much meant to say it. Then after, she inquired if I wanted her to fall in love with me. I was afraid she found her answer in my eyes instead of in my voice.

“Officer Barbour told you not to call me over, didn’t she,” she said as we were at last in the process of drifting off to sleep. She’d set an alarm to wake her in time to sneak out while it was still dark out, but insisting she wanted to be on hand if I got horny in the night. She didn’t like the idea of me wanting to fuck her and not being able to when she wasn’t even busy with anything important.

“Said not to contact any of you,” I mumbled into my pillow.

“And you contacted me, huh. Not Taylor, or Abbie, or Cassie. Me.”

“Yeah, guess so.”

“You know, you can fall in love with me, too, if you want. I don’t mind.” My eyes shot open just in time to see her roll away from me, wriggling her perfect, naked bottom against my hip. “Good night, Mr. Canon. I’ll be quiet when I leave so you can sleep in.”

If I didn’t wind up in prison, maybe being fired wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Part Twenty-Three: Senior Pranks

There is a sense, as a high school teacher, that one never really left high school. Yes, I got paid to attend, did more grading than being graded, didn't have to participate in group showers, and wasn't constantly preoccupied with getting laid. At least not in more ordinary times. (Hmm, come to think of it, I suppose I'd been indulging in group showers a bit, too.)

Even so, many of the trappings still surrounded me. The closely regimented schedule, having to wait to go to the bathroom for hours on end, peer pressure, bullying. Above all, though, there was the drama. Gossip, rumor-mongering, the strange way I always seemed to know what the popular kids were doing. My third year teaching, I'd found out that a student was about to be dumped before it even happened. I'd offered a few words of consolation only to receive a bewildered look. One simply heard things.

Most of the time, it was a burden. I didn't want to know who my students were sleeping with, or crying over, or who'd made up lies about whom, or that Owen Brendle had one testicle. It probably aided in building connections and empathy, but it could make for a real distraction at times.

Suddenly, though, trapped in my home and unable to mire myself in it, I was aching for a little gossip.

It came in dribbles. Isa texted me Wednesday morning to let me know Detective Shipman had come in to interview the girls. He used her office to do it. Cassie was nervous enough that she asked if the resource officer could accompany her, which Isa used to pass along the sorts of questions he was asking. Nothing unexpected. If it was true she'd exposed herself; why; the general nature of her relationship with me. Isa said she handled it well, and her nervous stammers played out more like embarrassment than shame. I asked the difference; she explained that people were embarrassed when they acted stupidly, but ashamed when they knew they'd transgressed.

It sounded subjective as hell to me, but Isa wasn't one to dole out false comfort. Not to me, anyway. Although, she did point out she'd put in that good word for me. Then again, she'd also added that she wasn't sure what it had accomplished. He shared that he hoped to have it wrapped up soon, though what "soon" meant to Shipman was anyone's guess. We didn't know much more than we did before.

Megan stopped in for a while before her evening shift to check in on me. From her, I got an earful about how distraught Cassie was about all this. Poor kid had even told her about the "I love you" incident over the weekend.

"Man, she really doesn't have a filter, does she," I grumbled.

“Not where you’re concerned. It sounds like you handled it well enough, let her down gently. I mean, apart from the ass-fuck, but that was good, too. Brad, when I was feeling low, he always knew the best way to pull me out was to push it in.”

“Like mother, like daughter, it seems,” I replied dryly. “If you can help keep her grounded... I don’t want to hurt her. She’s a great girl, but you know as well as I do that however this ends up, it’s not me and Cassie falling in love and starting a family.”

“No, I imagine not. Don’t think it’d feel right, sucking off my own son-in-law,” she laughed. Evidently it felt fine sucking off her daughter’s booty caller. It sure felt fine to me.

“Just tell her as soon as this all blows over, hers is the first ass I want to fuck.”

“I’ll bet. Girl’s got a butt all right. I mean believe me, I’d offer up mine, but you and I know both I got nothing on that kid of mine.”

“Nonsense. Come on, show me that ass, Meg.” She made a show of her self-consciousness as I spun her around and worked her jeans down.

“Stop! Oh gosh, I don’t even have cute underwear on today.”

“There’s a cure for that,” I countered, and tugged the underwear down, too. (It was indeed drab.) Beneath it was that round, ample Brown ass. Taylor and Abbie, my lovers with the most generously proportioned backsides, would be lucky to keep it that juicy at Megan’s age.

“Want me to get the lube?” she asked.

I shrugged, nodded. Why not? I was stuck here, and if I’d lost my job and was about to lose my freedom, may as well enjoy what I had left while I had it.

A thick glob of the stuff was already filling her palm as she returned to the room, casually kneeling down and massaging it onto my ready member. She glanced up and said, “Maybe best we don’t tell Cassie about this. I know it’s not ‘official’ like the booty call thing, but the poor kid definitely sees herself as your reigning anal queen. Would break her heart to know you’d loved another, especially mine.”

With that, she was standing up and pivoting, pulling her ass cheeks apart as she lowered herself toward me. At the last second, I tugged back, and after a moment of trying to locate the tip of my cock with her asshole, Megan tumbled awkwardly down into my lap. “Whoa! What happened there?”

“I... you’re right. Cassie wouldn’t like it. Tell you what, let’s do it regular today, OK? Just climb on and fuck me, and we’ll call it a day.”

She arched a brow. “You’re sure? You wanna fuck an ass, I’m happy to be the ass you fuck. I’m down for whatever. Besides, I owe you.”

“I know you are, Meg. Just... shut up and fuck me, OK?”

She tapped my nose playfully as she once more reared up to mount me, though this time face to face. “You say the sweetest things, Canon.”

I let Megan do the work. After all, she was the one paying down a debt. She didn't let my distractedness deter her, either, grinding those wide hips of hers with vigor.

Why had I turned her down? It wasn't like I'd made a promise to Cassie to use her ass exclusively. I'd even promised Tabitha that very morning to give her a chance to do a little "holework" (my pun, but I *think* her laugh was sincere...?) on that front. Or back, as it were.

Now though, I felt bad. All I was putting them through, and who knew how much worse it could get... not fucking her mom's ass was literally the least I could do for her.

It got me thinking, though. What else *could* I do for Cassie? For any of them? Assuming I didn't go to jail for this, pretty soon we'd be free to do whatever we wanted. I doubted I'd want to flaunt it, take my sextet of fawning fuck toys to the public pool in string bikinis and show off my bounty, feed the rumor mill. Still, there was no law against fucking *former* students. If I wanted to rent an RV and take the lot of them on a cross-country sexcapade, there was nothing to stop me. (Maybe Abbie's summer school enrollment, considering the likelihood that she'd have courses to make up.)

We'd been through a lot together, they and I, even in such a relatively short span. For all the grief and anxiety they'd put me through, on the whole, it had been the most amazing month of my life to date. The sex, yes, but it was more than that. Relationships like I'd never made before. The thrill of intrigue. The way I'd rethought my career, my life. The surge of self-confidence as I rode roughshod over the hurdles in my way. The surge of self-confidence as I rode a bunch of eighteen-year-old babes. I wouldn't trade it for the world.

Again, assuming I didn't go to prison for it. Then a trade would be looking mighty tempting.

I waved Megan off at the last moment and came all over her face and her tits. She hadn't even taken her shirt off, but I instructed her to leave it there, wear it to work like that. Cassie would approve; she got a big kick out of the power I had over her mom.

"I guess I'll make something up," she said, inspecting the dribbles already seeping into her top. It was royal blue, and fairly conspicuous. I expected it would remain so. "Ah well, my boss thinks I'm a harlot already ever since I got a little drunk at last year's Christmas party and made out with one of the other managers. Didn't sleep with him, though."

"Yeah, I remember you told me that. At least this time he'll be right about thinking you're a slut, if that's any consolation."

"Don't you know the difference between a slut and a bitch? A slut fucks everybody. A bitch fucks everybody but *you*," she said with a chuckle. "Still gonna be a bitch in his book, I guess. C'est la vie. Anything else I can do for you before I skedaddle?"

No, I thought. That certainly ought to be my answer. I shouldn't even hesitate. The more I fraternized, the greater the risk. Just because they were hot, young, desperately eager sex slaves didn't mean I had to—

“Send Cassie over tonight. Late. Sneak in the back. I still need some ass.” And the words crept out before my resistance could finish its thought process.

That, of all things, brought a smile to the face of the ass's mother. “Atta boy. You two keep it quiet though, right? Can't have you landing yourself in a worse situation than you're already in, man.”

“We'll be quiet.”

I had a few hours then to wonder what the fuck I was thinking. Wasn't this dogged think-with-your-dick lustfulness exactly what had landed me in such hot water to begin with? (That and my idiot friend Jay, but I'd chew his stupid ass out once I knew exactly how thoroughly it was deserved.)

Still, like Isa had said, they weren't going to be surveilling me. Even if they were driving by the place, they weren't going to see Cassie creeping through the yard. Fuck it. I had a beautiful, sweet-hearted young woman who wanted to fuck me, and I wasn't going to waste what might be my final days of freedom not doing just that.

I thought you should know how wet you're making my pussy right now, Mr. Canon.

The attached pictures were discernible as a pair of starkly contrasted upskirt photos of a bare pussy. One was somewhat blurry and so dark I never would have identified it for what it was without that caption. The other was much crisper, the skirt spread wide and the pussy much more recognizable.

Are you texting me beaver shots in the middle of my class, Tabitha??? I snapped.

Yes and no. One was taken in the bathroom, after the one I tried to sneak during class turned out so poorly. But I wanted you to know I tried.

Maybe try paying attention to the lesson? I didn't know what the lesson even entailed, but Amy had access to my lesson plans and final exam, so she'd no doubt be making sure things got done. They *should* be finishing *Catcher* today in senior English, then distributing the final exam study guides for next week. I hated not knowing.

Your sub is awful. He doesn't know any of the material. He spent the first ten minutes of class trying to figure out how to work the projector because he wouldn't let me show him how.

That didn't bode well. *Mr. Latmer?*

No, Mr. Ashmore. Can I come over tonight?

Sorry, hon. Already made plans.

Plans? With one of us, or with persons uninvolved?

I rolled my eyes. *Not that it's your business, but I'm having Cassie over.*

May I ask to what ends, sir? That was Tabitha, all right. Adding the sir to feed my ego, knowing I'd know she was trying to get something from me in exchange, and counting on me to recognize what and respect the effort.

Booty call. Literally. Why be coy, after all.

Perfect! I'll work things out with her.

Unless you know of a way to fuck two butts at the same time, I think she has this covered, Tabitha. Wait your turn.

There was no reply.

Oh well. The nice thing about Tabitha disobeying me was how satisfying she was to correct. Just so long as I didn't let her get into a pattern in which she blew me off just only to buy her way out of the penalty box by offering up her heinie for disciplinary action. I had enough issues with women who felt entitled to walk all over me without adding a second one into the mix. I hadn't been able to handle one Abbie, much less two.

The next gossip dribble came an hour later when Candy texted me within minutes of the school day's conclusion. Unlike the girls she used my regular number, considering she was a colleague and, as far as any nosy police were concerned, a friend. *Horen's holding an emergency meeting after school today. I think she's going to announce your firing.*

I sighed. The woman couldn't legally discuss the reason behind my firing, at least not until – if – it became an issue of criminality. Still, I supposed it was to be expected that people would be curious about my absence. All it would take is someone asking Amy over lunch if she knew anything about why I'd been out the past couple days, and I could believe the look on her face as she murmured the party line would only raise more questions.

Are people talking?

I'm a bad one to ask. Been busy the past couple days. You know how it is.

True. My "free time" the past couple days had been absorbed fighting to get caught up on grading from several weeks of assignments. It did help keep my mind off of things, and if I did get to go back, it would be sorely necessary. My first year teaching, my great uncle's funeral had taken me away from my workload for the final weekend of the spring semester, and I'd been so backed up that I pulled back to back all-nighters during finals week to get finished.

Do some damage control for me, all right? If things start coming out, anything you can do to cast doubt could help.

I'll try? Not sure who cares what I say, but if that's the plan I'll do my best.

Atta girl. Keep me posted, and tell Isa that master said she's a weak easy slut.

lol I can't wait to see the look on her face!

A meeting, eh. That one was hard. I was no expert on what could and couldn't be shared by Principal Horen. Employment law wasn't covered in teacher school. Still, I doubted that whatever confidentiality I might enjoy extended to issues of student discipline, so the rest didn't really matter. The trip from "by the way, apropos of nothing, we found four girls exposing themselves in H121 Monday afternoon" to "oh isn't that Mr. Canon's room? Say, where's he been the past two days?" could be measured with a slide rule. From there, I'd be an object of suspicion in perpetuity.

Maybe Megan had been right, resigning was the way to go. Spare the girls any more discomfort for lying to me, avoid a potentially hostile work environment. There was no need to decide until I knew I wasn't being arrested, though, so we'd cross that bridge when we came to it.

Tonight was the last girls track meet of the season, so it would be hours yet before Cassie (and probably Tabitha) would arrive. Focusing enough to grade papers was beyond me right then; all I could think of was the look on sweet old Mrs. Sponheimer's face at the suggestion that I'd defiled her students. The covert bro nod I'd get from Coach Mosshammer (or if not him specifically, some other pig just like him) for bagging teen babes. It was a lot to process.

For a minute, I even considered spraying my arm with the last of my Serenex, just so I wouldn't have to worry about it any more. It would just be another thing I would tolerate henceforth. But that was a pussy move, and I am not a pussy.

Then I heard something smack into my front window.

It's a startling thing, to suddenly find one's sanctum is being violated. As I ran to the front window and threw open the curtains, there it was, a yellow blob oozing down the pane. No sooner did I recognize the nature of the attack than did a second egg pelt the space right next to it, startling me so much that I stumbled back and actually fell down. A series of mad cackles issued from outside as the rate of *splat* intensified. Some were still colliding with the front windows, but others sounded to be cracking against the siding.

I was back on my feet in a rush, sprinting outside. Already in the midst of retreating were three familiar backsides, thicc, curvy and scrawny respectively. Dropping her carton of eggs behind her, Abbie cackled all the way back to their waiting ride. Taylor threw herself behind the wheel, and Justin simply dove in the open rear window as the accelerator roared into action. The junky old car might have moved faster if they'd given it a push start. Still, it was fast enough that they were halfway down the block before I rushed out barefoot to the curb. Justin's hand extended out the window to flip me off as the car rounded the corner.

"Son of a bitch!" I exclaimed to no one in particular. I looked back to my house, They'd gotten it pretty good – probably unloaded a carton apiece. Runny yolks and gooey whites liberally decorated the front of my house. Little assholes even hit my air conditioner – need to clean that out thoroughly or not even Serenex would compel girls back into my house. Not that it seemed to be working especially well on those two girls anyway.

What the fuck as the matter with those two? I thought as I unspooled the hose and started the process of rinsing the house clean. Could they really be pissed about taking the fall for what had happened Monday? They were the ones who couldn't keep their pants on! The audacity! A car honked at me as it drove by at a suitable pace for rubbernecking; the tinted windows protected their identity, but the GHS football bumper sticker gave me a reasonable guess about the basic nature of whoever was amusing themselves with my plight. They weren't the last, others joining in mocking me as I fetched a bucket and wiped down the windows with what was briefly warm soapy water. The brisk afternoon soon robbed it of its heat, leaving me damp and shivering. Here and there bits of eggshell clung to the side of my house, grudgingly trickling down as I scrubbed at them.

This would have been a fine task for Megan if it could have waited until tonight.

After spending the better part of an hour spritzing the place down, shivering like mad as the spray gradually soaked my clothes altogether, I at last accepted that I'd done the best I could. My house had gotten egged once in high school and I'd done a half-assed job cleaning it up; the place had stunk to high heaven within twenty-four hours. Hopefully I'd gotten it well enough. Cursing Justin and the Sterns all the while, I

put the hose and bucket away. As I took one last inspection, I realized one of them had left their mostly empty carton by the sidewalk, apparently having dropped it in their haste. I retrieved it and, realizing there was still a little heft to it, and took a peek inside.

There were two eggs in there. More pressingly, words were scribbled on the lid of the interior in black marker.

PS sorry bout the eggs dawg! it read in what I recognized as Taylor's handwriting. A doodle of a sad dog was sketched alongside it on the right, and on the left, a penis, big hairy balls and all. Wow. Just... wow.

Before I could wonder long about the notation of a postscript, I saw one of the eggs had something written on it in crayon also. *can I please please please please please come over znite?* I couldn't tell if this was also Taylor, or Abbie. God, don't let it be Justin. The second egg read, *I'm SO FUCKING HORNY!!!* Damn it to hell, all that to get a message to me?! I could slap those girls, but that would only piss them off and make them even worse.

Fuck buddies like mine, who needed fuck enemies?

After giving the place a quick once over and a run to the grocery store for some necessary supplies, I lay down for a nap. This should be a fruitful night.

"I hope it's OK I brought a friend, Mr. Canon. Tabitha and I randomly bumped into each other in the lot after the game, and we started talking – not where anybody could hear us! don't worry, we're not totally stupid. At first it was about the whole booty call thing, but then we kept talking and I realized we actually have a lot in common. You, obviously, and the whole Serenex mind control conspiracy thing, but also, we're the same class in school, same gender, we both like *Jane the Virgin*, both Pisces... It's wild, when you think about it. Anyway we started talking about you, and about things, and I sorta let it drop that you were making an exception and letting me come over tonight for some sproinky doinky, and she didn't say it but I could tell she was sorta jealous, and I figured it wasn't really fair that only me should get to break the rule, and it wouldn't be any more conspicuous with two of us coming over than one, and she had this smart idea to wear all these black clothes – don't worry, I'll take them off in a sec – and I know how you like to be teamed up on and she's so pretty that I wouldn't think you'd mind. Is that all right?"

Tabitha, meanwhile, smiled beatifically beneath her black hoodie, too angelic by far. "Yeah, Mr. Canon. Is it all right? I don't want to be in the way."

"Come on in, you two." I waved them in from the garage, and the girls practically bounced in the door.

“So is it really true that Tabitha gets graded on her performance?” Cassie asked as she kicked off her shoes. “Not in class, but I mean, sex performance. Like the way you can rate a video how many stars for how hot you thought it was?”

“She requested feedback, so I figured since we already have the teacher/student aspect of our relationship, it was a simple method of providing it to her.” I was quietly pleased that, as the two removed the black garb they’d worn over, there were clothes beneath them. Their nudity was certainly a sight, but there was something to be said for the intermediate stages, too. Tabitha wore a sleeveless cream colored blouse, the outline of her bra easily discernible beneath it. As she shed her hoodie, I was surprised to see a navy blue skirt flop down from beneath it, handily replacing the modesty forfeited by her subsequently discarded leggings. Cassie was in a thin pink tank top that fit her tightly enough that I could easily see she’d skimped on the bra along with a pair of bright purple shorts. Probably what she’d worn home from the track meet.

“So did we win tonight? Oh, and can I borrow your phone real quick?”

Cassie nodded, handing it over unquestioningly, and as I typed a short text message, I was treated to an event-by-event run-down of the entire meet. Who won, who should have won, a story about the bus from Canton breaking down that never seemed to get resolved. Tabitha didn’t hide the fact that she was reading over my shoulder. “Two isn’t enough for you, eh, Mr. Canon?” she murmured beneath the din of Cassie’s on-going description of how ugly the new uniforms from Franklin were.

I hit send. *I’m busy for a little while yet. 10:00 sharp. Don’t be early. Don’t be late.* It was only half past eight now; should give us plenty of time. “Two at a time is plenty,” I answered casually, then returned my attention to whatever Cassie was yammering on about.

I lead them to the bedroom, patiently waiting for a breath in which to interject. “So you did well?”

“Not a personal best, but I came in third, and the top time was from this girl who’s all-state so there was no way I was gonna beat her anyway, plus I had almost three seconds on fourth place. I think it was 2.88, but I could be misremembering. It was close to that, at least. Anyway not to change the subject, but are you going to grade me from now on, too? That seems like a lot of pressure, but I guess pleasuring you is a lot of fun so maybe I need to be held to a higher standard to grow, huh. I’ll never be the ultimate butt slut if I don’t keep pushing myself.”

I couldn’t help but smile at that. I tilted her chin up to look me in the eyes, and bent to meet her forehead to forehead. “You’re fine just the way you are, Cassie. And if you’re worried about growth, don’t. You’ve come a long way already, and I can’t see you slowing down any time soon.”

The compliment brought exactly the smile I’d hoped it would, pleased and shy and sweet and very Cassie. Tabitha even ran with it. “He was telling me the other day

about what an amazing job you did with the... you know. The, um, anal, I guess you call it.” The uncertainty in her voice, a quality she’d already unlearned in our short time together, but she managed it for Cassie’s sake. “Do you think you could show me? If that’s all right with you, that is, Mr. Canon.”

“Oh yeah, could we? That was the best sex *ever*, for sure. I never would have thought I’d be some kind of butt slut anal whore, but Mr. Canon’s been teaching me so much about sex and sexuality. What’s your favorite thing to do with him?”

I looked to Tabitha curiously. She blushed – an impressive deception, if it was that – and took a moment before mumbling, “Um, he sort of gave me a... spanking fetish?”

“Oh my gosh, hashtag spanking, hashtag schoolgirl, hashtag petite – you guys are like a walking fetish video. That’s so cool!”

“How is spanking any different from the anal sex thing? Aren’t we both walking fetishes?”

“There’s tons of barely legal teens getting their asses fucked out there. Trust me. Spanking’s not rare, but it’s more rare. I dunno. Maybe you’re right. I guess we’d all make pretty hot porn, if we made a porno. Oh gosh, maybe if you don’t go to jail, we could make a porno! Wouldn’t that be so hot? Then you wouldn’t even need to teach any more, I bet. We could make major bank, four girls as hot as us – not to be braggy, but I mean, I’m not blind or anything – and a guy with a big dick like yours, Mr. Canon. Do you–”

“I’m not going to do porn, and neither should you all. I’m a teacher. We’re going to beat this, and I’m going to keep on teaching.”

Cassie’s enthusiastic grin was washed away by a chastened frown. “Right. Sorry. I know that. I just got carried away. And, um, is that official? Or are you just being hopeful?”

“Nothing official yet. We don’t know how long this investigation will go on. Could be Shipman – the detective – is satisfied with our story and closed it on his way out of the office today. Could be it’ll go on for weeks as he branches out and tries more angles. Hard to say. But nobody who knows anything is going to talk, and everybody close to it has the same narrative. We stick to it, we’ll be fine. Trust me.”

“Yeah? You promise? Because... I don’t know what I would do if they took you away.”

As Cassie sniffled, Tabitha nodded earnestly. “Yeah, Mr. Canon. You can’t leave us, not when we’re just at the start of something good.”

Man. These two, compared to the two bitches who’d egged my house as a pretense to invite themselves over for sex... why did I even split my attention?

I drew the two in for a hug. They squeezed back, Cassie especially, clinging to me like a leaf on a tree in a gale. “I promise. We may have to forego some contact until things settle down, but for tonight... I got plans for you.”

Like that, my hands slid down their backs to their asses. “Ooooh, Mr. Canon...” Tabitha cooed. Cassie merely made a sort of purring noise that somehow ranged up to a brief squeal of enthusiasm as she ground her bottom into my palm.

“Let me see what I’m working with here,” I said after a moment’s delay to enjoy my prizes.

Tabitha reacted first, taking the initiative on interpreting my broad mandate by turning to the bed and bending herself over the top of it. Her skirt was, for once, not overtly scandalous, still giving her adequate cover even in that position. Inviting, flirty, but she wasn’t just flashing her ass at me. Cassie followed suit, though her track shorts were practically made for displays like the one she now gave me, the cleft at the underside of her buttocks peeking out the bottom, her round shape stretching the fabric nearly to its limits.

First, I took a gander under the skirt. To my relief, there didn’t look to be any bruising from the day before. Not that I was worried about her – Tabitha had pleaded for more, for harder – but it would save me having to explain to Cassie that I’d already been making exceptions to Isa’s quarantine mandate. (More of a proposal, really.)

Before I could make a study of the cute pink panties covered in red hearts that distinguished this present sight from the pictures she’d sent when she was evading my substitute, however, Cassie evidently decided she was due a little extra attention herself. I hadn’t even noticed her getting her phone out, much less touching any buttons, but suddenly there was a beat.

And in the next moment, she started to twerk.

I didn’t recognize the song, but that was no surprise. My taste ran more to the classics, and frankly, was useless for this kind of thing. The track featured a heavy slow beat, hard on or near the 1, 3 and 4. With each thump, her ass rocked upwards, cheeks thumping together and undulating until the next. Tabitha craned her neck back to watch, eyeing her playmate with surprise and bemusement.

Next, a man’s nasal voice started rapping in time to the beat, and the song really started. Then the dance really started.

My first year teaching, I had volunteered (been volunteered, really) for the dance committee. It had turned out not to be my scene, trying to socialize with the other chaperones, most of whom I barely knew over the din of the music. Worse, at the time I’d been too new to have the students flocking to me to say hi like they did my more senior peers. A bit like Roddy at our middle school sock hop, I’d been relegated to standing off to the side and watching other people have fun. I felt more like a bouncer

than a teacher. That year's homecoming had, however, been my first exposure to the art of the twerk.

The girl had been wearing a bright red dress, brief and tight (at least across her hips). I don't even know her name, can't even picture her face, though I remember her butt clearly. A clearing formed around her as she bent over, hands on her knees for support, and shook her booty for a cheering crowd. The girl should have charged admission; it would have paid for the dress and then some. It had broken my heart to break the circle and remind her that children were present. (To say nothing of adults who, at the time, were zealous in their commitment to not lusting after student bodies in the student body.)

There were no children present now, nor any adults who harbored such quaint reservations. And that anonymous girl in the red dress had nothing on Cassie.

Her technique required she lift herself off the bed, but Horen wasn't paying me to break it up this time. I let the girl do what she liked. And what she liked was a display of swaying hips and gyrating ass. She actually had impressive rhythm; the practice she'd put into it was evident. Tabitha rolled over and folded her knees under her, laughing and clapping with delight at her new friend's display. It wasn't long before the shorts had crept as far up her ass as they could. She plucked them out – a sight I didn't expect to turn me on quite as much as it did – but they rode right back up there before the next refrain.

Fuck, the girl had a visible thigh gap with her shorts on. It wasn't a thong, quite. Until it was, the jogging attire deftly jerked down and kicked away into the corner without skipping a beat. A thin red ribbon split her cheeks, as if in homage to that other nameless girl's slinky homecoming dress. Her ass cheeks bounced and bobbed in near, but not quite, unison as she worked her hips like a pro.

"How long did it take to learn to do that, Cassie? That's amazing!" pressed Tabitha. I could see those notes being formed in her head, the designs she was prepping on teaching herself to dance like a slut.

"Couple weeks now? Sorry, can't talk," Cassie answered breathlessly, hands folded behind her head so she could thrust her tits out in front of her as she shook her ass behind her. At the time, I was too mesmerized to realize we'd actually discovered a fix for her chattiness.

"A couple weeks? Dang, gurl, that's incredible! Do you think you could teach me? I know I don't have a badonkadonk like that, but..."

Cassie's tank top joined the shorts in a wad on my bedroom floor, but the ass was doing so much of the work that I barely noticed the sight of those cute round tits of hers. "Not a badonk," she corrected. "Barely a booty. But yeah. We can... yeah." The talking was obviously a distraction. The song hit its refrain – the words never even reached my ears – and Cassie launched into the more polished set of maneuvers. There really was

more to it than just shaking her butt. Precise movements all throughout, up and down, around and around, her athletic but generous butt never stopping, never ceasing.

Poetry scribed with a jiggling ass.

I didn't even remember taking my pants off, but I did notice Tabitha seizing my manhood in her mouth. There was no need for the stimulation, really; Cassie had me ready for anything. Nonetheless I figured I could let the girl feel useful. If I'd had Taylor herself along with her two identical triplets in front of me, naked and groveling for my cock, I'm not sure I could have seen or heard them through the haze of lust Cassie was flooding my senses with.

As the song ended and a similar-sounding one began, I moved on her, leaving Tabitha gasping open-mouthed in my wake. Cassie smiled at me over her shoulder as I came up behind her, grinding her butt against my shaft. I let that go on for a while, until suddenly, without even using her hands, some arcane move of muscles I didn't know existed threw her cheeks apart, after which they clapped together around my cock, burying me in a valley of teenage butt. How in the hell...?!

But then she was moving again, dancing, and it was like I was fucking her ass, only the cheeks instead of the hole. It was incredible, and I owed credit to Tabitha's saliva for helping lubricate for us. I held her against me with her tits, sighing ecstatically as she supplied the pleasure with her squirming, quaking buttocks.

"What's our hashtag, Cassie?"

"Hashtag I love fucking my hot next door neighbor," she purred, breathing hard. "Hashtag do anything you want to me. Hashtag *please*, Mr. Canon..."

I threw her young body onto the bed so hard it bounced twice before she settled face first. My own followed right behind, pinning her legs together between mine as I straddled her. I manually parted her cheeks, slipping my cock between them. Was there a word for whatever this was? I didn't even know. Like a titfuck, but with ass cheeks instead of tits. Fuck the terminology. But her ass was at the center of my libidinous inferno, and I was going to do it.

Unfortunately, physics was not on our side. My dick was simply too hard to want to lie that flat. I could lean down on my hands, but then I couldn't see what I was doing, and I couldn't seem to make myself look away from those glorious hunks of womanhood. She giggled at my struggles to keep it in place, probably figuring I'd give up and just pick a hole soon enough.

I would have, if not for Tabitha.

"Can I help, Mr. Canon?" she asked innocently.

I didn't respond. She already seemed to know what my answer would be, and already had a plan. She laid herself down and took control of Cassie's ass, letting me between her cheeks with only a thin sliver of my shaft exposed. It would be two or three thrusts before I popped back out – until Tabitha lowered her mouth over Cassie's butt,

opened wide, and held me there with nothing but her tongue and her commitment to gaining my approval.

Whatever this was, this little ass and tongue sandwich, it was a whole new world. I didn't know where the physical pleasure ended and the psychological began. Just knowing that I had my hot redheaded neighbor lying still and letting me use her incredible ass as a source of friction while my beautiful, suck-up honor roll genius lapped away at my cock to keep me gliding as smoothly as she could. If there was a heaven, surely it would encompass the experience of the mild tickle of Tabitha licking up and down Cassie's cute round ass in a frantic quest to keep me in tip-top shape for fucking.

Tabitha's eyes squeezed shut in apparent pride when I impaled my cock in her sideways-oriented mouth and let rip. I didn't know I had that much cum in me, so much that it caught her by surprise and some dribbled out the corner of her mouth and down her cheek before she could gulp it down.

"That. Was SO. HOT," declared Cassie, rearing up to her knees above me as I flopped down onto the bed. "I can't believe you just humped my butt like that! That was so hot. It felt weirdly good. I think I could have come from that if you kept going long enough. And when you threw me down like that—"

Suddenly another girl's mouth was on hers, and I could see Tabitha was sharing her bounty with the girl. The two kissed for some time, looming over me on either side, Cassie perhaps subconsciously unbuttoning her partner's blouse and slipping it off her slender shoulders.

"I like that bra. I have one just like it," she commented as Tabitha unclasped it and shrugged it off. It landed on my face, neither girl seeming to notice.

"Yeah, except two cup sizes bigger," Tabitha retorted. "And there's a little more on my cheek, if you want."

Cassie grinned, leaning in and giving a slow lick along the trail of slime on Tabitha's face. "You know, after that, you may officially be a brown-noser."

Tabitha laughed. "Oh my gawd, gross! You took a shower after the meet, right?"

"Of course I did. You think I'd come over to pleasure Mr. Canon if I didn't have a clean ass?"

"Well we just might have to get you dirty again, if you're not careful."

The two girls resumed making out. With one kneeling on either side of me, they gingerly explored one another's breasts, their slender arms weaving between one another's like a lesbian pretzel. I helped myself to two handfuls of ass. Tabitha's panties took some work to get down, but then I slid two fingers gently inside of each girl. Their moaning intensified as we each progressed.

I enjoyed the show for a good while, the music pulsing from Cassie's phone serving as a sensual backdrop. Tabitha's tits looked even smaller from underneath, but I

didn't mind having a less obstructed view of their activities. Fuck, they looked hot. I wasn't sure Abbie and Taylor had looked that good when I'd taken them on my desk.

How long before they showed up? We should still have plenty of time. God, those bitches! God, those tits!

Though the thought of that afternoon, tit-fucking Abbie while Taylor did much as Tabitha had for Cassie, made me mindful of the time I'd found my dick in the mouth of a certain young man. Accordingly, lest I allow further resentment to foment, I took the opportunity to speak up.

"You know, you two don't have to do this just for me," I interjected softly.

After a moment, they paused, the two looking down at me with heavy-lidded eyes. "You disapprove?" asked Tabitha.

"Yeah, are we not pleasing you?"

"No no," I hastily reassured them. "Consider me pleased. I approve wholeheartedly."

"It's so fun pleasuring Mr. Canon. It feels amazing," sighed Cassie.

"I'll do anything to gain Mr. Canon's approval," echoed Tabitha.

The two girls sighed rapturously as their lips met once again. Two pussies spasmed in near-unison around my fingertips. A few moments later, Cassie climbed over me, tackling Tabitha to the bed and pinning her there with her naked body. As I fucked first one, then the other, they never let up for a second.

Only once, as I was coming in Cassie, did I catch that gleam in Tabitha's eye, promising that all had gone as she had planned.

"A plus," I mouthed behind Cassie's quivering back.

As 10:00 neared, we'd adjourned back to the living room. They had gotten dressed again, even donning their stealth-friendly attire. "You're sure we can't call them off?" Cassie groused. "We were having so much fun, weren't we?"

"Yeah we were." Tabitha pouted.

"We were. And we will again. But right now, I owe Abbie and Taylor a little something."

"If you say so. This doesn't feel super nice."

Tabitha patted the girl's arm consolingly. "It's not, but he's right. We'll get another shot. Actually, do you mind if I come over to your place after we leave and you can show me some of those moves? That looked so sexy. I don't think I have the butt to do it like you do, but Mr. Canon had me over here servicing him over the weekend while I should have been doing my leg day, so it's at least a good workout."

“That’d be fun! I’m not supposed to have friends over this late on a school night, but if Mr. Canon tells my mom it’s OK, she’ll let us. We just have to make sure we don’t wake up my little brother.”

“You have a basement, right? I think I remember seeing a basement door at your party, a little before those stupid bitches turned me into Mr. Canon’s fuck toy. We could just go down there, right?”

“No, my mom’s a super packrat. She’s not a hoarder or anything, but there’s basically no room down there to—”

“Shhh.” I held up a hand as I made my way to the front windows. Sure enough, there were headlights moving up Megan’s driveway, the muffled drone of that rattletrap engine of theirs. “They’re here.”

“Already?”

I nodded. “Stay here.”

I stepped outside, shivering almost instantly. It was supposed to rain overnight, and the temperature was already dropping. I watched as Abbie and Taylor hopped out of their car. No Justin this time, thank god. Both were dressed in dark colors like their peers, though less ninja-esque. They looked surprised to see me meeting them out on the lawn, but not displeased.

“Sup, brah,” said Abbie, grinning. “Missed ya at school.”

“Ms. Stern,” I answered tersely, then to Taylor, “Ms. Stern.”

“Why so stern?” quipped Taylor, crossing the yard toward me.

I didn’t smile. “I think you know. Egging my house? What the hell were you thinking? Do you have any concept of how much trouble I could be in because of you two? Do you have *any* remorse for your actions?” I glanced around. I was pretty sure we weren’t being observed, but it was hard to be sure.

“I mean, it was pretty uncool having Whorin’ Horen see my snatch,” Taylor replied, frowning at the cold reception. “So I guess I’m at least a *little* remorseful. You know, you could always—”

Before she could say anything else, the lawn was flooded with red and blue lights as the squad car pulled up to the curb. Their timing was impeccable, just in time to catch the three of us engaged in dialogue. The Sterns’ eyes widened in dawning horror, caught standing in the front yard of the very teacher with whom they stood accusing of having illicit relations. I could see Abbie tensing to bolt, but there was no point. Their car was in Megan’s driveway, blocked in by the police. Even if they ran, they were caught nonetheless.

“Hold it right there,” said one of the two officers, her flashlight shining back and forth between the three of us.

“You wanna get that light the hell out my face?” snarled Abbie. Taylor looked no less displeased, but had the sense not to smart off to the police, at least. Not yet.

The other officer walked right up to them, a broad-chested man who towered over the girls. Me too, really, though he wasn't looming at me. "You mind telling us what you're doing here tonight?" he asked.

Though the question was directed at them, I supplied the answer hastily. "They're here to egg my goddamn house is what they're doing here!"

"Sir, please, keep your voice down. Is there any truth to that, ladies?"

"No! No, we were just here to visit, um, Cassie. Brown. She's a friend of ours. That's it."

"Is that her house?" The female officer gestured.

"Yeah. Just knock on the door. She'll tell you," insisted Abbie. "She invited us over."

"Don't bother," I interjected. "She's over at my house."

"*WHAT?!*" hissed Taylor. "Are you fucking nuts, C-dawg?"

"She and Tabitha Hutchings both," I added. "I can get them, if you like. They can help shed some light on all this."

The two officers shared a look, and after a moment the woman came with me. I led her inside, where two nervous-looking young women were standing by the front window, where they'd been watching the scene unfold.

"Are you Cassie Brown?" the officer asked.

"I'm Tabitha. Tabitha Hutchings? My father is—"

"I don't care who your daddy is, miss. So you're Cassie Brown, then?"

Cassie nodded. "Y-yeah. Are... are we in trouble?"

I shook my head. "If I may? I told this to the dispatcher already. The short version is, these two have been repeat victims of bullying by those two young women outside. Tonight, they were being pressured to help egg my house. Since Cassie lives next door, that was their, well, I guess you could call it a staging ground? I'm a teacher at their school, and we've been through some... drama of late. These two felt bad enough about it that they kindly came over early to confess and apologize. That's when I placed the call."

"You called the police?" Cassie asked incredulously.

I shrugged. "I didn't want you two to panic, so I made the call from the bathroom." True. "I'm sorry. Just with everything that's going on, I couldn't risk any further... Just... Look, I'm sorry."

The officer looked between the two of them. "That so?"

They looked to me, obviously confused, but I hoped that it played out more that they were shocked and afraid to be confronted by the police. Which I had counted on. Tabitha could act, but Cassie's emotional reactions had all the subtlety of a thunderstorm. One by one, they nodded. Tabitha ad libbed a few details as needed; Cassie simply stood by and let us handle it. My girls.

“They brought over the eggs, too. I don’t know if you guys bother collecting evidence for small stuff like this or anything, but... here, hang on.” I excused myself to the kitchen, returning quickly with two cartons of eggs. They were both full, but one was actually refilled, Taylor’s message still scrawled across the top of the lid. I flipped it up and showed it to her.

PS sorry bout the eggs dawg!

“That’s fine, sir, but we really don’t need to go to that length for a prevented incident,” the officer stated, but I was already pressing my case.

“*Don’t you fucking touch me!*” came a shriek from outside. I gritted my teeth, but it wasn’t my place – my character’s place – to intervene.

“I didn’t figure, officer, but you see, there’s another incident on-going that involves, well, all of us.” And with that, I launched into a short summary of the case Shipman was investigating, framing it as a spurned girl with a checkered past and her sister, bitter about the after-school help she was forced to accept, preying on two weaker girls to antagonize their strict teacher. It was interspersed by periodic shouts and accusations from the Sterns outside.

“You said Shipman is the primary on the investigation?”

“I think so? I don’t know police lingo, but he’s the one I spoke to at the station yesterday.”

“We’re weren’t gonna fuckin’ egg shit! You see any mother fuckin’ eggs, asshole?!” demanded Taylor.

The officer in my living room nodded. “I’ll make sure he sees this.” The woman shook her head as I handed over the carton, eggs and all. “Damn kids.”

“Thanks, officer. It’s not the first time some kid has thought to have a little fun at my expense, and normally I’d handle it myself. With all that’s going on, though...”

“No, you were right to call. Ladies, you did the right thing, coming forward. Now why don’t you head on home. It’s still a school night.”

“Do you think Mr. Canon can go back to work now?” asked Tabitha quickly. “It seems really unfair that one of my best teachers is being treated like this because of *those two*. They’re the worst girls in the whole school.” She glared daggers at where Abbie and Taylor were still squaring off with the other officer on the front lawn.

“I don’t have any say in that, miss. Go on, now.”

The two didn’t protest further. I answered a couple questions as she jotted down information for her report. Outside, Abbie and Taylor were being led into the back of the squad car. Shit. I’d hoped it wouldn’t come to that, but I suppose it wasn’t surprising that Taylor and Abbie would escalate a confrontation with an authority figure. *Whatever you do, don’t try taking her chapstick*, I thought wryly.

Nothing I could do for them now, though. I could hear their streams of obscenities from inside. Attempted egging usually wasn’t an arrestable offense, but there

was only so much flak one could throw at a police officer before they got bored of it and decided to ruin your evening.

(Most police officers, anyway. I knew one who couldn't get enough of my abuse.)

As the police officers drove away, I could see Taylor pounding on the window, screaming something in the direction of my house. Delivered in the trunk of her own car, removed in the back of a squad car. My goddess.

The two were taken downtown, though ultimately not charged with anything – not for the near egging, anyway. Lectured, parents notified, but otherwise released with a fairly generous warning. Good. It was as bad as I wanted anything to get for them. They'd egged my house, after all; I'd seen an opportunity to give the investigation a nudge, and seized it.

Shipman called me into his office the next morning to discuss the incident, and I told him what I'd told the other officer.

"That's her handwriting, all right," I said, returning the egg carton he'd shown me. "And only a handful of students call me 'C-dawg.' Not sure who started it."

"Oh, they confessed all right. Claimed they'd already egged your place earlier in the evening, but... so many lies, and the egg nonsense is way down the list of my concerns anyway."

"Are they going to get in trouble?" I asked.

He folded his arms across his chest. "Would that be a problem for you?"

It was a good question. There was a lot to unpack behind it. Abbie and Taylor had done more to create this whole mess than anyone. So much of what had gone wrong could be laid at their feet. For crying out loud, Abbie had literally enslaved several of her classmates, and that she hadn't kept them for herself was the only mitigating factor. Without them, Cassie, Tabitha, Isa, Candy and Justin wouldn't be involved in any of this.

But also without them, *Cassie, Tabitha, Isa and Candy wouldn't be involved.* And they had come through for me on occasion to help me clean up my own sloppy mistakes. Plus, they were eighteen. Nineteen, next week, for Taylor. As badly as they were screwing up high school, they'd have their hands full in the real world as it was without having to deal with legal troubles and whatever fines their shenanigans might have incurred.

Even in character as the aggrieved teacher whose efforts to help had blown up in his face, I could show empathy. It was that impulse I seized upon when I at last responded.

“They’re just kids,” I answered. “What they did was stupid, and mean, and wrong on so many levels. But they’re just kids.”

“Not in the eyes of the law, they’re not, unfortunately.”

Something in his eyes... no. “I guess not. But if I have any say in the matter, I don’t want to press charges, if there’s charges to be pressed.”

He studied me for a moment, then gave a curt nod. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

I waited for him to say more, but that was all he said. “Is that it? Anything else I can do to help?”

Shipman stroked the point of his thin beard for a moment, then sighed and planted his forearms on the table. “So you know, I’ve concluded the investigation. I’ll notify your principal shortly once I finish up the paperwork; you’ll have to follow up in-house for employment-related matters. Ms. Crawford, your custodian, vouched for you, said she’d seen you and Taylor Stern together a dozen times in your after-school meet-ups, and never a whiff of anything inappropriate.”

It took me a moment to realize who Ms. Crawford was – good ol’ Randi! It had somehow never even occurred to me to wonder what she had or hadn’t seen. All the times she’d nearly seen something, but still she came through. How was that for dumb luck? I made a note to double my gift to the custodian next Christmas.

“I hated to make you sweat there, but I had to do my due diligence no matter how thick the file Barbour kept on those two. I’m sure I don’t need to tell you in this ‘me-too’ era that we have to be as sure before we throw out charges like these, but after what I’ve read on those two, I’d think twice before I believed them about the time of day. Now after last night, we’ll have to look into the Stern girls.”

“What? Look into... but they’re...!”

He raised a hand. “I hear you saying they’re ‘just kids,’ but... hell, you’re the one who walked in on their little stunt the other day. I’m sure I don’t need to tell you how grown up they are, eh.”

There it was, that glint I thought I’d seen in his eyes, now spread across his whole face. That Coach Mosshammer grin.

Damnit, I liked him better when I thought he was only trying to put me in prison.

He went on. “A minor incident, sure, but that’s how these things can start. Two little sociopaths like that, absolutely no contrition for what they’ve put you through...” He shook his head. “You may say they’re ‘just kids,’ but the sheer number of crimes they’re implicated in now is too much to ignore.”

I sat up straighter. “What? What crimes? Egging someone’s house isn’t a felony, is it?”

“They didn’t egg your house, so that doesn’t make the list. Still, that leaves us indecent exposure – aggravated by doing it in a school. Coercion. Intimidation. Giving false information to an officer of the law. Incrimination on false evidence. We could add

resisting arrest after how they carried on last night.” He shook his head. “I don’t know how deep it goes, but from what I’ve seen in their disciplinary files, it wouldn’t surprise me if we found more.”

“But... they’re...”

“Kids, yeah. To you. And it’s sweet that you see them that way, and the way they all swore you had nothing to do it so insistently, so across the board, I actually thought they might be trying to cover something up. But I tell you what, the way those girls spat out your name last night... if that’s covering for someone they care about, I’d sure hate to see what they’d do to someone they hate.”

“Can’t... can’t we just let it slide? Nobody actually got hurt, after all. Embarrassed, maybe. Frightened, but not—”

“You’re thinking about them like innocent little children, pal. And hey, your job requires you to see them that way. But mine... well, sometimes, the way I see it, we get lucky and catch them early before anybody gets seriously hurt. Gotta say, between you and me, after sitting across a table from those girls, I’d much rather have seen them how you saw them.”

After a wink – a fucking *wink!* – Shipman stood, offering his hand. Numbly, I shook it. As he walked me to his office door, his thick hand came down on my shoulder. “Relax, Mr. Canon. Your troubles are over.”

Part Twenty-Four: Standards-Based Assessment

For the seniors, the final was, for most of them, a formality. For the college bound ones, they'd already gotten their acceptances and rejections. For the ones joining me earlier in the so-called real world, their GPA might matter on their first, maybe second job application, and after that, might come up again in a couple decades when their kids asked them what kind of students they were back when. So long as they graduated – and with our funding dependent on graduation rates, they almost always did – their success wasn't in question. We tried not to let them know that, but by this point, we'd taught them enough that they knew better.

Ergo, my seniors didn't take the kind of exam that produced a solid, straightforward grade. My seniors wrote essays. Multiple choice was well and good for efficiency, gave easy targets for studying. With grades due less than twenty-four hours after the last finals were distributed, they were sure as hell a lot easier on me. That wasn't how I saw things, though. These last essays were an opportunity to think like a scholar and a citizen and a human being; to process and analyze and reflect and defend and elucidate. I'd received lots of positive feedback from former students about those exams over the years, too. On a personal level, it helped me end the year feeling like I'd accomplished something and started recharging the batteries for summer.

It took days of intense review and discussion to be ready for it. I'd already been cutting it close starting *Catcher* as late as I had. Although I was home from the police station before ten o'clock that Thursday, nevertheless the semester review was being handled by a substitute while I sat at home, twiddling my thumbs as I waited to hear back from Horen.

Not knowing what else to do, I wrote a thank you letter to Capaldi and put it in the mailbox, then met up with Isa for lunch. Unlike teachers, resource officers were free to take lunch off-campus. We met at my place, where I had her strip to her panties and play with herself while I filled her in on my meeting with Shipman. For all she put on a show of sulking over it, it sure didn't slow her budding arousal any.

"So that's it? We're really in the clear?" she asked, eyes squinted shut.

"Sounds like. He thinks the Sterns tried to set me up, bullied Cassie and Tabitha into going along with it. Some kind of report is going to Horen. Could be there now, honestly. I was able to get my lawyer on the line after, and he said there shouldn't be much grounds to continue pressing for my termination. We'll see. I never got a sense that Horen disliked me or anything, but sometimes it's hard for somebody to admit they're wrong."

"Especially when they're right, master," grunted Isa sullenly, hips bucking against her fingers.

“Yeah. Still, you did good. I wanted to bring you by and say that to your face. Kept everybody organized, put up a solid front, kept everything contained. If there’s something I can do for you to pay you back, name it. And I know you’re busy right now, so think on it if you like.”

She didn’t respond right away, though only because she was mid-orgasm. A few shallow gasps, and the officer collapsed on my living room rug, spent. Her thighs were splayed wide, a dark spot growing and darkening at the crotch of her panties. “Just... just promise me you’ll be more careful from now, master,” she managed at last. The woman didn’t bother trying to right herself. Not like kneeling would be any more dignified than her present position. “My top priority is keeping you safe and preserving your freedom. I can’t handle another scare like that.”

I nodded. “No worries there. You and I will sit down together sometime soon, once finals are done, and come up with some protocols – starting with nothing at the school. Though I guess it won’t really matter except for Abbie.”

“You say that like Abbie’s still going to be a student next year,” Isa replied. “You can’t do the kinds of things she’s admitted to doing and not get expelled, at the bare minimum. If Shipman really is some pathetic incel like you made him out to be—”

“All I said was that he was awfully ready to mistrust the Sterns,” I protested.

“—then I’d be surprised if they didn’t land in real trouble. They’re two eighteen-year-old white girls, so, system being what it is, they might get off with warnings. Still...” She sat up, brushed some dust off of the thin sheen of sweat along the side of her breast. “Hard to say. Most likely scenario, I’d say, the two never go back to school, maybe finish their GEDs while serving time in house arrest.”

“Oh sure, because I’m the asshole, here?” I snapped, rising to my feet as if I weren’t already looming over her in my chair.

“Master, I didn’t accuse you of—”

“I didn’t know they could get in this kind of trouble! I thought it was a simple house-egging, a slap-on-the-wrist deal! I never would’ve thrown them under the bus if I’d realized...!”

“I’m only saying—”

“I hear what you’re saying! It’s not my fault! They made their beds with a dozen years of apathy, mischief, and rancor. And suddenly there’s consequences when it all bubbles over, and that’s on *me*?! Bullshit!” I swung a fist at the air blindly. It didn’t come anywhere near her, but she fell back anyway as it collided with my lampshade and launched the thing into the wall. Pieces of it flew everywhere.

After a moment, Isa silently busied herself cleaning it up. I insisted she put her shoes on first for safety’s sake, and added to it that she may as well get dressed anyway. She waved me away as I tried to help, so there was nothing to do but sit back and watch her clean up my mess, blushing at my overreaction. My admission of guilt.

She came to stand at attention in front of me, her hair back up in its tight bun, body hidden away in her uniform. “Master...”

“Don’t. I know what you’re going to say already, OK? Obviously it’s my goddamn fault. I know it. So yes, I’m the miserable piece of shit who’s ruining the lives of these innocent girls, just like you’ve said a hundred times before. You win, OK? Tell Candy you were both right about Canon. I’m a monster. I get it.”

“That’s not what I was going to say,” she said softly. “If you’ll let me...”

“Fine.”

She lowered herself to her knees. “Sorry, this is hard to do standing up, master. But you know what? Yes. You do bear a significant burden of responsibility for what you did to those girls over the past month, master. Whatever your intentions, you did exactly what Horen accused you of. You fucked your student. Then three more. That’s on you. But what happened in your classroom Monday?”

Isa shook her head. “What happened Monday was those girls showing no common sense at all. They were impulsive and careless and stupid, and you were very nearly the one who burned for their idiot mistake. Now the way the system works, mistakes have consequences. For Cassie and Tabitha? The consequences are going to be the awkward conversations they have with their parents.” She glanced in the direction of the Browns’ house. “Well, for Tabitha at least.”

“Yeah, pretty sure Megan’s not losing sleep over it.”

“But for Taylor and Abbie? No, they didn’t bully the other two into being in there – they turned those girls into sex slaves, and *enslaved* them into being in there. And their harsher consequence comes from a lifetime of being deviant little hellspawn, and frankly, they probably had something like this coming for a while now.”

“So you’re saying I’m not a monster, I just created monsters?”

“I don’t do metaphors, master. I’m only telling you how it is.”

I folded my arms. “Bullshit. You’re really trying to say those girls are to blame for this and I’m not?”

“Were you going to turn Cassie into your sex slave before the Sterns blurted out those obscenities?”

“Well, no.”

“Did you lure Tabitha into a room at a party and force-feed her Serenex so you could fuck her?”

“No. I didn’t. I thought you didn’t believe me about all that, though. You’ve been on my case about it since the beginning.”

“Fuck what I told you I believe, master. I didn’t want to believe it because it complicated things. It was easier to imagine you as the lecherous teacher preying on helpless students. Which you are,” she added, fretfully mashing her tits at her contempt for me. “But... well, I do appreciate that it’s also more complex than that. Nothing like

standing over the printer for twenty minutes while it spits out the Sterns' combined discipline records for Shipman to make you appreciate what rotten little bitches those two have been."

"Careful, Isa, you almost sound like this isn't one hundred percent my fault."

"Your percentage is high, master," she said bitterly, then trailed off as she was unable to resist squeezing down on her nipples. "But my top priority is keeping you safe and preserving your freedom. Those girls are bad news, and they've been bad news since long before you came along."

I imagined the size of those files. I'd probably sent Taylor to the office, assigned detentions or filed reports leading to her suspension almost weekly for two years now. I had a folder in one of my desk drawers where I kept my copy of those forms. My sixth period, Taylor's class, was thicker than my other five classes combined, and at least half of it was that one student.

"Yeah. Yeah, you're probably right."

She pried a hand away from her lewd display and patted my knee sympathetically. "Look, master. Just because you sharpened your monsters' claws doesn't mean you created them. If you prefer figurative expression."

My scowl faded to a pout, and after another moment, gave way to a grudging smile. "You know, you might do halfway decent on the *Frankenstein* question on my final."

"Thank you, master...?" She rolled her eyes derisively, then squirmed as her display of disrespect hit her right in the clit. "Though Frankenstein didn't have claws, just bolts in his neck and a bit of a slur."

"He didn't have bolts or a flat head either," I said, my teacher persona unable to resist surfacing after days of neglect. "Actually..."

"Frankenstein wasn't the monster," Tabitha interjected, speaking even as she raised her hand. As she often did. "He *made* the monster, then it turned evil all on its own."

It was Friday, and I was back in my room in time for a bit of last-minute final exam preparation. It felt like a month since I'd stood in this room, not four days. Entering this morning had been surreal, and six hours later, it was barely less so. I'd been all sorts of nervous about what to expect. Teaching can be a bit of a fish bowl, oftentimes, yet to my immense relief, as near as I could tell, people had enough of their own drama to worry about without needing to worry about mine.

I'd taken lunch in the teacher's cafeteria, where Amy and the rest of my department were at their usual table. Their curiosity was plain, and I answered it

without being asked. My tale of being seduced and subsequently framed was met with fretful gasps, women mortified by what those no-good Sterns had put one of us through this time. Most of the rest of lunch went to sharing tales of their misdeeds, pure gossip. Considering I'd taught Taylor for the entirety of the past two years, hearing about her sophomore year hijinx was laughably tepid. Wild offenses like wandering the halls instead of going to the bathroom, using the b-word at a fellow student, and (oh my!) spreading a rumor that Melinda Scott-Wallace was bulimic.

(There was the story of the time she beat up another girl at lunch for refusing to vacate Taylor's preferred table. That was more on brand.)

As we packed up and made for our rooms to begin the second half of the day, Amy even took me aside after and apologized for her role in the whole misunderstanding. I swallowed down my self-loathing long enough to reassure her that I had already forgiven her, and that she was right to report it. That I would have done the same.

Maybe I would have, once upon a time.

The rumors hadn't hit the student body yet. Finals were stressful, the allure of summer vacation loomed large, and graduation was a far more pressing concern to the senior class than whatever fresh antics noted misanthrope Taylor Stern had whipped up, and expecting the juniors to be surprised at Abbie being suspended was like expecting my sixth period to be surprised Tabitha was correcting someone.

I nodded to her point. "That's right, Tabitha. Though remember, evil is a value judgment. Was Frankenstein's creature truly evil? What do you folks think?"

I looked around for answers, scrupulously avoiding gazing in Tabitha's direction, where eye contact would be considered permission to take over the discussion with her own thoughts. Useful sometimes, but not today. To my surprise, it was actually Justin who answered. "I mean, just 'cause he's huge and ripped, that don't mean he ain't a kid, right?"

It was so unheard of for him to participate in a class discussion, I could have fainted. "Go on. How do you mean, he's a kid?"

His usual cocky grin returned upon being given the spotlight. What I wouldn't give if someone could have helped him appreciate the merits of positive attention at an earlier age. "Right, well like... he doesn't really know anything, right? Like yeah, he can think like a grownup, talk smooth and stuff, but he's not, like..."

"Socialized?" I prompted. When cognition didn't register on his face, I added, "He doesn't know how to relate to other people."

"Yeah! Exactly. Like, OK. So my little brother used to piss himself. Like *all* the time I'm sayin'. Couldn't take the dude anywhere or he'd go pss pss pss all over himself. Was so gross. Smelled *awful*—"

“Get back to the point, Justin.” Lucky for him I’d had for days to build up patience for this kind of crap.

“Right, but I mean, he didn’t know, and he couldn’t help it. Has some kind of anxiety disorder, I guess. But like, see how I mean?” Suddenly – too suddenly – his grin faded and he looked at me pointedly. “The person who’s s’posed to have the monster’s back hung his ass out to dry. Way I see it, our boy Victor is the evil sonofabitch in that story.”

“Language, Justin.”

I took his meaning all too well, though it was lost on the rest of the class, naturally. The rest of the class, minus one, at least, one who immediately took it upon herself to reply. “Yeah, Mr. Canon talked about that at length while we were reading it,” Tabitha said dryly. She had condescension down to a science. “Still, I’m not convinced, personally. Dr. Frankenstein might not have been a very good parental figure, but he wasn’t a murderer. I mean, what’s more evil, being a bad adoptive parent, or murdering your adoptive parent’s loved ones. It’s easy to sympathize with tales of woe and bad upbringing, but somewhere you have to draw the line and let the creature be responsible for his own crimes.”

“Yeah, well, nobody expects a monster to not do what monsters do. He’s just being what he is. Frankenstein – the doc, I mean – is the one who fucked – sorry, fudged – up. He’s a grown-ass man, ought to know how to treat somebody who cares about him.”

“Did the creature care about Victor? If it did, it sure had a strange way of showing it.”

“Victor’s the thing’s dad! You gonna blame this dude who’s been alive for like an hour and not the guy who had a lifetime of socialism to know better?”

“I think you mean socialization,” I pointed out, though Tabitha was already composing her next rebuttal. The class watched with interest at this strange but tense debate between the honors student and class clown.

“That sounds like a double standard. Victor is supposed to instantly know how to be a father to this disgusting thing, but the creature, which has the faculties of a full-grown adult even if it was still fairly stupid, can take as long as it needs to figure out not to be a rampaging psychopath?”

“Psychopath!” Justin barked a rhetorical laugh. “Bullshit! It only lashed out because Victor crapped all over it and never apologized, hid from him, acted like his life got to just go on smooth while his innocent little creature got bent over and–!” He didn’t finish the sentence, but we all filled in that blank easily enough.

The two were glaring daggers at one another, and mercifully Jesse raised his hand. I nodded permission. “Not to get off-subject, but like... isn’t it crazy how much

better discussions are when Taylor's not here throwing us off subject?" He grinned around at his peers, many of whom nodded in agreement.

Before I could process what was happening, Justin reached into his pocket and retrieved something, then whipped it full speed across the room. It thwapped solidly into Jesse's temple, then bounced across the floor until it rolled right up to my feet.

Chapstick.

Justin stormed away to the office before I even needed to tell him to go. Jesse rubbed his head for a minute but promised he was all right. His grumbling about the on-going hazard of flying chapstick was only barely audible as I transitioned the discussion to our next text.

"He wasn't wrong, you know," I told my pillow some ten hours later. A very naked Tabitha was straddling my own very naked self, her fingertips grazing sweetly across my back. It had begun as a massage, but true to form, she'd discerned that this gentle tickling was every bit as relaxing.

"That's one reading of the text," she answered. "Admittedly, it's more in line with the apparent intent of Shelley, but that doesn't mean it's the only one."

"I'm not talking about Shelley or Frankenstein or the damned creature and you know it." The sting in my voice was dulled by the filtration effect of my pillow.

"I know. Which is all the more reason he's wrong. You only feel like he's right because your profession predisposes you to agree with lines of reasoning supported in the so-called Great Books of the western canon."

"Really? Well thank you, Ms. Freud. Please, do go on, explain away the rest of my thoughts using your crack armchair psychology."

I could tell she was bending down when her hair draped down onto my shoulders, followed a moment after by a kiss on my cheek and a soothing murmur in my ear. "I'm sorry, Mr. Canon. I didn't mean to be glib. Still, he's not right about you and the Sterns. You have to understand that."

"How so? I'm the one who provided the Serenex; showed them how it worked; planted the ideas in their heads. Then I threw them to the wolves to save my own ass. You know Officer Barbour said that--"

"That they could go to jail, yes, you've said so several times already. And it's very sweet of you to be preoccupied with two girls who so clearly spend next to no energy worrying themselves over *you*."

"They're two dippy kids who flashed their boyfriend and egged a house."

“They’re two adults who violated your wishes and forced two sex slaves on you just for kicks. One of them put you in a position where your affair was caught on video and handed over to Principal Horen. Do I really need to point this out to you?”

“She didn’t mean for that to happen. Nobody meant for Horen to walk in on you all, either – which, while we’re on it, let’s not forget you also voluntarily took part in, remember?”

“I misread the situation. I assumed that as more experienced sex slaves, they would have some understanding of the protocol, and mirrored their behavior so as to meet your expectations. It was a mistake, clearly, but the mistake was trusting those two. As it so often seems to be.”

“Keep using your fingers,” I commanded, and she obeyed as if by reflex. “They don’t deserve this. Taylor’s so close to graduating. I still have a big pile of all her make-up work for her classes, all ready to go. The only thing that’s going to stop her is this stupid investigation, and they’re not even investigating her for what she actually did wrong anyway!”

“What, so you’re worried they’ll find out what she was really up to? Is that it?” She scooted a little forward. The air of the room rapidly cooled the pussy-dampened spot she had been occupying. After the paddling I gave her for her verbal tantrum in class earlier, that thing had been leaking like a sieve ever since.

“No, it’s not that. They can’t tell anybody anything. We all made sure of that early on. But just... I don’t know. I feel awful about the whole thing. I started all this to try to help drag Taylor across the finishing line, and instead I wound up tripping her in the home stretch.”

She was quiet for a moment, letting her fingers do the talking to remind me that even though we were arguing, she was still my devoted teacher’s pet. Guilty or no, it was relaxing. I had almost drifted off to sleep when she at last spoke.

“You know, it’s going to be all right, Mr. Canon,” she said softly. “I get that you see things differently with the Sterns, but they’ll take their licks and move on. Worst case scenario, they do a few months’ time and come out the other side a little more cautious. And that’s *worst* case – more likely they’ll get some slap on the wrist and be back to their old tricks before you know it.”

“Maybe...”

“Meanwhile, look at you. You’re back at your job, which you’re great at. You have Ms. Barbour to keep you safe, Mrs. Brown to take care of your house and your stuff. Next weekend Cassie and I will graduate, and then you can do whatever you want with us whenever and wherever you want. We’ll happily see to your every sexual need, at any time, in any way you would like, individually or together, however you would be best pleased.”

“But Abbie and Taylor–”

“Think about it, Mr. Canon. Aren’t you better off like this? Abbie used you for her own kicks, and Taylor merely tolerated you.”

“She definitely did more than tolerate me, which I think you know.”

“Sure, when you have no choice, may as well play ball lest it become something... vulgar. It was a little dirty, a little dangerous, which no doubt appealed to her juvenile sense of attraction, but once the thrill faded, you’d have had to hunt her down to make use of her. And Abbie, you’d have to forever worry that she was going to fuck you over in some fresh new horrible way every time you met up.”

“She wasn’t *always* so bad. This one time, we—”

“I know. I know, because I asked them, because I wanted to know as much as I could about you. Because unlike them, I care. And yes, I appreciate that you can’t be sure whether I care about you or just care about fulfilling Serenex’s requirement that I gain your approval, but I don’t make it your burden to tell the difference.”

She bent down to murmur in my ear, her nipples like two extra fingertips grazing the skin of my back. “I care about being with you and pleasing you and being the perfect sex slave for you, and you make my pussy wetter than any man ever has or ever could, and I love the things you let me do to you, and for you. And to other girls near you.”

Pretty soon, my cock was going to break off if I didn’t shift and let it stiffen like it wanted to. “Sweet of you to say, Tabitha.”

“Maybe, but I do mean it. You have my utter, steadfast, sincere devotion to your happiness and satisfaction. You have that from Cassie, if not quite in the same way. From her mother, too. I don’t understand the dynamic with Ms. Salata and Ms. Barbour as well, but it sure sounds like they’re reliable for what you rely on them for.”

I gave my dick what it wanted, pushing up and rolling over. Without my needing to say a word, Tabitha settled back down slit-first, wrapping herself around the fresh offering with a quiet, deferential smile, then a gasp of sexual excitement as she was penetrated. “Yeah, I suppose.”

“You have a great thing, Mr. Canon. Two great things, if you’ll permit a coarse joke.” She swiveled her hips to make sure I caught her meaning, as if her mounting my cock had been too subtle. “You have more than I bet most men ever dream of. Five beautiful women committed to your pleasure and well-being. So why risk messing it all up by going out on a limb for two—”

“You made your point.” That was plenty of that. I grabbed her by the nipples and dragged her mouth down to mine, and didn’t give her the chance to talk again until she’d fucked me right to sleep.

I woke up Saturday morning before she did. Stealthily, I threw on some clothes and grabbed my keys, leaving a post-it note on the bathroom mirror.

A on comforting distraction

A+ on your cuntwork

B+ on counsel

I have a lot to do today, so just head out when you wake up. Feel free to shower or whatever first, of course. Thanks for everything this week.

Some hours later, I was still grading papers at the coffee shop, at the very table where I'd enslaved Isa and Candy weeks earlier, when I received Tabitha's reply in a pair of texts. *I'll work on the counsel and the distraction, and you never have to thank me. I'm yours.*

If you did want to thank me though, send for me again soon? Please? I hated waking up without you this morning. But I understand.

That girl laid it on thick, all right, but she was almost too good at saying what I'd like to hear. I'd thought my head was pretty full when I left home that morning, but that text brought it to the brim.

It shouldn't. I knew that. Tabitha was only ingratiating herself by being servile because she had (correctly) surmised that it was a turn-on. She was sincere in service to her own self-interest, twisted though that self-interest had become. The A's in the gradebook – which, per her insistence, I had actually begun keeping, including a loose scoring system that I meant to refine once I had some free time over the summer – were all she was in it for. That high from my approval. Whatever feelings she expressed were nothing more than her way of gaining more points.

That is, unless all the sex and intimacy was actually cutting through her shrewd exterior. Simply because she was bright and ambitious and cutthroat didn't mean she was incapable of genuine affection. It was only human to develop feelings for the person you were sleeping with. Cassie had. I'd thought Taylor had, once. Maybe even Abbie. Lord knew I'd gone soft on these young ladies, even if I had no idea how to assess that tangled jumble of threads. Could Tabitha mean it? She was a teenager after all, not some grizzled veteran of years of hard relationships. Lovestruck was certainly a possibility. Hell, I was only twenty-six; I hadn't gotten jaded yet myself. Probably why it was so easy to believe she might actually care about the man behind the red pen.

Which was ridiculous.

Wasn't it?

With my employment crisis over, it was also time to address the insensitive dickheaded move on my friend Jay's part. A bit of distance from the den of debauchery that was my home helped remind me that it would be good if I didn't punch him in the face next time we met up.

I called him up and gave him a firmly encouraged lunch invite, and we met at Gooses. The bar was sparsely packed, and he'd taken a table in the section to one side

with all the taxidermy stuff in it. Those animals, frozen in time, always made me a little more aware of my mortality than I liked in my place of relaxation. Jay waved me over, and I took the seat opposite him.

He didn't take long to get curious about what occasioned the call, and why only him, though I could tell from the sheepish look on his face that he had a solid guess. After all, I'd already asked him to take down the video, but other than that, I'd had no contact with any of my friends since I left them to go pick up the hottie jailbait in her prom dress weeks earlier.

"Now let me start by saying I know you didn't intend it, but... let me get real with you, OK? That video you posted, me and that young woman?"

"Yeah, I thought maybe... go ahead. I took it down though. But yeah, go ahead."

I started nibbling at a chicken wing, pacing myself so my intolerance for spice didn't overwhelm me too quickly. "Yeah, see, that young woman turned out to be a student at GHS."

His eyes went wide. "Whoa. No fucking way. You serious? Like, graduated? Or... that's not a *current* student, is it?"

"She's a junior, actually. You remember me mentioning that girl with the chapstick, the loudmouth one?"

"Taylor, yeah." Man, I must have vented about her a lot. "That was her?! Did you go home with the nightmare slut?" A term of Alice's invention, after months of hearing my tales of her mischief.

"No, it was actually nightmare slut's younger sister. Stepsister, technically."

He crunched through a celery stalk, a bit of blue cheese dribbling down his chin. "No freaking way! Shit, I knew she looked too young, but... shit, man! You two...?! Oh god, was that some planned thing, her showing up like that?"

"No, it wasn't planned." True. "And no, we didn't." Untrue.

Damn. Lying diminished my sense of righteous indignation.

"But you two kissed! Like, you were just gonna make out at a bar with a student? That has to be way across the line?"

"She's a student at GHS, but not one of mine. I didn't recognize her until after we'd left, and then I was so freaked out I didn't want to come back yet." By which I meant I took her to a cheap motel nearby and fucked her brains out in that slutty prom dress of hers. "I think her sister, Taylor, pressured her to try to set me up or something. I don't know. But yeah, my department head saw I was tagged in your fucking post, recognized the girl, told my principal, and... ugh. I almost got fired, man. No, I did get fired, but I managed to fight it and convince them it wasn't how it looked. That was my whole week last week."

"Dude. That's so... I don't even know where to begin with all that. I am so sorry, man. I only put it up to rib you. Sylvia didn't believe me when I told her you left the bar

with some babe. Crap, I guess I shouldn't talk about some sixteen-year-old like that. Anyway, I had to show her the video and she just laughed herself giddy at you studding it up. I don't remember what we said that I thought it'd be funny to put it up. She made this joke, but... man. Not funny any more. I'm sorry, buddy. I mean it. I am so, so sorry."

"Thanks." The apology did help. Jay's wife had always thought I was a total pussy – it was why she was so willing to introduce me to her friends, because she thought I was the most placid flower in the meadow, a bright yellow daffodil. (I am *not* a pussy.) "I think it's all worked out now, but... yeesh. Hell of a week, I'll tell you that much."

He downed his glass of Mountain Dew in a slug. No idea how the guy kept in shape like that. "I can imagine, dude. Why didn't you say something sooner? I mean, I got your text to take it down and I did right away, but about the rest!"

"If I actually got perma-fired, I was probably going to punch you," I answered, half-joking. "Since I didn't, I figured... well, just for future reference, apparently I'm some kind of public figure slash role model, so maybe don't share stuff with me hooking up with floozies at the bar. Even the legal ones." Yes. Being straight with him felt better. I had too many secrets these days. The less I had to bullshit my own friends, the better.

"Yeah, for serious. Won't happen again, man. I swear." We bumped our forearms together, our group's weird semi-ironic bro-code high five, then went to work on those wings in earnest. Good food at Gooses, even if I was presently preoccupied by the sight of the stuffed namesake of the bar in a case over Jay's shoulder.

"So... you really didn't sleep with her?" he asked a few minutes later, a faint grin teasing at the corners of his buffalo sauce stained lips.

"No, I really didn't," I lied. Not for over a week now, anyway. Damn. That feeling came right back.

"Do you think she would have? I mean, you're not a bad-lookin' dude. I bet plenty of those schoolgirls have their eyes on the Big Gun."

"Big Gun" was an old code for my cock. Whether or not it was apt, it had started as a pun on my name. I wasn't about to talk them out of using it, though. Reputation mattered, sometimes.

(Yes, most of my male friends had seen my cock. I wasn't *always* a teacher.)

"I am... pretty sure she would have," I said guardedly.

"Damn. You *really* didn't? I know it's not PC or whatever, but that girl was insanely hot. Can't imagine how hot she'll be when she finishes puberty. I swear I won't tell if you did. I just... I gotta know. Seriously. Did you...?"

Important as it was to keep the secret (after all, I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters), it was almost tempting to be vague, let him imagine. I wasn't banging sex slaves to boost my street cred, but the gleam in Jay's eye at the mere suggestion felt oddly flattering. I worked at my bone, taking a moment to bask, before finally answering. "I really didn't. She is eighteen, though, so if you can

make it around your marriage vows, lust away. For what it's worth, she's not even the hotter Stern."

"What? Nightmare slut is hotter than *that*? What, she have a third boob on her forehead or something?"

"Wow. No, she's just... she's a good-looking young woman. Conventionally speaking." True again. True felt better.

"Hey, she's about to graduate, right? Play your cards right, maybe you can catch her using a fake ID like her little sis somewhere and actually seal the deal, huh?"

My gnawing went on at length, picking every bit of that wing clean.

"Dude, I'm joking. Relax. I know you're not some creeper or anything. I was only playing, man." He gently backhanded me on the bicep. "Besides, who am I to judge? Hell, you pick up some eighteen-year-old and you guys'd be closer in age than me and Sylvia. As long as you don't wait too long."

"Taylor got the boot for what she and her sister pulled, trying to screw me over like that. Pretty sure she doesn't wanna fuck me any more, if she ever did."

"Plus she's basically Satan," Jay responded, mouth full.

"Exactly."

He studied me for a moment. "But hey, fucking female Satan doesn't sound like the *least* hot thing I've ever heard of, huh?"

"Believe me, I have no intention of trying to sleep with that girl. I can't wait to be done with her."

I waited for that rising and fading sense of moral superiority that accompanied my respective true and false statements, but this time, there was nothing to confirm anything for me. Merely words that I barely understood.

"Good afternoon. Mr. Stern?" We'd never met, and only once or twice spoken on the phone, but I could see a little bit of Taylor in this man's eyes.

The man who opened the door looked me over for a moment. I wasn't dressed to make much of an impression, nothing more than a simple pair of jeans and a plain black t-shirt. They were both of them tight; I figured it wouldn't hurt to try to look decent. Though standing here on the front steps of the father/stepfather of two eighteen-year-old students I'd been covertly sleeping with and had recently gotten thrown out of school, I didn't want to seem like I was trying to look *too* good.

"Don't believe we've met."

"I'm Mr. Canon. I'm here about Taylor and Abbie."

I didn't bother with more of an introduction than that. With all that was going on, my last name ought to be plenty. My legs were ready to throw me out of the way of a

punch, or whatever he threw my way. I hoped it wouldn't come to a fight, but after the predicament I'd helped land his daughters in, I wasn't about to flinch in the face of danger. I am not a pussy. In fact—

“ABBIE!” he bellowed, turning his back to me and walking a few steps into the house. “SOME MAN HERE FOR YA!”

“WHO IS HE?” cried a familiar voice from deeper in the house.

“I DUNNO! LOOKS LIKE A COP OR SOMETHING!”

“I'm Mr. Canon,” I reminded him. “Taylor's English teacher...?”

“SAYS HE'S MR. CANTON!”

“Canon,” I corrected gently. He didn't bother with an update.

“JUST SEND HIM BACK, STANLEY, GOD!”

At that, Mr. Stern – Stanley – Stan Stern? – gestured without turning toward a hallway and retreated through a living room in another direction. He didn't say another word, just let a strange man into his house to meet with his teenage daughter.

“You Serenexed your dad?” I asked as I rounded the corner into Abbie's bedroom.

The place was a sty. At base, there was a twin bed, a desk, a dresser, and a shallow closet. Covering all of it and spilling out of still more, however, was what looked like months', if not years' worth of accumulated junk. Dirty clothes – crumpled clothes, anyway, whether or not they were clean – concealed most surfaces, leaving doubts about the color of the carpet underfoot. Candy wrappers, assorted books and papers from school, a modest doll collection, a dartboard with a cutout picture of Kanye on it, a paint-spattered metal ladder, and what looked to be some sort of goddamn assault rifle half-buried under a denim skirt and discarded panties were only a portion of the eyesore that awaited me.

Abbie was lying on her side in her bed, one of the school's laptops – which I knew full well we did not loan out to students – sitting in front of her. She looked tantalizingly sexy in a pink spaghetti strap tank top and a pair of black spandex shorts. The shorts were riding low on her hips, revealing the yellow strap of what promised to be a thong.

“First off, Stanley is Taylor's dad. My dad lives in Pensacola. That's what my mom says, anyway. I haven't seen him since I was twelve or something. Second off, I forgot your question.”

I shut the door behind me as I let myself in. “I asked, did you Serenex your dad. And is that a goddamn machine gun?”

“Oh, chill, it's just for paintball. And dad-wise, I mean... Duh. Yeah, she did that way early on. Well, I. We. Whatever.”

“What on god's green earth for?”

“I know just 'cause Tay and I got reps you think we come from a broken home and all, C-dawg, but believe it or not Stanley and my mom don't let us have sleepovers with our teachers – especially on school nights. So it was either lie our asses off and wait

to get caught, or..." She shrugged, folding the laptop closed. "We went easy on 'em. Just made them let us do what we want, go where we want, not get nosy about our shit. Best way to keep shit under wraps."

I'd called Taylor's parents quite a little bit early on last year. When the results hadn't followed, I eventually wrote them off as that ilk of parents who sided with their kids against teachers. By December, I'd given up beyond the usual litany of grievances in the comment codes of her report cards. I supposed I'd been ready to assume they really didn't care what the girls did. Though I guess now I was right.

"Well, that's messed up, all right. Is Taylor home? I wanted to talk with both of you. Or, well, I wanted to talk to your parents, but I'm sensing there's no real point to that, so you two will do."

"Nah, she's out rounding up some peeps, having a little party for last weekend of the year. So for now, you're stuck with me." She grinned at that. Considering the week I'd given her, I don't know if the grin was more or less off-putting than the silent treatment she'd subjected me to after the gravy dinner debacle.

"Fair enough. Mind if I...?" She gestured permission, and I took a seat, sweeping a mixed pile of laundry, stuffed animals, and a couple pill bottles (neither of which bore the surname Stern on the labels) off a bench in front of her dresser. "Look. I'm sorry about what happened the other night. I never thought it would go as far as it did."

"You mean us getting dragged downtown for *not* egging your house?" she asked, though more bemused than accusatory.

"You *did* egg my house, and yes, for that. I thought they'd yell at you a bit, and maybe I could get word of it to Shipman. Thought maybe he'd see we weren't in cahoots."

"Who the fuck is Shipman, and what the fuck is a cahoot?"

I ignored the latter question. "Shipman. The detective?"

"Oh, right. Sorry, been hounded by so many cops, they all start to look alike." She sat up, still grinning broadly. How could she not be pissed? If I didn't know where my Serenex was hidden back home, I might have worried she was baiting me, letting me get comfortable before flooding mouth with another dose of the crap.

"Guess so. Um, anyway, all I wanted was one more little piece of evidence to nudge him in the direction of deciding you two had it out for me. I figured it'd end with... I don't know. But not this."

"A stern talking to? Pun intended."

"Something like that. Really, I... I don't even know what to say. But I couldn't sleep last night, thinking about it all. I had to come over and... I don't know. I really figured I'd be talking to your parents right now, but... do they even...?"

"Tay and I are handling our own shit, if that's what you mean. And no, we didn't turn them into vegetables. They just..." She pointed. I followed the line to her desk,

where, after a moment, I picked out what she was referring to. Two slightly crumpled pieces of paper covered in two different sets of handwriting. *I trust my daughters. They can do whatever they want.* I didn't stop to count, but I was guessing there were a hundred such lines repeated on each.

"Jesus, Abbie. They're your parents."

"Yeah, well, we haven't done much with it. Just score gas money and dodge questions about the time we been spending over at your place." Her lips pursed momentarily. "Or that Tay has been, anyway."

"We can address your feelings of neglect in a minute, but first, talk to me. I haven't heard anything from you guys since Wednesday. What's going on? How bad is it?"

"What, like with the egging thing?"

"Yeah, with the egging thing, and that whole 'the police think you tried to frame me' thing."

She sat up, folded down her laptop and casually shoved it to the floor. A rolled up bath towel broke its fall. "They... what?"

I gaped. "Do you really not know? Holy hell! Abbie, the detective who was looking into that whole stunt Principal Horen walked in on, he bought our story, but too well. He thinks you and Taylor threatened Tabitha and Cassie to make them participate, and that you were on some vendetta to end an innocent teacher's career."

"Well... yeah. Like, that was the play, right?"

"He's got you in his crosshairs. Both of you. When we spoke the other day, he made it sound like he was throwing the whole book at the two of you."

I could tell this was news to her. I supposed that made sense. Not like the police needed to call you up and explain that you were under investigation. Thank goodness Abbie had given me the Serenex back before she did something else even more reckless with it.

"Well, I guess we have to dose the detective then, huh."

Something like that, for instance.

"It's not that simple, Abbie."

"How's come?"

"What? Are you serious?" I took to my feet, pacing across the cluttered floor. "Oh, let's see. In no particular order, we have... logistics. Getting close to him, with the canister, without him reacting, with no one else watching. The fact that you'd need to be sure nobody else was going to see him like that for hours afterward. The fact that the principal, half the faculty, and who knows how many other people also know about it, too. It's morally wrong. It's—"

"Pff. 'It's morally wrong.' Says the teacher who had no trouble banging a seventeen-year-old student."

“You’re eighteen, and I did have trouble with it, and that still doesn’t invalidate my point!”

“But... I can use the Serenex if I want, right?”

“Obviously. You can use my Serenex any time you want. I just think you might want to consider this before you dive into a bad plan – which this certainly is.”

“Just making sure you were still my guy.” She grinned. “Come on, have a seat. You can join me on the bed, if you want.”

My hands went to my hips. “You’re taking all this awfully calmly.”

“I mean... what’s to freak out over? I been kicked outta school before, ain’t no thang. Plus, if I’m not a student any more, we can play around, nobody getting up in our shit over it. So kind of a win-win, right?”

“Not finishing high school is not a win!” I snapped. “Abbie, the way he was talking... it sounded like this could be serious. Like *jail* serious. I know you’re tough and all, but do you really want to put that to the test, see yourself locked up with murderers and drug dealers?”

“Drug dealers ain’t so bad, in my experience. But I get you. So, hm. OK, if you’re saying the juice is out, what else do we got? We all of us already told everybody the same bullshit story to cover for you. Now what? Thoughts and prayers?”

Her simple question took the wind out of my sails. It was the reason I’d put off coming over here – the fact that I had absolutely no idea what they could do about it. I’d expected to explain to her parents that I was sorry for letting minor incidents culminate in such dire consequences. I hadn’t anticipated being forced to come up with a means to counter them. Shipman had said I didn’t need to press charges for his investigation to go forward, and he already had Cassie and Tabitha on the record that they’d been coerced. Lord knew Horen wasn’t going to let it slide. I knew neither how bad things were going to get, nor what to do about them when they did.

With a sigh, I accepted her offer and slumped down onto the edge of her bed. The springs creaked under our combined weight. “I wish I knew.”

She nodded. “Cool, cool. So... you wanna fuck me, or what?”

Of course I did. Since the second I stood in the threshold of her bedroom. “How are you not as worried as I am about this? Abbie, this is the rest of your life we’re talking about. You can’t just ignore it and hope it goes away.”

Abbie leaned forward, and by now I knew her body language well enough to know that the way her biceps pressed her breasts together was no accident. “Why not? Ignoring it and letting it walk away worked for you with Tay.”

I’d been reaching for her without even realizing it, but that gave me pause. “What’s that supposed to mean? We were keeping our distance because of the situation. I wasn’t ignoring her.”

“Right, sure. Like you didn’t ignore Cassie, yeah? And her mom, and that twat Tabitha, and Barbie?”

My eyes narrowed at her very specific list of the women I’d slept with in the past week. “What do you know about that? Have you been keeping tabs on me?”

“I don’t need to keep tabs on shit. Your face just told me everything,” she countered, trademark smirk blossoming. “But whatever. Tay wants some dick, her skank ass can fetch it herself. Now come on, gimme gimme gimme already, C-dawg!”

I gently rebuffed her as she reached for my belt. “Abbie, we can’t. For crying out loud, your parents are right down the hall. Jesus, I shouldn’t even be in here with you! They might not care what you do, but if Shipman comes around to talk to you, who knows what they might tell him!”

It was her turn to stop me, seizing my hands and stopping me from backing off the bed. It was a tender thing, insistent and needful. She really could be sweet and gentle when she—

“*MOM!*” I was so startled that this time, I tumbled backward onto the floor. Her grip was nowhere near strong enough to stop me. That laptop didn’t stand a chance, though I suppose it was not the most precious GHS resource I had violated.

“Yeah, what’s up?” came a woman’s voice from elsewhere in the house as I picked myself up.

“Oh fuck! You OK, babe?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just—”

“IF ANYBODY ASKS, MR. CANON NEVER CAME OVER, OK?!”

“Okey dokey, Princess!”

I waited. Finally, Abbie thrust out an impatient hand. “You climbing back up or what?”

I accepted her help, but didn’t let her pull me back into bed. “I think I’m going to go. You’ll tell Taylor I stopped by though, yeah?”

“Come on, don’t hate. Shut the door if you want, but get those pants off and let’s get to it.”

“Seriously, Abbie. I didn’t come over for a booty call. I just wanted to see if you two were doing OK. Apologize.”

“Oh come on, don’t make me beg for it,” she pouted, crawling forward on her bed, granting me an incredible look down her neckline. “You left me high and dry Monday when that cunt Horen interrupted us in Barbie’s play place, and my ass had to wait all week. Then you come into my bedroom, get me all wet and ready, and wanna just walk out on me?”

“What? What on earth did I do to get you ‘wet and ready?’”

She saw that my words were directed straight to her tits, and held her pose with a broadening grin. “You came into my bedroom, C-dawg. This is a fantasy motha fuckin’

zone, yo. C'mon, when's the last time you fucked a big-titted teenage hottie, tryin' to be all quiet like so her folks don't hear you making their baby squeal like a little slut?"

"Um, well... never, actually."

"Aw, you kept your V into your twenties? That's so sweet."

"No, actually, but we didn't do it at my girlfriend's house with her parents down the hall. I'm not an animal." The jury was out on whether or not I was a monster.

"Well here's your chance. C'mon. You know you wanna. Stuff Stanley's stepbaby right down the hall from where he's watching *Property Brothers*. See if you can fuck me without making me scream for once."

A smile crept out despite my best efforts. "You sound awfully self-assured."

"So prove me wrong. Walk out that door, give up the opportunity to sprinkle a few fresh cum stains on my mattress. My mom, next time she does my sheet, she'll wrinkle her nose and go 'what's this then' and it'll be what dribbled out of my pussy after you pumped her youngest daughter full of your cum, stud."

"Good lord, that's fucked up."

"That's what a week of being left hanging half an inch from an orgasm does to a bitch, C-dawg. Now *please*, climb into this bed and fuck me already."

Her shirt was coming off even as she posited her plea. It was a simple black bra she wore beneath, matching the volleyball shorts she removed next. She shot them at my face like a rubber band, though I'd already been more than amply provoked. I leapt right at her, tackling her backward onto her mattress and burying my face in those satin-covered breasts as we jointly worked on my own pants. We didn't even bother with her panties. I just shoved the patch of yellow fabric aside and dove right in.

Once upon a time, foreplay had been one of my favorite parts of sex. It built suspense, prolonged sex for that extra stretch. Plus, it was necessary. Most women I'd been with didn't get me hard just by looking at me, nor were they dripping down their thighs simply from the prospect of a few thrusts, Big Gun or no. Now, foreplay was something I only did if I felt like shoving a tit in my mouth, squeezing a girl's ass, sampling the taste of her pussy. When it came down to it, these girls all had me on a hair trigger, and that Abbie's pussy would be gushing wet by the time I shoved my dick in her was something I took for granted. These girls' pussies drooled for me like a bunch of fat kids at the fried oreo booth at the county fair.

"Fuck, I love the way you stare at my tits while you fuck me," she murmured elatedly as I did just that. They were mesmerizing, bobbling around in the confines of her bra. I could take it off, but for now, it was amusing watching their struggle for freedom. It was a game, waiting to see which would burst free first. "Cause that's what girls like Taylor and me are to you, right, Mr. Canon? Tits and ass. Sex objects. We're supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your little fantasy sluts."

True to her proposed scenario, she was keeping her voice down, as if afraid that her parents might discover us. I followed suit. It was easy for me to pretend, really. Simply because they'd been dosed with Serenex didn't make fucking their youngest offspring two rooms away from them feel any less dangerous. "You know, thank god your sister has a penchant for sarcasm. If, back on that day you first got dosed, she'd gone 'you're a pig and we hate you,' I'd have really missed the chance to fuck you."

"Thank god my sister had a crush on the hottest teacher with the biggest fattest dick in school," she panted.

"Not so much a crush as threw a tantrum over her chapstick on the wrong day," I amended, helping myself to a hard squeeze of her tit. It might be rigging the game in favor of Lefty, but I couldn't resist.

"Yeah, sure, she totally wasn't into you before that." Her eye roll transitioned into hard squints of arousal as I pressed my handful out from its cup and sucked her nipple into my mouth. First place ribbon for Lefty.

"Your sister made my life a living hell before that," I managed after some time. Sucking on tits like these really never got tiresome. God, I'd missed them. Maybe I ought to have Tabitha get hers done after all. She wouldn't hesitate if I gave her the nod.

"Duh. Fuck, C-dawg, you never had a bad girl flirt with you bef—" She must have heard something I didn't, because suddenly she froze, her body rigid with tension. It took me right back to when Horen had interrupted us in Isa's office on Monday. "*Shhh*," she whispered.

"Wait, flirting with me? What do you—"

She clamped a hand over my mouth and shushed me again, this time soundlessly. Was this part of her little don't-get-caught fantasy game? When she was satisfied I wasn't going to reply, Abbie removed her hand from my mouth, but pulled my head down until she could whisper right in my ear.

"She's home."

"Taylor?" I mouthed.

She nodded. "Her bedroom door squeaks."

So that was what she'd heard. "OK, and...? Not like she doesn't know we have sex." I kept it to that faint whisper, though.

Abbie shook her head. I stared, entranced, at the accompanying jiggling of those colossal tits of hers. "If she hears you in here, she'll go berserk. She'll ruin the fantasy."

"Berserk? Why?"

Somehow, Abbie's apathetic reaction to my news today had made me forget the obvious answer. I'd called the cops on her, gotten her thrown out of school a week before graduation, and ghosted her all the while. And if Taylor even suspected the situation with Detective Shipman...

“Because she hates your ass,” she summarized succinctly. Then, as if to remind me we were still mid-coitus, she flexed her pussy around my cock. Yet another trick I needed Tabitha to study up on.

“Hates? What happened to the crush?”

“Died on contact with those riot cuffs, babe.” She copped a squeeze on my ass, then, her smile returning faintly. “But keep going. Just... fuck me quiet-like, OK? She can’t know about this.”

My hips pulled back, automatically accepting the invitation until I paused, considering. “Aren’t you the boss of her? We could just have her stand and watch us, right?”

“Yeah, well... she ain’t always the best employee,” she murmured. “Trust me.”

“If you say so...” Sure seemed like it had been working well so far. She’d had Taylor marching in lockstep with her since day one.

She grasped my ear lobe between her teeth and pulled me down close against her body. “Now fuck me, OK? I still need it. Bad.” She did her best to wrap a pair of short, thick legs around my waist, holding me inside her. “But shhh.”

I wasn’t about to deny the poor girl her request. Myself, it had been months since I’d last gone six whole days without sex. It wasn’t easy, controlling our breathing, trying to thrust enough to create some of that slick, wet friction while not prompting the springs in her mattress to give us away. It was working though. Her fingernails sunk into my back as I struck a rhythm in which I could glide against her clit with each little mini-stroke.

“Abbie, you up?”

Taylor’s voice, right outside the door. Instinctively, I pivoted, giving her voice the least obstructed path I could. As someone who routinely caught students whispering in class, I knew full well how those little details stood out to the ears.

“Yeah, I’m just picking out an outfit. Gimme like ten, K?”

“Nobody gives two fucks what you wear, little miss T&A, Jesus. Hurry the fuck up and get your ass out here before we leave without you. Justin and LaTara and Josh and Aiden are waiting in the car already.”

“I’ll get there faster if you quit yelling at me, bitch,” retorted Abbie. Not sharing her dread of the woman in the hall, I gave her exposed nipple a hard twist right as she was talking. She weathered it well.

“Are you alone in there?” Or so I’d thought.

“No, I brought over a few friends to help me get dressed.”

The handle twisted, but evidently it had been locked already when I closed it, because it didn’t budge. “Open the door, Abbie.”

I picked up the pace, pounding her buttery cunt as fast as the physics of stealth would let me.

“I’m half-naked, Tay, hold the fuck on!” Then, to me, in a whisper, “Don’t stop. Oh shit don’t stop. Don’t fucking *ever* stop.”

There was a brief pause, but evidently Taylor wasn’t giving up. “Open the mother fucking door, Abbie. Right the fuck now.”

Man, as rough as it had been teaching Taylor Stern, I suddenly imagined what it must have been like growing up as her little sister, and a stepsister at that. I could see Abbie was getting close to her long-awaited orgasm. She really must have been craving some attention. I bent to her ear, urging her on as I pistoned in and out of her. The springs expressed their yearning to betray my presence.

“Come for me, Abbie. Come right now. Come, you big-titted thicc-ass slutty fantasy sex object.”

Sometimes, permission was all it took.

Abbie grabbed her pillow and threw it over her face to muffle the minute squeal she failed to suppress. Then Taylor’s hand slapped the door open-palmed. “I’m not leaving until you open the goddamn door, bitch!”

The girl on the bed took mere seconds to regain her wits, suddenly pushing me off of her. Before I knew what was happening, I’d been shoved into her closet, the door slid swiftly but silently closed before my eyes. Then I heard the door open.

“Oh gross, your fucking tit’s out!” groused Taylor.

“You were the one who just had to see me. Happy, you dumb bitch?”

There was a pause. “It reeks of fucking sex in here. Were you...”

“It’s none of your fucking business what I dot dot dot. Now shut your fucking hole, go to your room, and fucking wait like a good little twat muffin, K? That’s a goddamn order from your fucking *boss*, understand?”

Another pause. “I... understand.”

“So, what, you wanna take a picture, or can you piss off and let me get some fucking clothes on?”

“Yeah. Sure. Just don’t take too long. Please.”

The door shut. Abbie opened the closet a moment later. “Sorry,” she mouthed, her eyes settling immediately on my conspicuously still-twitching cock. She continued in a whisper. “You didn’t finish! Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!”

“It’s fine,” I assured her. “Taylor’s in a mood, all right. You go do whatever you’re gonna do. I’ll give you a head start, then show myself out behind you. Guess your parents won’t care.”

“No way – totally not cool if I leave you hanging, C!”

“You think I can’t find someone to take care of that? Remember who you’re talking to.” I pulled her in, squeezed her ample buttocks, then patted her away. “Go on. Don’t sweat it. I had fun, OK? Good fantasy.”

Abbie plainly didn't like it, but boss or no boss, Taylor's wrath wasn't something she felt like braving if she was being offered an out. She grabbed a pair of shorts and a halter top and threw them on, pausing only to pull my face between her tits and slap me around a bit once her bra was off. With a last giggle, she blew me a kiss and hurried out the door.

"Bout goddamn time," grumped her sister, their voices retreating down the hall. "Jack yourself off on your own fucking time next time, OK?"

"Oh blow me, Tay." The front door slammed shut behind them.

I gathered my clothes, then counted slowly to a hundred. It wasn't really necessary; even in this room with its windows facing the back of the house, I could hear their clunker shift into drive and pull away. There was no sign of Mr. or Mrs. Stern as I let myself out of Abbie's room.

I was halfway down the hallway before I paused, turned, and went back. Instead of opening Abbie's door, however, I went for the one across the hall.

Taylor's bedroom stood in stark contrast to her sister's. It was immaculately tidy, every surface clean and organized. The floor showed fresh signs of vacuuming. It adjoined a private bathroom which was no less neat save for what looked to be a recent outfit kicked off on the floor by the shower. Her makeup and accessories were neatly lined up on the vacant counter space. My house wasn't anywhere near this well put together, and I had a personal maid service in Megan. For a girl who looked like she brushed her hair every third day and seldom seemed to have a clue where her required class supplies were, it surprised me to learn she was such a neat freak.

I couldn't have said why I spent as long as I did inspecting her stuff. It took me back, somehow, to that first day, when I'd sprinkled those droplets of Serenex onto her chapstick and held her in my room, staring at her round, flawless ass in those blue athletic shorts as she bent over and scribed her penance at the white board. It was thrillingly invasive, observing her secondhand like this. Or maybe being left hanging by Abbie was making me pervier than usual.

Her underwear drawer happened to be the first one I opened. A long row of multi-hued bras lined the back half, while three stacks of panties – sorted by cut, I realized as I pawed through them – occupied the front. I'd only seen her in a small fraction of them. Such a waste. I supposed I could still get a lingerie fashion show any time I pleased from Tabitha and Cassie.

My head was still swimming (and my cock still throbbing) at how much I missed Taylor's body as I sneaked out past her parents. Mrs. Stern was on her phone in the living room as I slunk past; she waved absent-mindedly when she saw me but went right on talking.

My grin faded when I got to my car, where I found all four of the tires were slashed. A long horizontal scratch that had to be from the same implement that had done the slashing now marred the paint on the driver's side of the vehicle.

It was over an hour before I could get anyone out there, then three more as I waited in the long weekend lines at the auto shop for the tires to be patched. They stayed late just to accommodate me; I passed along an extra fifty bucks in gratitude and made an appointment to come back for the paint.

The Sterns. Why *did* I bother? Isa was right. They were dangerous. And Tabitha was even more right. I had her and Cassie and Megan and Candy and. They didn't spin me about with mixed messages. (If Taylor had harbored a crush on me, I'd hate to see how she behaved for the teachers she hated.) No. The Sterns were bottled chaos, except the bottle didn't have a goddamn cork on it and splashed all over the place.

Still horny, I went straight from my garage over to the house next door, where the Brown ladies were only too happy to be instructed to perform a team blowjob. They asked no questions, balked not at all, and gave excellent service aside from a brief mother-daughter squabble about who got to drink down my spunk. It was hot as fuck, enough so that I brought Cassie home with me to stay the night. Her guileless chattering was a welcome distraction.

It occurred to me as I lie awake reliving that brief, intense stealth sex with Abbie, imagining being a fly on the wall for when Taylor dirtied her living space with those discarded garments in her bathroom, that I could train Tabitha to do everything they did for me. I sketched out rudimentary lesson plans in my mind.

I'm nothing but tits and ass, Mr. Canon, she'd coo as she posed for me, waiting for my next direction. Not slashing my goddamn tires, or egging my house, or spraying anything down my throat. That was the hottest part. Then she'd roll her eyes and let me fuck her face like she resented it, call me a pig and then plead for me to use her pussy next time instead. A choreographed game, one I knew all the rules to. One where the opposition played by them.

Nothing wrong with my little monsters having claws, so long as they knew when to use them, and on whom.

Part Twenty-Five: Late Work Policy

“Yikes! What happened to your car, Mr. Canon?” Cassie ran her finger along the fresh stripe down the side of my vehicle.

“A little present from Abbie and Taylor.”

“Oh yeah? I thought you guys weren’t talking, after the whole arresting them and getting them kicked out of school thing.”

I shivered involuntarily, though not from the insinuation. At this early hour it was still pretty chilly out, and my garage didn’t have much by way of insulation. “I went over yesterday to talk to them about the whole thing. Set things straight and all.”

“Mm. Looks like it didn’t go over too well.”

“Seemed to go well enough with Abbie. Not so much Taylor.”

Cassie pivoted to face me. “Wanna talk about it?”

I sighed. “I don’t imagine there’s anything I can say to you that would conceivably prevent you from telling me your thoughts on the matter.” Lord knew everyone else was weighing in.

“I don’t *always* say everything on my mind,” she grumbled, stung. Damn. I hadn’t meant to be rude about it. “I just... I dunno. I need to be completely honest with you. To tell you the complete and total truth. I think maybe it’s a Serenex thing? But I don’t know. I feel like I can say anything to you. I don’t mean to be a nuisance, though.”

I winced. The last thing I needed on my bruised conscience was picking on Cassie, the sex slave equivalent of kicking a crippled dog. Grimacing at the cold concrete on my bare feet, I followed her into the grudge and pulled her into a hug. “I didn’t mean to say it like that. You’re fine, sweetie. OK? I’ve been getting a lot of unsolicited advice coming my way a lot lately is all.”

She hugged back, sighing a little too audibly into my chest before I stepped back and let her go. I’d already woken up with my dick in her hands not twenty minutes ago; I wasn’t trying to reel her back in. “So go on. If you have thoughts, let them out. I can take it.”

“I wasn’t gonna try to tell you how to feel. See, sometimes I try to imagine what this all must be like for you. It’s heckin’ strange for all of us. Durr, right. Having sex with my next door neighbor, a teacher, knowing he’s turned my mom into a hashtag free-use slut, sharing him with a half dozen girls... it’s kinda wild. But I bet it’s gotta be a lot for you, too, right?”

“It can be.” Not that I was looking for sympathy.

“Yeah. I mean, I know you like us, and you’re a nice teacher and you don’t want to hurt any of us kids. Even though I know you try not to play favorites though, it’s bound to happen. Isn’t it? I guess I don’t really know what it is you like about her, though. Like,

I know Taylor is crazy hot, perfect tits, perfect ass, perfect legs, super pretty. In a mean way. But I don't know if that's all she is, I guess I'm saying. To you."

"Everybody is more than just their body, Cassie."

"No, I know." She snorted. "No offense, that's something grown-ups say to middle school kids. I think I'm mature enough now to get that sometimes sex is only sex. A man can dip his shwing-shwong in a woman's howdy hole and neither of them might care about each other beyond cocks and cunts. Like, I've been reaching out to porn stars on twitter to ask them stuff, and this one said that it's a double-edged sword, having a porno bod, because some people look at you and only see tatas and booties, but at the same time, it could be nice at times because you don't always want to deal with people and all their flaws and people-ness when all you really want is good sex with a hot partner. Which I totally related to, kind of. My ex-boyfriend – he went to a different school, so you probably wouldn't know him – was really clingy and cheesy, and sometimes it was soooo sweet, but now that I've been with you and see what it's like to be with a man who just wants to use me like a cum sponge (pardon my French), I can also see how it's awesome to just have great sex with a well-hung dude and then go home and not have to worry if they miss you. We'll do it again soon, so it's kinda cool to just pleasure you. It's fun, and it feels amazing. But it's nerve ending feels, not heart feels."

She took a breath at last. "So yeah, I guess that was just what I wondered with Taylor, like which kind of feels you have."

I blinked. It was early in the day to be bombarded with that many words. "You've been talking to porn stars on twitter? What on earth for?"

"Not tons of them or anything, but I've gotten a few to reply. Lots of dudes pretending to slide into their DMs and all, so they're pretty hard to reach. And I just have thoughts and questions, and I figured as a booty call and a daughter of a sex slave, porn stars would get it better than most people. But you didn't answer the question."

I shook my head. Best not to pursue every line of thought in that girl's head. "Sorry, what question was that?"

"What's Taylor to you? Do you, like, care about her? Or do you just really like fucking her?"

"What difference does it make? I'm still responsible for her, regardless of how I feel."

"Sure, but... 'responsible' is a teacher thing, not a lover thing. Right? So if you're just her teacher and her occasional sex partner and that's it, then yeah. That's it. So you just have to figure out how many chances somebody gets before their problems aren't yours any more. But if you actually care about her, then you gotta figure out how to make it right."

I pulled her in for another hug, planting a kiss on her forehead. “See? This is why I’m lucky to have you.”

“Yeah, and the butt slut thing,” she answered with a coy giggle, but I could tell the compliment landed.

“That doesn’t hurt. Now run on home. It’s finals week, so I want you focused on that this week. I’ll be busy, too, so don’t be surprised if you don’t hear from me until Friday.”

“Doesn’t school end Thursday?”

“For you guys, yeah, but I have grading to do Thursday night, and then teachers are in Friday to close everything down for the summer.”

“Oh. Well, if you’re getting stressed and need a quick ass-fuck to blow off some steam, you know where to find me.” She pivoted, hastily tugged down her pajama bottoms and the underwear beneath, then rubbed her bare ass against the front of my robe for a moment before recomposing herself.

“Hang in there, Mr. Canon. It’s almost over.”

The final Monday of the school year. The air in the halls and classrooms of GHS crackled with unspoken potential. This time next week, the annual miracle that was summer break would be here. This time next week, people would be embarking on family vacations, starting new jobs, spending lazy days fishing at Bear Lake, or simply sleeping in and taking it easy.

But to lay one’s hand on the treasure hoard, first, one had to slay the dragon.

Four days. Monday and Tuesday were split between exam preparations, final projects and presentations, and all those bureaucratic tasks necessary to close things out. Thanks to the foresight and leadership of Amy, our department even had a system in place for the inevitable mass drop-offs of past-due books Tuesday afternoon when the students were given time for locker clean-out. We were primed for smooth sailing this time out. On the last two days periods were extended to double length, with the exams for periods 1-3 on Wednesday, 5-7 Friday.

(Period 4 was lunch, a source of endless confusion to new students as the cafeteria’s three lunch shifts meant that for a given student’s schedule, period 4 might come after period 3 or 5, or in the middle of 5. It was a fine transition for students coming out of middle school, to remind them that life only got messier as it proceeded.)

Since my seventh period was my prep, I’d end the academic year a couple hours before the rest of the building. Until then, though, it was going to be hectic. Custodial was out in force, cracking down on students discarding the detritus of their lockers wherever it fell. The allure of impending freedom made paying attention all the more

difficult, while the stakes of final exams simultaneously meant it was more necessary than ever. The useless assholes down at state DoE did us an extra favor this year by distributing standardized test scores this week, prompting god alone knew how many panic attacks and crises of faith amongst students and staff alike. My students' scores happened to be up three points from last year, a statistic which was as relevant to my pedagogy as it was useful to me in the twilight of the school year.

After Friday's triumphant return in the cafeteria, I decided to keep it small and private that Monday. I invited Candy and Isa to join me in my room for lunch. They accepted, naturally. I wasn't sure they could refuse if they wanted to.

"So how's it feel to be back?" Candy asked as we settled in. Like many teachers, she'd gone extra casual for this week, some beat-up jeans and a GHS football t-shirt. Horen was ever a stickler for dress codes, but when we had our hands full filing away hundreds of pounds of textbooks and materials, she turned a blind eye to it these final days. Candy still looked very pretty in it, plain or no. She couldn't help it. Sometimes I could hardly believe I had so much pussy thrown my way that I was neglecting such an attractive woman.

I unpacked my lunch from my briefcase. "It feels a lot better than sitting at home waiting for a squad car to come pick me up, I'll say that much."

"Not something you'd have to worry about if you made better choices," muttered Isa peevishly. "Ahem. Master."

"Right, because if you say 'master' at the end, it's automatically respectful," teased her girlfriend.

I wasn't offended, though. The only reason I kept having her use the term was because she seemed to get off on it. I'd hardly noticed when she'd ditched "sir" for "master" when we were alone. "I did miss it though, honestly. It's the best and the hardest time of year, you know? Especially teaching seniors. Wild to think that in a few days' time, as far as the world is concerned, they're as much adults as any of us."

"Except when it comes to buying alcohol," Isa pointed out as she poured her dressing onto her salad. When she saw the two of us eyeing her, she made a face. "What?"

"No, you're right, mama. That's exactly what he was talking about. Buying alcohol." Candy shook her head, snickering as she took a bite of her tuna salad sandwich.

"I'm just saying—"

"I know, I know. Trust me, I appreciate better than most people that legal adulthood and actual maturity are two very different animals. And yeah, I know if I 'made better choices,' yadda yadda, so spare me."

Isa shot me a snide look, but didn't resort to a verbal retort. Candy made small-talk about whether I'd been keeping up during my suspension, her irritation that

she'd gotten a day behind herself, her anxiousness that her new exam was going to be too long for students to finish in time. It was the most normal camaraderie the two of us had shared since before I'd dosed her in that coffee shop last month. It reminded me that once upon a time I'd had a little crush on her, before I waited too long and Isa scooped her up.

Still, it was the abnormal nature of our situation that had caused me to call them here today in the first place, and when the conversation trailed off, I asked my question.

"Are you two doing OK?" I asked. Recognizing the ambiguity of my sudden pivot, I elaborated. "With our situation. Between you and me."

The two shared a long look, and there was a lot being communicated in their faces that wasn't readily apparent to me. They spoke in elevated eyebrows, tilted heads and twists of their lips that emitted no sound, their own intimate language. It was Candy who finally answered me. "We're holding up OK. Why do you ask?"

"Because a few weeks ago the two of you were so malcontent over my behavior that you tried to chop my nuts off. Figuratively speaking. I've been at this long enough now to know that things run a lot smoother when the other participants are happy. If you're still unhappy, I want to hear about it. After everything that went down last week, I'm sick to death of forcing miserable people to share my space, much less my... well."

Again, the looks. The two practically had a sign language. "So what is it you want? Our blessing to keep fucking us?" Isa asked. "Not sure how much it would mean, considering."

"No. I know you don't approve. So be it. I'm way past caring what you think about me and the girls. We're doing what we're doing, regardless of your opinions. But I'm asking about you two. What Abbie and Taylor did to you... it's pretty screwed up, I have to say."

"You got that right, master," answered Isa, the last word dripping disdain.

"So I ask again. Are you two OK?"

Candy's eyes flickered between the two of us. "Yeah, it's... weird. It's definitely weird. I... should I start, mama? Unless you wanna answer first."

This time the response came in words, albeit mumbled. "Go on, baby."

Candy set down the last bit of her sandwich, folding her hands together on the desktop and looking at me earnestly. "So, since there's no point in being coy, part of it has been really amazing. Our sex life has been absolutely next level. For me, at least. And even if it's this weird vicarious humiliation fetish that you, or the Sterns or whoever, put in my head, it's still hot. We didn't have this much sex when we first hooked up, and now..."

"I think he gets the picture."

"I don't actually. Not meaning to be nosy, but you're saying you two have been getting along better?"

“I think so?” Candy looked to Isa.

“Yeah. I guess so. Sexually, at least.”

We left that caveat aside for the time being as the social studies teacher continued. “Still, even if we’re having fun, I do worry sometimes. It can’t be healthy, can it?”

“What can’t be healthy? Sex?”

“No, I mean... well, the *way* we have sex now. It’s not just hands and tongues any more. Now there’s this psychological aspect to it, and I... I dunno.”

“Maybe walk me through it a little, because I’m not sure I get it. What’s happening that you’re afraid is unhealthy? Like, give me a for instance.”

Isa looked plainly mortified, but Candy was inclined to treat this discussion as some plan of mine, helpfully aiding it unfold. “All right, so... Saturday night, I think it was. Isa had just gotten home from the gym, and—”

“That was Friday.”

“Friday then, whatever. So we hadn’t talked since the morning, and I asked her how her day was while she was getting into the shower. Basic chitchat stuff. Except now, part of her day is what she’s done to keep you out of hot water, right?”

“It is?” I wasn’t aware there was on-going labor involved. It had always been on-call, so far as I knew.

Isa replied. “Of course there is. Patrolling outside your room in the afternoons so if you and the girls are getting frisky, I can deflect attention. I have a bug in Horen’s office now, so I have to go through and make sure she hasn’t discovered something we don’t want her to know. That’s easily an hour a day right there. Checking in at the station, seeing if there’s any fresh gossip about cases involving the school without looking too obvious about it. All sorts of stuff. It’s my top priority.”

“Damn. Well... thanks, I guess.”

“Sure.” She scowled at her fork, skewering a cherry tomato with spite.

Candy went on, “Right, so whenever she gets to that part of her day, she gets... I mean, you know how she gets.”

“Indulge me. How does she get?”

“Oh. Well... you want to explain it, mama?” Isa shook her head furiously, eyes low. “She’s acting shy about it, but at home, it’s... no. She’ll just sort of get overwhelmed, I guess is a good word for it. Can’t keep her hands off herself, can’t keep her clothes on, gets... I don’t know. Agreeable, you could call it. Wants me to tell her what to do. To use her, I guess.”

It certainly sounded like my own experiences with Isa. “That right?”

“I get off on being a submissive little bitch,” mumbled Isa. “I can’t help myself.”

“So yeah. And it’s weird, yeah, but it’s so hot watching her break down like that. It turns me on like crazy whenever you or one of your fantasy sluts abuses Isa. I can’t help myself.”

“So you’ve said. Both of you.” I rubbed my forehead, considering. “So it sounds like the sex is fun, but like you said, probably not healthy.”

“I guess not. But hey, it’s your plan. I’m just doing my part.”

“Candy, this was never my plan. This was Abbie and Taylor’s plan. And I think it’s about time we stop letting them call the shots.”

Isa looked up, eyes narrowed in suspicion. “What exactly are you saying?”

“I think we need to see about whether or not I can fix you. Officially, really fix you. We’ve had our fun and all, but the last thing I want is to sit back and relax while Isa’s on her way to a nervous breakdown or something.”

“You seem to have been fine with it so far, master.” Like that, though, what her lover had mentioned played out in real time. It all happened so fast. The widening of her eyes as the wave of lust built, then washed her down to her knees, hands rubbing helplessly at her crotch and her breasts.

“Knock that off, Isa. The door’s unlocked, for god’s sake.”

She winced, stung by the rebuke from her master as much as the brief dereliction of her duty, then hastily returned to her desk, hands folded demurely in her lap. “I’m sorry, master. It won’t happen again.”

I patted her arm reassuringly, though she winced at that, too. “Anyway, you were right. I have gotten awfully comfortable with too many unpleasant situations. I’m trying to get better about it. After all, somebody gave me some good advice about how letting those girls call the shots might have led to a few thrills, but it’s probably a bad way to run my life.”

She smiled thinly at that.

“So the way I see it, if we broke things with Serenex, it’s going to take Serenex to fix things. Now I think I have enough left to give the two of you another dose. *If*, that is, you’re interested in trying. Let me be clear: this is *not* my ‘plan,’ Candy. This is a suggestion, and you’re both free to refuse if you don’t trust me. I can’t blame you, after all that’s happened.”

“Dose us, and then what?” pressed my colleague curiously.

“And then... you tell me. I know we all had our fears about contradictory commands. We could test that, see if there’s anything to be afraid of. Or we could look for a work-around. Maybe I can’t stop Isa from feeling like ‘a submissive little bitch,’ but... I don’t know. Something so you aren’t being spun around. Untie your pleasure from your anger. I’m open to suggestions.”

The two shared another eye-conversation. I cut it short, though, this time. We only had minutes before lunch ended and students returned. “You don’t have to decide

anything now. Talk it over, think it over, and when you've decided, you know where to find me. It's a standing offer, too. No rush. I think there's been more than enough pain and aggravation in all this mess, some of which I can't pawn off on the Sterns. They may not have any remorse over it, but me, I'm cleaning house. I mean to enjoy myself, and if I have my druthers, I'd like for that to extend to the rest of our little after-school program. I want everyone to be happy, and to get along with each other to the extent we need to."

"Does that include the Sterns?" asked Isa.

"Did he just say 'druthers?'" asked Candy.

I stood, wadding up my trash and snapping shut my briefcase. "Just let me know."

"You look pretty today." It had taken almost an hour since I'd noticed for the two of us to be alone where I could say it. The final passing period of the day filled the halls with noise, but in my classroom, Tabitha and I enjoyed relative peace and quiet. "I should tell you more often."

"What, this old thing?" The girl acing AP chemistry and physics grinned, performing a graceful twirl that fluttered her dress up to flash her panties. A thong, fire engine red. It complemented her floral summer dress nicely, white but decorated with sinuous vines sporting countless roses. Not that anyone but the two of us knew she'd donned matching panties. The dress was exquisitely snug across the chest, displaying her perky bust fetchingly.

"Do I need to remind you about showing your underwear in this building, Ms. Hutchings?"

"No, Mr. Canon," she murmured in playful contrition.

"Good. Now what's up? You stuck around just to flash me, or what?"

"Actually, sort of?" She glided up to my desk, hands folded in front of her demurely. "My seventh period is doing final projects. I volunteered to go first, so I'm all done in there. Ms. McGough said it would be all right if I wanted to get some extra help for my other finals."

"Tabitha, absolutely not. Nothing in the classroom. How can you even suggest it after—"

"I didn't mean *that*, Mr. Canon," she corrected hastily. "But I thought I could at least help out. You were saying how hard this week is on you. What if I pitched in? I could help organize your shelves, grade stuff, whatever you want. Even if I'm only half as efficient as you, an hour of my time would still get you an extra half hour sleep tonight. Correct?"

Like ice cream on a fat guy, my hands went straight to my hips. “Do you really not remember my being fired last week because you had your ass out in my classroom?”

“I’ll pitch in with my clothes on, obviously!”

“No, you won’t, because if Principal Horen walks in here and finds you’re ditching class to do chores for the teacher you were bullied into flashing your thong at, how do you think that’s going to look?”

Her face took on a serious cast. So serious I was actually taken aback. “Listen. I am *mortified* by what Taylor made me do for you. Or to you, whatever. It was hard just to walk in here when you came back, knowing what you’ve seen. What I’ve shown you. I wanted to curl up in a ball in the women’s restroom and just ditch your class.” This was not a person who displayed emotional vulnerability casually, but in those wide eyes, I saw real shame.

I frowned. “Wait, really? I didn’t—”

“I feel like such an idiot. But worse, I feel awful for what my cowardice put *you* through. You are an excellent teacher, Mr. Canon. You’ve gone the extra mile for me all year, even before all this crud. I can’t tell you how much I appreciate it. My conscience would never fully heal if I graduated without trying to make things right between us, and leave you on a note that reflects both my respect, and my shame for my poor judgment.”

I was stunned. Had she really been burying all that? What had I been putting her through, without even thinking that she was still clinging to—

“And *that* is what I’ll explain to Mrs. Horen if she pops in.”

I rolled my eyes. “Nice, Meryl Streep.” Still, she’d been earnest enough to throw me, and I could use the sleep, so... screw it. I couldn’t spend the rest of my career afraid to ever be alone with a female student. “All right. But *no* funny business. I don’t want to see that thong again until I’m taking it off myself.” I winced. “I mean, off of you, by myself. Err, you’d be there, too. With my hands, that is—”

“You plan on undressing me later. Understood, and eagerly awaited. Now how can I help you with my clothes *on*?”

To my credit, I did reach out to Ms. McGough and make sure she was really on board with releasing Tabitha. If nothing else I wanted to be sure that if Horen did stop by and did decide to get suspicious, my defense would include that I had followed protocol. I set her to doing some of my organizational labor for me, tallying what books and supplies were missing, who owed what, and filing my few remaining papers in students’ folders.

I had to hand it to her. As much power as the girl had to arrest my attention when she wanted to, during that prep period, she was a ghost. Pretty soon, I forgot she was even in the room. Amy stopped in at one point to briefly touch base about the summer reading list for next year’s AP seniors; she merely smiled and waved at the comely

honors student as she patiently scrubbed at some of the graffiti on one of my desks. Tabitha Hutchings was above suspicion.

Unlike the person who entered my classroom next.

Though my initial reaction was shock at Taylor Stern being in the building, I couldn't help but register still greater shock at seeing the *way* she was being in the building.

To say Taylor was flouting the dress code would be the understatement of the year. The shorts, if one could call them that, were jaw-droppingly revealing. Once upon a time, they had been jean shorts. Now, they were the tattered remains thereof. It wasn't so much that they were short – though they were, the legs practically nonexistent – but it was the network of holes and threadbare patches on what remained, all of it strategically positioned to gratify the male gaze. My gaze. As she turned to shut the door behind her, it was clear that if there were panties beneath them, they were only barely present. The shorts were so tight that part of her ass was literally squeezing out of one such hole in the denim, a tan little bubble of butt.

And if the shorts were scandalous, I'd need a thesaurus for the top. In terms of fashion, I didn't even know what to call it. It wasn't a tube top, but that was probably the closest thing. It consisted of a band of aqua green elastic around her tits, probably only four or five inches wide in spite of her whopping tits' efforts to stretch it further. The poor thing couldn't fully cover them. Just below her nipples (as I happened to have memorized exactly where those were) was a filmy white bit of fabric that was entirely translucent. I could see her belly button with ease. Seated, my angle to her was just low enough that I could make out the underside of her breasts, jutting out proudly before her. The gauze portion didn't even go all the way around. Busty as she was, there were a few scant, mouth-watering centimeters of side boob hanging out by either arm. There was nothing on the shoulders, nothing on the arms, nothing but that elastic band on the back.

Her hair covered more than the shirt did, a blanket of wavy brownish blonde that I only belatedly realized had two pigtails woven into the sides. I almost didn't notice the calf-high red boots adding inches to her height, deadly seduction to her walk. The whole ensemble was a manifesto of arrogant sexuality, a middle finger to anyone who thought they might have a claim to being more worthy of being ogled than her.

“Sup, C-dawg.”

“What are you...” *Wearing*, I nearly finished. Of all the things she'd worn in my classroom that had sent me home apoplectic with pent-up sexual frustration, there had never been anything like this. In my life, no one had *ever* worn *anything* like this for me – and there was no doubt from that twinkle in her eye that it was for me, all right. If she'd worn a bikini, it would have been less salacious. At least a bikini was skimpy for some purpose. This was just a walking, talking reminder that sex was still a thing, and

this was who we all wanted to be having it with. “Um, what are you doing here?” I spit out at last.

My stammering wasn’t lost on her. “Came in to clean out my locker. Good thing they didn’t search it, or I’d be in trouble for more than just showing you my cooch.”

“And let’s just skip right past whatever that means. I’m—”

“I got some edibles in there. Tests make me anxious, so I was gonna use it to get through finals. Guess now I don’t need to keep saving it.”

I sighed. “And yet I can’t help but notice you came here empty-handed.”

“You want weed, maybe you shouldn’t have sicced the fucking cops on me.”

“Referring to the sanctioned contents of your locker, obviously.” I didn’t know if recognition dawned on her face. I couldn’t look up that far. When she didn’t respond, I clarified, “Your books? Tabitha, you have the list. What are we owed?”

As Tabitha, who I only now saw was openly glaring at the newcomer, skimmed the papers in her clipboard, Taylor worked in a response. “So it’s ‘we’ now, huh. You and Flatty Tabby?”

“That doesn’t even rhyme,” retorted Tabitha coolly, not even looking up. “For a girl whose name rhymes with ‘nail her,’ ‘whaler,’ ‘impale her,’ is damn close to ‘failure’... that might not be a fight you want to start.” She tapped her lip, suddenly looking up with eyes sparkling. “Oh, if we went full name, we could go for Inhale Your Sperm. Reaching, maybe, but better than Flatty Tabby.”

“If I wanted to start a fight, toothpick, you’d already be—”

“That’s enough.” I stood, interposing myself between the two. “What does she owe?”

“World literature textbook, number 19-104. *Raisin in the Sun* 81. *The Things They Carried* 30. *Frankenstein* 0-75. Two copies of *Beowulf*, number 57 and one that’s just three question marks.” She glanced up contemptuously. “Did you return anything all year? There’s more here.”

She rolled her eyes. “I guess I just fell in love with all these amazing books.”

“Just bring whatever you find, Taylor. I’ll figure out the rest.” I shook my head.

Taylor took a step closer. “That’s it? Not one goddamn word to me in that whole fucked as hell week, and *that’s* what you got to say to me?”

“Language. And what else is there to say, Taylor?”

“Oh, I don’t know. How about ‘thank you.’”

“Thank you? Are you seriously—”

But she wasn’t having it. “Or how about ‘I’m sorry.’ Or maybe ‘I missed you.’ Oh, or you could try ‘I’m a little pussy who snuck in to have a nooner with your little sister and didn’t even have the guts to look you in the eyes.’ Hell, I’d settle for a nice ‘You look so hot I’m coming in my briefs.’”

I took a step in myself, but only to loom. Shit, she even *smelled* good. That garden-variety teen perfume, the scent of which could only be called “baby whore.” That I’d complimented Tabitha on her dress and wasn’t expressing any appreciation for *this* was simply wrong.

Although this was Taylor Stern. Being in the wrong was one of the most consistent features of our relationship.

“Taylor, I don’t know what you hoped for, coming in to provoke a confrontation, but this isn’t the time. I’m honestly not sure after the way you’ve been behaving that there *is* a time.”

“So *make* time, Canon. You owe me that.”

My jaw audibly hit the floor. “I *owe* you? How do you reckon that—” I shook my head. “No. No, we are not doing this again.”

“Doing what again?”

“This, where you and Abbie do something terrible, I roll up my sleeves and find a way of seeing your side of things, we have sex, and you make me feel like an idiot for treating you like more than the bitch you’ve been to me since you walked in that door.” There they were again, hands on hips. I was turning into my mother. “Frankly, I’m done. I don’t know how you got into the building dressed like that—”

“Thank Barbie.”

“—but I’m tired, all right? You feel like you’re owed an apology? Is there no point at which you begin to take responsibility for yourself? For what you’ve done?”

“For what *I’ve* done?! I’ve—”

I thundered over her, though I quickly lowered my volume in case any sound carried beyond the confines of my room. “You, Ms. Stern, have abused my trust countless times, and done unspeakable things to your classmates. You’ve bullied people, deceived people... Taylor, you’ve *enslaved* people! Do you even understand how wrong that is?”

“Don’t look to me like the skinny bitch got complaints.”

Before Tabitha could get into it again, I snapped right back at her. “You removed their capacity to complain! I don’t pretend to grasp the precise ethics of all this, but... Oh sure, give me that look, because I’m the jerk who’s reaping all the rewards.”

“Aren’t you? You talkin’ big shit now, but I ain’t hear you bellyaching when you were basking in all that pussy in the locker room after Saturday class. Aw, but shucks, then you gotta rinse a little yolk off your house, so suddenly it’s boo hoo, fuck Taylor, fuck all she’s done for me, fuck the best mother fuckin’ thing you ever had come your way!”

“Don’t you put this on me! We’re all of us making the best of a situation *you* caused! With your recklessness. With your *arrogance*. You and your sister are two

tornadoes, whirling across the landscape sewing destruction wherever you go, and I'm sick to death of it!"

"Don't you drag Abbie into this! You leave my sister's name out your fuckin' mouth!"

"Right, because she's clearly innocent in all this," Tabitha said dryly.

"Bitch, don't make me—"

I cut in. This couldn't become an actual fight. Besides, my beef with her took precedence. We'd been at this for two years now. "Believe me, I'd love to leave her out of it, Taylor. Wherever I look, though, there's some fresh chaos the two of you have collaboratively concocted. For the life of me, I don't know how you could think there would never be any consequences, no end to my willingness to indulge your tantrums and your vindictiveness, but at some point, I don't care if it's the best sex I've ever had! I just want to teach my classes and live my life without constant terror and harassment! I am *done* tolerating it, you hear me? Done!"

She was quiet for a moment. Inscrutable. I willed Tabitha to stay silent; mercifully, she had the sense to do so.

"Best sex you ever had, huh."

"That's not the only factor, Taylor. I gave you a hundred chances. You blew them all."

She moved forward. I didn't give her the satisfaction of flinching away, even as she closed to the point where her scarcely concealed breasts pressed into my chest. "But you agree it was the best."

"Tabitha's still new. She'll be able to do what you can do."

She didn't press further. Her hands, her eyes behaved themselves. Her tits were soft and inviting against my chest, impossible to ignore. They always had been. "You and I both know she ain't never gonna be what I can be."

"What, a hooligan? A vandal? A druggie?"

"A goddess, you fuckin' asshole."

I didn't like the feeling, deep down in my gut, that her words had struck something. This wasn't the time to back down, though. "Maybe not. But at least I know I can trust her."

"And I trust my vibrator, but I wouldn't take it over your dickwad ass. Just 'cause it can get me off doesn't make it a worthy partner."

My eyes narrowed. "Worthy? How exactly did I set myself apart from the, oh, I'm guessing hundreds of other men who've looked at you and thought about throwing you down and fucking the hell out of you?"

She looked up at me evenly. "You did it."

We locked eyes for a long, tense moment. I didn't know what to say to that. Again, there was that feeling in my gut. The same idiot place in my gut that made me

buy that Serenex in the first place. The place that did all my worst thinking, and most of my best fucking.

“Fuck me, Mr. Canon.” Her gut must have been feeling the same as mine.

“Taylor, he’s not going to—”

“Don’t say another mother fuckin’ word to me until I say you can,” snapped Taylor without so much as glancing toward the girl. Tabitha fell silent instantly, cowed.

“Fuck me,” she repeated. “Right now. Don’t think about it. Just fuck me. You know you want to. Shit, I ain’t even gay and I wanna fuck me in this thing. Just get out of your own fucking way and take what you goddamn want for once without me having to drag you to it.”

“We’re in *school*, Taylor. We can’t—”

“So the fuck what. I’m worth losing your sad little life for. Whip out that fat fucking dick and fill me with it. Right here. Right now. Be the fuckin’ man. You won’t regret it. I will be to you what you never knew you could have. Fuck. Me. Fuck me like I was begging you to when you stole my chapstick, you ungrateful fuck.”

Suddenly, the door opened. I could barely make myself turn to face the woman opening it, even with this student’s tits pressed against me. It was only Isa, though, thank god. “Horen’s moving down the main hallway. Don’t know if she’s coming this way, but head’s up.”

Then the door closed. There it was, the protection I hadn’t known I’d had. Or else she’d simply been ordered to escort Taylor so she didn’t cause trouble. I stepped back. “We can’t,” I croaked, throat dry.

“Fuck Horen. Fuck Tabitha, and Barbie, and Detective Whatshisdick. Take the goddamn life you want, right now. Fuck me.”

God, did I ever want to. This close, she flooded the sum of my senses until nothing else was perceptible. That pretentiously displayed visage of sensual perfection. That slutty fragrance. Her proud, perky tits pressing into me invitingly. The urgency in her voice as she demanded I do exactly what I wanted to do. Hell, I could taste her lips without even putting my mouth to them. They tasted like rain, and strawberry chapstick.

“Psst!” hissed Tabitha.

“Shut up.” Taylor looked back to me immediately. “Who cares who sees it, C. You wanna fuck me; I’m not even a student here any more. There’s no excuses left except being too much of a pussy to take me on. So drop your bullshit, and fuck me.”

“Taylor, I...” Her chin tilted up not hopefully, but expectantly. Of course. How could a woman be *that* sexy and not anticipate compliance with such an offer? I leaned down. She was right. My job could never satisfy me the way this woman could.

Tabitha stalked into our peripheral, flapping her hands in a paroxysm of anxiety.

Shit! Isa had just said... something. Horen! Horen was coming. Maybe not in here. But maybe! Shit!

“We can’t.”

I don’t know what I expected. An angry denunciation, a sob of despair, maybe even a sucker punch to the gut. What I did not expect was for her to take a step back, jam a hand down the front of her shorts, and retrieve – of all things to pull out of one’s pants – a tightly rolled, badly crumpled bundle of papers. With a hard thrust, she jammed one end of it down the front of my own pants before I knew what was happening.

“You know what? Fuck you. Fuck your class, fuck this whole bullshit school. I didn’t want to come back here for another year anyway! You ruined *everything!*” she yelled. Then she turned to Tabitha. “Looks like he’s all yours now. Why don’t you start off writing something a hundred times on the board while he checks out that narrow ass of yours? That really gets him off. Oh yeah, if you didn’t know, he likes to sit back and watch and not do a fucking thing.”

I pulled the wad of paper out of my pants irritably. “Taylor, you’re being unreasonable. We can talk about your enrollment here later after–”

“You been talking at me for two years, Mr. Canon! Just when you finally start saying something worth listening to, you let these fools cram you into their bitch-ass box. This whole fucking place is full of whiny little sheeple, doing what they’re told, playing by some loser’s loser-ass rules, making themselves into whatever you all tell them to be. Guess that’s how you like it, huh.”

“That’s not fair and you know it.”

But she was back after Tabitha. “Go on. One hundred times, nice big letters: *I am a stupid easy flat-chested cocksucking whore*. OK? And use the lower part of the board, so you gotta bend over. Right, C-dawg? That’s where the good shit is.”

I glanced at the door anxiously, but it held. “Leave her out of this. You have a problem with me, talk to me.”

“No no. I’m leaving her in this. You’re welcome, by the way. Guess you’d rather have a pathetic little fuck toy than someone who... just... fuck you, Mr. Canon! And fuck high school!”

She stormed out the door, slamming it so hard behind her that it shook the whole room.

“Are you all right, Tabitha?”

“I’m OK. Are you OK?”

“I’m... I’m not OK.”

“It’ll pass, Mr. Canon. You still have me.”

I was staring at the door, the after-image of Taylor’s departure burned into my eyes. When she spoke again, however, I realized something was amiss from the muffled sound of her voice. “She said, ‘I am a stupid, easy, flat-chested cocksucking whore,’ right? I think I heard that correctly.”

I turned. Tabitha was at the board, dry erase marker in hand, writing those very words along the bottom of the board.

“What on earth are you doing?”

“Huh? She said to... you know. Write.” She gestured to where *I am a stupid, easy*, was already enscribed in red marker. “A hundred seems like a lot of times. Is it OK if I stay after school, or should I come back to finish in the morning?”

“You don’t have to write that!” I snapped.

“I do whatever Taylor tells me to do,” she replied with chilling casualness, and resumed writing. “Though that goes for you too, obviously Mr. Canon.”

Still trying to wrap my head around what she was saying, I glanced down at the rolled up paper in my hands. There at the top was the standard header and a recent date. This past weekend. Taylor’s long-awaited essay. Taylor, the girl who had taken it upon herself to transform a smarter classmate into an automaton. Never mind that Tabitha’s rote obedience was the trait I found most alluring in her, but still. If she had secretly done this, what else had she done, and to whom? Was Tabitha the only one with those words burned into her head?

I suppose I should be glad that I evidently didn’t, since somehow I’d let her walk out of here.

I walked calmly over to my desk and threw her essay in the garbage. Right where I should have thrown the one she’d plagiarized all those weeks ago.

It took some convincing to have Tabitha continue her assigned writing project while following her writing hand with the eraser. Taylor hadn’t said *not* to, I’d reasoned, and it had evidently been deemed sound logic. On she went, helpless to do anything but comply with Taylor’s final, degrading command. I left the room while Tabitha worked and made her promise that if anyone else came into the room she’d pause until they left. Taylor hadn’t told her not to, after all, and if she didn’t pause, someone might react in a way that she’d be forced to stop. That argument had also resonated with her, though she plainly didn’t enjoy deviating from the letter of that particular law.

Disobeying Taylor, it seemed, was not an option for her. When I returned from the teacher workroom with the copies of my final exams an hour later, however, she was gone.

I buried myself in my work. It was going on eight o’clock before I left the school, though I saw I wasn’t the only one still there. Not quite. Randi actually left the building a short ways ahead of me, done with her shift that had started six hours later than mine. I didn’t have enough gas left in the tank to make myself thank her for vouching for me. I would, though. Otherwise, I might have been as screwed as Taylor and Abbie.

I drove home in silence, wondering what fresh hells my rejection might visit upon me. Back home, however, there was nothing. No eggs, no TP in the trees, nothing uprooted in the garden. *FUCK YOU CANON* wasn't spray-painted on my garage door. Just home, quiet and empty.

I ordered takeout for dinner and kept working while I ate. Grades needed to be completed, and scores needed to be entered. Missing four days had left quite a backlog, but I wasn't about to slack. Those kids had done the work; I was going to honor the effort, even if a bunch of it was nonsensical worksheets my sub had found for *Catcher* that I never would have squandered their time on. My seniors had missed the whole point of the story, thanks to me.

Well, no. Thanks to me, and to Taylor Stern.

I scrolled down to her name in the gradebook. There at the left was her point total, and next to that, a percentage and letter grade. 54%. Not even an F+. There were no grades entered for her in the past five weeks, ever since we'd started our after school sessions, and our illicit relationship. The whole stack of work I'd collected from her in those weeks, hundreds of points' worth of assignments, quizzes, tests and projects, still sat in the past due tray on my desk, poised right above the discarded essay in the trash. I still hadn't ever passed any of it along to her other teachers. No point now. Taylor deserves to fail all her classes.

Across the line where the blanks were situated for her missing work, I filled in zero after zero. I went ahead and created the entry for the final exam and slapped a zero on that, too. Combined with third quarter's D+, the second highest grade she'd gotten in my classes in five combined semesters, she would finish the year with a 43% in my class. It sounded about right.

I slept alone that night, trying not to think about her. Trying not to get too angry to go back to sleep when I did. Trying not to get too horny when I woke up from another dream where I'd taken her up on her offer, fucked her right there on my desk. Tabitha tried to distract me, but I wouldn't have it. Isa darted in to plead with her master to stop before it was too late. Principal Horen gasped in horror (or awe?) at the sight of me plowing one of her precious students. Candy, Megan, Cassie, Abbie, all of them joined in to implore me to quit wasting myself on this undeserving creature of mine and come shower that same attention on them. Taylor and I only laughed at their entreaties, rutting away uninhibited. Our glee multiplied along with the audience, swelling at just how perfectly we fit together.

Then I'd wake up again, remember who I was and who she was to me, and then fume, and then dream it all over again.

I took a cold shower that Tuesday morning, and was back in school before the sun was over the horizon.

Part Twenty-Six: Multiple Choice Tests

I cleared my throat. “This has been one heck of a ride, I have to say. Sometimes I wasn’t entirely sure we were going to make it. Or at least that you were going to make it with me.” I paused for the ensuing mild laughter. “We didn’t always make it easy on each other, did we? That’s good though. Anybody can do easy. Yet here you are, and we’re gonna do this thing. I’m excited to see how you handle it, truly, but whatever you do I know is going to be great.

I took a long breath and made it a point to assert eye contact. “Now I don’t say this easily. Or often. And I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable or anything either, but... so you know, I care about you a lot, and I loved being with you. Giggle if you have to, yeah yeah, old Mr. Canon’s some kind of simp. (Am I using that right? From your expression, I’m guessing no.) Anyway, whatever, I said it, and I’m not taking it back. You’re great, and I hope I didn’t permanently corrupt you in our time together.

“All right, mushy stuff out of the way. Who’s ready to take their last high school English test?”

It was a mixed chorus of feigned enthusiasm and sincere disgruntlement, but I loved them for it all the same. I’d had great kids this year, with a few notable exceptions, and I hoped to have a lot of these juniors back in senior English next year. (For a couple, I wasn’t even dreading having them back for a second crack at junior English.)

I distributed the exams and explained the various sections, trying to keep the class from starting early and ignoring my instructions. They did, after all, have over two hours to finish the thing, and I expected that most would be done with ample time to spare. Once I explained the essay selection process for the final section, I had everyone take a nice, deep breath, then set them loose.

Only one in my whole first period had forgotten a pencil on finals day, an improvement over their first semester exam back in December when I’d needed four. Progress, I supposed. After making sure everybody was set and ready, I made my way back to my desk and settled in, rubbing bleary eyes and taking another long sip of coffee. This was going to be the longest couple hours of the next two days, barring any more fitful nights like last.

I had managed to finish my backlog of grading the night before, an escape from the libidinous nonsense my brain had been trying to fixate on. Grades were entered, and since I’d arrived at school at the crack of dawn, all assignments were now filed in students’ folders for returning. Most probably wouldn’t bother checking them anyway, but for the few who would, I felt obligated. It was my own fault I’d fallen so far behind this past month (though there was ample competition for an assist on that score), but for now, I actually had no more work to do until those exams were back in my hands.

When second period arrived in a couple hours, I'd give another speech, hand out another exam, but then first period exams would give me something to do while they worked. For now, it was only me and my old friend finals week exhaustion.

I really was tired, too. Those dreams had been intense, but they'd made damn sure my heart was too active for any quality sleep to occur. To keep myself busy, I started going through days of backed up mail from my school slot. That took almost six minutes. I tidied up my desk quietly so as not to disrupt the exam. That took four. Email was a more generous twenty. Short of tidying up the room itself, which would be way too disruptive, I was out of distractions.

Social media was blocked by the school internet server (plus it was pretty hypocritical to chastise them so many times for being distracted by it if I was going to do the same), so that was out. My work laptop was a simple machine, but it had a browser. Out of options, I pulled up a news site and started catching up on the world. Not surprisingly, it seemed little had improved.

I was in the middle of an article on summer travel trends when I fell asleep at my desk.

The second worst thing was that when you fall asleep sitting upright, in a place you know you shouldn't fall asleep in, you wake up in that moment where your chin slipped off your fist and you have that tenth of a second falling dream. Even if you had managed to escape notice dozing off, your sudden jolt to consciousness cannot be missed.

The worst thing, of course, was that I fell asleep in the middle of a final exam. For over an hour.

"Ummmgbumng!" I stammered as I started myself awake.

Laughter rippled through the room. "Morning, Mr. Canon," said Kaya. "Partying hard last night?"

"Um, no talking during, um..." I shook my head. No sense trying to be strict at this point. "Sorry, gang. That was unprofessional. Been up late, um, grading, and..." I yawned in spite of my best efforts. So much for good last impressions. "Anyway, I'm so sorry. Did anybody need anything? Have questions?"

Kennedy explained that she'd already quietly worked out a system for handing in the tests, one stack for exams, one for scantrons, one for the essays. Perfectly handled. Sure enough, a half dozen or so kids had indeed been banking questions for me, which I busily answered. I assigned myself a seat at the stool in the front of the room. High as it was, the thing always made me a little nervous sitting on it to begin with. No chance of a repeat here.

Then I remembered that time I'd had to reprimand Taylor for trying to sit on it with a short dress on. That girl's exhibitionist streak would have been a lot more appealing in almost any other context than a room full of students.

Oh fine, so it was actually even more appealing in the classroom. Nothing wrong with admitting it. Still, I'd learned my lesson, both about displays of sexuality in the classroom, and about Taylor Stern. I was done with both.

What color had her panties been that day with the tantrum over the stool?

It didn't matter.

First period ended for the final time. A number of my kids came over to high five me or in a few cases share a quick hug. Several jokes were cracked at my expense over the napping, but nothing really mean-spirited. Roberto was still working, hand scribbling furiously, but passing periods were extended to ten minutes during finals week so I shut up and let him keep going. With three minutes to go, he suddenly darted across the room and slapped his test materials on their stacks and barked a quick "have a good summer, Mr. C!" on his way out the door.

Second period was seniors; they got a slightly more flowery speech, but otherwise it was the same drill. I drank in the surprised, perplexed, and intrigued expressions as they read through the essay question options. It was a stark contrast to the shame from first period's nap snafu, seeing those bright, determined faces mulling things over, grinning with determined cleverness.

The schedule being what it was, they were given a break in the middle for lunch. Teachers had complained about the possibility of students using the down time to look up answers or discuss the exam with friends, but as my mentor had taught me during my student teaching, no test ever enriched a life, but a hot meal just might. I made sure nothing left the classroom, but otherwise, if they wanted to talk about books and ideas and writing techniques, I was all for it.

I was just laying my head down on my desk to try to squeeze in another power nap during my own lunch when the door swung open.

"Mr. Canon? Do you have a minute?"

I sat up, stretched. "Sure, Tabitha. What's on your mind."

"You look..." *Like hell*, I thought. And she thought. But tactfully, she finished, "...tired."

"Mm. Long night."

The girl gently closed the door before her. She was a vision today. Clearly she had spent some time on hair and makeup this morning, volume and accents enhancing her natural beauty. Her outfit was a simple heathered cotton dress in a cream color even fairer than her complexion, hanging straight down off her shoulders to mid-thigh, coupled with a pair of strappy sandals. She looked amazing, even if not in the same porno-mag way that Taylor had shot for yesterday. Wholesomeness and fuckability combined in the vision entering my room.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

I ran my fingers through my hair; it helped keep my head upright. "Do you?"

Tabitha's lips twisted somewhat, and she crossed the room and pulled up a student desk next to my own. "That was pretty intense yesterday, huh."

"The part where Taylor stormed my classroom and demanded I have sex with her and go directly to jail for it, or the part where I found out she's had you under her thumb this entire time?"

"I'm happy to hear what you have to say about either, but if you have questions, I'm much more capable of providing answers in regards to the second part."

"How long has that been going on? Since the beginning?"

Tabitha took a deep breath, let it out, and false started one more time before finally managing words. "Pretty much? At least I think so. You know how it is, how everything feels normal even if you know it's nuts. It's been this way ever since the party, if that's what you mean. No second dosing later or anything. Though I guess with 'I'll do whatever Taylor tells me to' there's not much finesse required on their part."

"Has she abused it?" Before she could answer, I had another thought and blurted it aloud. "Wait, just Taylor? What about Abbie?"

"Abbie Stern can't tell me to do jack squat." She sneered coldly. The girl had an excellent sneer. "But if Abbie's the boss of Taylor, like Cassie told me, then maybe she simply wanted middle management. Or, honestly, Taylor just hates my guts and Abbie didn't care enough to get involved. Occam's razor and all that."

"You two never have gotten along," I granted. "I tried sitting her next to you when I did the seating chart for first quarter, actually. I hoped you'd rub off on her."

"There's some excellent pun waiting to be made with that lead-in," she observed, "but anyway, looks like it didn't take. Except perhaps for my taste in men."

I rolled my eyes. This young woman knew how to play me pretty well, but sometimes she got cocky about it. "What, I suppose you had a crush on your teacher before it was cool."

Her head cocked back. "Mr. Canon, please. Half the girls in this school would sleep with you if they could. You're basically the embodiment of every schoolgirl's teacher fetish."

"Oh, shove off. My ego is already just fine without all that, thank you."

"Suit yourself." She shrugged.

"So has she been coming after you? Obviously she gave herself the power, but has she actually taken advantage of you?"

"Yesterday was the worst of it. I don't really think she likes being around me, to be honest. She knows you like me, and it threatens her because she doesn't understand it. Why would a man want to have sex with me when they have her as an option." Her tone confirmed she absolutely did not share Taylor's appraisal. Tabitha was nothing if not self-confident. It was well-deserved confidence, at that.

“Well we’ll see if we can’t find a work-around. I still have a little bit left. Last thing I want is for Taylor to go off the deep end and take it out on you. We both know she’s capable of it.”

“It’s fine,” she said quickly. “I know you mean well, but you can’t solve everything by mind-controlling people. No offense or anything – I trust you, Mr. Canon. Really. But it’s also a huge liability, opening up your mind to absorb any old thing that gets said. You could be completely on the level, but then a car drives by blasting *WAP* and suddenly I have to wear a diaper for the rest of my life to keep my vagina from dribbling all over the place.”

“What’s *WAP*?”

“Oh, Mr. Canon.” She patted my shoulder. “Anyway, it’s fine. Pretty soon, I’ll be in college and she’ll be in prison with that sister of hers. Good luck pulling my strings as a pen pal.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m OK. Really. Thank you, though.” Her hand lingered on my back, rubbing it softly. “You know, sometimes I think it’s too bad you’re not looking for romance, because a sweet guy like you would be easy to fall for. I don’t know what a serpentess like Taylor Stern got so fixated on, but for us normal girls, you can be a lot to take in.” She cut off a giggle by biting down on her lower lip softly. “Sorry, another pun opportunity. You’re big, but you fit perfectly.”

“So what did you come by for, Tabitha?” I rolled my shoulders, gently bucking her touch. It was nice and all, but still. School.

“To check on you.” She sounded surprised I had to ask.

“Sweet, but trust me, I’ll be fine.”

“Really? I mean, I was here yesterday. I saw... that. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a girl throw herself at a guy that hard before, and certainly not get rejected for it. Not looking like *that*, anyway. Are you really done with her, or was that just ‘no’ for yesterday, but this weekend, back at it?”

“No. I mean... just plain no. However good the good parts were, that was an abusive relationship, and I can’t let myself – or the rest of you girls – go down with her.” I sighed. “I just don’t give up on my students easily. Stings to admit you failed them, even if they’re bound and determined to fail themselves. And Taylor Stern deserves to fail if anyone does.”

“You don’t seem to give up easily on your lovers, either. Remember that first night? I was reading you the riot act, heaping all that derision on you for taking advantage of us poor innocent young women. Ugh. Churns my stomach to think how close I came to losing out on all that’s happened since.” She smiled sweetly. “Say, speaking of, is there any chance we could...?”

“That we could what? Wait, you mean... *that?!?*” I threw up my hands. “Tabitha, we’ve been over and over this! Am I the only one who appreciates that this is not the place for that?!”

“No, I realize. Only stupid people take risks like that willy nilly.” She didn’t have to mention Taylor to have her target rendered obvious. “We do, however, have on-call security and lookouts available to us. The risk can be reduced, even eliminated if we plan and act cautiously.”

“Are your teen hormones really that out of control that you can’t wait until after finals? For crying out loud, Tabitha!”

She shook her head. “It’s not that. Well, it’s that, but also... I’ve gathered that doing it here is a turn-on for you. And why wouldn’t it be? It’s the seat of your authority. Literally,” she laughed, smacking the backside of my chair. “Cassie has gone on and on about your orgy in the field locker room, and how amazing it was, how satisfied you were... I don’t know, I guess with school about to end, I want the two of us to have a memory like that. I want you to end the school year on a high note, living out one of your fantasies. And what’s more fantastic than the teacher taking the teacher’s pet on his desk?”

She ran a hand back and forth across my smooth, bare desktop suggestively. “A little cold, but I bet we could warm it up.”

“Look, I appreciate you’re in the mood, but we really shouldn’t. How’s it going to look if Officer Barbour is standing watch outside my room all the time?”

“She watches the halls, like, constantly. Not as if the woman needs to stand right outside your door. And ‘all the time,’ really? We have barely twenty-four hours left in the school year. She’d have to stand right outside your room for all of them for it to seem weird to anybody.”

“Tabitha...”

“Look. I’m not trying to pressure you, Mr. Canon. You can say no and it won’t hurt my feelings.” Her button nose wrinkled momentarily. “Not much, anyway. But I’d like to, and I think you would like it, too, if you let yourself.”

My star pupil rose from her desk and gracefully spun around the back of it to position herself on the edge of my desk. In doing so, she confirmed that she definitely was not wearing any panties, and also...

“Wait, hang on a second. Was that... did I see a tattoo?”

She grinned. “Sharp eyes, Mr. Canon. As you know, I’ve been gathering notes from your other girls, and Ms. Salata told me about her little brand. I’ve wanted to get a tattoo for a long time, but I knew my parents would lose their minds if they found out, so I figured, why not get one somewhere they’ll never see, and one that I very much hope you will see often?”

“Ms. Salata just opened up and shared that with you. Really. What on earth did you say to her to make her open up like that?”

“It wasn’t hard. You just have to know how to reason with people. I strongly implied that your ‘plan’ was to amalgamate me, from your kinks instilled in your other pet sluts, into the perfect sex toy for you. Once she believed it was part of the plan, she opened up good and wide.”

“And how did you know to put it to her like that?!” I snapped.

“You had her programming papers sitting out on your desk when I stayed over one night. I had to match the handwriting, but it was easy to get a sample of hers. And now, voila! I’m inked.”

She uncrossed her legs enticingly. “Wanna see it?”

Like that, any irritation about her intrusiveness was forgotten. I peered, but until she opened her legs, I wasn’t going to see anything but a shadow between her thighs. Damn it, as much as she managed to put me on the defensive by openly displaying what a conniving little brat she could be, I really did want to see what had come of it.

I picked up my desk phone and hit the speed dial for the resource officer’s extension. Tabitha grinned patiently as it rang, but after four it went to voicemail. Meanwhile, I fished my keys out of my pocket and thrust them into Tabitha’s hands, pointing to the door. She trotted off and deftly locked it. Then I tried Isa’s cell next, and this time received a quick answer.

“Barbour.” From the cacophony of voices in the background, she must be in the cafeteria.

“I need you to stand guard for me.”

There was no hesitation. “On my way, ETA ninety seconds. That fast enough, or should I run?” Her voice dropped considerably in volume. “Master.”

“Walk, but walk quickly.”

“On it.”

I hung up the phone. “She’ll be here in ninety seconds.”

“I heard.” Tabitha nodded, standing a few feet away, hands clasped in front of her. “I can’t wait. I think you’ll really like it.”

“Well, go on then! Nobody likes a tease, Ms. Hutchings.”

But she shook her head. “Eighty seconds. I’m not going to expose you to risks like that ever again. I respect you too much to endanger you.”

I actually smiled at that. Whether she was only posturing herself as a foil for Taylor or if she actually meant it, I didn’t even care. It felt nice to be in the company of a woman who was concerned for my well-being in any sense beyond the carnal.

We watched the clock together. Each tick was audible, we were so quiet. What had she gotten? A heart? A mermaid? Some Asian character? I doubted, at least, that I was about to behold another homage to the late Juice WRLD.

“That’s ninety.” Tabitha hopped back onto my desk and, with aching gradualness, parted her thighs. As they widened enough that I could see some dark smudge at the top (and, of course, the outline of her sweet little pussy), she slowly peeled up her dress until the thing was fully visible. She beamed proudly as I took it in.

“A cannon.” I chuckled, shaking my head. “A little on the nose, don’t you think?”

“But what else?” She ran her fingers over it. The tattoo was about three inches wide, pretty large considering the region serving as its canvas. In neatly etched lines was a civil war style cannon, complete with a pair of cannonballs resting by the wheels. The fuse was ablaze; that and the burst of fire spitting from its mouth were the only sources of color.

“I thought I saw a pussy tat,” she quipped lamely, though at least had the grace to look embarrassed about the attempt. “So do you like it?”

My fingers traced along the contours of it as my student held her dress up to permit me access. It was paper smooth, and scorching hot. “Take your dress off.”

She smiled broadly. “Yes, sir.” In one smooth motion, Tabitha lifted it off over her head and folded it neatly on my desk. She gestured inquiringly to her bra. I gave her the nod, and moments later a white cotton bra was laid atop the dress. Her nipples were already hard. I could taste her arousal in the air.

“Sit on my desk, spread your legs, and masturbate.”

“Gladly.”

Tabitha settled on the edge of the desk, then scooted herself backwards. Her bare ass squealed with the friction of it. After a moment of indecision about her positioning, she scooted still further back until she could plant her feet on the desktop, leaning back on one arm while the other received a sensuous lick along the fingers, then thrust itself between lean thighs.

At first her eyes fixed on mine. Her lust was written there plainly, as was her submission. *I’m doing what you said. Do you like it?* asked those baby blues. Soon, however, as her fingers started doing their work, eye to eye gave way to eye to lips, eye to chest, and eventually, eye to dick. I indulged her with a very deliberate removal of my own clothes, starting with the belt to give her what she needed. Her eyes never did make it back off of my cock.

As it came into full view, she whined needfully even as she panted, letting herself slide down onto her back so her other hand could paw at her breasts. I helped her with that. While I preferred the look of great big tits, I had discovered that a cute little set like my Tabitha’s had a small edge in feel. That little bit of extra firmness went a long way.

Tabitha’s jaw contorted into a variety of positions as she translated the bestial moans she couldn’t let herself make into open-mouthed expressions of lust. Not one to waste an opportunity, I adjusted her a bit closer to the edge of the desk and took advantage of that wide open mouth to slip my cock in. Her cheeks pinched inward as

sucked down hard on it, eyes squeezing shut like she'd been starved of this for days. Maybe she had been. She couldn't do much about technique under the circumstances, so I indulged her by gently thrusting into her face as she vigorously frigged away at her freshly tattooed snatch.

It wasn't long before I needed more. Tabitha's mouth was easily a match for her pussy when she was on her knees applying herself, but this sideways, passive face-fuck was not on the same level. Her long neck craned after me as I withdrew it from her mouth; her eyes looked afraid that I was taking it away. When she saw what I meant to do – it was fairly obvious as I twisted her body onto her side, one slender leg hanging down and the other draped over my shoulder – she sighed rapturously and moved her masturbating arm aside.

Having just been forced to stare at my clock for over a minute, I was keenly aware of how short the lunch period had grown. There was no time for a leisurely half-hour screw. No, we had enough time to drive in a couple of orgasms and get dressed and groomed before her classmates came back to finish their exams. I drilled into that tight teen twat like there might be an oil reservoir at the bottom. Her eyes flew wide at my unexpected intensity, but the poor girl couldn't clench her jaw as hard as was needed to refrain from screaming while leaving her eyes open.

"Yeah, you like that, little teacher's pet slut," I grunted, barely aware of what I was saying.

Tabitha nodded for me, but even now, holding on for dear life as she was fucked harder than her young body ever had been, that big, sexy brain of hers was working. I hadn't meant to be instructing her, but evidently our student-teacher connection was so strong that being in this place, it kicked in automatically.

"Oh, wow, you look really nice today, Mr. Canon," she said in an almost off-puttingly chipper voice. Except after another half dozen pumps, I realized that it was only out of place because that was her normal voice. Maybe slightly exaggerated, but the utterance rang all too familiar, especially in the confinement of these four particular four walls.

"Have you been working out, Mr. Canon?" she asked. Oh fuck yes. This. God, how had I not realized I'd needed this. I redoubled my dicking, spurred on by her on-going flattering.

"You're one of my favorite teachers, Mr. Canon." I squeezed down on her tit.

"Maybe this sounds lame, but I look forward to your class all day, Mr. Canon." It took her a while to get through that one, as her voice was quavering hard from exertion. Or maybe just from her lithe body being pounded by a jackhammer.

"I wish my other teachers were more like you, Mr. Canon." One palm closed over her tattoo. My fingers followed the cannonball's path right to her clit, but I let up occasionally so she could keep going.

“Mr. Canon, you’re seriously so smart.”

“You guys, shut up! Mr. Canon is trying to tell us something!”

“Do you have a girlfriend, Mr. Canon? What? No way!”

“That haircut looks really nice on you, Mr. Canon.”

“If you were a student here, Mr. Canon, I bet we’d be friends.”

“Mr. Canon, I wish I could take your class over again.”

“Does this violate the dress code, Mr. Canon? You’re the only guy teacher I trust to ask. I feel like it’s a little too revealing, but... what do you think?”

For the life of me, I don’t know how I knew to do it, but there was something in the ether that made a demand. Suddenly I seized her by the back of her neck and jerked her upright, thrusting her face toward mine. But she knew, and somehow I knew, not to meet at the lips. No, I deposited her mouth right at my ear, where she whispered the exact thing we knew I needed to hear her say.

“I’ll do *anything* for an A, Mr. Canon.”

I sprayed the depths of her pussy so hard it made her butt bigger. Her self-control finally broke, and one brief, staccato grunt burst out of her lungs as she spasmed in my arms. Her fingers sank into my shoulders like talons, leaving long scratches as she fought to hold herself in place to ride out a life-altering orgasm. She finally let go and I staggered back, landing bare-ass against my cabinets and nearly toppling over. That had been one hell of a workout. More than that, a headrush. How she’d played the part so perfectly, no planning, nothing but pure instinct and laser accuracy on the nature of her sex appeal to me.

“Oh my god, you’ve never come that much in me,” she giggled as she stood up and found my cum instantly trickling down her legs.

“Shit – and you didn’t bring underwear. Fuck! Can you, I dunno, borrow some, or something? Damn it, we can’t have you leaking my jizz all over school!”

“You want me to ask someone to borrow their spare panties?” She looked at me like I was an idiot, albeit an idiot she was enamored of. “Mine are in my purse in my locker, actually. Relax. Just hand me some kleenex.”

We both took a few moments to clean ourselves up, such as we could. The scratches weren’t bleeding, quite, so that was good. There wasn’t much I could do about the cum she’d dripped onto the carpet, but the two of us at least were more or less sex fluid free. At least for long enough for her to waddle back to her locker and put her panties back on to catch any stragglers. She helped me adjust my shirt, and I pinched her butt playfully once we were dressed.

“I feel so much better,” she asserted. “And before you tell me my grade, I know the ‘I’ll do anything for an A’ line wasn’t actually a suck-up thing to say, but it seemed—”

“It was perfect, Tabitha. A goddamn plus. Extra credit, even.”

A pleased smile bloomed on that lovely face of hers. “Yeah? Awesome. Thank you, Mr. Canon.” She giggled. “You’re my *favorite* teacher, Mr. Canon.”

This time I went from pinch to swat. “Don’t over-do it, you.”

She squirmed back. I followed her eyes to the wall clock. Less than two minutes to the bell. “What about you? Do *you* feel better?”

I considered. “You know, I really do. I really was feeling bummed over... you know.” It felt crass to mourn the loss of my favorite sex partner in front of another one who was doing such an incredible job, so I omitted Taylor’s name. Way classier. “But you’re really good at reminding me that I really don’t need her. You’re... a treasure.”

“OK, now who’s overdoing it.” She leaned up and kissed me on the cheek, then wiped it with her thumb to make sure she didn’t leave any incriminating lip prints. “Have fun grading tonight. My grandparents are going to be in town this weekend for graduation, but you can still call me whenever, OK?”

“OK. Good luck today and tomorrow, huh?”

“Pfft. Luck.” The sneer returned, so proudly it remained in the room for a minute after she left. I popped out the doorway a moment later and saw Isa standing a ways down at an intersection. Indeed, as Tabitha had assessed, I’d seen her standing there in passing periods a thousand times. Nothing suspect in the least.

The bell rang, lunch ended. It was another long passing period, and I didn’t let anyone into the room until all were back, just to make sure nobody’s integrity need be called into question in those minutes of temptation surrounded by unattended exams. I welcomed them back and bade them to dig right back in without ceremony. As I waited to make sure everyone was back to work, I heard a mutter from the side of the room, back in the corner near my desk. It stopped my heart dead.

“Dude, do you smell something?” asked Sasha.

Naturally, everyone around her was immediately distracted, sniffing the air curiously. More than a few registered that they did indeed detect an odor.

“Is that...”

“What is that...”

“Smells kinda like...”

“Smells like sex is what it smells like!” blurted Larry, class cutup. “Mr. Canon, did you get busy at lunch?”

His attempt at shock humor was met with mixed guffaws, *oooooh*’s, and glares from those more interested in working on their essays. Still, there really was a smell, and with the joke made, ignoring it would only look like I was hiding something. Luckily, a lie came handily. “Mr. Keyes, if you can’t tell the difference between sex and a tuna salad sandwich, I truly pity whatever poor woman settles for you.”

A teacher making a combination sex joke and sick burn was always cause for an uproar. Thank fully it caused more than sufficient commotion that before anybody could

see I was sweating like a pig with nervousness (and from having finished fucking one of their classmates a few minutes earlier), I was grouching at them to pipe down and get back to work on the test. It was the last anyone brought it up. It most definitely did not smell like tuna salad. It smelled like cum, because it was cum. It took another twenty minutes before I realized there was a little spatter the size of my pinky nail that we'd missed on my desktop, right about where Tabitha's pussy had been. I wiped it up as subtly as I could and let out a sigh of relief when the bell rang for the end of their second final.

Third period, by some miracle, I managed to say goodbye and administer a test without humiliating myself in the least. How's that for growth.

It was going after nine when I threw in the towel for the day. I'd gotten through about three quarters of the grading, including the entirety of my junior exams. The sun had only set an hour ago, but it felt like ages. Arriving and leaving in the dark was usually a feature of the winter months in teaching, not the summer, but such was the life of an educator.

Other years, I packed up my fat stack of exams and trudged home to grade in comfort, but I was too accessible there. Everybody knew where I was and had proven far too casual about popping in whenever they felt like it. Much as I was enamored of my women, I had my hands full with responsibilities that night. Tabitha's lunch sex was more than enough to tide me over for the day. So I turned on some music, turned down the AC, and grinded through the stacks at my desk.

By and large, the scores were promising. It was a comfort knowing my brief termination hadn't damaged their performance on exams. I hadn't realized how much of my anxiety had stemmed from that fear until I was entering scores and smiling at semester grades creeping upward. As usual, I went after all those percents ending in 9 and rounded them on up. Essays graded in haste were bound to be at least a bit arbitrary, so why not err on the side of generosity. Tabitha had shown me how much a teacher's approval could mean to a student.

At last, I was satisfied that I'd done what I had the energy to do and told myself I'd be grateful tomorrow for not staying up all hours finishing. I very much did not desire a repeat of this morning's episode, and both the sleep and the stack of essays to plow through would help keep me alert on what otherwise promised to be another slow day.

Maybe tomorrow I would have Tabitha join me for lunch again. It would interrupt her own class's exam. We could see what being impaled on my dick did to her ability to simultaneously write a cogent analysis of a text.

It wasn't until I packed up and stood, stretching my legs for the first time since I'd run out for dinner several hours earlier, that I realized Randi had never cleaned the room. Not her fault, really. The building took a beating this time of year as trash cans overflowed and soon became nexuses of detritus. We'd gotten an email today about graffiti in the upstairs B hallway boys bathroom, which had probably also taken some elbow grease. Our classrooms, which only needed to last one more day of instruction, were a secondary consideration at this point.

Remembering her charitable testimony to Shipman, I rolled up my sleeves and took it on myself. (Heroic, I know.) Some discarded scratch paper for essay pre-writes and old worksheets littered the floor; those went in the recycling bin. I wiped down desks, swept up a few small messes, collected a number of discarded pens and pencils, sprayed and cleaned the whiteboard, and at last, went to bag up the trash and recycling. I figured I could dispose of them in their respective bins in the lot on my way off-campus.

Briefcase in one hand, trash bags in the other, I wearily shuffled out of the building. The eve of the end of another school year. Only forty more to retirement. By that time, I'd be pleading with my young colleagues, folks not even born yet, to help me figure out how to connect my lesson module to the students' learning chips. (Or whatever the hell education in the bottom half of the twenty-first century would look like.) Cassie's grandkid would be sitting there giggling at my technological obsolescence, while Taylor's pelted them in the head with a chapstick.

Still, between then and now, there was no way I would ever have another year like this one. It was hard to imagine exactly what my future held. How long could I keep sleeping with this many women before emotions ran high and decisions needed to be made? What would happen when my lovers moved on with their lives, found new boyfriends and husbands of their own? How long could these good times roll?

Life, after all, was long. The seniors I'd taught in my first year were now twenty-three. The age gap between us, which had once seemed so crucial and so vast, was now trivial. If I was still fooling around with Cassie or Tabitha when they finished college, it would hardly occasion comment if we started dating like a normal couple.

Man, dating Cassie. Dating Tabitha! It was wild to contemplate what adventures might lay down such eventualities. If it didn't involve me fucking their peers, it would make for a fine illustration for "The Road Not Taken." It was hard to imagine normalizing our relationship to that level, simply acting like a regular old couple. Or would we? Would we just invite Isa and Candy over for a foursome one evening, then watch a late show and hit the hay? Tabitha and I having a get-together with the neighbors and tag-teaming the Browns over brunch? Or Cassie suggesting we take a weekend trip to the city to Tabitha's posh highrise apartment, the three of us living large by day and retiring to a shared bed at night?

Tabitha's little role play at lunch had done a lot to make me feel better about the future, at least in the short-term. There was still going to be sex. Hot, dirty, illicit sex, with multiple partners, sometimes simultaneously, all sorts of kinky acts and scenarios and settings. I didn't need the Sterns to have wild, incredible sex. Yesterday Taylor had really done a mind job on me, but now it was clear that things were really going to be all right even without her and her sister.

Yet as I thought about the future, I wondered if ten years from now, when I was thirty-six and they were twenty-eight, if Serenex worked like Isa's friend at the crime lab predicted and we all clung to these mindsets, could I pop in at their place and see if they'd settled down and become halfway tolerable?

Would I even want to?

I got so caught up in my musings I drove right by the dumpster and recycling bins behind the cafeteria. When I got home, I emptied them in my garage. I was exhausted, though, and lumbered inside and fell asleep straight away.

In the morning, I woke up feeling refreshed. It was the final day of the school year! Tomorrow was clean-up, Sunday graduation, and then two and a half months of total freedom, all the time in the world for me and my lovers to have all the sex we could handle. There was a spring in my step as I made my way downstairs for a quick breakfast, and I was whistling on my way out to the car.

In my fatigued state from the night before, I had forgotten to close the bins. I flipped the trash can lid shut; as I went to do the same on the recycling, I saw that right there on top was a sheaf of papers, curled into a loose roll and badly crumpled. I eyed it for a long moment before, with a shrug, I snatched them out and tossed them in my briefcase. If I had time and energy after I finished my actual work for my actual students, maybe I could see if the girl had actually produced, at long last, an original idea. There was no point to it, but just so I could feel like I'd taught that cantankerous, quarrelsome bitch *something* in this whole crazy experience.

If I got around to it. Which I probably wouldn't. But if I did.

Part Twenty-Seven: Student Essay

Taylor Stern

Canon

English 12 Period 6

2 June, 2020

“There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion.” – R.W. Emerson

The essay from which this is excerpted, “Self Reliance,” might be the only old-timey thing we ever read in class that actually spoke to me, so I am going to quote the hell out of it. I didn't really get it at first, another lame nonfiction piece my teacher tried to make us read. When I heard that quote, though, and once I followed what Emerson was saying, it was like he was in my soul. I think he's been in there for a longer time than I would have ever imagined.

When I was a little, I was big. The worst part about it wasn't being out of shape or unhealthy. (Those were bad, though. I dreaded gym class so hard.) No, the worst thing was the way people treat you differently. After all, everybody knows that little girls are supposed to be thin and pretty. As we get older, we're supposed to be thin and pretty and have big boobs. That's the template, this set of traits we assign to the ideal person type, the criteria we agree to aspire to and judge ourselves accordingly.

When I was big, other kids called me names, which still piss me off so much I can't retype them even for this dumb assignment. My parents were always giving me this Look when I snacked on anything. When boys started noticing girls and vice versa, I got laughed at when I told the first boy I had a crush on that I thought he was cute. He wasn't even popular or anything. One of the pretty girls laughed right in my face and said I would die a virgin, which at the time I didn't even know what it meant. She probably didn't either. I was humiliated anyway though. My teacher Mr. Embree saw it happen and told everybody they had to be nice to me, and then he took me aside and tried to make me feel better about my size, because that's what teachers have to do for

fatties and dorks and losers. I really liked Mr. Embree, but he didn't like me. He pitied me. So he protected me.

So in middle school, I dug down and made myself thin and pretty. I timed it exactly right, too, because by 8th grade I was the only girl in class who had D cups and wasn't also a cow. My uncle told me I looked like I was 20 when I was 13. Creepy, yeah, but he was sort of right. By the time I started high school I'd worked off the last bits of excess baby fat, and voila. Killer legs, flat tummy, big boobs, thick hair. Even my face had lost weight, and it made all the difference in the world. You can stick ScarJo's face on Rebel Wilson's body, but no, it ain't all about that bass. It's about girls like me.

Boys didn't laugh at me any more. My parents looked surprised, not concerned, if they saw me eating candy. I didn't need protection from teachers any more, and though I still got called names, it was from flatties and fatties who called me a slut. I hadn't ever even kissed a boy then, but those jealous nobodies were only hating because they knew I could simply say "yes" and get all the action they wished they could. The boy I told I liked in grade school, four years and 5 notches higher on the babe scale later, asked me to go to homecoming with him freshman year, and even had the nerve to talk smack about me when I did the laughing that time. It didn't stop his friends from throwing their digits at me, though. So I did what thin, pretty girls with big boobs are supposed to do and went to the dance with the cutest boy I could land. We danced, I let him feel me up, we made out some and thought we were super grown-up and cool. Everything like it was supposed to be.

The only problem was, I hated myself for it. I'd become the kind of shallow, petty, self-important and totally uninteresting c*nt I'd always been treated like crap by. My reward for doing everything I was supposed to do, becoming who I was supposed to, was to find out I was just as lame as all the other thin, pretty girls with big boobs. Those things had become my identity. I'd wrapped up all my emotional energy in becoming *that* to the point where I wasn't anything else.

That was difficult to swallow, but what really sucked was finding out that somehow, nobody else minded. People actually seemed to *like* that empty, pointless, hot person I'd turned into. Even strangers were way nicer to me. I have no idea how it gets in a man's head that if they give this random girl an unsolicited compliment, even if it wasn't straight-up sexual, that it's going to get them somewhere. No matter how sincere it is, it can't, because girls like me hear that crap a bajillion times, along with a hundred bajillion more who *are* straight-up sexual. Personally? I prefer the second guy. "You're so beautiful, Taylor" is just wimp code for "Your tits are amazing and I wanna motorboat them while I f*ck you." At least it's honest. Either way, it's all directed to a

body, not a person. I'd played the world's stupid game and I'd won, and my prize was getting to be the prize in everyone else's games.

"Imitation is suicide," warns Emerson. He was right, because by thirteen, I'd killed that fat, weepy kid. I don't even remember her all that well any more. What I do remember, she wasn't any more interesting than the tweenager. She had pink walls in her bedroom, a unicorn poster on the wall, and idolized Taylor godd*mn Swift because omg not only did we have the same name, but the same initials, too! *gasp* So suddenly, I was thirteen, made straight A's, a three sport athlete, the body of a hot 20 year old, and no clue at all about who I actually was. Home life was hella easy, too. I don't think my dad ever loved me as much as he did when I was in eighth grade.

It was my sister Abbie, of all people, who saved me. My dad married her mom when we were in sixth grade, right as I was struggling to reinvent myself. Having a new stepsister in the same grade, one who was way prettier than me, who was funny and clever and made friends at our school really easily and picked fights and won them... it would have been inspiring if it wasn't so intimidating. At the time, I told myself I didn't want to be anything like her. She seemed mean, apathetic, and kind of dangerous. I wanted nothing to do with her. That she kept getting in trouble all the time only cemented that feeling. While I was finally gaining people's approval, she was always getting yelled at and sent home and lectured. I was the Brag To Your Coworkers kid; she was the Sure I'll Take the Weekend Shift one.

Abbie, though, actually liked herself. Too much, maybe, but she had this huge aura of confidence about her. Say what you want about my sister, but she's got self-esteem for days, and she knows exactly who she is. So while I'm floundering around freshman year having an existential crisis, she's repeating eighth grade at catholic school and can't get enough of making the nuns suffer for it. She was unapologetically herself, uncompromising.

Emerson writes that society is in conspiracy against its members, demanding that they surrender their liberty and conform. Conformity, I think he would agree, is the currency of conventional success, in all its mediocre glory. That was how I felt in those days. Like everyone around me only valued me for conforming to the ideal. I started resenting them for it. They'd hated me when I was heavy, and they'd hate me again if I broke from their stupid template. I know this sounds sort of pathetic, and yes some people had it way harder, being handicapped or retarded or whatever. The assignment is to relate a text to my life, though, so that's what I'm doing. Knowing other people have it harder didn't make me any less unhappy.

One day freshman year, we had this sub. I forget his name now, and he doesn't work here any more after this incident when he had Abbie in two classes in one day that I won't get into. Anyway, our class was being rowdy, and he got nastier and nastier with everybody, even us kids who weren't doing anything wrong. I was getting stressed out and plus I really had to pee, so I raised my hand and asked to go to the bathroom. He laughed. He literally *laughed*. He told me that the class had given up bathroom privileges because of how we were behaving. I said it wasn't fair; he said he didn't care what I thought, and then he got distracted by somebody doing something bad again. I sat there and squirmed in my seat and started asking myself what Abbie would do if she were in my shoes.

So I stood up and walked out. Once I peed, I was too afraid to go back, so I didn't return for the rest of the period. That was how easy it was. Nobody chased me. He got my name, or maybe he just remembered me, and left a note for Mrs. Fedoro. When she got back the next day she told me she was disappointed, but that was it. I was blown away. I hadn't just done a bad job or made a mistake, I'd flat out disobeyed a teacher and the world hadn't ended. "The power which resides in [her] is new in nature, and none but [she] knows what that is which [she] can do, nor does [she] know until he has tried." – Emerson.

It really did feel powerful. I had never thought of the world as a place where I could do what I felt like doing even if I wasn't supposed to. Abbie was that way, and she got in trouble all the time and was always getting yelled at. It had always seemed like the worst way I could be. Until that day, I'd never gotten why she kept doing it, kept going out and pissing everyone off when it was so much easier to just do what you're told.

The next day was the first time I ever skipped school. I didn't even do anything bad with my day off. I just waited until my parents would be gone at work and went back home and watched TV in my underwear. Daytime TV is lame, but finding out that I had that power was better than any drug. My parents flipped out, but I'd already decided I wasn't going back. It was like what we read about the allegory of the cave, spending my childhood chained up in a hole and thinking that these rules on the wall were real, but they're only shadows of rules made up to force conformity. Sit in your assigned seat. Diet and exercise. Shave your legs and armpits. Smile more – you're prettier when you smile, don't you know. I had believed in those things for so long that it felt like everybody who had left me chained up in the dark was either an @sshole for keeping me prisoner, or was another pathetic loser chained up there with me. I didn't want to have anything to do with either kind. I'd broken the chains and come into the light. Even if it meant I was alone, it was better than what I'd been before. Like Emerson said, "When we have new

perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish.”

Some people who've only gotten to know me more recently might have a hard time believing some of this, that I was a good kid and a rule follower and a people pleaser, but it's all true. It hasn't been easy, though. There's a lot of reasons to slip back and do the “normal thing.” I remember when my dad looked at my report card junior year. I'd gone from honor roll first semester frosh year to C's, D's, and F's in two years. Instead of yelling at me again he shrugged and just said “I give up.” Then he walked out and hasn't said anything about my grades since.

Not that my dad and I were ever super close, but that day still hurts to think about. Part of me hopes that someday when I'm out there living life my way, he'll see that I turned out good anyway and that I'm happy and he'll see I'm not a b*tchy little f*ckup like he thinks I am now. I'm not changing course, though, not even for him, or to get my teachers off my back, or to straighten things out with this guy I kinda like sometimes, or anyone. “No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.” – Emerson

Emerson also wrote, wisely I think, that “It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great [woman] is [she] who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.” It's definitely been lonely. Most people, almost all of them really, are still living by those shadow rules that they think will bring them as close to those idealized templates that they can get. They're convinced that if they learn enough trigonometry and don't use cuss words in front of adults, that bullsh*t is going to make them happy or successful. Maybe they just hope it will keep people off their backs. I can appreciate that last one somewhat, at least. I felt like that before, too, but now my back can take the weight. Like in middle school, I worked at it and made myself stronger, except this time on the inside. “It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as the weak man to be weak,” writes Emerson.

Junior year, I think it took me two weeks max to realize my English teacher had the hots for me. It's not surprising to find out guys want to sleep with me, even if they're way older. One time I caught my next door neighbor's kid watching me laying out in a bikini in the backyard, just peeking out between his blinds. The kid was maybe 12. Eventually I realized the upstairs window had a split in the blinds too, right in mommy and daddy's room. I'm pretty sure some guy recorded me in short shorts walking around the mall once. It could be on pornhub for all I know. It happens. In some ways, that's part of the game. They see a thin, pretty girl with big boobs, and they play their part according to their assigned templates. Creepers creep, players play. But when a

teacher started noticing me, it felt like something outside the norm. He wasn't supposed to notice me like that, but he did, and he couldn't stop himself. He paid ten times more attention to me than any other member of the class.

I liked it, so I gave him reasons to keep noticing. He was cute, in an academic Yes Daddy kind of way, so I played back. That was as far as it went, though. He was still conforming. It didn't matter that he wanted to throw me on his desk and f*ck my brains out. He was *supposed* to not want that, and even if I flirted at him harder than I'd ever flirted with anybody since that @sshole who laughed at me in grade school, he couldn't do it. So I did what I felt like doing, he followed his shadow rules, and life went on. I amused myself with my games, and I guess his rules must have done the same for him, somehow.

I don't think I learned much in his class (not that I was trying to) but I did like the Emerson essay we got to early senior year. Our textbook only had an abridged version so I went home and read the whole thing online. I even clicked on a bunch of the links and footnotes. There's a lot of "god" in it, which is where Emerson and I go our separate ways, but reading it gave me a vocabulary and a mindset for how I'd been living my life. I'd sort of thought myself as this renegade bad@ass who didn't take crap from people, but then I saw that without knowing it, I'd been trying to embrace transcendentalism and live life according to my own rules, that the best version of myself was the version I'd chosen instead of being assigned. I have to say, seeing a respected philosopher tell me to "insist upon [myself]" made me see I wasn't some spoiled b*tch going "YOLO" and flipping off the world, but maybe I was just the sort of person Emerson saw himself as.

Henry David Thoreau, in *Civil Disobedience*, which we read around the same time, let himself be thrown in jail instead of paying some stupid taxes for some stupid preacher. But while he was in there, he said that because he was in there by his own choice, living under his own terms, he was really the free man, while everybody else was a prisoner. Like sure, I kept eating right, working out enough to keep the pounds where I wanted them, but now I was only doing that because I liked looking good for my own reasons. Then there's all these other girls chained to their treadmills and starving themselves so they'll fit in a dress or get asked out by some boy or whatever, and if they weren't so disgusting and smug about it, I might feel bad for them. I don't.

I think that's part of why I don't get along with many people. Yeah, I can be a lot to handle, but also because I don't have patience or respect for these prisoners, paying their taxes, worshipping their shadows. It's why I gave my English teacher such a hard time. I could see exactly what he wanted plain as day, but he'd rather not rock the boat,

settle for the same empty life all his coworkers had instead of trying to claim something great. (Not to be too arrogant, but I think he would agree with me.)

Until one day, out of the blue, he did. I don't even know why. Maybe he was feeling bored and depressed and unfulfilled like I was. Maybe he just got pissed because I didn't want to waste my time on another one of his stupid essays, or I stood up to him when he tried to embarrass me in front of the class, or because I accidentally hit some kid with my chapstick. Heck, maybe he went for it because I climbed into his lap and begged for it. (The chapstick, that is. I don't beg for *that*.)

Next thing I know, he's got me after school, and my head is just swimming. I didn't know why at the time, but my teacher, he took one look at the little blue gym shorts I put on for him and I slayed him right there. I don't think he could see how turned on I was, seeing someone have that same Emersonian (if that's a word???) awakening that I'd had. F*ck the system that made us both unhappy. Anybody who wants to give the finger to the whole thing can chill with me any time. I didn't find out until later that he only thought I was playing along because he'd drugged my chapstick. At this point, who of us can say what they would or wouldn't have done before that stuff got pumped into them. We've done what we've done, and there's no point asking why. That day, though, as I felt his eyes drilling through my shorts and into my ass, I wanted to grab a textbook and tear out *Self Reliance* and shove it in his face and yell out "YES YOU FINALLY GET IT ABOUT FREAKING TIME YOU UNDERSTOOD YOUR OWN LESSONS!" Instead, I let him stare, and counted the minutes until my next detention. He was waking up. I could feel it.

It was at my next detention, the day after, that I actually found out what he'd done. I flipped out a little at first, because my head was telling me that he was going to force me back into the cave. Only instead of trying to remake me into the template, instead he started creeping on Abbie's naked selfies (slut), and made me take my shirt off and film it for him. He wasn't dragging me down. I was pulling him up. He wanted me so bad he couldn't help but ignore those shadow rules on the wall.

He'd gotten a taste, and I had gotten a taste of him. I wanted more. So yeah, I pulled. Maybe he would have come along on his own, but I wasn't going to let somebody throw themselves back in that prison. I knew too well what it's like in there, how false and pointless and dead ended it all felt. It wasn't easy bringing him out of it. Once again, it was Abbie who inspired me, only this time, it was because when she finally snapped out of that druggie trance that evening, she kept repeating stuff she'd heard me say while she was out of it. Not just repeating, but she actually meant it. My sarcasm about what a stud he was and how he objectified girls like us hadn't translated

at all. Without even meaning to, I'd given her a bigger crush on the guy than I'd ever had.

It was weirdly exciting. Not the stuff about my sister (yuck!), but about seeing this man go feral like that. He couldn't help himself. Once he'd had a taste of that sweet air outside the cave, he'd gone nuts with it. "The secret of fortune is joy in our hands." – Emerson, though I don't think he meant it quite that literally. I wanted to see where it went. It made me nervous since he was my teacher, but I knew the consequences would be way worse for him than for us anyway. So I "loaned" my chapstick to Abbie that evening, let her get "high" on the stuff he'd put in it, and hatched a little plan. I parked down the street from his house and I hopped in the trunk, praying Abbie was still level-headed enough to drive the rest of the way. Sure enough, he bought it, that she'd gone mad with lust and had kidnapped me to stop me from stopping her. Then she threw herself at him. I hadn't told her to do that, but the seduction worked basically like we'd hoped anyway. I'd been ready to have her slather the drug-laced chapstick on him, but he got paranoid and made her improvise, finding his stash and using it ourselves. Still, it worked. We got him, and I tried to roll that boulder over his cave for good to keep him from slinking back inside.

Though we rendered him completely helpless, we didn't do much to him. Like I said, I really was vibing the whole transcendentalism thing, and it wouldn't be fun if I just made him trade his old template for a new one of my design. Instead, we gave him a little nudge towards what he so obviously wanted. "Don't be a p*ssy." It turned out his idea of being a p*ssy was pretty different from mine, but it would hopefully keep him going in the right direction. We weren't sure how he would react, though. He's not the not-a-pussy type to hulk out and try to kill us for dosing him or anything, but since he'd already drugged us once, I didn't want this new, liberated fellow turning me into a bondage slave or something freaky like that. So we let him think that Abbie had dosed the both of us and I gave myself hand cramps writing up some fake notes with fake commands. They said that Abbie was my boss, and that he could do whatever he wanted to me. I hoped it would give him the freedom to keep pursuing me, plus, if he got pissed off about anything, he would just blame Abbie. She was the "boss," after all. God knows she didn't mind pretending to push me around in front of him, but I kept her in line in private. Usually.

I wonder what Emerson would have said about all the wild stuff that followed during this past month. On the one hand, my teacher and I, and in a lot of ways Abbie, were more free than we had ever been. We had amazing sex, got to share real intimacy like I never knew I wanted. On the other hand, we also sort of took a bunch of other women and turned them into sex slaves. It would be fair to blame a lot of that on Abbie,

since I'd accidentally given her those screwed up ideas about how hot girls ought to be the guy's "fantasy sluts" (although if I never hear those words again, it will be too soon). Still, I was the one who didn't stop her from lashing out. It ate at me at first, because unlike with my teacher/lover, we really did force them into some behaviors they never would have done otherwise. Except as time passed, I saw that even that, having these other women join this guy's harem, actually brought them closer to freedom.

My middle school PE teacher Mr. Baird told us during sex ed, "sex is a good thing, and I recommend you all try it sometime." He admittedly did then go on to encourage us to wait for a very long time and find the right person, but to a middle schooler, it was an eye-opening admission that this scary Just Say No wasn't a trick to make girls pregnant and give everyone AIDS. I was weirded out at the time, but in hindsight, I'm grateful. Sex is great. It's one of my favorite things. I don't believe in god, but the closest I've ever come to a religious experience has been sharing an orgasm with another person. I had some *gooooood* orgasms with my teacher. I honestly think these other women, pulled into this by circumstance and random chance (good or bad luck I can't say) moved closer to self reliance.

Take for example, this one student. We'll call her "Casie." You couldn't find a better example of a conformist than Casie. I'd bet that before we dosed her, in her whole life she had never thought about what she wanted for herself. Everything she did was because her mom said so, her teacher said so, her coach said so, society said so. Suddenly, someone green lit her for sex – for dirty, not-supposed-to, illegal teacher sex! – and she came *alive*. Cassie discovered her real passion. She shed her inhibitions. She probably even fell in love somewhere along the way. The drug took away her freedom to keep living as a prisoner.

Whatever Casie and the others lost, they made up for it in new perspective and a liberation from the template they'd been pushed to conform to. When I saw the life and purpose it had given them, even when it wasn't what I personally wanted for their contribution to our cause (maybe *especially* because of that), it told me that I was doing something good. In the spirit of Emerson, I persisted: "Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times."

Admittedly, I was a bit less charitable in one case. This one girl, I went all out. At first I thought it would be nice to have someone to give out blowjobs in my place (not exactly my thing, and I couldn't exactly tell the guy that no, I don't really have to let you do whatever you want to me, without spoiling the whole thing). Once I had this chick drugged up, Abbie actually had to reel me back in after a point. I took this intelligent, proud, passably attractive and conventionally "promising" young woman, and I

re-pinned her entire sense of self-worth on her ability to satisfy her teacher. I made her his b*tch, and my b*tch too.

(In my defense, maybe the c*nt should have thought twice before she told me I was going to die a virgin.)

She hated me for it. I know that. Still, gun to her head (by which I really mean I told her to be honest with me and she had no choice but to confess because once again, she's my b*tch), she's *loving* it. She'd never rebelled against an authority figure in her whole stupid pre-planned life. She'd never let herself chase her own pleasure, never realized what turns her on or gets her excited, never taken herself off the defensive and been vulnerable, or really worried herself over someone else's happiness. If I'd left her alone, she would have turned into another boring money-grubbing corporate parasite, just like her rich pr*ck daddy. Who knows, maybe now she'll actually start re-examining her goals. We'll see.

It sure went over well with her teacher. It was naïve to think he would share my philosophical outlook, I know that. After all, he was suddenly drowning in more p*ssy than he knew what to do with, and I suppose it must have been distracting. Besides, real people – real self reliant people – are problematic. We're unpredictable, volatile. The call of the wild doesn't cry out to everyone, just as I didn't read that stupid book when we were assigned it. Though he assigned us to read *The Road Not Taken*, just like every English teacher since sixth grade, he wasn't ready to walk down my road to where it bent in the undergrowth. Or, to get back to Emerson, he "shunned the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born."

Not everybody can be in it for the principle, I suppose. He kicked me to the curb and settled for a thin, pretty girl (one with unremarkable boobs, I might add), and also a thin pretty girl with decent ones, and a thin pretty cop with an actually pretty ridiculous rack, and a thin pretty teacher who I guess is doing alright. Also my sister, when he can sneak in behind my back like the p*ssy he somehow returned to being, whose boobs I've seen way too much of since all this began. She's much too proud of those things.

When all is said and done, I'm glad for the experience, even if it ended in heartbreak. I learned a lot from him. I knew when I let him in that it would change me, but while I really thought those changes were going to come from my lover, somehow, they came from my teacher.

Thanks to the decisions I made about him, I am about to flunk my senior year of high school. However, I do so as a genius – at least according to Emerson, who defines it as, "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private

heart is true for all [people], that is genius.” I did what I thought was best, and chased after what I wanted. I even got to have it, for a while, and hold onto it until it felt the need to squirm loose. That’s more than most people can say, I guess.

I realize I’m way past the required number of quotes and maybe even getting to the point of too many, but I have to include one more. Emerson wrote, “Truly it demands something godlike in [her] who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust [herself] for a taskmaster.”

I am a goddess.

Part Twenty-Eight: Summative Evaluations

“Damn it, Taylor.”

A few students looked up at my unintentional outburst. Justin was one of them, an open glare on his face. “Language, C-dawg.” His tone conveyed that he did not take kindly to either word in my pronouncement.

“Sorry, gang. I, um... just keep going.”

Only Justin and Tabitha dwelled on it. My cursing about Taylor wasn't exactly unheard of, though was more unusual on account of her not having been in class in a week. Justin held the indignant scowl until I returned eye contact and acknowledged it. Tabitha likewise, though only to smile at me out of one side of her mouth and briefly let her thighs spread apart enough to let me – and anyone on the opposite side of our U-shaped seating chart who happened to glance up – a glimpse up her dress. White panties today. Some kind of pattern on them, I was pretty sure, since she'd flashed them at me half a dozen times, basically whenever I glanced up. Reading through Taylor's description of her brazen, vindictive brainwashing, it had less to do with the pale path of thigh and panties visible up her dress atop her stockings, and more with the contents of the essay. I'd meant to talk to her when I let the class go for their mid-exam lunch break about not distracting others, but then the conspicuously empty seat next to Justin broke my willpower and made me pick up that damnable essay.

I'd read it three times now. The only thing that had kept me from shredding it to pieces and throwing it in the air were the facts that it would cause a scene and that I'd be the one cleaning it up.

Lunch was only a few minutes away now. In fact, I went ahead and moved to the front of the room, a subtle reminder of the impending interruption. I kept my eyes on the clock as I...

I...

Damn it Taylor! There was no ignoring what I had read.

“Um, Mr. Canon? Are we...?” Jesse nodded to the hallway, where the soft stampede of the lunch rush was audible.

“Oh. Uh, yes, go ahead. Wait! Leave your materials on your desks, um, and... yeah. Eat well. I...”

“Get some sleep, C-dawg,” said a sympathetic Anton on his way out with a pat on the shoulder.

The class filtered out, except of course for Tabitha. Nobody had asked her to linger, but after yesterday, it was anticipated. She floated over to me, a thin smile on ruby red lips. “Are you doing OK? What'd the bitch do this time?”

“It’s nothing, Tabitha. You should go get lunch. It’s your final high school lunch ever – wouldn’t want to miss your last shot at beef stroganoff.”

“It’s mac and cheese, and I won’t miss it. If you’re up for it, I’d much rather get another tutoring session in with my favorite teacher. You sound like you could use a good distraction. I already spoke to Officer Barbour this morning, bumped into her on my way in from the parking lot. She said she could keep an eye out for us. I took care of everything for us.”

She planted her forearms on my shoulders, delicate fingertips teasing against my scalp. The girl made sure she was well within kissing range. Her perfume really needed to be mandated as the standard for the lot of them. She smelled like freshly fucked lilies.

Classroom sex with a student. My last opportunity for the year. Possibly ever. With Cassie and Taylor graduating and the Sterns expelled, this could be it, my last fix without smuggling my girls in after hours or the like and doing some role play. It wouldn’t be the same. Now, they were the fantasy. My very own willing, beautiful, pliable schoolgirl. It would be memorable, too; she would make sure of that. Yesterday had proven that she knew how to milk that kink cow dry. Tabitha understood me, and was at the ready to fulfill any desire I made known to her. She’d do it, do it well, and be grateful for the opportunity.

So why was I even thinking of doing anything else? Because my resident rebel had revealed she’d paid attention three days out of the year and that she could string a few sentences together? Even then, only to say...

Damnit, Taylor!

“Well, Mr. Canon? We can make a good start on the summer. And hopefully the fall, and the winter, and as long as you’ll keep teaching me how to be a woman. You going to let me take care of you?”

Fuck it. And fuck Taylor Stern.

I disengaged from her arms. Before that sulky look could settle in, she realized I was looking her over, inspecting her body. She stood in place as I did a lap around her, examining her lithe young body from all angles.

“I don’t think that outfit is long enough for the dress code, Ms. Hutchings.”

The rules of the game were immediately clear to her. The goody two shoes’ eyes widened in fear at getting in trouble for perhaps the second time in her young life. It was a perfect imitation of the woman she’d been before Taylor had... before all this. “Oh! I’m sorry, Mr. Canon. I don’t have anything to change into, though! Can’t we let it slide, just this once?”

“You’re going to distract the boys, teasing them like this. I can’t have it, especially not on finals day.”

“But Mr. Canon!” she protested. “Please, I promise I won’t flash my panties at them any more. I’ll keep my legs together *really* tight. OK? Would that be enough?”

“After the way you’ve carried yourself thus far, I can’t trust that you’re actually contrite and not simply playing me for a fool. I have no choice but to send you home, and give you a zero on your exam.”

“I would never tease! I’m contrite! You can punish me, even, just don’t make me stop the exam! I need this test for my transcript, Mr. Canon, please! My future is in your hands!”

No playing hard to get about it. This girl wanted her absolution, and she wanted it now. The dress came up; the panties came down. Tabitha’s long, slender fingers gripped the edges of her desk, braced. I wasn’t about to say no. I unloaded all the stress and frustration that her class, mostly one student in particular, had engendered in me over the past ten months. Her ass was beet red before I was through, but I kept on smacking it while I fucked her after. Her bare tits gradually slathered sweat stains on her exam papers. I finished in her mouth, ordering her not to miss a drop. She splashed on more perfume, yet nobody complained about sex smell this time when the class came back for the remaining ninety minutes of the exam.

The little minx even managed to get out of her seventh period exam early. While the rest of the school was finishing tests and holding their breath for that last bell, I was succumbing to Tabitha’s self-debasing pleas for an opportunity to sell her body for a few points of extra credit. She might have come again as she watched me open her entry in the gradebook and tack on 3 meager points. It elevated her from a 101.03% to a 101.28%.

I finished grading and entering finals at two in the morning. Without skipping a beat, I contacted Tabitha, Cassie, Megan, Isa and Candy and issued a straightforward command to come over to my house, now. Wear something slutty. While I waited, I broke down and even woke up Abbie, too. Not her fault Taylor had dragged her into all this, as I now knew at last. If she’d caused some mayhem along the way, most of it had been in service of bringing me more pussy, an honest interpretation of Taylor’s inadvertent brainwashing that girls like the two of them were supposed to be sex objects and fantasy sluts. Any blame or resentment I’d ever heaped upon her had now been redirected where it had always belonged.

There was no more talk from Isa and Candy about moral dilemmas when faced with the cunt buffet that awaited them in my bedroom. The six of us fucked until dawn, a slow-moving, quivering dog pile of asses and tits and pussies, and somewhere in there, a lone dick fighting to keep up with the endless demands on it. I denied Cassie her request to film the proceedings, wanting her to be a part of them, but I did surreptitiously grab someone’s phone from the nightstand in the midst of it and took a few high angle shots. Most were too blurry, but one was still enough to actually capture the essence of it.

At the bottom of the pic was my cock, splitting wide the labia of Isa, who in turn was slurping away at Abbie's dangling tits while she smiled slack-jawed with heavy-lidded eyes at the camera. Tabitha had gotten ahold of a sex toy somewhere and was in the midst of casually plunging it into Abbie's pussy as the over-achiever leaned down to lap at my dick as it thrust. On the other side of the bed was a sort of triangular sixty-nine. Cassie's face was buried between her coach's legs, whose head was just out of frame but was indubitably the source of the blissed out expression on Megan's face as she gasped momentarily free from her daughter's slit, which, at a closer zoom, still showed traces of the cum I'd dumped in her not long earlier.

Summer arrived. Orgies at my place became a staple of life for the seven of us. On the rare occasion I was free from casual drop-ins, I could call them one at a time or in a group whenever I liked. Tabitha took up private tutoring from Candy in order to brush up on her lesbian skills. Even when assured that bisexuality wasn't essential to gain my approval, she insisted that when I wanted a show, she meant to make sure that she looked as sexy as possible. If it made my climax 1% sweeter, she would master it.

By the end of the summer, the girls had worn me down. Cassie and Tabitha were allowed to enroll in a local college so they could remain on hand to be my respective booty call and pet slut. My place sold by early August, so after an all-night farewell fuckathon, the three of us and Abbie moved into a three bedroom house in White Oaks. It made for a longer commute to GHS, but it also meant fewer nosy students, former students, parents and coworkers to notice the many gorgeous young women coming and going from my place all the time. It was too late in the year to install a swimming pool, but the girls were insistent on it. At Cassie's urging, she and Abbie each started an OnlyFans, and later a separate joint one for the two of them to appear together, to save up for one in the spring. Tabitha said she was pretty sure she could coax the required money from her dad, but recognized that her playmates wanted to contribute. As such, seeing the lusty gleam in my eye as I watched them posing, she started one of her own, though tastefully made sure not to show her face.

I didn't keep tabs on their finances; by spring, the three of them had saved up enough that they told me to put my wallet away and paid off the whole thing, along with a privacy fence and a pair of maple trees by our sole two-story neighbor so our endless fuckfest wouldn't be contained to the indoors when weather permitted. A single complaint was called in about us once, one night when I was fucking Cassie's ass in the pool and she got a little too vocal, or rather, too loud about her usual state of being too vocal. By then, however, Isa had transferred to the White Oaks PD and fielded the call personally. She addressed our nosy asshole of a neighbor with horrifying efficacy, quickly turning it around on him with a lecture about the criminality involved in making a false report. She was so aggressive that it nearly started a fight. The uptight jerk was

only spared the taser because of my direct intervention, but I think he got the hint about where I stood in the eyes of local law enforcement.

The girls and I rewarded Isa with a weekend slumber party during which we let her wait on us hand and foot in a fetish cop uniform Candy had purchased for her birthday, complete with cleavage threatening the integrity of its buttons and navy shorts so brief she couldn't leave the house in them. The two of them never did ask me for that Serenex "cure." I never brought it up again. I gave Isa away at their wedding that fall, then took her right back during our threeway honeymoon in Cancun.

Tabitha soon dropped out of school, citing that the community college was a waste of her time when she had admissions at far more prestigious institutions. Besides, she could always simply get a job at her father's company if either of us bored of our situation as sex mentor and sex mentee. She continued to put her best effort into everything she did, and drove up the performance of the others by setting a high standard for my attention. She learned it all, but even after she finally passed my course with a 113% following the final exam (a three-day weekend of fucking, sucking, spanking and wanking) she never tired of practicing. Blowjobs, handjobs, I even let her learn how to give footjobs. Tit-fucking remained on deferment to her peers; on my orders, she never put in for the breast augmentation, but she always made sure I knew it was an option, that her tits were mine to redesign at my pleasure. Her charity didn't stop in the bedroom though. Being the perfect sexual partner meant mastering the art of seduction, attire and costuming, role play and theatricality, and the challenge of seeking out any and every kink or quirk I might harbor or develop never dulled.

Abbie was a big help to her in that regard. No longer kept at length by her jealous sister, she was finally allowed to get to work on my, and her own, fantasy slut checklist. Some weeks we made it shorter; other weeks I'd get caught up with the other girls and her imagination outpaced us. She wasn't the best roommate, sloppy and almost aggressively inconsiderate, but with intervention and consequences, we kept the worst of it confined to her room. Besides, Isa was only too happy to come over and tidy up master's harem – the more degrading the chore, the better. Abbie had developed a real bi side herself, seeded by her first tutorial with Candy, then kept watered and verdant by her live-in co-sluts. She never spoke up about finishing high school or getting a job, and whatever her online persona as a "hashtag e-thot" (as Cassie dubbed it) brought in was more than enough to pay for her end of things, so I let it slide.

Cassie herself delved deeper and deeper into her own site, picking up shifts at Jumping Jack's stripping. She was a natural. Comfortable in her skin, radiant in her sexuality, sweet as cream, and endlessly chatty with the regulars. She kept her tips in an empty cheesy puff jug in her bedroom, and when it filled up, she started on another. Meanwhile she'd done her work on creating a brand for herself. The girl started a "fitness" stream of her exercising or running on the treadmill in skin-baring spandex; a

blog about her sex life that her fans devoured as fictional erotica (I even anonymously guest wrote a few columns); and yes, eventually I gave the poor dear her fondest wish and co-starred in a sex video with her. (It was POV, so the only way anyone would know it was me was if they recognized my cock.) She threw herself a coming out party for her official entry into pornography, which was basically just an orgy, and the six of us tag-teamed her atop a pile of four emptied jugs worth of assorted sweaty cash.

As for Taylor, I—

“Well, Mr. Canon? You going to let me take care of you?”

I jumped at the sudden sound. Tabitha was still peering up at me over the frames of her glasses, smiling seductively, her fingers still teasing through my hair. It took a moment to reorient myself in reality. I was in my classroom. It was the last day of school. My sixth period final was on hold for lunch. Taylor was missing it.

“I’m sorry, Tabitha. I can’t. Get some lunch.” I kissed her forehead, snatched my briefcase and was on my way to the door before she’d even recovered from the sudden rejection enough to turn her head. “I have to run.”

I left my car running in the Sterns’ driveway. By the time I’d gotten here, my heart was racing from the terror of driving that wildly. My car’s clock was synched with the one in my classroom, so it was with certainty that I knew there were barely fifteen minutes until lunch ended. Then there would be a five minutes transition from the cafeteria back to class, where the exam would resume. It had taken me nineteen minutes to get here, including the dash out of the building. No time for niceties.

The door was unlocked; I hadn’t bothered knocking. Mr. and Mrs. Stern would be no barrier to me, if they were even home on a weekday morning. I passed Abbie in the living room. She was slouched into the corner of the sofa in a thin t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants that had sunk lazily halfway down her hips to show her frumpy boxers. Her hair was an absolute mess. I caught the Hallmark logo in the bottom corner of the TV screen, an anachronistic sprig of Christmas holly in the opposite one.

“C-dawg? Hey, hot stuff. Uh, you sneaking in for a nooner or somethin’? Shit, if you’d told me you were comin’ I woulda tried to look cute.”

I ignored her, striding down the hall toward Taylor’s room. She wasn’t there, so I had no choice but to double back. “Where is she?” I demanded back in the living room.

“Who? Tay?” I didn’t waste words responding. “Oh. I think she’s out back. She was grilling us some—”

I was already gone. Mercifully, she wasn’t following me. There wasn’t time to batter down the gates. Though unfamiliar with the house, it wasn’t hard to find the back door. There, on the other side of a sliding glass door, was Taylor’s ass. As if fated, it was

covered in the thin, clingy blue fabric of the very athletic shorts she'd worn the first day I'd kept her after school. When she turned, my attention was arrested by the sight of those proud, preposterously perky tits of hers bulged out of a neon yellow tube top that only covered the bottoms with a couple inches to spare.

"Um, isn't this a school day? The fuck you doing here?" she snapped, glaring over her shoulder. Her focus remained on a pair of brats sizzling on the grill.

"It is. So you're coming with me, and you're taking your final. We don't have time to argue. Let's go. Now."

"What? I got kicked out. No finals for me. If you wanna hang, cool. I'd offer you a brat, but we only had two left and also you're an asshole."

My schedule had exactly zero seconds allotted for argument. Instead of joining her in snarky banter, I reached into the pocket of my slacks, withdrew the canister of Serenex I'd brought along in my briefcase, and sprayed. She glanced back just in time, ducking down and avoiding the first blast, which went right through where she'd been standing and splashed across the grill in a hiss of acrid steam. I corrected my aim quickly, spritzing her bare arm.

A brown stripe bloomed on her tanned skin, and then the canister went silent. Shaking it did nothing but rattle. It was empty, the last remnants soaking into my student's skin.

"Fuck me... You really wasted the last of your shit on me," she said, dismayed. "I can't believe it."

"Believe later. For now, grab some appropriate clothes. You can put them on in the car." I snatched an oven mitt from the grill stand and used it to wipe off the rest of the solution, then seized her by the arm. It was already doing its work; there was no resistance. I pulled, and she let herself be pulled.

The two of us rounded the corner into the living room en route to her bedroom, and a sudden hiss was all I heard before a sepia-toned fluid flew from the nozzle of a white canister and right across my neck. It had missed my mouth and nostrils, but only barely. Abbie frowned, as cold as the liquid already soaking into my skin, and set down a canister of her own. "Sorry, Tay. Took me a sec to find it, and I had to pause the movie so I didn't miss the end."

"You seriously wasted time on your stupid Hallmark Christmas movie. Seriously."

"I didn't know he had his shit on him until I heard you squealing and I peeked! Why would I think we needed it?!"

"I dunno, maybe because the can's the size of his dick and he had it in his goddamn pocket when he walked past you?" The tone was far less feisty than the content, however. Someone who didn't speak the language would be more likely to guess she was lamenting gloomy skies than that she'd been exposed to a mind control drug.

“I got it as soon as I saw him get his out! You know, you are such an ungrateful bitch!” She winced. “You didn’t swallow any, did you? Shit, I don’t want you bitching out on me any worse than you are now.”

“Nah, only got my arm.”

I listened to them discuss with a sense of growing calm. My time crunch felt more distant by the moment. The fact that I was this vulnerable in front of them hardly perturbed me. All my thoughts felt like they were going through ten filters before they fully formed. The dominant train of thought went something like: *This is a setback. I do not like it. My neck is tingly. Serenex smells bad, but not as bad as it tastes. I wonder what they’re going to do to me. Can I run, or... no, one step at a time. Don’t make waves. If this were scary, surely my adrenaline would be pumping. Must be OK. So. A rapidly closing window in which to get back to school. Unfortunate. Ah well, whatcha gonna do. They’ll figure it out. Someone will cover for me, and I’ll just be here, getting my mind scrambled by the Stern girls. No big whoop.*

Yeah, I was dosed all right.

“What do you want me to do with him? He still got more of his stuff? I could use it on him.” Abbie asked.

“There’s none left,” I answered. I wanted to point out that she was the reason for the shortage, but not like it mattered. She had a canister of her own somehow. Hmm. Would it be too confrontational to ask...? Nah, not for my fantasy slut. She’d tell me if I stepped out of line. “Where did you get that, out of curiosity?”

“You think you got the market cornered on this crap, C-dawg?” She laughed tauntingly. “Hell nah. Isa’s got her connections. She hooked us up.”

Strange. It seemed like she would have told me that. They must have done something else to her. No, not *they*. Taylor must have. Abbie wasn’t the boss. It was so obvious now, seeing them interact. An overlord and her minion. They’d really duped me good, I had to hand it to them.

Hmm. What to do? I was really boned here. I might have gotten Taylor, but she could still speak, which meant she could have Abbie enact her will. They had me dead to rights. I’d pissed off two of the most unhinged women I’d ever met, tried to drug one of them, and failed, leaving myself drugged in the process. I was so fucked here. Very unfortunate.

“The brats are going to burn if you don’t take them off,” I blurted.

The two of them looked at me like they thought I might have gotten a concussion.

“Don’t gawk at me like that. I know, this is a tense situation, but a grease fire isn’t going to make it any better. Do what you want; I’m just sayin’.” I shrugged. That shrug took real effort.

“Grease fires.” Taylor rolled her eyes, but gave a nod. “Yeah, go take care of it. We’re not going anywhere.”

Abby tugged up her baggy sweatpants so they didn't fall down while she hustled toward the back of the house. For a moment, Taylor and I were alone. She was frowning at me. Not glaring, quite, but a frown. For my part, a look of mild rebuke was all I could muster. Neither of us said a word.

Abbie strolled back in, the two partially blackened brats on a paper plate in front of her. "Got 'em. Crisis averted, a town saved. You're welcome, yo."

Taylor wrinkled her nose. "Gross. They're burnt to shit."

"They look fine to me," I said casually. Casual was pretty much all I had in me at this point.

I waited for Taylor to say something. This was easily the dumbest plan I'd had since the beginning of this whole mess. It shouldn't work. It didn't deserve to work. It was stupid for a dozen different reasons. All I had was the faint hope that some of the Serenex had gotten on the brats, that it hadn't been cooked right out of them, and that—

"Mm, crispy. Abbie likey." Abbie snatched one and took a bite. Taylor opened her mouth to stop her, but with her spirit dampened by a mist of Serenex, she didn't react in time. I said nothing as the girl chewed with relish, swallowing it down and taking a second bite.

Seeing it was too late, she shook her head contemptuously. "You fucking idiot. I swear to god."

About three chews in, Abbie's jaw went slack, her eyes glassed over, and a vacant stare settled onto her face. Thank the lord for my crappy aim and Taylor's instinctive mistrust.

What followed was simultaneously the most epic battle of my lifetime as well as the most pathetic attempt to exert authority in recorded history. With Herculean force of will, I gently grabbed Abbie's brat from her hand. She was barely holding onto it, but it took everything in me to spread her fingers and liberate the thing. Taylor countered by narrowing her eyes and stating, with low to moderate firmness, "Hey, stop that."

I didn't stop it. I am *not* a pussy.

I whirled on Taylor – but gradually, so as not to cause a fuss or anything. Her instinct, spot on, was to back away. She technically did, taking a simple half-step back. I pursued, taking a three-quarter step after her. I told myself I wasn't being combative; I was feeding her. The lie did nothing to make this easier, raising the contaminated brat toward her lips. She stumbled backwards, well aware of what I was trying to do.

"Seriously, Canon. Not cool."

I didn't slow, in part because it was difficult to go any slower and still be moving. How much time did we have? I glanced around for a clock, and eventually saw the time on the TV screen, paused on a scene of a generically handsome fifty-something and what could only be his young daughter smiling at a frazzled-but-elegant woman who probably split the difference in their ages. The scenery had all the trappings of an office Christmas

party, or the Hallmark version of one where bringing an eight-year-old was no problem. Oh, Abbie.

Oh, right, force-feeding Taylor. Focus.

Eventually, it reached her lips, smearing grease across them when her teeth refused to let it pass. She couldn't talk though. That was the main thing. I didn't need her throwing a tantrum and further fucking up Abbie's head. If Taylor's sarcasm could turn her into a fantasy slut, I'd hate to see what her active malice could do.

Anyone watching would have seen a man nonchalantly smudging a brat on a girl's mouth as she made an attempt to politely decline. Inside, though, I was a hero.

"All right. Now let's get you dressed. In the meantime, you open your mouth and I'm going to shove this in there." I very much doubted that would be how my pathetic, fumbling attempt to gently place the butt-end of a bratwurst between her lips could look like, but her defenses were no more robust than my attack. "Maybe you'll swallow some and maybe you won't, but it's your choice if you want to gamble."

As the blunt sausage gradually wormed between her lips, I was ashamed to feel a bit of *deja vous*. At least she had the sense not to unclench her teeth.

She refused to budge, however. Crap. I hadn't counted on that. I managed to nudge her – really more herding her ahead of me with my larger bulk – but pushing someone was suddenly so *difficult*. By the time I got her to her bedroom, the class would be lined up outside my room, wondering why they were locked out. Shit.

This... had not gone like I had hoped. Why they had their own Serenex and what they'd done with it, I would ponder later. For now, Taylor and I were both too doped to drive anywhere, especially not in any sort of hurry. Abbie had her mind split wide open to suggestion. If we left her here in the living room and that Hallmark movie started playing again, she could be a very different sort of man's fantasy by the time we got back. I had no intention of bringing her along to the faculty holiday party.

"Hmm mm mm mmhmm?" Taylor tried behind clenched teeth. She put her hands on her hips to show her strained, but enduring, patience.

I narrowed my eyes. "Forgive me if I don't trust you not to further warp the poor girl's mind." I looked around, but there was no miraculous headset or earphones sitting nearby. Crap. What to do? The final exam would be resuming shortly and we were a mile and a half away, the path riddled with stop signs and traffic lights with a very compromised driver. For Abbie's sake, I didn't dare risk removing that Serenex-soaked bratwurst. Yet for my own sake, I had to do *something*.

Nearby, the front door of the house creaked open, then closed again.

Taylor and I watched the door to the room, and moments later, preceded by heavy, booted footsteps, entered Mr. Stern. His shoulders were stooped, and there was mud, or maybe oil, caked under his fingernails. Night shift, just now getting home. He looked at me, at the girls, back at me, back at them. I braced myself to fail to brace

myself for the coming onslaught that... whatever this must look like would provoke. A strange man alone in his home with his teenage daughters, one obviously zonked out on something, the other with my sausage being thrust into her face.

“That your car in the driveway, buddy?” he asked.

I nodded.

“You left it running.”

“Ah... yep.”

Right. Dad was as screwed up in the head as the rest of us.

But not *presently*.

“Mr. Stern, we met the other day, remember? I’m Taylor’s English teacher, Mr. Canon,” I reminded him.

“Oh right. You stopped by to poke my stepdaughter.” The words, however, did not match the tone. *I remember you*, he was saying, not *I’m going to kill you*. The extent to which I owed the manufacturers of Serenex was getting to be rather cumbersome.

“Um, right, well, here’s the thing. I dropped by to take the girls in for their final exams. And they’re happening really, really soon, like right now actually. Only, you see, none of us are actually in a condition to drive, so...”

“You guys need a lift,” he supplied. Then, after a sigh, he nodded to the door. “Let’s get going then, before I kick my boots off.”

It was an undertaking, getting everyone into the car. At some point we managed an amicable exchange, swapping a brat to the face for my hands over Abbie’s ears. As Mr. Stern drove a pickup truck, that left Abbie sitting on my lap in the cab, Taylor sliding around in the cargo bed. With her still taciturn as ever and the knowledge of my exam countdown in mind, if not the appropriate level of panic, we never did get another outfit for her. I simply couldn’t make myself put my foot down.

“I appreciate your doing this. I know this is all really, really unorthodox, but it’s a huge help. Not to rush you or anything, but we do have about eight minutes to get there, so anything you can do to hurry will be a big help to me and to Taylor’s exam, Mr. Stern.”

He slowed, slightly, for a stop sign, but judged that nobody was coming and ran right through it, heeding my request for haste. “Stan’s fine. And don’t mention it. You know, they told us they were kicked out of school. Even had the principal, or I guess must’ve been some lady pretending to be. Should’ve known it was bullshit, just ditching. Again.” He shook his head.

Ordinarily, I would grimace, or wince, or anything but nod placidly as he ran a red light with traffic close enough to cause a screeching of brakes, honking of horns.

“It’s... complicated,” I replied. Even the cliché, verbal ellipsis and all, didn’t spark a grimace on this English teacher’s lips. This stuff was potent. “You should know that they *are* suspended, pending expulsion, at least last I heard. I wanted Taylor to take the exam anyway, though.”

“Why, didn’t get to punish her enough when you had her, now you gotta drag her back in?” He chuckled, glancing at where Taylor’s was ricocheting off the side of the truck bed as he rounded a corner at thirty. Abbie’s head banged against the window, but after a momentary frown at her stepfather, she went back to comatose.

“Something like that.”

“Yeah, well, don’t let her get away with snowballing you. That girl will plant a knife in your ribs then demand an apology for dulling it if you let her. Same as this one.” He nodded to Abbie. “Should’ve had my head examined, letting that kid into my home. Taylor used to be a good kid before she came along. Did good in school, grade-wise anyway, and she wasn’t getting into scrapes so much. Did better than I ever did.”

I made sure to keep Abbie’s ears good and covered before a casual utterance of *Abbie’s a bad influence* woke her up long enough to absorb something and did who the hell knew what to her. Between the roar of the pickup’s engine and my hand placement, she seemed pretty safe. Not that I could manage to worry any more than I was. The *shit happens, meh* attitude from Serenex was intense.

“So I’ve heard. Hard to imagine.”

“Yeah, well, they’re lucky they got me with that stuff, that... whatever you call that junk. The crap you tucked in your briefcase.”

I didn’t supply him a name. The less anyone knew about it, the better. It was somewhat troubling he recognized the canister. Leave it to Taylor not to bother with subtlety. Could’ve slipped a few drops in his coffee, but no, they wanted to march up and spray it down his throat. “It’s potent stuff all right.”

“Gotta say, been looking forward to them two being out of school for a while now. My dad kicked me out when I turned eighteen. Stung at the time, but nothing teaches you to get your feet under you like a good hard shove.”

My thought was that a good hard shove seemed like a good way to knock someone *off* their feet, but he was giving me a ride, and between my very tangential affiliation and the Serenex clinging to his brain cells, I very much doubted I was going to be improving his parenting at this point. I simply held Abbie in place as best I could and let him continue.

“I’ve been counting the days, myself. Literally, on my calendar and everything,” he said with a little laugh. “Finally a little peace and fuckin’ quiet, no more strangers coming and going. Emphasis on the coming,” he added dryly, glancing at me and Abbie as we careened wide around a woman on a bike.

I was quiet for a moment. There was no defense to be made for my having sex with his stepdaughter right down the hall from him, but as for the rest of his casually cold commentary, it didn't sit right with me at all. I wasn't about to start an argument with Stan Stern about how to raise his hellion daughters – couldn't if I wanted to – nor did I feel especially of a mindset to defend Taylor at the moment.

Nonetheless, I had come today as Taylor's teacher, and so as her teacher, I had to say something.

"Taylor's not always so bad, you know. Some girls, they aren't wired for high school. Sitting still eight hours a day, doing what they're told all the time, raising their hand to speak, permission to use the bathroom, all the tedium and the drama... Taylor's a very smart and ambitious young woman, but I think she may simply need a little time, and patience, and love. Some people don't really figure themselves out until they step out into the real world and find their tribe, so to speak. A place to fit in."

Mr. Stern seemed to mull that over for a few blocks. Or maybe he was just focusing on the road. That was good, considering he was doing forty down an alleyway and had already hit a couple trash cans. "Evidently you found someplace you fit just fine." I didn't miss his not-so-casual glances to his stepdaughter and at where Taylor was clinging for dear life in his rear view mirror.

He rounded a corner, and GHS was visible in the distance. "The north entrance would be fine, Stan." Good talk.

Isa met us at the door; I delivered Abbie into her custody with explicit instructions to keep her in strict quarantine, and to say nothing to her. We'd find out soon enough if Isa was truly as obedient as she'd made herself out to be, I supposed. If she took revenge on the girl in her compromised state, I would simply have to add it to whatever punishment I devised for supplying them with Serenex. It wasn't truly her fault, but still, she liked being punished. Win/win.

The halls were empty as Taylor and I far too gradually made our way toward H121, the site of our final class period together. We'd made good time, though. Only four minutes late. Plus two more, because even sneaking in the north door so we wouldn't pass by the front office or the watchpost of Mrs. Pedretti, we couldn't make ourselves walk faster than a casual shuffle. Someone could have pulled me along faster, but there was no one left to do it.

"This is really fucking stupid, you know," commented Taylor as we rounded the corner into the H hallway.

"Why? Because you're used to giving up before you start, or because you got yourself expelled?"

“Because it’s even more pointless than if I was still a student here. I can’t pass, so why bother?”

“If you need a reason, then it’s because I said so. Take the goddamn test and try not to call attention to yourself.”

“People pay attention to me. Not my fault.”

We were outside my room. Apparently in my haste to leave, I’d left it unlocked. Muted voices issued from inside, students no doubt perplexed why their teacher wasn’t present on the austere occasion of the final exam. “Buck up. You can do this, Taylor. You’re smart, and you’re articulate. You’ve at least been in the room when we talked about this stuff, so... try, OK? Just try for once.”

I patted her on the butt, gave it a little squeeze, and in we went.

“Sorry about that everybody,” I apologized. “Had to track somebody down. If you need extra time, you’ll get it, but now that the gang’s all here, let’s all please settle in and get to work.” Did I sound like I was still in charge? I couldn’t even tell.

Justin brightened considerably at seeing his friend and waved her over to the empty desk beside him, greeting her with a hug. The other males in the room watched in only mildly disguised envy for him as the half-naked self-proclaimed goddess bent down to reciprocate the hug. I couldn’t appreciate it from where my desk was situated, but I knew exactly what he ass looked like in those shorts. Or without them, for that matter. The skimpy boob tube received as many leers when she sat down, though at least they had the class or the sense of urgency to get back to work ere long.

Tabitha’s reaction was less obvious, but nevertheless discernibly in the other direction from her male peers. No matter. I grabbed a pen, an exam and some paper, set it all on Taylor’s desk, and put her to work.

For a time, I let myself simply sit back and breathe. For a chemical that had been designed for riot suppression, the stuff sure seemed to cause more chaos than it had ever quelled. I sent an email to Isa to explain the whole mad situation I’d once more put myself in. Much as I was nervous to expose my vulnerability to her, I couldn’t send a vegetablized student into her custody and not explain myself. I really hoped she didn’t lash out at Abbie. It would be as good a test as any to see if she could be trusted to obey her master.

I tried not to think about what might happen if she failed the test. She responded promptly, at least, promising that she’d keep Abbie secure until my prep next period.

It was easy not to focus on Taylor as she scribbled words confidently, purposefully across her paper. (It was hard to focus on much of anything, actually.) At least she was making an attempt. Still, she was going to have a lot to answer for after the exam, not the least of which was that other canister. Was hers contaminated like mine was, or was it the standard issue? Abbie had said something about wishing she’d had access to mine, hadn’t she? That would seem to suggest mine was distinct, or rather,

that it had been before I used the last of it on Taylor. If I'd even heard right. Everything was so fuzzy. If the building caught fire right now, I'm not sure I'd make it outside without someone carrying me.

Happily, time passes quickly when one is in a drug-induced stupor, fading in and out of the present. Thanks to my delay, Taylor's late start and Tabitha's usual fastidiousness, there were students working all the way to the bell. When it rang, I did my best to issue a few kind words on my seniors' way out the door, and again, the customary few handshakes and hugs from the more sentimental ones. Justin waited until he was in the hall before yelling out, "suck ya later, C-dawg!" The will to chase him down and rebuke the little bastard was miles away. Let him have the last word. After all, in his weird little world where he'd gotten the best of me because *he* had sucked *my* dick.

Tabitha attempted to lag behind and take part in whatever was happening with Taylor's perplexing presence, but thankfully, she interpreted my bland stare as a rebuke and stalked on out the door. There was no need for her to be a part of this. That girl was on firm ground with me; lingering to sabotage her perceived competition was totally beneath her at this point.

Meanwhile, Taylor pretended to ignore us, still working, but now with a smug little grin at my refusal to indulge the waif. She was still working though. Her hand never let up.

I gave her the extra half hour that she'd missed before lunch, and then an additional five minutes for our late return. Not as if she had another exam to take, or I more students waiting on me. My next class was in August. Hers, maybe never. Meanwhile, I thought about what I wanted to say. The smart thing to do would be to wait until we'd sobered up and then hash it out clear-headed. As I found myself salivating over the long-denied sight of those long, tan legs, or the swelling cleavage being compressed out of the upper end of the top, however, I knew there was no waiting. Weeks of frenzied debauchery had proven I couldn't trust myself when it came to such temptation, least of all with Taylor Stern.

"That's time," I announced as the second hand hit twelve.

Taylor looked up, nodded, and calmly walked across the room to place her essay atop the stack that I had since moved to my desk. It was thus far untouched. Grading on Serenex had already proven impossible; there was no way I could make myself be sufficiently critical to provide honest evaluation. Everybody would get an A.

I looked down to Taylor's essay, and quickly amended that. Everybody but her would get an A.

I don't give a fuck. This is stupid. I hate this class. Eat my ass. This exam is lame. I'm the most bored I've ever been. No wait, now I'm even more bored. Now more.

More. More. Even more. Sooooooooooooo bored. I hate this. This is pointless. The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell. Nobody cares.

That's as far as I read.

"Determined to fail," I said with a sigh. "Should have seen it coming, I guess."

"It's what I deserve, right?" she answered with a smirk.

"You do deserve to fail, but... god damnit, Taylor, you could at least try. You'd be surprised how often people will cut you some slack if you at least make an effort." She looked on as I flipped through the pages, the scores of meaningless, sulky lines of words. By the final few pages, she'd begun drawing instead, a crude but unmistakable rendition of her launching herself like a rocket, only in place of rocket flames was a cock. Mine, I supposed. Classy.

Instead of trying to walk out like the rest of the class had, however, Taylor hopped up on my desk with her peculiar talent of graceless dexterity. She folded her legs beneath her and, I discovered a moment later once I managed to look up, smirked down at me as I tried and failed not to be mesmerized by her bared legs. For as much as I obsessed over her boobs, those things really didn't get enough credit. Except then her tits were right at my eye level, and it became a toss-up. It was all I could do to keep my hands off her. Knowing she couldn't stop me if I did made it so much worse, though knowing that she wouldn't try if she could help keep me in check. This was not to become a reward for her.

Once she was satisfied she had my attention, she addressed my comment. "You know, C-dawg, I made an effort at quite a few things lately, and it'd blow your goddamn mind how much some of my teachers didn't seem to notice."

Earlier today, I'd been ready to blow up at her. She probably would be doing the same. Instead here we were, discussing our whole messed up affair like we were discussing a cake recipe. *Too much sugar? No no, not enough, madame.*

I shook my head. "Made an effort.' That's your categorization for how you've behaved yourself. Effort."

"You bet your ass I did." She sighed irritably. For a moment, I thought the deep breath was going to squeeze a tit right out of that spandex. "You didn't read my essay, did you."

"Oh, I read it." I fished the thing out of where I'd stuffed it in a drawer before lunch, setting it neatly in her lap, right where it had come from. "I read it several times, just to make sure I hadn't missed any details of the bullshit you've been putting everyone through."

She cocked her head back, brushing the essay onto the floor dismissively. "First of all, language. Second, you read it, and *that* – sorry, didn't mean to raise my voice – that's your response? I poured my heart and soul into that thing, didn't plagiarize a single word for once, and you're pissed at me for it?"

I placed my hands on her knees familiarly. Then I thought better of it, but it felt like it would be more confrontational removing them now. They stayed. “Look, Taylor. I’m not saying none of what you wrote was moving. You gave me some insights I had lacked. There’s a lot about your life I didn’t know in there, and I am...” I hesitated. I didn’t want to oversell or undersell this. Honest and constructive feedback on essays was kind of my thing. “I am glad you were willing to share all that with me, and I acknowledge the emotional courage that must have taken. Really. Still, you paint a rather one-sided portrait of yourself, don’t you think?”

Her hands closed over mine, long nails grazing across my skin. “All portraits are one-sided. What in the hell is a two-sided portrait?”

“Sorry, my metaphors aren’t quite up to snuff. See, somebody had their minion drug me earlier.”

“Really Weird. Some prick broke into my house and drugged me, but my analytical skills seem to be working A-OK.”

“Anyway,” I said, careful not to come across as too combative. Somebody had to keep this discussion moving. “For instance, you talked about getting bullied in elementary school. Which sucks, it really does. Still, a little bird told me about a girl scout camp where somebody teased you and you hacked off their hair in their sleep. Or was it everyone’s hair? I forget.”

Her nose wrinkled. “Nobody said I was a saint. Besides, that was when I was transitioning! I’d lost like twenty pounds, which is practically a whole leg for an eleven-year-old, and those Brownie-ass bitches *still* made fun of me. Was I supposed to just let them? Talk shit, get hit. Law of the jungle. Eye for an eye.”

“The law of the jungle is survival of the fittest; I think you’re referring to the law of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Regardless, I’m not looking for a blow by blow account of your life here. What I’m saying is, I’ve seen you in class these past two years. You’ve bullied your classmates plenty of times, and made my professional life hell. If you expect me to raise you up on a pedestal of victimhood when you’re guilty of so much of what you’re complaining about... well, it’s a tough sell.”

“I wasn’t writing it to make you feel bad for me, you... jerk,” she retorted, mumbling the last word. I didn’t miss that she was transitioning my hands to the sides of her legs, and slightly up. Enough that my desk chair had to roll forward a couple inches. “I was writing it because... fuck, C-dawg, I wanted you to *get* me. Or at least, to *want* to get me.”

“I do. Taylor, even before all this, you were my student. How many times have I told you, all of you, that I’m here for you if you need me? Did you think I was saying it to be nice? You know better than anyone that if I’m pissed off, I’m going to give it to you like I think you deserve.”

“You wanna fuck me so bad right now, don’t you,” she said with a wry grin. Damn her for picking up on my phrasing. Damn my subconscious. Damn those legs. The movement was even less subtle this time, my fingertips right up to and inside the hem of those powder blue shorts. “C’mon babe, is it so much to ask, after I fucked you a hundred times, had an orgy with you in the locker room, did some pretty fucked up shit in some fucked up places, that I rate a little more consideration than the rest of the class?”

“You do. And maybe you’re right, I haven’t always given you your due. Being with you, *that* part of things, that’s been incredible.” I managed to withdraw my fingertips a half an inch or so. Maybe I only thought I did.

“Let’s just fuck while we talk. OK? We both want to, and we get along so much better when we got your dick in me. You can keep grilling me. Just fuck me while you do.”

“What? No! Have you learned nothing from the whole flashing the principal incident?”

“I don’t care. I’m not embarrassed of anyone finding out I’m fucking you. More than you can say, which is something to keep in mind while you’re up on your high horse. Come on. Whip it out.”

“You’re being childish.”

“Childish, huh?” Still holding my hands on her thighs, she slid forward until her feet touched the floor, standing with her legs straddling mine. With a casualness that only belonged in the privacy of her own bedroom, she teased and tugged at the bottom of the tube top, peeling the skin tight fabric upwards until it was a yellow ribbon bunched around the very top of her breasts. It squeezed in such a way as to make them look even bigger. I finally managed to issue a word or two of protest by the time she leaned forward and wrapped them around my face.

I should struggle, I tried to scream at myself. You’ll get fired. Prosecuted. Get away. At least try to make it look like you’re not going along with it. Is it weird that I love the smell of the sweat between her tits?

At last, after what felt like a full week of slurping on Taylor titties (but was probably merely an iron-willed five-ish minutes in reality), it occurred to me I ought to try harder to extricate myself. Very careful to avoid running over her bare toes in their flip flops, I began to scoot my desk chair backward. Tits followed. Soon I bumped into the cabinets behind me, and they were already right on the heels of my lips. No. Don’t let her in. I made to stand up. She helped me.

Wait. Why was she helping me?

Taylor crouched low and got to work on my belt and fastenings.

Oh. That was why.

“Please don’t take my pants off,” I demanded blandly.

“Your mouth says no, but your... oh, *dayum* C-dawg, you pop a boner pill or something? Because your boner says hurry the fuck up.” She gave it a soft kiss. “You got it, buddy.”

“An erection is not consent.”

“Of course. You can say no whenever you want.”

Maybe she was feeling generous. Maybe she thought it would make me more pliable. Maybe she was simply that horny. Whatever the cause, for the first time, Taylor leaned forward and gave me a blowjob.

That wasn't to say she hadn't sucked my dick. There was a big difference, though, between getting your dick sucked and getting a blowjob. She licked her way up the whole length, then ever-so-patiently, oh-so-lovingly swallowed her way back down. She moaned. Taylor Stern had moaned around my cock like it was doing her a favor. It was so slow, so painstaking, so motherfucking *wet*, I forgot what I was supposed to say.

“Yes,” I guessed.

She laughed, but it didn't stop her. Thank god. Or, no, I wanted to stop her. Yes. I had questions. Just... not yet. It would be rude to interrupt. Darned Serenex. At the rate she was going, I didn't think I would ever get off. I didn't want to, because it might end this.

Suddenly, it ended. My eyes opened, and there was Taylor on her way to her feet, two hard nipples dragging up my chest. Then she took away even that – which, um, I wanted, we should not be doing this – only to turn around and pull down her shorts and the pale pink thong she'd worn beneath them. I took a step forward, cock in position, but she was already turning and it only poked her in the hip.

Taylor laughed. “You fucker! You were gonna do me from behind. We can't talk if we can't look at each other. Plus this crap has me feeling like such an obedient little bitch that if you try to do me doggy style I might start barkin'.”

She, or maybe I, guided my bare ass down into my desk chair. Luckily the arms of my desk chair could be folded out of the way, because Taylor sidled up over my waiting prong. Her hand gripped my shaft, slick with her own drool, and eased it into the entrance, and then she plunged down onto my lap in one go.

“Sorry, muscles super don't wanna cooperate. Gonna have to take it easy this time.”

I was sitting at my desk with my pants and underwear around my ankles. I was steel hard, and balls deep in the cunt of Taylor Stern, a student, one whom my boss believed (correctly) that I'd had a sexual relationship with her younger sister. And I didn't have the strength to stop us.

“I still have words for you. You can't stop me from speaking.”

“No, of course not. Wouldn't dream of it.”

Then, as her formal education drew to a close, she began to fuck me. With her arms draped around my neck, nothing had to move but her hips. It was far less stimulation than if I'd been able to give her proper thrusts, but the girl had wide and flexible hips. She wriggled them in slow circles, eyelids lowering.

"Yes, yes, you're very charming, but this doesn't change the point I was making."

"Which was that you find me irresistible?"

"Because you gave me a drug that makes me unable to resist anything," I retorted. It was less intense than the blowjob, and lacked the enticing perversion of her brief submission, and "And my point was that whatever your childhood was like, that doesn't excuse what you've been doing since this all started. That is what I'm trying to say, Taylor."

"Like what? Getting you pussy? Protecting myself? Protecting *you*?" She plucked her hair back over her shoulders. She knew how I liked an unobstructed view of those things.

"Protecting me? Taylor, you lied to me. You lied to me so much I'm not even sure I fully comprehend the scope of it all."

"So ask me." She tousled the back of my hair. "And touch me, if you want. You know you missed this bitch."

I did not indulge her. "Was Abbie really your henchman this whole time?"

She licked her lips, nodded. I'd been licking mine, too, I realized. "Since day one. No, day two. Day one was just you and me. Remember?"

"I remember." Was she rubbing her tits on my chest like that on purpose, or was that an inevitable feature of this lap dance style of sex? "Why, though? Why make your own sister your fall guy? Why deceive me about it?"

"For Abbie, 'cause she owed me. I've been her bottom bitch plenty of times before. Plus, once we accidentally did that whole sex object T&A lucky to have you thing to her, there was no keeping her out of it. So I made a role for her, and figured if you got pissed, you'd be pissed at her and not me."

"I've been pissed at you a thousand times, Taylor. Me being pissed at you is what started all this."

"You wanting to fuck me is what started all this," she countered. "You remember? You'd stolen my chapstick, and I threw myself at you? I wanted to see what riding you felt like. Or maybe just get in your head. I dunno. But it was right like this, except we had all those stupid clothes on. Remember?" She ran her hands down my arms, stretching them backward. It was eerily like her effort to pry her property out of my hand the day when I'd caught her plagiarizing that essay.

"You know I remember. But you can't fuck your way out of this, Taylor."

Taylor shifted to a front to back maneuver. With every forward movement, her tits squashed against my chest, her lips separated from mine only by our breath. "What

else? You said you got questions, and you asked one so far. What else got you so worked up you drove out to my house in the middle of the day to drug me into taking your stupid final?”

Right. Questions. She'd have a harder time lying to me while she built up an orgasm – she always came way before I did when we fucked – and likewise under the influence. This was my chance to get answers. “What else did you put in my head? The don't be a pussy thing, that Abbie could use my Serenex and I couldn't use it on her. What else is in my head that I haven't realized?”

“Why do you think there's more?”

“Because I've seen what all else you've done. Do I really have to name all the times you've–”

She giggled. “All right, all right, I'll grant you that one. To you, though? Nothing. That first night at your house, just the stuff you said. That night at Barbie's place, when we got you again? Then I wanted to do some stuff. Really wanted to. You can thank Abbie for talking me out of it, though.”

“What did you want to do?”

Her pace slowed, and after a moment stopped altogether, no more sensation except my dick throbbing idly against her cunt. “I was... upset. Could've done some bad shit.”

I'd actually expected her to say something halfway sweet about making me obsess over her, or something less comforting like a compulsion to obey her, like she'd done with Abbie and Tabitha. Perhaps even that she'd thought of using me to get all that coursework done, the small mountain of it that I'd compiled on behalf of the rest of her teachers. She'd clearly not done that, though; I'd thrown every last bit of it away. So to hear what was almost a threat instead was perplexing, and a bit chilling.

“Why? I read your essay. I get that you have a chip on your shoulder about authority figures like cops and teachers. That's no reason to lash out at someone, though.”

She rolled her eyes. “You would be trying to talk about essays and Emerson while I'm fucking you.”

“All right. So why, then? Just because I was going to pardon Candy and Isa–”

“Because you *never* pardoned me!” She snapped, her voice a fierce whisper. I felt its air on my lips. She winced immediately. “Sorry. Fuck, hard to stop myself from bitching out right now. We're back on our battlefield and all, so... old habits. But shit, dawg, you been riding my ass for two years, and I don't just mean with your dick. Every little thing that grinds your gears, you're on me about it. ‘Taylor, stop talking.’ ‘Taylor, take your seat.’ *Language*, Taylor!’ But those two bitches almost cut off your nuts – *my* nuts – and you're like nah, whatevs, it's cool. What made those two cunts so goddamn special?”

Leave it to Taylor Stern to take an interrogation about her own misdeeds and spin it into a plea for more attention. Still, there was a look in her eyes I hadn't seen before. Maybe once, that lazy Sunday afternoon. It could be the Serenex, but no. No, it took more than military grade chemical weapons to make Taylor Stern look... vulnerable.

"Taylor... I don't hold them to that standard because I just..." I sighed, my hands sliding to her bare hips unbidden. "I honestly don't care what happens to their futures. That sounds harsher than I mean it. I *care*, but it's not my job to care about them."

She sat up, indignantly, triggering a chain reaction of appeasement. Her posture made her pussy grinded on my cock; my cock twitched in her pussy; she realized she had stimulated me; she gazed into my eyes to confirm I had liked it; it would be rude not to acknowledge it; we were fucking again. Or maybe she simply remembered friction felt good. Either way, it resumed in the drawing of a breath.

"What? That's all it is? Your stupid little job?" she demanded.

I gave her ass a pat with just enough force for it to be clear it was meant as a smack. "No. Of course not. Yes, you're a giant pain in my ass, and yes, you've made that job a lot harder sometimes. But I still care about what happens to you. You're eighteen years old, have your whole life ahead of you. High school may not be the place for you, but I want you to be ready when you find someplace that is. To take it by the reins and get what you want out of life."

She licked my cheek. I hated having my cheek licked, as she knew. She really was handling this stuff better than I was. "Well aren't you a shoe-in for teacher of the fuckin' year."

"Oh, don't give me that. Do you see me try half as hard with any other student in this school as I do with you? Put up with half the crap? Hell, leave teaching aside – have you seen me go as wild for any of those other *women* as I have with you? Of course I care about you as more than just another student."

One corner of her mouth ticked upward, then Taylor kissed along my cheek until it wasn't still all spitty. "What, you saying you, like, love me or something?" One side of her mouth was a smirk. "Gross, cooties."

Why hadn't I drugged her more often? "I don't even know what the word is for what I felt about you Taylor. You're... horrible, frankly. You're mean, and dishonest, and selfish, and arrogant, and—"

My neck received a pinch, if only a mild one. "I'm sure there's a *but* coming somewhere soon, yeah?"

"But, you do something to me that nobody else ever has. I lose sleep over you, wishing you were somewhere I could fuck you, touch you, even just look at you. That's coming from a guy who's had six other women servicing the hell out of his cock for weeks on end, and I still can't get you out of my head."

Why was I saying these things? I was trying to break up with her, not endear myself further. The goddamn Serenex was making me a little too comfortable with honesty, and as it turned out, the truth was usually more complicated than Taylor Stern was ready to acknowledge.

Meanwhile, Taylor's hips picked up the pace. It was objectively quite casual, but by Serenex standards it was a rodeo. High-pitched gasps accompanied her breaths.

I obligingly took hold of her hips and did what little I could to help her. I could at least be a halfway serviceable fuck even while I was being a bummer of a lover. "Only then, we could look at just the past two weeks, during which you got me fired, egged my house, vandalized my car, and, oh yeah, revealed your multitudinous layers of deceit in your essay like being a liar and a manipulator was something to be proud of!"

"So close..."

"Now here, you're using me--"

"Use me."

"--and making me play twenty questions like knowing whose lives you up-ended now is some kind of game."

"Play with me."

"I'm being serious, Taylor. Come on!"

"Come in me."

"God, you are the most egocentric, selfish brat I've ever--"

Her head suddenly whipped back, eyes wide open and then slammed shut. Her body trembled so hard that the plastic desk chair rattled beneath us. When she noticed she was scratching my neck, she threw arms wide, hands opening and closing spasmodically. Then she lost her balance and flopped backwards; I only barely caught her, or more accurately, stopped her from slamming her head on the edge of my desk. Her climax was hands down the most sudden vigorous movement either of us had made in hours.

"Taught," I finished.

I helped ease her onto her back onto the desktop. Belatedly, I realized that our cum was dribbling down her innermost thigh and onto my stack of sixth period exams. Recent occupational hazard. Cocking my head, I realized that having taken Taylor's off the stack, that left Tabitha's on top. That would be fun to explain when the approval-seeking academic all-star inevitably demanded to see it.

Eventually, Taylor returned to reality long enough to realize I was standing over her, cock twitching in shattered anticipation of my own orgasm. "Right. Um, so you had questions. Keep 'em coming."

Her slow recovery from what had looked to be a truly breathtaking orgasm had given me time to muster my limited resolve, however. Indulgence for Taylor Stern was all out of stock.

“You know what? No. What happened just now, it’s a perfect symbol for my entire point. We have me, doing my best to keep you out of trouble and moving in the right direction, but instead you recklessly pursue your need to rebel. You get all the fun you crave without bothering to think for a second about the consequences to people you profess to care about.”

She propped herself up on her elbows, frowning. “What, you didn’t...? Well shit, bring it on over and I’ll—”

“No. Taylor, I tried to help you today. I felt bad about you and your sister being expelled, and I tried to make it right. What do I get for my troubles? Another outlandish stunt.”

“Is this about the Serenex? Because it’s just the one can, and it’s not like yours or anything. Just seemed smart to have an insurance policy if something went tits up, that’s all. You’re the first person we even used it on.”

“I’m flattered.” I did believe her, at least about it not being used. When I’d picked it up from the living room floor, it had felt heavy. That was a relief, at least. “But it’s not that. Taylor, you reached into my head and forced me to ‘not be a pussy.’” *I am not a pussy.* “Why? Because you think that I’m a pussy for having a job, and caring about teaching young people. Because to you, only a pussy would be enforcing rules and, god forbid, trying to follow a few. You think the only reason I am who I am is because I’m some sheep.”

“So prove you’re not one.”

“See, that’s just it. I don’t need to pull some spectacle out of my ass to prove it. I choose to be a teacher, and I choose to care about my students. Including you, and yes, even Tabitha, with all of the who-knows-what you stuffed in her head.”

“Don’t you even want to know why?”

“You said why in the essay. She said you’d die a virgin. Good job making sure she won’t graduate high school as one. Feel better?”

At last, she managed to sit upright. “It’s not that. I mean, a little bit that, and if you don’t see what an empty, shitty, cunt she was probably going to turn out to be, you’re deluding yourself. But that’s not why I did it.”

I glowered over her. “If you need to get it off your chest before we conclude here, do it.”

“All right, so yeah. I made her obey me, and want to please you. I made out like it was some ‘approval’ thing, and that’s in there too, but...” She took a deep breath. “I am going to say something, and if you say the wrong thing back, I am going to wait until this shit wears off and then I am going to...” She frowned. “To do something I can’t say out loud right now.”

Much as I wanted to scold her about once more centering her own emotions and no one else’s, the ambiguity of her threat was more ominous than anything she might

have explained in greater detail. It didn't take much to cow me right then. "All right. Shoot."

She closed her eyes. "I knew you liked me. Like I said, you suck at hiding it. And once we fucked, I just *knew* it was something... badass. Next level something, understand? Like, the way you'd look past those other bitches. That time when you had Abbie right here on your desk, fucking her tits, making me suck you off when your cock slipped out or whatever... you were looking at me the whole time. Tits so big she has to custom order her bras, and you were on my eyes.

"But like... what if it was just hotness? Laugh if you want – but fucking don't if you're smart – but I know I got it. You know I know. What if what you liked was just being able to fuck the It whenever, however, like I made you think you could, but nothing to do with *me* me?"

"So I followed your example, came up with a test. I gave you an easy bitch who'll be totally content to act like the perfect little fuck toy for you. Pretty, if you don't mind the boobs (or lack of boobs), but definitely hot. So I gave you somebody who's, like, the opposite of me. A dork, like you. Gets off on your stupid book talks. Has a five-year plan. Does her homework, flosses daily, in bed lights out by nine thirty. Does exactly what you tell her to, the best she possibly can.

"Nothing against Cassie and Abbie and the old bitches, but they weren't a real test for us. Side pieces was all. I wanted to know, if you had the perfect pussy, total free usage of it but mounted on an emotional black hole, if you'd take that over me. I figured if you did, fine. Move on, whatever, fuck you. If not... then ya know, maybe we got a thing. A thing that's good."

Her cheeks puffed out as she let out a breath. Her eyes watched me closely for a reaction; even if she hadn't made her warning, I would have seen the danger in this silence.

"Taylor Stern. Did you honestly think that you could come into my classroom, get me hard, strip out of your clothes, give me a blowjob and fuck me, and think that I'd let a construction like 'We got a thing that's good' slide? Here, in the very classroom where I've been teaching you English for two years?" The joke got a smile out of her. A sweet one. She really was pretty, even when she was hot.

It was a good thing, too, because the other shoe was about to drop.

"You are special, Taylor. In the abstract, and to me specifically. You are." I wiped at my brow, feeling like there was sweat there, but finding none. "But you also completely disrupted an innocent girl's life. Two of them, with Cassie because you also messed up Abbie and then couldn't control what you'd made. You gave Candy and Isa fetishes so bizarre that even the man benefitting from their psychoses is moved to try to cure them."

"C-dawg, hold up."

I held up a hand, but softly. “Fair to say, it’s hypocritical of me to get on my high horse about who fucked with whose head. I’ll grant you that. Still, you violated my trust. You nearly cost me my career. Hell, you could have sent me to prison, all because you had to adhere to your twisted Emersonian creed about not fitting in when you could because you couldn’t fit in when you wanted to.”

“Don’t–”

“I care about you Taylor. Love, attraction, self-defeating personality, call it what you want, but I do. But you’re not being fair to me if you think I have to throw away my whole life just to prove to you that I’m as hardcore of a rebel as you. If the fact that I drugged you, ogled you, stripped you, and fucked you on the very first day I realized I could doesn’t show that I’m willing to go against the grain, then nothing will. Even if I could get past everything you’ve done, and who am I kidding, I’m sure I would have the next time you kissed me, you and I do not work.

“I can’t stand out in the storm and splash around in puddles.”

“What does that even–”

“ We’re done, Taylor. You and I are done.”

For the rest of my life, I would wonder what Taylor might have said or done in that moment if not for the Serenex. Would she have stormed out? Slapped me? Burst into tears? Torn off our clothes and showed me how wrong I was? A more superstitious part of me wondered if she might have revealed her true form and dragged me down to hell.

Instead, the poor, numbed girl snatched up her minimal clothing and tugged it back into place. Little as there was, it didn’t take long, drug or no. Once clothed, Taylor shuffled slowly backwards toward the exit to the classroom. “I thought we were pretty good in the rain.”

Then, like the lightning, she was gone.

Part Twenty-Nine: Cultivating an Atmosphere Conducive to Learning

I dressed and composed myself. The door wasn't locked. Hell, it wasn't even fully closed. Yet nobody popped in, nobody squealed in alarm that my penis was exposed to the light of day in my classroom. We'd had sex in my classroom without even the slightest precaution for secrecy, and we had gotten away with it. Taylor walked off angry and dejected, I sat there simmering in all those conflicting feelings, and we'd both had some pretty memorable sex. It was symbolic of this whole crazy final term.

The final bell of the school year rang not a minute later. Students flooded the halls. I bided my time, said farewells to the few who popped by, exchanged sighs of relief with Amy when she popped her head in from next door to congratulate me on another year under the belt. If Taylor had taken much longer to get off, she would have seen the girl impaled on my cock like a severed head atop the walls of the dark lord's castle, a grisly confirmation of what one already had cause to suspect was going on within. Instead, she hustled back to her room to get to work on her own last bit of grading and left me in my room with our commingled cum still drying on my flaccid shaft.

What a note to end on.

I dialed Isa's cell.

"About time, master," she answered.

"I had to deal with the other one first. How's Abbie? Is she awake yet? Please tell me you didn't do anything to her." Prior experience suggested that background noise didn't seem to do much, if anything, but if you said their name or snapped your fingers in their face, whatever it took to get their attention, the things they heard stuck to their brain cells like superglue.

"I couldn't risk taking her into my office with Horen down the hall, so I left her in a mop closet for the past couple hours," she replied.

You WHAT?! I should have shouted. Instead, still good and Serenexed myself, I said calmly, "Oh. Oh my."

"Yeah. Once the coast was clear, I went to get her, but I couldn't get her to follow me. I tugged, but she wouldn't budge."

"So where is she now?"

"Now I know you said not to say anything to her, but I only said enough to get her to follow. All I said was, 'Abbie, come out of the closet.'"

Oh god. "Isa..."

"'Abbie, you don't belong in the closet. Come out of the closet.' I must have told her a hundred times, master, but she wouldn't budge, just stood there repeating after me like some idiot."

Fuck. This would be very, very alarming indeed when this crap wore off. “Is she still in there?”

“In where? In the closet? Yeah, I’m looking right at her.” Her voice grew quieter, evidently holding the phone away from her face to address the girl. “Abbie, Mr. Canon wants you to come out of the closet. Or are you saying that you are out to make him as unhappy as possible? If not, then you better do as I say. I said, do as I say, Abbie. Come out of the closet. Just do what you’re told, damnit! Ugh, I’m going to kill you, Abbie. If you’re lucky, I’ll be gentle.”

Instead of freezing, my blood merely dropped five or six degrees. I almost dropped the phone in panic. “Please, please stop, Isa,” I insisted blandly.

A weary sigh blew from the speaker. “Oh my god, master, you are no fun to screw with at all, I swear. I figured you’d be screaming at me, not taking it on the chin.”

“So... she’s not in a closet.”

“She is in a closet, actually, but the rest of it was for goofs. Smuggling her into my office was a no-go. Taking her through the halls at all was risky in her state, so I stashed her in the file closet by the H hall. Well out of prank earshot, I assure you, and I’ve got my eye on things.”

“Goodbye.” I wanted to hang up wordlessly, but Serenex insisted I not be so rude. Just as well I was out of the stuff; after that stupid joke, I wasn’t in a mood to make good on my offer to fix her and Candy anyway.

The closet in question wasn’t fifty feet from my classroom, designated for the use of the English department. We mostly used it for storage and to file away student papers, a file the district started in kindergarten and returned to graduating seniors. (In my case, since I’d been out most of last week, my substitute had gotten to distribute them and revel in that moment. Not that I was bitter.) As locations went, it ought to be safe, or at least as safe as one could hope for in a building with over two thousand people roaming around in it. At least there were until a few minutes ago. Now the students were gone, and any papers graded and returned. Nobody should have a reason to come in here until August.

I tried to glare at Isa, identifiable by her uniform even from a couple hundred feet down the school’s central corridor, but her exposure to Serenex did no more to suppress her laughter than my own did to ignore it. As she’d said, Abbie stood by in the dormant closet. She didn’t even glance up as I entered, standing there in her dingy old faded pink t-shirt and gray sweatpants, staring at a blank spot on the wall. The closet was more of a room, really, probably a third the size of my classroom. In addition to the file cabinets, it contained piles of disused books, surplus classroom supplies, holiday decorations... and two people doped to the gills on Serenex.

With the Taylor situation in front of me, I hadn’t put any thought into what to do with her little sister. Nothing, I supposed, was an option. Probably the best option. As it

stood, Abbie saw herself as my fantasy slut, happy to be used for any sexual purpose I might have for her and quick with suggestions if my imagination wasn't up to the task. Hard to improve upon that from my end, and she'd certainly seemed to enjoy herself. Knowing now that her misbehavior had been largely dictated by Taylor, there was no cause to either correct her or punish her, either. Yes, she was the one who'd taken advantage of Cassie's compromised state to make her my 'booty call,' but even that was still Taylor. Maybe it had been on direct orders, or maybe she'd done it in the spirit of her original programming from her sister, all that sarcastically misogynist tripe about what girls like them were supposed to be like. Either way, only one Stern's fault, and it wasn't Abbie's.

The right thing to do would be to keep an eye on her while it wore off, then send her on home.

Except... at home, there would be Taylor. Her "boss." Someone who had demonstrated time and time again that she was a bad influence, and an absolutely brutal mistress. I was the one who'd put her in this position. The more I thought about it, the more I felt like it was up to me, with the last of my mutated Serenex in her bloodstream, to help her out of it.

It had been almost three hours since she'd been dosed. The others had started coming to not long after this point, and they'd gotten a direct dose, not tainted bratwurst juices. I didn't have time to conduct a thorough analysis of exactly the words to use. It was now or never.

"Abbie?" I had to repeat it before her eyes focused on me. "Abbie, Taylor is not the boss of you."

There. At long last, after weeks and weeks of constant wondering, it was time to learn what oppositional commands would do to someone who—

"Yes she is," she murmured. "I do whatever she tells me to."

I sighed. All right, so much for that. I'd always imagined Serenex like some kind of indelible ink, making things stick to the brain, impossible to get off. In light of Abbie's response, I adjusted it to be more of a weather sealing paint, impossible to penetrate with more liquid once it dried. (As an English teacher, it was comforting to feel like my metaphors did anything to make me less ignorant of the sciences.)

Also, good god, Taylor. Also also, I couldn't help but notice that once she'd focused on me, she didn't trail off as quickly as the girls had other times. The closer she grew to consciousness, the worse I expected this would work. Time was running out. If undoing was out, the next recourse was a workaround. If she felt she had to do whatever Taylor said, though, how did one get around that?

"Still with me, Abbie?"

"Nyuh huh," she said. There was a slow bob of her head that I took for a nod. Good enough.

“OK. So I want you to remember, Abbie. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. Understand?”

Again, the bob. I looked around the little-used room until I found some markers, then a piece of brown construction paper. I thrust a blue marker into her hand and set the paper atop a file cabinet, tapping for her attention. “Write it. Write down what I said.”

Abbie’s lips moved slowly as she wrote the words, exactly as I had said them. “Atta girl. Ten more times, now.”

That was all the more prompting required; her hand simply kept going as she hit the end of the line. Her handwriting was pretty large. It took two more pieces of construction paper to complete the ten.

“Good?” she asked when she finished. Hmm, crap. If she was lucid enough to ask a question, she was nearing proper consciousness.

“Now write, ‘If Taylor tells me to do something Mr. Canon won’t like, I’ll tell him before I do it.’ Understand?” I put a fresh sheet in front of her.

“If... Taylor... tells...” She mumbled the words as she wrote, but write them she did. This time, I told her to keep going. If this went like I intended – a big if – then maybe I could pull rank when Taylor went rogue, and with luck, get an early warning if she tried something awful. Maybe once Taylor realized her plans were no longer secret, it would even cause her to leave Abbie out of her mischief altogether.

As she went on through the ten copies, I wracked my brain for anything else to try while I had this final chance. My teacher instincts were kicking in, suggesting all the ways I could put this wayward girl on the right path. There were so many choices that would improve her life that I could cement with an utterance. Try hard in school. Ditch the homophobia. Juice WRLD wasn’t anything special. (I’d checked him out, just in case, but there was nothing there.)

“Next?” she mumbled, setting down the marker.

Decision time. Of all the voices that might have guided me in this decision – my teaching mentor, my favorite writers, my mother, my own libido – it was one from the distant past that reached out to me. One I had quite recently had hammered relentlessly into my brain.

I shook my head, then bent down and kissed the top of her head. (Then I stepped back, wrinkling my nose. Expulsion had not done wonders for the girl’s hygiene.) “No, that’s it. You do you, Abbie. You’re fine the way you are.”

I didn’t care if the Serenex was doing its work on those words or not. I’d do more than enough to try to nudge her in the right direction on my own. She didn’t need a drug to improve her any more than I did.

She glanced up to me, and slowly, a broad smile bloomed on her face. Not the sort of thing I'd ever say aloud, but it really was remarkable how much prettier she was when she smiled. A smirk may be the sign of her clan, but it didn't do her justice.

"How long have you been back with us?"

"You, my good sir, should call the Hallmark people. They finna make a movie outta you." She slowly rolled her shoulder, glanced around. "Are we in hell? Where the fuck is this?"

"It's a storage room for the English department at GHS."

"So next to hell." Her eyes rested a moment on the drying ink on the construction paper in front of her. "That was me, right?" She inspected it, smile fading as she read what I'd had her write. "Yep, that was me. Maybe don't wait on that call from Hallmark, C-dawg."

"Just so you know, that's not to abuse you or take advantage of you, all right? I'm only making sure Taylor doesn't drag you down with her. That's it. In fact, I'm telling you right now, if you feel like I am, I want you to tell me so I stop. OK?"

"We get it, we get it, you're a big-ass hero, yeah." She bumped her hip into me, only that impact bowled the both of us over when I completely failed to resist her. Evidently the dilution of my Serenex robbed it of the staying power hers was having on me.

The two of us sat there on the cold tile floor.

"Still under, huh."

"Yes I am."

"That shit dries your mouth out." She smacked her lips peevishly. "How'd things go with Tay? You two kiss and make up?"

"Close. We had sex, then we broke up."

"Damn, Dawg. Can't even keep a bitch when you roofie her. That shit's rough."

"I broke up with her."

"Da fuck?" She bumped me with an elbow, knocking my unresisting body onto my side. I lay there like a jellyfish on the beach.

"Please stop shoving me."

"Right, right, sorry. But you really...? She didn't tell you...?" Abbie shook her head disbelievingly as she helped me back upright.

"Tell me what?"

"You know. Feelings and all that shit."

"We had a talk. You can ask her how it went."

"Shit. That sucks, man. I'm sorry."

I accepted her help getting back into a sitting position. "Thank you."

"Fuck, she's gonna be in a mood. I'ma be cleanin' that bitch's room until it glows in the mothafuckin' dark."

“Huh. Suddenly that makes more sense.”

“So we gonna fuck in here or what?”

I eyed her askance. “The body’s not even cold, Abbie.”

“Well mine is – AC vent is crazy up in here. Hella wasteful, if you ask me. Climate change and all that shit. C’mon, warm ya girl up?”

I didn’t move away, but as with Taylor, neither did I encourage her. “I have a lot of work to do yet tonight, Abbie.” True. I was in no state to do any of that work right now, but I could forgive myself that one small omission.

“Oh, fine. C’mon, C-dawg, let’s get you out of here.” She stood, then hauled me up behind her. I brushed the dust off my butt.

“Thank you again. Before we go, though, I wondered if you might permit me one small question.”

“Go for it.”

“Taylor told me a lot of things. About how she’d been your boss all along, the stuff she did to Tabitha, to Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. Now I’d like you tell me if there’s anything else she did. Anything I *won’t like*,” I said, emphasizing the phrasing from the Serenex to help prompt her if she was taciturn.

She did seem to be thinking. I decided to chalk up how long she thought to her still recovering from the drug. “Nah, don’t think so,” she answered anticlimactically.

“Look, maybe Taylor told you not to tell anyone, something like that? I understand. But if she wants you to keep a secret, and I want to know the secret, whose desire is more important?”

“You know I’m a junior, not a kindergartner, right? Even if I hadn’t read it,” she held up one of the papers, “you jammed it in my head. Jesus. Anyway, no. Gun to my head, there was nothing else Mr. Canon won’t like that I could tell him about before I do it.” She tore the sheet in half and tossed the pieces in the air.

Right, oppositional-defiant. “Sorry. I wanted to make sure there were no more surprises.”

“At least no surprises you won’t like, eh?” She winked.

“Abbie...”

“What? Read it yourself, dude. I only gotta snitch when we do something you won’t like.” She pointed to a page.

I wanted to point out that I didn’t like secrets, but once again, starting an argument wasn’t presently in my realm of possibility. “Sure. I suppose that’s so.”

“Man, that stuff made you give up easy.” She stepped close and pulled my head down until our foreheads touched. Sharp blue eyes looked up at me pityingly. “You can relax, C-dawg. I’m fuckin’ with ya.”

“Seems your sense of humor is coming back faster than mine.”

“Can’t call it a comeback if it’s a neverwas.” She patted my cheek. “Now c’mon, all my friends are outta school. It’s gonna be lit a.f. tonight, I gotta get home and clean up. If you’re gonna play with my tits, just grab ‘em already. Nobody’s stopping ya.”

“If I’m... what?” I cut off her repetition before it could begin. “No, I heard you. I must’ve just missed the segue somewhere.”

“Missed the what now?”

“The seg... you know, never mind. Take it up with your English teacher.”

“Hey, maybe I’ll get lucky and get your class if I re-enroll.” She grinned. “Man, not sure if I should go with a ‘you could teach me all kinds of things’ come-on or a ‘I’m finna earn dat A’ come-on. Take your pick.”

It had occurred to me weeks ago that it might make for quite the awkward scenario having Abbie in class next year, though I wasn’t exactly thrilled about that ‘if’ in regards to her returning to school. Still, we could address that when I was capable of making a persuasive case. After all, it sounded like old Stan Stern planned on kicking them out on their own before that even happened, the prick. There were ten rivers of uncertainty to cross before we go to setting classroom behavior expectations for my least subtle student slam piece.

She poked at my belly. “C’mon, you know you wanna. Sexy time at work is hot, yo.”

“And you’d know that... how?”

“I worked at Subway last summer for a few weeks. My future boyfriend at the time Alex came by while I was working close one night and I jacked him off behind the counter. Asshole came without warning, too – had to wipe the shit off in some old bitch’s meatball parm.”

“I suppose I need not probe why you only lasted a few weeks.”

“Nah, manager didn’t see anything. Old bitch caught me stealing from the register. Allegedly.”

“Wow. Just... wow.”

Abbie made a frustrated noise and raised her shirt over her prodigious breasts. They gleamed in the soft yellow light filtering in through the closed blinds. “Come on already!”

“One, please keep your voice down, if you would, and two, I see we forewent the bra today.”

“Come off it, man. You saw ‘em the minute you caught me vegging on the couch. Been starin’ ever since you came in here.”

“I have not.”

“Well, ya sure as fuck are now, aren’cha? Come on, I’m having a super good titty day. Play with me.”

“Abbie, I say this with all sincerity: it is difficult to imagine this body ever having bad titty days.” Truth. Two broad, weighty tits hung in the air between us. In addition to holding her shirt up, she was pressing them together slightly. It gave them the illusion of slightly more buoyancy than they otherwise possessed, though some of that was simply being a teenager. Somewhere down the road, these monsters would have some serious sag, but it was impossible to look at that youthful physique and imagine such a day. Here and now, they were simply a pair of massive, pillowy, mouth-watering titties. Was her arrogance a result of growing these stupendous things, or was their arrogance consequent of growing on Abbie Stern?

The bottom of her shirt she held in place with her teeth, redirecting her hands to heft her boobs as an offering. “It don’t happen often. C’mon. Have at ‘em. You know you wanna.”

Oh, fuck it. May as well ride my lucky streak.

I buried my face in between them. She giggled playfully, shook them against my face and slapping me about a bit. It almost knocked me down again, honestly; I had to seize one in each hand for some nice, placid fondling to keep her from throwing me off balance. I fed one into my mouth; her showering lapse was less objectionable with my nostrils filled with tits.

It didn’t take long before I gave in to her unspoken pleas for more, slipping a hand down the front of her sweatpants, down into her boxers, then easing into her pussy. For once, it wasn’t already dripping wet for me; it was actually kind of nice to have to build her up to it instead of having that level of arousal up front as a given. I didn’t have to work for it nearly often enough. I backed her up against the door and sucked away on her fat brown nipple like I was still a teenager myself, working her clit with the slightly more practiced grace of a twenty-six-year-old. Her teeth locked onto my shoulder, an inadvertent but not quite gentle love nip that persisted as her pussy rang out its orgasm.

Abbie caught her breath slowly, tits heaving hypnotically.

“Taylor’s a fuckin’ idiot for letting you go, man. Even zonked out of your mind on that crap, you are still one fuck of a good time.” She stretched up to kiss my cheek as her shirt rolled back down over two tits glistening with fresh slobber. “I figure we’re both gonna be busy the next little bit with graduation and summer vacay starting, but don’t you forget about me, yeah?”

“What are you, Molly Ringwald all the sudden?”

“Who the fuck is Molly Ringwald? Jesus, did you bring *another* fucking bitch into this shit?”

“What? No, it was an allusion to *The Breakfast Club*.”

“Huh? Man, fuck illusions, real breakfast sounds fucking amazing. I only had that bite of brat all day. You hungry?”

I put it on my mental list right after segues.

“I really do have work to do tonight, Abbie, sorry. Can you get home on your own? Catch a ride?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll manage. Now be a doll and make sure nobody’s looking so I can creep on outta here.”

I was a doll. After checking the nearby intersection, I waved her out of the room. Nobody was coming closer in any direction, at least not close enough to recognize her or care. The only exception was Isa, who was pretending to text on her phone nearby as she kept watch for us. “It’s clear. Leave via the athletics area doors. If you open the E doors without the security code, you’ll set off the alarm.” I waved her toward the specified exit.

A short time later, from my classroom window I could see her strutting down the sidewalk heel-toe peacocked. She’d know I was watching, yes, but she’d walk that walk anyway.

It only took an hour of incessant, ear-splitting ringing for the alarm to stop.

And that was it. No more students until August. The end of an otherwise unremarkable year, save for one entirely accidental harem and nearly getting fired and sent to prison. Hell, after how things had gone with Taylor, I wasn’t entirely sure she wouldn’t find some way to flip this around on me yet. I didn’t think so, though. It was anyone’s guess whether that had been an amicable breakup, or the Serenex-induced calm before a truly terrifying storm.

Once my head was clear enough, Isa and Candy gave me a ride back to the Sterns’ to retrieve my car.

“So, you wanna explain what the hell happened with you today?” Candy opened. Isa gripped the steering wheel of her police issue SUV tightly, glancing at me in the rear view mirror. There was no cage or anything, but it felt like there was.

“Not really,” I said dryly. Only then, the silence grew increasingly uncomfortable. Finally, I released an exasperated sigh. “Fine. I wanted Taylor to take her final. I spent two years trying to teach her something, and I wanted to see if I had. I’m an all-day sucker, OK?”

“You wanted to see if she’d learned something?” I could see her eyes rolling through the back of her seat. “You spent a month having the girl do make-up work for her classes, and never passed along a single assignment for my class. Truly, your commitment to her education is legendary.”

Isa was focused on the more relevant aspects of the story, however. “Get back to the part where that entailed using the last of your spray on Abbie, and letting them use it on you.”

“I only brought the Serenex as a just in case, and she forced my hand. It took the last of it to fend her off. There was no other way.”

“And Abbie?”

“Caught in the crossfire, you could say. I didn’t do anything to her – except try to extricate her out from under Taylor’s thumb, now that I found out what all had been going on behind my back all this time.”

“What all did they tell you?” asked Candy.

I folded my arms. “Funny you should ask. They told me everything. I know Taylor was behind it all. Your reprogramming, corrupting Cassie, enslaving Tabitha... all of it Taylor. Which, by the way, thanks for not telling me about.”

“What is it we supposedly didn’t tell you about, exactly?”

“Oh, maybe that you were *supplying her with more Serenex behind my back!*” I thundered. Thank god that crap had worn off. I’d been holding that in for way too long. “That was really considerate, having me take her into my bed while she was spending her days trying to fuck me. Figuratively, I mean.”

“Yeah, fucking you literally is for the night times, right master,” she replied dryly, unrattled. I wasn’t the first person in the back seat of this police vehicle to yell at the driver, I supposed. “How Taylor ever overwhelmed your many, many layers of reluctance is one of those mysteries modern science can’t answer.”

I folded my arms. “While we’re lobbing insinuations, do you want to tell me what you did to Abbie this afternoon?”

Isa’s eyes narrowed in the rear view mirror. “What? I didn’t do a damn thing to that kid and you know it. I wouldn’t have messed with her even if you hadn’t ordered it. Unlike some people, I’m not letting what’s between my legs do my thinking for me.”

I hadn’t even meant it through a sexual lens, but it was telling that she took it that way. Evidently even the holier-than-thou cop was no stranger to temptations of the flesh. I issued my retort dryly, “Right, who could name a time where you tried to destroy someone whom you thought was abusing Serenex.”

Candy turned to face me heatedly. “Sorry, Canon. I guess it’s just that someone recently offered to help treat our slutty little compulsions, only instead used the last dose of cure to make a dropout loser take a test she couldn’t pass for a diploma she couldn’t earn!”

“You can’t undo what’s been done! I tried it on Abbie, and it didn’t do a thing!”

“Says you!”

“And says Abbie!” barked Isa on her heels.

So they still had a little fight in them. We could see about that. “Isa, pull over.”

“We’re almost there. I’ll pull over when—”

“Pull over. *Now.*”

“Mama, don’t—”

But we were already coming to a stop. We were in a residential neighborhood, shady trees lining either side of the street. The playful shrieks of children enjoying their first taste of summer could be heard in several directions, but not seen.

“You’re walking the rest of the way? That’s rather childish, don’t you think, master?”

“I’m not. You two are.”

“We’re... what?”

“Master, come on. Don’t be—”

“Out. Both of you. Get out.”

It was a chain reaction, and it happened quickly. Isa whimpered involuntarily, then scowled at the whimper, then whimpered at the scowl. The car shifted into park just in time before her hands were overcome with the need to touch herself as she muttered a curse. In the passenger seat, Candy was leering at her partner with heavy-lidded eyes, and soon was pawing at her own blouse as well.

“Get out. If I have to say it again, there are going to be consequences.”

They made me say it again.

As they fussily huffed out of the car, squirming with itches I had no intention of scratching, I hopped out as well, replacing Isa in the driver’s seat and rolling the tinted window down.

“Anything special I should know about driving a cop car?”

“That it’s illegal for you to do it? But since that obviously doesn’t matter to you, nothing you need to make it a quarter mile,” she answered glumly.

“Do you even have the address, mama?”

“Easy peasy, I assured her. We’re almost there. Turn right on Elm. Their house is a little ways down on the right. Now unbutton your tops.”

Isa’s eyes flew open. “What?! Are you out of your mind, master?”

“I was going to have you go down to your bras. Now I want those buttons down to your belly buttons.”

“You’re insane, Canon. No way we’re gonna—”

“It’s all part of the plan, Candy. I know what I’m asking. Now unbutton it. Hurry.”

It was watching Candy’s resistance melt into total passivity in response to that single four-letter word that fueled Isa’s rage to the point where she fell to her knees beneath my window, fumbling at her uniform with trembling hands. Candy’s blouse had widely spaced buttons, so she was done in moments. Except once she’d undone it, however, I saw she was wearing an undershirt. “Undershirt in the back. You, too, Barbie. Plus your bras.”

“What?!”

“Next time don’t make me repeat myself.”

A car approached, slowing to a near crawl in the presence of a uniformed cop standing beside her car, as if it were some sort of tricky speed trap where the cop lured you in with curiosity by kneeling with her back to you while, by all appearances, she fondled her tits. Once she realized she was being watched, she stood back up, seething at the lookie-loo; they did a double take at the sight of her ample cleavage emerging into view as the buttons continued to fall one by one. As she unfastened the final button, flat brown stomach emerging between navy flaps of fabric, her hand went to her taser, and they fled. She then retreated to the sidewalk side of the car to wriggle out of her bra without taking her top off while Candy groped along her lover's hips, her own petite bust protruding from between the parted halves of her blouse. She looked whorish.

Once my former seat was filled by the former underclothes of my former travel mates, I shifted into drive and left them in my dust. Isa raised a fist, shrieking some threat that didn't penetrate her car. By the time I turned onto the Sterns' street, the two were jogging after me. I squinted into the rear view mirror to take in the sight of their tits flopping and bobbling madly as they dashed after their vehicle. With a private chuckle, I pulled away.

I didn't get their messages until I was back home, my own car resting safely in the garage. I'd found it remarkably without punctured tires, broken windows or even a busted tail light. Taylor seemed to be taking it well. The girls' car hadn't been there; hopefully she was out with friends having a good time and taking her mind off of the whole mess. Mrs. Stern had been outside watering her plants; she had casually returned my wave as I pulled out of her driveway. With what had been done to her, she'd have probably done the same had she seen me casually pull out of her daughters.

Back home, I ordered dinner and got to work slogging through the remainder of my seniors' essays. My head was clear enough by that point that I was ready to levy judgment. Only took four and a half hours for my head to clear. Once I was settled in and fed, I read the texts.

You're lucky I can't kill you for that, Isa had written. She'd copied Candy on it as well, who had followed moments later with a bitmoji of her avatar pointing a slingshot in the direction of the viewer.

You're lucky I changed my mind and didn't leave the flashers and siren running. It had crossed my mind. The whole neighborhood peering out their front windows to see what the police were doing at the Sterns' this time, only to find two women with their tits hanging out of their tops jogging down the street and diving into the police SUV.

It took a few minutes before either of them replied, and it came from Candy. *You should have seen how bad she got lol*

Promise me you won't humiliate me like that again, Isa wrote. Before I could come up with a good reply, she continued, *I was so fucking horny I barely made it off the block before I had to get myself off.*

Both of you, quit you whining and send me a pic with your tits out. Then I reconsidered. *Actually make it a video, and apologize for being bad bitches.*

I made it through another couple essay questions before I received their reply. There they were, posing in front of their bathroom mirror, recording their reflections with Candy's phone held out to one side. Both of them were completely naked, and Isa had even let her hair down from its tight cop bun, the blonde-streaked brown strands dangling between those stupendous breasts of hers. Candy, just a wee bit taller, cleared the counter with her pussy just visible, while Isa's was tantalizingly out of sight.

"We're sorry, Mr. Canon," they said in a sing-songy unison. Candy even thrust her lip out poutingly, tapping it with a finger. Isa's recitation had a bit of a sarcastic tone to it, a fact which wasn't lost on her girlfriend.

Candy's free hand came down hard on Isa's bare ass, a *clap* echoing in the small room; the police officer squealed and jumped in alarm at the rebuke. "What the fuck?!"

"Say it like you mean it, you submissive little bitch. Your master said so."

"I swear to god, baby, I am not going to stand here and be—"

Another blow landed; it was remarkable how little Isa did to dodge it despite the ample warning she was given. She groaned, bending double as the rage hit her full in the clit. It only allowed Candy keep going. Isa braced herself on the countertop as the smacks rained down. Eventually, after entrancing me with the wobbling of her hanging tits as she came from sheer mortification, Candy let up long enough for her to work out any sound more substantial than squeaks and moans.

"Say it, mama."

Isa remained bent over, by all appearance eager for it to continue. Candy's finger with its cool blue nail polish weaved between her thighs, teasing her.

"I'm very sorry for my behavior, master. Thank you for teaching me."

The finger disappeared inside her. She moaned helplessly, collapsing tits down on the sink as she came. "Atta girl," said Candy, winking into the mirror.

The recording ended. I watched it three times – just long enough to rub one out – before I read the texts they'd sent during my viewing.

This is going to be a good summer if you keep that up, wrote Candy.

Isa was more direct. *Our place, Sunday night after graduation. Non-negotiable.*

I replied with a thumbs up, though they'd learn soon enough that there would definitely be negotiation. What would come of our bizarre little relationship, I had no idea, but I expected it would make for an interesting summer indeed. The mystery was intriguing and all, though I did mean to sit them down and talk out basic arrangements and probe comfort levels sooner rather than later. Maybe without Isa present, so Candy could advocate for her without dimming Isa's sensation that she was, as Taylor had remade her, my submissive little bitch.

As it so happened, I'd see them before Sunday anyway. After all, we worked together.

I finished grades around two in the morning and immediately collapsed, utterly spent. That had been one of the longest days of my life. Like Isa and Candy's tits, however, its gravity only increased in the rear view mirror.

Friday was the final teacher day. It was almost off-putting seeing the faculty milling about in comfy old house clothes, weaving around the busy custodial staff beginning their deep cleanse before the milder mayhem of summer school. Some of their kids were around, too, future GHS students presently running around squealing delightedly with free reign of this huge school full of distracted but trustworthy guardians.

(Mostly trustworthy, anyway. Still, I'd only slept with a handful of them, and all of them eighteen-year-olds. In terms of age, I didn't know where the hard line fell on scandalous vs. evil, but I was quite comfortable using the government's prescribed limits.)

I reported to Principal Horen first thing. Teachers with seniors were required to, so they could confirm who had and hadn't met graduation requirements so that the printing of diplomas could commence. She had access to the online gradebook in SchoolWays, but the formality of reporting in ensured nobody was still entering a few final scores that might make a difference. Horen was nothing if not attentive to minutiae.

"Everybody met requirements, Mrs. Horen. Good to go on my end."

She didn't turn to face me, browsing something on her computer. "Oh? I thought there was one failure."

"Nah, we had a couple near misses, but everybody got the minimum. Felix Gupta wrote some fairly impressive final essays, brought himself up all the way to a D. No minus even, solid sixty-three percent."

"And Ms. Stern?"

"Oh. Well, no, I suppose she didn't. I thought she was expelled?" I had seen she was still in the gradebook while entering scores the night before, bleary-eyed, but I assumed that was an oversight.

She swivelled to face me at last. "Her suspension carried through the end of the year. We're allowing the police investigation to handle the matter. Legally speaking, she's a student here until removed by the state. I imagine it won't be long."

"I imagine not. So then yes, one failure."

She regarded me evenly, attempting that age-old trick of letting silence do her intimidating for her. “You don’t sound disappointed.”

“She nearly ended my career, on top of which, she deserves to fail. It’s all of it right there in the gradebook. I’m not losing any sleep over it.”

Again, the silence. I gave her nothing for it. When she realized I wasn’t cracking, giving her whatever tawdry admission she might be hoping for, she pivoted back to her screen, returning to her task. “Thank you for your report.”

“Anything else?”

Mrs. Horen didn’t look back, but she did at least halt her typing for a moment to address me. “You may not care what I think, Mr. Canon, but for what it’s worth, I do think you’re an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have you.”

It was a good thing she wasn’t looking, because I completely failed to mask my surprise. “Um, thank you.”

“But don’t take that to mean that I think you’re an innocent man.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that. She didn’t elaborate, however, so I simply said, “Have a nice summer, Mrs. Horen.”

“Mm.”

The remainder of the morning was spent in the usual end-of-year activities. Reporting missing materials, organizing returned ones, tidying up so August would be one iota less of an ordeal. Amy was in and out, flitting between all the members of her department.

She leaned around my doorway; finding me in the midst of re-stacking heavy piles of textbooks, she let herself in. “Hey, you’re back. While I have you, we had a couple updates to your fall schedule I wanted to run by you.”

I set down the pile of textbooks with a thud. “I saw you’d emailed me, but I hadn’t read it past the subject line. Is this something else?”

“No, it’s in the email, but some people don’t check over the summer, but better yet, I wanted to share in person anyway. So it’s good news, I think. Next fall, you’re dropping one of your junior English sections for another senior. You’ll be co-teaching with Mrs. West’s replacement, once she has one.”

Mrs. West was a GHS institution, retiring as the special education department chair at last after forty-three years in the district. She was also about that many years behind the curve, though it was blasphemy to point it out. I wasn’t the only one looking forward to new blood, and my special ed integrated classes were usually a fun challenge.

“Sounds groovy. So they haven’t said about who’s coming in? Last I’d heard they were moving Mrs. Colloca up.”

“There’s nothing official, but it sounds like she’ll get the department head but not the mixed classes. Plus it looks like she’ll be out on maternity leave most of the fall

semester anyway. Just keep checking that email – you’ll know a name when we know a name.”

“Cool, cool. Thanks, Amy.”

“Oh, but that’s not all, kiddies! Remember last fall when we pitched the American History/American Lit block class?”

“Nope, I only spent weeks prepping the presentation and then forgot all about it. Just like Horen did the minute we finished,” I added, grumbling. “Wait, you’re not saying…”

“Bing! We got it!” She darted over and we exchanged an exuberant high five.

“No way! What the hell changed? I thought guidance was dead set against incorporating it into the curriculum!”

“They were – they are – but apparently word got out to the PTO and somebody with a big voice started barking into a phone. Don’t ask me who got a bug up their butt about it, but the point is, it’s going through! Which means you’re losing your other junior section – sorry! – and one of your senior’s is going to be the block, two periods back to back, just like we pitched.”

“That’s great news. Man, just when you think the sticks in the mud have all the power...! So, who’s my buddy in the social studies department? Mois? Racine?”

“I’ll have the other section with Coach Mois. You’ve got Salata, actually. You two are buddies, right?”

“Uh, yeah. That’s right.” Candy? As if we weren’t going to have enough excuses to spend time together this summer, now we had an entirely novel course to plan. “Should be great.”

“I can’t wait to see what we can cook up. Are you going to be at the thing this evening?”

“Wouldn’t miss it!”

“Great! Then we can talk more there.”

Nothing like a little good news to make sweaty drudgery pass quicker. As for “the thing that evening,” I’d actually forgotten all about it. Every year, as teachers finished up at school, turned in their room keys and required materials and checked out for the summer, our first stop was at Chili’s. We trickled in throughout the afternoon and into the evening, one long train of comings and goings as we toasted to another year under our belts. I’d missed it one year, too tired from an all-nighter grading essays, but this year, it was on.

It was, as ever, a heck of a party by teacher standards. Drinking in moderation, unlimited chips and queso, and best of all, food not served with a ladle drawn out of a metal tub. I stuck around long enough to have lunch and dinner. I got to retell the fiction of being mass flashed three separate times as the crowd changed over the hours and demanded salacious gossip. I poked a little fun at Candy while a big group of us

were gathered, claiming that I'd bumped into former student Xavier Burney not long ago, and he'd told me she'd gotten herself a new tattoo. A crimson-faced Candy sputtered out a lie that it was private, something she'd gotten to commemorate her grandmother in a place she'd rather not show us. I let her off with that bit of improv, though Isa promptly excused herself to the women's room immediately after, returning a few minutes later with one fewer button done on her blouse.

It was a heck of a good time, cathartic and relaxing. Teachers from every department were in attendance, along with some of the administration. (Not Horen, though. We were all pretty sure she'd never let her guard down enough to drink.) Isa was along, too, and I even saw Randi there. I waved her over to a small table for just the two of us.

"Oh hey, Mr. Canon," she said, shedding her jacket and taking a seat. I wondered if Randi seeing me out of khakis and a polo shirt was as strange to her as it was for me seeing Randi out of her usual coveralls.

We exchanged a few pleasantries, talked about summer plans, and when a waiter came over, I asked him to put her meal on my check.

"You didn't have to do that, Mr. Canon," she protested. Her smile, however, was pleased.

"You can call me by my first name, you know," I laughed. One of the strangest things about becoming a teacher was suddenly becoming Mr. Canon instead of who I'd been my whole life to date. "It's—"

"Don't bother, I'm awful with names. Besides, pardon my French, but Canon's a pretty badass last name. You should own it."

"Language!" I gasped, scandalized, before giving her a laugh. "I do my best. And you know, I just wanted to say, I can't thank you enough for going out of your way to talk to that detective on my behalf. I think it went a long way to getting me out of that whole mess."

"My pleasure," she insisted, reaching across the table and giving my hand a comforting squeeze. "You're an excellent teacher, Mr. Horen."

"You'd be surprised how often I hear that." I flushed slightly at the compliment.

"I'm serious! I'm in and out of all these classrooms every day, and I don't see many teachers going that extra mile trying to drag a hellion like Taylor Stern across the finish line."

"Apparently I'm not much of a dragger." I shook my head. "Gave it a heck of a try though."

"Say, speaking of, I was hoping you were going to be here. I found this on the floor under your desk when I was finishing up in there this afternoon." From her purse, she produced a badly crumpled sheaf of stapled papers. I recognized it immediately.

Taylor's essay.

“I wouldn’t have bothered, but I knew how hard you were trying with her, so I figured, just in case I bumped into you.”

“You didn’t read it, did you?”

Our waiter chose that moment to return with our drink orders and some chips and salsa. I snatched the paper out of his way and stuffed it under my leg on the bench.

Randi took a sip from her margarita. “Mm, that’s not bad. Not enough tequila, but hey, we just started.”

“Randi? Did you, um, read it?”

She nodded. “Sure. Way better than her last try, that real smutty one. Sorry, but the way you two were fighting over it that one afternoon when I popped in, I got nosy, so when I emptied your bins, I fished it out and gave it a read. Smart kid though, right? I was the exact opposite. Hard worker, minded my teachers, but nothing ever clicked right for me. Such a waste.”

Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh GOD! “Um, look, you should know, all those things she said, they’re not real,” I began, but I was stammering so badly she had no trouble finding a moment to cut me off.

“Look, whatever you do with students and staff is for the best, and nobody else’s business.” She raised her glass to me. “You’re an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have you.”

My stomach dropped.

They’d gotten to her.

“I... who... when did they...”

She somehow followed my incoherent stutters. “You asking about that stuff? Oh, that was so long ago, I can’t...” She took a drink, mulling it over. “No, you know what? I think it was that same day, with that whole essay kerfuffle. Funny, right? Yeah, the little fox waited until I was doing one of the bathrooms, snuck up behind me and...” She mimed spraying her face. “Don’t you worry, though. Nothing’s more important to me than making sure you and your girls can have your fun.”

My god, when I was poised to listen for it, hearing the way Serenex twisted speech with its rote repetition was just detectable enough to be utterly chilling. “So you knew, this whole time, that we...?”

“Sure, sure. You aren’t nearly as subtle as you think you are. Classroom doors got that big gap at the bottom, ya know, and there’s a little sliver between those papers you got over your windows that you can see right in. Don’t you lose any sleep over it though. If I saw you were up to anything, I kept out of your hair and ran the vacuum so nobody’d hear nothing.”

Shit. So Taylor – or Abbie, which was still Taylor by proxy – had gotten to Randi all the way back toward the beginning of all this. Taylor was the reason she’d submitted

that statement on my behalf – and it had been total bullshit. Yet it had worked perfectly, right up until I made them take the fall for me.

No, I told myself. You're not forgiving her. This is just one more innocent person she brainwashed to get what she wanted. It's more proof that she can't be trusted and you shouldn't let her within ten miles of you. No.

“Well, thanks for that too, then, Randi.”

“No problem, Mr. Canon.” We clinked glasses, and I downed mine in a gulp. By the time I let Candy and Isa drive my thoroughly inebriated ass home, no pranks this time, I'd succeeded at convincing myself about Taylor. There was no going back.

Part Thirty: Distribution of Diplomas

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you: the graduating class of 2020!”

There was no applause. Into the silence, someone made a fart noise blowing into their palms. I was pretty sure it was Justin.

On stage, Principal Horen glowered in the direction of the disturbance, then resumed. “So then, everyone will applaud, you’ll stand up, we’ll allow a moment to smile at where your family is sitting so they can get a picture, then begin ushering out. It will follow the same order as the procession to stage; just turn the opposite direction. We’ll lead you back out across the lot to the fieldhouse, where we’ll distribute actual diplomas. There will be four tables...”

Mrs. Horen rattled off details to her disaffected crowd. The graduation rehearsal, a formality to reduce the chance of anyone making a fool of themselves during the ceremony, was always like this. It was attended by seniors who were burned out and way past ready to be done and gone. Any fondness they harbored for their four years at GHS was wrapped up in the people around them, not this ritual of academia. If we had some quality speakers this year who knew how to stoke the fires of those connections, they’d warm to it, but for now, they were simultaneously tense yet bored. This, they tolerated solely because they were inured to regulated tedium.

I’d volunteered to be a graduation usher a couple times in the past, but today, I was merely another spectator. Like a lot of teachers, I was in the auditorium for the rehearsal ceremony simply to have one last opportunity to see all of them in one place one last time. In a little while they would line up, proceed out to the football field, and commence the austere festivities.

I stood towards the back of the auditorium in a dimly lit nook. In a year that had been so fraught with my own drama, particularly of late, it was good to have time to see my students – former students – here in school again. Some I hadn’t taught in years, sophomores who’d taken speech and dodged my classroom in junior and senior English. Others, I’d seen only Thursday while I’d been forcing a bleary smile from a heart dulled by Serenex. Fresh faces or students whose names were already beginning to slip from memory, our time together was at an end. All we had now was history.

As we waited for the go-ahead to mobilize, students shuffled over to say farewell, exchange handshakes or hugs, invite me to their open houses to celebrate their graduation, or, in Justin’s case, to make a hushed word of gratitude for not flunking him.

“*You* didn’t flunk you, Justin. I had nothing to do with it.” He’d finished with a D+, as I recalled, but still, fail or flourish, it was my go-to line. In any case, it was better than Taylor had managed.

He glanced around. "Oh, and hey, about that thing..."

"I really don't want to talk about—"

"Nah, nobody's listening, C-dawg." True, we had a little space around us; the presence of others had nothing to do with my disinterest in discussing the topic, however. "I wanted to say thanks for being cool about it." I gritted my teeth. Still, there was enough background noise that it was safe enough so long as nobody came closer.

"I wish I could say the same," I said dryly.

He chuckled, grinning that irritating Justin grin of his. Lord, how I couldn't wait to never see that again. "Come on, buddy, relax. I was just busting your balls a little. Only not with my mouth this time."

My hands clenched.

"Look, I'm just joshing you, man!" he protested, slapping me on the arm. Like the reminder of what had happened between us, the slap was harsher than I was comfortable with. "Don't hold it against Taylor, though. She was only trying to do me a solid. Not easy to figure out if you're gay or bi or whatever without nobody finding out about it."

Much as I was inclined to be flippant with the little prick, especially now that I wasn't his teacher any more, his words engendered just enough sympathy that I held my tongue until I could compose something less snarky to say. "And the verdict?"

"You hitting on me, C-dawg? You're not my type, brah!" This time, his voice carried plenty loud, as did the ensuing guffaws. He lacked the fans he'd cultivated in my class; the only students near enough to overhear him glared at him for his crude suggestion. My empathy dissipated.

"Good luck out there, Justin," I said, and walked away.

I almost immediately bumped into Tabitha. "Hi, Mr. Canon," she said brightly. In a room full of people who'd been forced into antiquated ceremonial garb, she might be the one person who was pulling off the look. "How do I look?"

"Like a graduate."

"So, you approve?"

"Always."

Her smile warmed. "Are you coming to my graduation party? Daddy's going to be gone for most of the summer in Europe. He says it's to visit his mom and dad, but it's really for business. so we're doing it next weekend while he's still home." She took a half step closer, enough to lower her voice to intimate levels while maintaining a respectable distance. "I thought maybe you'd like to see my bedroom."

"I would like that."

Her smile brightened. "In the meantime, do you think, maybe, we could sneak out for a few minutes and I could go down on you? I could try to finish you really fast."

"Don't you worry about me, Tabitha. This is your day."

“I know. I want to be able to taste you on my tongue while I walk across the stage.” The brief lick of her lips was subtle, but sufficiently suggestive to leave me forced to hold my hands in front of my crotch.

I shook my head. “A for effort, but I think you’ll have to settle for a tic-tac.”

“But you’ll call soon, right? My grandparents – my mom’s parents, that is – leave tomorrow, so then there’s nothing standing between us. I’m yours for as much as you can handle me.” She smiled hopefully.

“Oh, Tabitha. You know I will.” I spread my arms, figuring her body would work as well for covering my erection.

She squirmed in surprise as she felt my hands close in on her ass. “Mr. Canon!” she squeaked quietly in my ear.

I enjoyed a few more seconds of fondling, then released her. With my back to the auditoriums’ occupants, it was naught but a hug as far as they were concerned. Her face was suddenly flushed, and I knew well that the intense look on her face was not the righteous indignation that once would have been there at being publicly felt up by a teacher. It was arousal. Savage, urgent arousal.

“Congratulations, Ms. Hutchings. See you on stage.” I walked by, and left her in my wake.

A few rendezvous with fond students later, I finally bumped into the fondest of them all. She disentangled herself from a cluster of friends to dash over to me and unabashedly wrap her arms around me in a truly fierce embrace, practically a tackle. “Mr. Canon. Hi.”

“Hiya, Cassie.” I hugged back, skipping the grope this time. She’d already arranged a sleepover tonight; I’d have plenty of opportunity to enjoy her ass then.

“Can you believe we’re here? I mean, gosh, this is probably the last time we’ll ever be together at GHS. Not that we were ever *together* together here. Which sucks, you know? Well, no, there was the locker room. That’s technically GHS, even if it’s way out past the parking lot. Wasn’t that awesome? Do you think we’ll ever do something like that again? I’m not good at hashtag roleplay – yet – but it was still fun. For me, anyway. You looked like you had fun, but I don’t wanna be assumptuous. Presumptuous? That sounds better. You know, I bet I’d know way more vocabulary if I’d had you for English.”

“I had fun,” I assured her. Had her friends heard her? It had probably come out too fast for them to make sense of it.

“So I was thinking maybe tonight, if you wanted, I could wear this leather–”

“It’s time, everyone!” called Mrs. Horen from the stage. She began bellowing out instructions for alphabetical lines to reform.

I squeezed her shoulder. “Wear it.”

She giggled happily. “Goodbye hashtag schoolgirl, hello hashtag bondage slave!” She rushed off towards the front of the line. I got out of the way, and soon enough, the

alphabetical procession formed and made its way toward the exit, and from there, out into the parking lot and over to the football field. It was a gray day, but the forecast promised minimal chance of rain until this evening, so outdoors it was. It was warm out, and a bit humid, and altogether the sort of day that made for bad pictures. Ah, well.

The other teachers and I not involved in the ceremony shuffled along in their wake. Space was always at a premium for graduation, so in absence of a ticket, I used my status as a teacher to get past Mrs. Pedretti, then simply stood off to one side to observe. By summer's end, I'd be back to normal human tolerance for standing in place for hours at a time, but for now, my knees were still in teacher mode. Three hours was nothing.

The ceremony commenced. It was about the same as years past. An opening address by Principal Horen, brief remarks from the superintendent. The valedictorian and class president gave speeches. Then it was time for the distribution of "diplomas," which were really only empty holders. They'd get their diplomas afterward; the withholding was our last means of coercing their good behavior for this final stretch. Parents were asked not to applaud for individuals so the reading of names could proceed quickly. Or less slowly, anyway. Most parents listened. Nobody tripped. I only caught a single name mispronunciation, and it was promptly corrected by another teacher on stage.

There was, for me, a conspicuous absence between Valerie Stenson and John Stettman-Boggs.

Somewhere in the middle of it the sun peeked out, though it didn't last long. When it left, it was grayer even than before. Just like that, it was all done and over. As Principal Horen took the mic to make her final remarks and instructions, I quietly excused myself from the field.

She was waiting for me by my car. Somehow, I wasn't surprised.

"Hey there, C-dawg."

"Hey there yourself."

"How was it? I miss anything?"

"A diploma." I looked her over. "And apparently a copy of the dress code."

Taylor smirked her radiant smirk. Amazing how different it was when she was smirking for you instead of smirking at you. She hefted her breasts in their turquoise bikini top demonstratively. "All those fuckers coming out here ready to throw their success in my face. Figured I'd make sure they knew I still got something over on 'em."

"Well, you're doing a good job of it. If boobs were in the core curriculum, you'd have at least aced one subject."

"Aw, you say the sweetest things."

I stood by, waiting, but when she said nothing further, I prompted her. She was blocking the door, after all, which was not an accident. “Was that it? You waited here for me just to show off your tits?”

“First of all, don’t act like you don’t love it. Your ass is stuck with all them other flat-ass bitches now, so take ‘em in while you can.”

“Abbie is flat?”

“OK, flat or droopy.”

“Oh god, Taylor, she’s not droopy.”

“Just admit you’re gonna be lost without ‘em.”

“I still have Isa.”

She frowned. “Fuck. OK, you got me there. Maybe. Anyway, I was just waiting for some friends. Saw you coming and figured I’d try not to be a bitch for once.”

“Trying something new, eh?”

“Blow me.”

I folded my arms. “Taylor, you were standing by my car. If you want to pretend it’s coincidental timing, fine, but if you have something you wanted to say to me, say it.”

She frowned. “Way to be a dick about it. I *was* going to give you something, but if you’re gonna be a prick, then fine, fuck you, too.”

“A present? For what? I’m not going back on what I said, Taylor. Maybe you thought drugging me and forcing yourself on me—”

“Right, because you were totally cool to drug me and forced me to take your stupid test.”

“The two are not even close to the same thing!”

“Right. You just hated it, I bet. That must be why you came inside me. Twice.”

“I stand by what I said. Yes, we had fun, but no, I’m not changing my mind.”

Her hands balled into fists, and a primal growl issued from deep in her throat. A few hundred feet away at the other end of the parking lot, the procession of graduates began exiting the field wearing their caps and gowns, empty diploma cases in hand.

“I swear to god, you are the most selfish asshole I’ve ever met!” Taylor roared. “If you even knew half the shit I did for your ungrateful fuckin’ ass, you’d—”

“You mean like drugging Randi?” I interjected calmly.

Taylor froze, head snapping back warily. “Um, what do you... I mean, I never...”

“You did. And if you’re going to lie to me, then we have nothing to talk about. I know all of it now, so don’t embarrass yourself by being coy.”

She planted her hands on her hips. “OK, fine! So what? So I dosed a janitor. Big fucking deal. Not like anybody got hurt by it.”

“That depends on one’s perspective on the merits of free will.”

“Overrated. You of all people should know that.” She shook her head irritably. “So how’d you find out?”

“You left your essay on the floor. She returned it to me, because she thought you and I might be continuing to get together even after your dismissal and that I might want to return it to you. Which begged the question why she wouldn’t object to such a liaison, but she assured me that I was an excellent teacher, and that you were lucky to have me. I asked if she’d read it. She commended your hard work, but felt like you’d over-relied on quotation.”

“Harsh criticism from a bitch that mops up piss off the men’s room floor for a living.”

“She’s a hard worker and provides good service. Two things you’ve yet to learn anything about.”

“Ooooh, sick burn there.”

“At any rate, the way she reacted made it too obvious what you’d done to her. In short, you were sloppy.”

The procession was passing us by now, though it didn’t come close enough to allow us to be overheard. One of her friends called out a greeting, but she barely acknowledged it. “Sloppy my ass. That’s just some good sleuthing on your part.”

“Oh, that’s only where the sleuthing began. You see, something Abbie said yesterday as she was coming around... it got me thinking. She acted like there was some big secret she’d figured you’d tell me, something that would have forestalled the breakup. So once Randi revealed her little slice of the secret, I thought, there has to be more to it than that. Brainwashing Randi worked out well, but it’s a cover your ass move, not a romantic gesture. So as I thought about it some more, I remembered that Randi wasn’t the only person who told me that very thing that day. Excellent teacher, lucky to have me. Care to guess where else I heard it?”

Taylor shrugged. “Your mom?”

“Principal Horen, as a matter of fact. As I reflected on it, I was pretty sure she’d used that exact same wording, too. Struck me as a little bit suspect.”

“Are you accusing me of dosing the principal, too?”

“Yes, among other accusations. So I had to ask myself why. Randi, all right. In and out of the room every afternoon, in a position to see and hear things you – we – didn’t want seen or heard. But Principal Horen? I think in five years of teaching at this school, she’s been in my classroom twice that I recall, and only for planned observations. She knows as much about what I do in my classroom as I expect your parents do about your participation. So what for?”

“What for?” Taylor sneered. “Um, you don’t remember her catching me showing you my pussy? Firing you? Kicking my ass out of school?”

“Sure, there was that, only that very afternoon when she walked in on the lot of you, your sister returned the Serenex to me. It’s been in my custody ever since. So I knew it had to have occurred before all that. I wouldn’t have put it past you to dose her

for your own ends – straight A’s, immunity to disciplinary action, that kind of thing – but that you’d come at her to instill a high opinion of *me*... that didn’t register.”

“Yeah, well, like I said, you’re welcome.”

I disregarded her deflection. “So I put a pin in that and then asked myself: if you went after her, then who else? So I picked up the phone and called up Mrs. Cook-Burfield, my department head. Direct supervisor, and the classroom next door. Maybe you’d thought *she* was a threat, too. I point blank asked her what kind of teacher I was, and I bet you’ll never guess what she said.”

“A ball-busting asshole?”

Families were milling out of the gate now, some of them dispersing toward vehicles in the lot, others making their way to find their students in the fieldhouse.

“Excellent teacher, lucky to have me. By then, I was starting to get paranoid. Who all had you gone after? By the time Ms. Salata and Officer Barbie... sorry, Barbour–”

“Ha! Gotcha.”

“By the time they made me pour most of my can down the sink, there was hardly any left, so I know you couldn’t have done much with it. I was guessing maybe a half dozen doses, tops. I used at least two or three simply bringing you in for the final. I’m not a math teacher, but I can add and subtract.”

“Don’t sell yourself short, C-dawg. You’re multiplying my boredom with all this.”

“So I figured I’d check with the usual suspects. I swing by Isa and Candy’s house, to ask Candy what *she* thinks of me as a teacher.”

“God, I didn’t re-dose Ms. Salata!” she protested angrily. “What would be the fucking point? That bitch is as owned as owned can be.”

“I know you didn’t dose her. Her answer was not that same rote recitation. The immediate look of guilt in her eyes, however, said a great deal more. Same for Isa. They knew something. Plain as the tits bulging out of that bikini top of yours.”

“Hey, tuck that away for your refresher on similes next year.”

“But what? I already knew that they’d hooked you two up with the canister after Abbie used on me. They’d admitted it, and made a very reasonable claim for innocence on the grounds that you mind-controlled them into it. I’d already forgiven and forgotten supplying you with more of the stuff, so why those evasive looks over old news?”

“HEY TAYLOR!” yelled Justin from a couple aisles over. In unison we held up a single digit each to ward him off, albeit not the same digits. For once in his life, he took the hint and swaggered off into the building to retrieve his diploma.

“So? What’d they say?” she asked evenly.

“Oh, nothing at first. You have them good and cowed. I pulled out all the stops, though. Started with the basics, a little corporal punishment, the old ‘Hey, Candy, I *planned* for you to tell me Taylor’s secret,’ all that bullshit. Took some naked photos of

them, faces and all, sent them to every number on their contact lists. Still wouldn't break."

Taylor gaped. "You did fucking not."

"Of course I didn't. But so long as they only thought I was being a tyrannical overlord, they couldn't control themselves, fell to frigging themselves into a coma. Moreover, they handed their phones over, where I looked through their call logs. Specifically, their call logs with you."

"Jesus, fucking invade people's privacy much?!"

"Spare me. For the love of god, spare me." A couple approached the vehicle parked next to mine; we stood aside so they could get in; I calmly delayed my recrimination until they were in their vehicle and on their way.

"What I found interesting, even more so than the sight of those women sixty-nining their tongues off, was a pattern a few weeks back, shortly after the dinner party. A pattern of calls between you and Isa, and then this other number and Isa, and vice versa. Minutes apart. Almost as if there was some causal relationship between them."

"This is some paranoid-ass shit, Mr. Canon."

"Since there was no name attached to the contact, I asked Isa who it was. She acted like she didn't know. Acted badly, I might add. So I did the logical thing and gave them a call. I'd say you'll never guess who answered, but I'm sure you know exactly whom."

"I don't have the slightest—"

"She was confused, hearing a man's voice coming from Isa's phone, but I managed to get a name out of her before she hung up. A first name, at least, though that was plenty. The call seemed to really freak Shantel out for some reason."

The car beside us pulled out. I broadened my stance. Right now, with that look of consternation on Taylor's smug face, it felt like my ego needed a whole parking space. "You dosed her, didn't you."

The young woman merely glared sullenly. It was as much confirmation as I'd gotten when I pressed Isa on it, but that too had been sufficient. "Makes sense. With a trained chemist on your side – one who works in a drug analysis lab, with access to all the contaminants she'd need to replicate my mutated Serenex, one whom you thought I'd never encounter or question, so you could keep marching to your twisted Emersonian drummer. Even if the woman found a way around your control – which I doubt you'd give her – she'd think to go after Isa, and no way that submissive little bitch was going to rat you out. Hell, you probably even had Abbie handle that, scapegoat for life."

"Almost out of the good stuff, so you move heaven and earth to get your hands on more. You make all these big plans for a grandiose gesture to impress your new

boyfriend, mind-fucking the entire faculty and staff just so you and I can hook up in the classroom without anyone getting nosy.” I shook my head. “Or something. It’s so insidious and fucked up I can’t even begin to fathom what you were thinking when you did it. But I spoke with a dozen of my coworkers today at the rehearsal, and every last one parroted that same ‘excellent teacher, lucky to have you’ bullshit. By then, I was checking out that other thing, too – what Randi said about how whatever I do is for the best, nobody’s business. Again, there it was. Horen, too, once I cornered her.”

“Maybe they were just...” But she didn’t have any excuses left.

“Maybe nothing. Mrs. Meaden retired, effective Friday, so I flat-out asked her if she’d heard about the flashing incident. She said she had. So I asked, ‘and what if I told you the girls were in there waiting to have sex with me?’ I’ll give you three goddamn guesses what her answer was.”

Taylor had been so certain she’d gotten away with it all, she was stunned speechless. I had her on the ropes, and pressed the attack. “You had Candy get them at the faculty meeting, the one to explain my absence the week before finals. Was that it? That’s the only timing that makes sense to me. If you already had Horen, and I can only assume that you did, it’s the easiest way. Lure in the bulk of the faculty, then send Isa after any stragglers and the shirkers who missed the meeting. Twenty-four hours, and the whole faculty was corrupted, thanks to you.

“Oh, and I found out about Shipman. Got to him, too, huh? I couldn’t get anything out of Isa about whether she dosed him after he was called in on my case, or if that whole getting fired and investigated by the cops thing was one big stunt you set up before it even happened. Either way, fuck you for that, too. On behalf of both of us.”

“I... It was...”

A few tiny droplets started to fall on us. “Was that why you stormed in the other day, tried to get me to fuck you with Horen roaming the halls on the warpath? Because you knew full well you could get away with it, and wanted my help looking for the boundaries of your bottomless ego? Because you wanted to show off how completely, utterly, remorselessly self-important you can be? Because you thought it would be funny?”

“It’s not *not* funny...”

“Why, Taylor? Just... why? Help me understand what motivated this. Tell me—”

The band, on hand to play “Pomp and Circumstance” for the ceremony, was the last out of the football field gates, shuffling along with their instruments in the direction of the band hallway entrance. Some kid with a trombone gave a look at Taylor, half-uncovered tits gleaming from the wetness, and played what I could only interpret as a wolf whistle. I gave him a hard look and he darted away giggling.

“Actually, you know what? Screw the explanations. I don’t care any more. Christ, Taylor. Do you have any idea what kind of damage you could have cause? Still might

cause, frankly. I don't know if you've noticed, but this stuff has an uncanny way of blowing up in your face the first chance it gets. I can't even begin to imagine the ways this might have gone to hell."

"But it didn't. Unlike you, I went in with a plan. The plan *worked*."

"Don't think that the potential catastrophe is my sole objection, Taylor. I only point it out because god only knows how many more gallons of that crap you have back home, and whatever other casual cruelty you might plan. Or use on a whim, for that matter."

"I don't have much – and I *don't* use it on a whim. I'm not stupid."

I closed my eyes for a moment, and let out a long sigh that built up almost instantly. "I know you're not stupid. As a matter of fact, Taylor, I think you're brilliant. And you're beautiful. And you're cunning as hell, and I should clarify that you may be the only person I have ever met for whom I mean that distinction as a compliment."

A tiny smile threatened at the corners of her mouth, so I pounced before it could spread. "You're also ruthless, egotistical, thoughtless, and cruel. You *frighten* me, Taylor. Do you realize that? I care about you – more than I've ever told you, more than I've ever cared about most people." That was a realization I was having even as I said it. "But I am genuinely frightened by the lack of compunction you have exhibited."

Her eyes glistened. "You're afraid of me?"

"Yes. I was worried about you – and I still am – but after what I've learned these past few days, I am more worried about what you might do."

The parking lot had quieted down. By now, almost everyone had either moved inside for the diploma dispersal, or gotten in their cars and headed home. Good timing, too, because it was then that the weather forecast failed altogether. Raindrops began to fall, pinging off the cars of the lot, sprinkling onto student and teacher alike.

She didn't flinch though. "So, what, you gonna follow me home, force me to get rid of the rest of it? Because there's barely any left."

"I'd be an idiot to take your word for it after everything I've learned, but regardless, no. I'd be a bigger idiot to think I was going to get somewhere by forcing Taylor Stern to do anything."

"But you said you were afraid."

"I am. Which is why I hope you'll do the right thing and get rid of that stuff. You have more than enough to make it on your own in the world, Taylor. You don't need that junk. Whatever you've gained from it, it's cost you more. You lost out on a diploma you spent thirteen years pursuing. You lost your parents' trust. Your sister's. Mine."

She forced a sneer, but it didn't reach her eyes. "Big deal, so my English teacher hates me now. I mean, what happened to your big speech from the other day about how as a teacher you want what's best for your students, huh?"

“Taylor, I do not hate you. Maybe I did once, though don’t insult me by pretending it wasn’t mutual. I...” No. I cut myself short. “I don’t know, maybe I could have loved you, even. Maybe. I loved being with you, at least. Regardless, I don’t give two craps whether you think that the teacher-student factor diminishes the sentiment or not. It doesn’t to me. I got into this whole stupid mess because of that feeling, and once I started, and I saw you as something other than a bratty little vixen, I couldn’t resist going further.”

The rain held itself to a mere drizzle, as if it worried about being seen as rude for interrupting. “I still want you to do well and find some peace and happiness for yourself. You don’t have to be Ralph Waldo Emerson to see that you’re not going to find it in that canister. I’m not going to try to force you to do anything. Lesson learned on that one, believe me. Just think about it, and make your own decision. That’s all I ever ask.”

After a moment, she wiped away a sheen of moisture from her forehead. “You ask a fuck of a lot more than that, C-dawg.”

I let myself smile. “I wouldn’t be much of a teacher if I didn’t.”

At last, she stepped out from in front of my car door. “C’mon, let’s go inside. My friends are waiting for me, and I’m sure your fallback bitches are waiting for you.”

They weren’t, but I had planned on going in anyway. I wouldn’t have even gone to my car if I hadn’t seen her standing there. Perhaps it was selfish of me, but graduation was one of those days that simply felt good to be a teacher. It would do my soul good to expose it to the joy of my former students, especially after what I’d just put it through.

Taylor and I walked inside together. If anyone thought it strange, a young, single teacher walking side by side with a dropout in a sopping wet bikini top, I didn’t care. Hell, thanks to her, my colleagues would think nothing of it, and all of her classmates were about to leave for good, and had bigger things on their minds, besides. Inside, there was a buzz of excitement, jubilant noise streaming from the fieldhouse doors ahead. As we reached them, however, Taylor stopped me with a hand on my wrist. I paused.

“You know, it’s a damn shame we hated each other before we liked each other. We might’ve done good, ya know.”

“Maybe so.”

“Guess you can’t reboot shit in the middle of it, though.”

“No, you sure can’t.”

Her head tilted to the side. “You sure you don’t want your present?”

“You mean the present isn’t a work place where none of my coworkers or superiors can find any fault with anything I do?” Not exactly what I’d had on my wish list. Honestly, I’d thought it would be that, or else a quick fuck in the backseat of my car. It would have been tempting. There really was no substitute for her.

“Nah. This is... well, let’s just say it’s not for pussies.”

“You’re not going to reverse psychology me into it, Taylor. I am not a pussy, but I’m not an idiot, either.”

She laughed. “Tell you what. I’m a leave you be. For good and all. Maybe think about some shit. Maybe read some more Emerson.” She smiled, and though her voice hinted at sarcasm, her eyes bespoke something else. “You decide you want it, talk to Tabitha. She’ll hook you up.”

“How long do I have to decide?” I asked, perplexed.

“It’s time-sensitive, you could say.”

“Meaning...? Come on, at least give me a hint.”

“I already gave you the hint. Your ass seems pretty good at figuring out shit, anyway.”

Cryptic. Nothing to be done for it, though. “All right. You have fun with your friends, Taylor. I suppose we’ll probably see one another around.”

“Yeah, if you’re gonna keep fucking my sister,” she said as we stepped aside to let Mrs. Pedretti past us. The words were said at full volume, mere feet from the passing parental volunteer; the woman simply kept walking, even as I sheepishly answered that I likely would. If the woman was offended at my admission, she gave no sign of it.

God, that girl.

“All right. Well... I guess see you later, asshole.”

“Later, bitch.”

She smiled, but the melancholy in her eyes was the same as I felt in my own heart. Breakups were shitty, regardless of the circumstances. For almost two years, I’d looked forward to the day when I’d stop having to see Taylor goddamn Stern five days a week. Now, I was sorry to see her go.

I was hopeful, however. I hoped she’d reflect on what I’d said. I hoped she’d figure out what she wanted to do with herself, or at least find something to bring her a little joy and satisfaction. I hoped she’d set down all that bitterness and fear she carried on her shoulders.

I *really* hoped I didn’t need to take action to stop her.

Somehow, though, I didn’t think I would.

I gave Taylor a headstart into the fieldhouse. Once I entered, it was a fracas of tearful goodbyes, farewell selfies, proud stares at hard-earned diplomas. This would be a day many of them would remember forever. Now that it was *real*, no longer the foreshadowed event of the rehearsal but the tangible fact of having graduated, students thronged their old English teacher. Megan approached me with Cassie, the three of us letting Cassie’s grandmother take a picture. As we posed, Megan murmured out of the corner of her mouth.

“My mom’s fine watching Robby tonight; told her I had to work a night shift. Got room for one more?” Somehow, her smile never faltered. The woman ought to be a ventriloquist.

“Ask Cassie about the dress code,” I muttered back.

“You think I got her that outfit without splurging on myself?”

Later, when Cassie tagged me in the photo after uploading it to her instagram, I’d shake my head at the look on my face after Megan grabbed my ass a split second before her mother hit the button.

I posed for pictures, congratulated elated students and proud parents, stashed still more open house invites. None were so alluring as the one for next weekend, with its promise of a bedroom tour. The young woman who had made that offer sought me out before long as well.

“Hey, Mr. Canon. Have you met my father?” She gestured to the man beside her, a dauntingly attractive man of delicate features but hard eyes. Beside him stood a woman that I would have recognized as a trophy wife without having heard a single word about her. Tabitha’s stepmother, the second Mrs. Hutchings, was a slender Asian woman who looked like she was a good deal closer to her stepdaughter’s age than her husband’s. Close to my own, if I had to guess. Mrs. Hutchings was intensely beautiful, and she wore an expression that was unimpeachably gracious yet simultaneously revealing intense disinterest in the proceedings.

Her father extended a hand.

“Mr. Hutchings! Good to meet you. I’m—”

“Say no more, Mr. Canon. My daughter’s told me all about you. Said you’re her favorite teacher. She wasn’t too much trouble, I hope?”

“Far from it. ‘Pleasure to have in class,’ as I’m sure you’ve heard a thousand times over the years.”

“Yes, well, let me say I had my doubts about letting her attend public school, but you people run a tight ship here, Canon. By all accounts you’ve done fine work with my Tabitha. You’re to be commended.”

By sheer chance, Amy was walking past in that moment. Recognizing Tabitha from her own honors level junior English, she leaned in to add, “Mr. Canon is an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have him.”

I managed not to choke on my tongue. Tabitha spared me from trying to reply to that, thankfully. “Daddy, if it’s all right, I’d like to stay here and hang out with my friends for a while.”

He smiled indulgently, the look of a man pleased with himself for having sired something so pleasing. “Of course, princess. Be home in time for dinner. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

He bent in to plant the briefest of kisses on her forehead, and with a magnanimous parting nod to me, gathered up his wife and made for the door with a bit more haste than was seemly.

“Sorry about that,” she said. “And sorry about this, too, but... well, you know how it is. Taylor said to remind you about the present? If you’re interested.”

“I suppose you’re not going to give me a hint either.”

Tabitha shook her head. “She told me not to. Even if I did, it would probably only... yeesh, that was almost a hint. Sorry. Though she did ask me to pass along a message. Hang on.” She fidgeted inside her graduation gown until she came out with her phone. Thumbing through texts, she seemed to find what she was looking for.

“She writes, ‘I got this for him back when it still made sense to get it for him. Then we broke up and fuck knows I ain’t got no use for it. Was finna just leave and never tell him...’” Tabitha wrinkled her nose. “Ugh, no wonder she flunked out. Anyway, she says, ‘I appreciate what he said, so fine, what the fuck ever, if he wants it, it’s his.’ Except she used its, not it’s.”

I waited for a moment. “That’s it? She didn’t say what it is?”

“Do you want it?”

My eyes narrowed. “Do I?”

“I don’t know, Mr. Canon. All I know is if you do, I have more instructions.”

I sighed. Here’s hoping it was a fruit basket or a gift card and not the deed to Mrs. Horen’s house. “Oh, good god. Fine. I’ll take it.”

“You got it.” Like that, Tabitha was back on her phone, thumbs tapping hastily at keys.

I didn’t bother to hide that I was reading over her shoulder. *He says he’ll take it.* The recipient, according to the contact name at the top of the page, was *Bitch, Stupid.*

“Taylor, huh. Does she know you have her saved like that?”

She shook her head and pulled up another contact. “No, that’s not Taylor, and no, she doesn’t know. *This* is Taylor.” *Bitch, Boss.* “If I enter them like that with the commas, they stay side by side. Convenient.”

“Dare I ask what you have me saved as?”

She smiled, scrolling down through her contacts and finally tapping on one and holding it up to me. *Free Tutoring Service.* “In case anyone snoops, I didn’t want them to find an entry for ‘Guy Who Spanks Me Until I Come.’”

Thank goodness everyone else was wrapped up in the moment and not paying attention to us. “I approve.”

The phone buzzed with the reply from Stupid Bitch. (Inwardly, I felt a bit guilty that I didn’t know whether that referred to Abbie or Cassie. Tabitha was not someone whose estimations of others’ intelligence was known to be charitable.)

tell him 2 go 2 his room, it read. Abbie, then. Cassie at least used words and capital letters. Hell, it automatically capitalized; Abbie just didn't like to be told how to punctuate.

"My classroom?"

Tabitha nodded. "I believe so, yes."

There was a problem with that, though. "Uh, I don't have my keys any more. I can't get in there. I'm not sure I could have gotten through all those doors and gates when I did. Horen doesn't place a lot of faith in us not to burgle the place, I guess."

Tabitha texted as much while I paused to greet another student, Dan Rietty, and his parents. "Mr. Canon's a good teacher," he told them. "I really liked some of the questions on your final, by the way," he added back in my direction.

I'd never felt so relieved to be demoted from excellent to merely good. "I'm glad. You had some sharp answers, too, Dan. I'm proud of you." I did not, in fact, remember Dan's answers, but he was here diploma in hand, so he must have done well enough.

Dan's family moved on. Abbie's reply was already waiting. "She says it's open?" The girl shrugged.

I sighed. I'd already said yes. Why the hell not.

Sure enough, the way was clear. Gates unfastened, doors unlocked. Taylor had once made a glib admission that she'd made copies of my house keys – which I was only now realizing I might need to have my locks changed – so I could only assume she'd done the same to Randi or Mrs. Horen and their keys to the school.

"So you and Taylor broke things off?" Tabitha asked quietly at my side. Not that there was anyone around. She could have screamed it and no one would have heard.

"Word gets around, it seems." I shrugged. "But yes. I told her I'd had enough. Twice, actually."

She didn't reply, but even in the farthest corner of my field of vision, the broad smile plastered on her face was unmistakable. "Schadenfreude?" I asked.

"No, just... it'll be better without her. *We'll* be better without her. I'll learn more. Get more playing time, too. Don't construe this as my having self-esteem issues, but she's, um, a lot of competition."

"Different men have different types, same as women, Tabitha."

"Yeah, well unfortunately, my type of man is into the whole perfect legs perfect ass perfect tits aesthetic."

"Believe me, Tabitha. I would never peg you for having self-esteem issues." I paused, pulling her in for a brief kiss. We were in the middle of the school's central corridor, but why not? Nobody was around. If they were, they would be a coworker, and would just shrug it off as nobody else's business.

Lord, Taylor. It was like she'd wanted to be able to fuck me in the middle of a faculty meeting.

“You’re much prettier than her,” I told her. So long as one confined prettiness to the face, anyway. And was generous with “much.”

“I know,” she said smoothly. “Though I’ll notice you didn’t challenge any of my other ratings. I really will get that tit job, you know, if–”

“I know. But no. Sure, I’ve always like ‘em big, but you’re on your way to convincing me I’ve been missing something. Keep building your case.”

She grinned, mollified, and on we went.

The door to my classroom was closed, but in the otherwise dark and gloomy corridors, it was the only one with light streaming from inside. The windows no longer had their paper coverings, removed in preparation for a redecoration in the fall, but we still couldn’t see anyone from the entrance. I braced myself.

If I’d had to make a guess, I would have guessed that I’d walk in to find Taylor naked on my desk, a last ditch effort to win me back, or maybe just a petulant demand for non-drugged breakup sex.

My second guess: Abbie and Taylor together, a gambit to show me she’d gotten over the step-incest thing and was willing to play ball, be chill about the status quo.

If I’d made a third, then maybe, just maybe, she’d have Candy and Isa in there with them, too, a full-on Stern-style “down with dykes” revelation of their awakening, a great big classroom orgy at the ready to usher in a summer of debauchery that would include her.

Fourth? She’d made Abbie take a dump on my desk.

I opened the door. “All right Taylor, let’s–”

Taylor was not in my room. Two other people were.

One was straight from my short list of suspects. Abbie sat on the corner of my desk in a loose-fitting t-shirt and denim shorts that went down nearly to her knees. That she wasn’t dressed to titillate was actually much more surprising than her being here. As I walked in, she looked up from her phone with a sly grin.

“Sup, C-dawg. Long time no see.”

The other occupant, however, was not on the short list. Nor the long list, nor any list at all aside from my second period class roster.

“Katie...?”

Katie Medina’s reply was muffled by her gag, what turned out to be a wadded up ball of paper towels from the dispenser I kept in my desk. Which, it turned out, was now sitting beside Abbie, who turned out to be offering to me the key to a pair of handcuffs which, it turned out, were the reason Katie wasn’t moving from her desk at the front of the room.

She was still wearing her graduation gown from the ceremony, though the cap looked to have tumbled to the floor at some point.

I dropped the key twice in my haste, but the cuffs fell open. She coughed fretfully into the paper towels, and though she immediately removed them, I winced at seeing that a layer of paper remained stuck to her tongue, and probably inside her cheeks as well. She rushed over to the wastebasket, attempting to spit the clingy bits from her now completely dry tongue. Removing the gag did nothing to stop her from gagging.

“Get her some water, Tabitha!” I snapped, patting the poor girl on the back what I hoped was comfortingly.

“Sure! Um, but I don’t have any way to...”

“There’s a bottle in my bottom right drawer. Hurry!”

Tabitha rushed to obey, squeezing past where Abbie nonchalantly sat back, popping a Flamin’ Hot Cheeto in her mouth from a bag in her purse. It crunched noisily. As Katie struggled to de-mummify her tongue, I whirled on her. “What in the name of all the fucks in hell is going on here?!”

“Surprise,” she said dryly. Some crumbs dropped out of her mouth; she lazily brushed them off her lap. “For the record, I told her not to do that.”

How unlike Taylor to ignore good advice.

It wasn’t often that I shouted. I raised my voice all the time, but that was an essential fact of life inhabiting a room with thirty energetic teenagers. Shouting, however, was rare. Taylor had often tried her best pushing me to that point, and it seemed she wasn’t yet done.

“You have about three seconds to start making explanations for why there is a student *chained to a desk in my classroom* while you sprinkle Cheetos crumbs on my floor *for the goddamn rats!*” I roared. I hadn’t meant for the crumb situation and the hostage crisis to receive equal weight, but it was what it was.

“Rats? You serious?” She raised her feet onto the desk nervously.

“One...”

“Jesus Christ, dude. Shoot the messenger, why don’t you.”

Katie wheezed into the wastebasket in the midst of trying to peel dry paper off her tongue. Or maybe she was about to throw up. I was just glad she wasn’t running out of the room screaming.

“I’m about to.” I thrust up two fingers.

Abbie drummed her fingers on my desk and gave me a look that bespoke how my counting at her was apt to go over. Goddamn oppositional-defiance! Goddamn Serenex! *Goddamn Taylor Stern!*

I forced my volume down as low as it could, around what I usually used for a full classroom. “Level with me here, OK? I am freaking the hell out, and I don’t think that’s just me being reactionary. Tell me something. Anything.”

“It’s Taylor, man. You know how she is. Told me what she needed, so here I am. I was in fuckin’ bed and she comes in barking at me at the crack of noon get get my ass

out here. And what's my thanks for a job well done? I got your ass all up in my grill. Fuck me, man, this job sucks. Need to fuckin' unionize."

"And what was it she told you to do."

"Just to bring her here and wait for you." She shrugged.

"Did she tell you to bind and gag her, or do you just walk around with handcuffs in your—"

Tabitha returned from the fountain, rushing over to Katie with the water bottle. The young blonde spritzed some into her mouth, swished, and spit it into the empty wastebasket. A few more times, and she seemed to have loosened the paper to the point where her tongue was free. Meanwhile, I tried not to notice how much cleavage was visible hanging beneath her gown. These girls had given me bad habits.

"Katie, oh my god. Are you all right?"

She remained bent over. "Ugh. Yeah. Man, that was nasty. Thanks, Mr. C." She kept at it with the water bottle, swishing the water around to get the dregs and spitting into the trash.

I pivoted to the others. "Both of you. Talk. Now."

Tabitha defended herself first. "I didn't know anything about whatever that was," she insisted.

Abbie shot her a swift glare. "Don't hate on me. I told Taylor this was a horrible idea from the beginning, C-dawg."

"Well you obviously know something! If you don't know the why, you can at least start with the goddamn how! I just watched her graduate! Did you chloroform her in the bathroom or something?"

"This school, man, people getting drugged all over the place. Somebody needs to crack down," quipped Abbie. I didn't laugh.

Screw it. I turned back to Katie, who seemed to have more or less recovered. "Katie, what did they do to you? Are you OK?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I think so, Mr. C. Those paper towels were frickin' gross. You know what it... Did you ever try the saltine challenge?"

"No."

"Oh, well it's this thing where you have to eat six saltines in one minute. It sounds really easy, right? Because it's just crackers, and I'd swear I've eaten six crackers in a minute like a hundred times – not literally a hundred times, because crackers are basically just pure carbs and who needs 'em – but man, suddenly when it's a challenge, it's impossible. Your mouth gets so dry after like three of them, and—"

"I'm familiar with the premise," I interjected.

"Oh. OK. Well anyway, it was like that, kinda of. But stickier."

"Did they hurt you? What happened?"

"Hurt me? Eh, the cuffs were a little tight, but I think it'll be fine."

“Katie. I understand you’re having a moment, but I need you to tell me... *WHAT. HAPPENED.*” I was this close to losing it.

“Oh. I was in the fieldhouse waiting in line for my diploma, and Abbie came over and told me you wanted to see me in your classroom. So I said OK, sure. Keyed us right in – though I swear, Mr. Canon, I don’t know *anything* about where she got those keys.”

I waited for her to go on.

She stared at me unblinkingly.

“That’s it?” I turned back to the others. “She just followed you down here? What the hell did you handcuff her for?”

The answer to my question, however, came from behind me. “Oh, that was my idea. I mean, Abbie’s cuffs, but she was just doing me a favor loaning them to me. Didn’t think the paper towel thing was gonna be that nasty, though. My bad, for sure.”

I was starting to get dizzy from all this spinning. Or maybe I was losing my mind.

“You... what? Why?”

“Taylor said you wanted to do me.” She suddenly gasped, mortified. “Oh my frickin’ god, was she punking me? My gawd I am *so* embarrassed! I can’t believe I... oh frick, oh frick, oh frick!”

“Katie, I promise you, I never said–”

My knees faltered, and I fell back onto a desk. Tabitha rushed to steady me, but I shrugged her away. My head was spinning. “When... when did she...”

“Who, Taylor? Oh, right before the thingy. During the rehearsal? She said afterward I should come down here so you and I could, you know, do it. Sorry, it feels so weird saying that to a teacher.”

“Oh my god, she didn’t...”

“Show him your tits,” Abbie instructed her.

Katie leapt into action. “Oh! Right, duh.” In the blink of an eye, she tugged the zipper of her gown downwards and shrugged it off.

“Katie, wait!”

Except I was already too late. Beneath her gown, Katie Medina, GHS’s now-former It girl, was completely and totally naked.

It was all of her almost exactly like I, and any hetero male at GHS, had imagined. (And we had all imagined.) A little bit thin, a little bit tall, and every single last piece of her about her just so goddamn *cute* you wanted to fuck it individually. She was almost the exact midpoint between Tabitha and Taylor. Tall, but not towering. Thin, but not skinny. Dark roots, but the bulk of her dyed pale blonde. Toned, but with all sorts of well-placed curves. Big tits, yet almost exactly one hair shy of being so big they distracted from the rest of her. A habitual smile from a lifetime of people who’d been unable to resist smiling back.

She flinched at my shout. “What? Oh frick, did you wanna take it off me, Mr. Canon?”

“No!”

“Oh.” She was obviously confused about my reaction, though she did nothing to cover herself. Did she always keep her pussy waxed, or was that for my benefit?

Stop looking at her pussy, Canon!

But Canon yelled back at me. *Stop being a pussy, Canon!*

I am not a pussy! we yelled in unison.

It wasn't easy to turn away from the naked blonde cheerleader – now former cheerleader – standing in the middle of my classroom waiting for me to fuck her. Still, I managed. Abbie was popping another Cheeto in her mouth. Tabitha at least had the grace to look down.

“You two. Strip.”

“Yes, sir.” Tabitha immediately obeyed, deftly removing her gown and getting to work on the dress beneath it. A reproving look was all it took to communicate that she should leave her stockings on.

“Whoa, it's getting crazy up in the heezy,” muttered Katie.

Abbie, meanwhile, dramatically imbibed another Cheeto, brushed her fingers off on her shorts, and hopped down from the desk. “Now you're talking.” For her, I ordered no exceptions. She stripped bare, tossing her t-shirt, shorts, and underwear at random around the room. Slingshotting her panties by the waistband, Abbie laughed triumphantly as they landed draped over the American flag by the whiteboard.

“Oh frickin' wild – is that a tattoo, Tabitha? I never would've figured someone like *you* would have a tattoo, especially not *there*.” Katie squinted. “Is that a...”

She recognized it, and fell silent, gazing at me in awe.

“Now me.”

Abbie and Tabitha understood me immediately, and worked in quiet unison on my own clothes. It was a formal day, so I was in a full suit save for the jacket. As they squatted to untie my shoes, Katie asked behind us, “Um, so... am I supposed to help?”

“No. I have other plans for you.”

“Oh. Should I text my parents and tell them I'm gonna be a bit?”

“So long as you don't tell them why.”

She snickered like I'd said something ridiculous. “Mr. C, whatever you do with students and staff is nobody's business. It's for the best that way.”

Her purse was tucked behind my desk; she retrieved her phone and composed her message while the others finished undressing. My clothes went folded neatly on the desk, careful to avoid crumbs.

I pointed to a spot on the floor near the middle of the room, right near where I began classes on a normal teaching day. “Abbie, right there. On your back.”

“Hell yeah, baby. This is gonna be fuckin’ tits, yo.” She pranced across the room, her own tits bouncing madly, and plopped herself down. Her knees bent, thighs spread.

“Tabitha... sit on her face.”

“Wait, what? Oh this better be one of those things where you’re gonna fuck me while you suck face with the stick girl. Because if you think you’re gonna shut me up just by havmmf smmfmm...”

The rest of it was lost in Tabitha’s cunt. I gestured for her to spin, so she’d be looking away from Abbie’s body rather than across it. Nothing intelligible slipped out during the transition.

“Make her come, fantasy slut.” I raised my voice to be heard through the barrier of the crotch on her face.

Tabitha’s eyes fluttered as Abbie’s tongue got to work. Her chin jerked up involuntarily as she sucked in a sudden breath.

I took my position at the front of the classroom, walking my cock right into Tabitha’s mouth. “Now you, me,” I said simply. “If my cock leaves your mouth before I say so, you fail the course.”

Like that, she was deep throating me. She gripped my ass to hold me inside her mouth. I don’t think I could have bucked her if I tried.

I did not try.

“Have a seat, Katie.”

Katie, who by then had moved from texting to browsing social media, looked up as if stung. “Oh! Yeah, sorry, cool.” She scurried across the room, though rather than sitting opposite me, she sat off to my right, two seats back.

Right. Her assigned seat this past semester.

“Frick, that’s cold. Ya know, people think it’s weird that I wear shorter dresses in winter than I do in summer, and maybe this is weird to say to a teacher, but since we’re all naked and you’re, you know, in Tabitha Hutching’s mouth and all, I dunno. Anyhoo, this is exactly why. When the AC is on the desks get so mother frickin’ cold you don’t even know. But in the winter, I barely go outside, so like, who cares if my dress is short.”

She waited for me to speak, but when I didn’t immediately say anything – Tabitha was managing to engage her tongue and throat at the same time – Katie posed a question. That was almost too familiar of a sound. Her voice had a naturally questioning quality as it was, whether it was seeking agreement (“right?”), feigning confusion to get someone to do something for her, (“is this right...?”), or the real thing (“um, right?”).

“So, like, is this a regular thing for you guys? Abbie was telling me how you’re this amazing lay, and I guess you do have a pretty big dick, at least compared to other ones I’ve seen, which isn’t that many, but still.” She flipped her hair over her shoulder, as if it wasn’t the only modesty she had left to her. Her legs weren’t even crossed.

“Not as regular as it should have been,” I replied after a moment’s consideration. More specifically, I’d been considering the way Abbie’s tits flopped in synch with Tabitha grinding her pussy on her face.

“Oh. Yeah, that makes sense. And just so you know, I’m normally more shy about being naked than this, but you took long enough that I had time to psych myself up. That was why I took off my clothes under my gown, so I’d be, like, pre-naughty? Oh my gawd it’s weird saying the word ‘naughty’ to my English teacher.”

Tabitha’s azure eyes honed in on mine imploringly, pleading silently for my come, promising that she would never leave. A faint moan issued from between her thighs.

“Anyway, I was sort of nervous at first, but I figured since they said you’d already done it with those two, plus Taylor, plus some other girls, I didn’t wanna look like I was inexperienced. But now that everybody else is naked, it’s actually kinda no big deal, which is so weird considering you’re, you know, an adult and all.”

“We’re all adults now, graduate.”

“Actually, since you brought it up, I don’t actually have my diploma yet. Taylor said I was still a student until I had that. If they’re closed once you’re done doing us, can I get mine from you, or do I have to come back another day?”

“I’ll take care of it.”

“Thanks, Mr. Canon! You’re the best.” She bounced happily in her seat, blonde hair and apple breasts swinging side to side. “So, do you want me to help somehow, or...? I dunno what’s left with your thing in her mouth. But you know, my ex-boyfriend liked it when I put a finger in his butt, but then I did that to my new boyfriend and he like *freaked out*. Said it was a ‘gay thing,’ and I’m like, ‘buh...’ We’re doing a joint grad party though and everything’s all set up and paid for, so I figured it’d be weird if I broke up with him before that. Plus I’ll get way less stuff if his family hates me, right?”

I disregarded the questions. Katie, like Taylor, had been in my class both junior and senior year. She knew full well how susceptible I was to being lead away from my objectives. “When were you dosed? At Cassie’s party?” The memory was fuzzy, but I was sure I’d heard Katie’s name from Taylor’s mouth. I felt like it was around that time, but a few weeks ago was years ago in Serenex time.

“What party? You mean Cassie Brown?” She shook her head. “Nah. That party sucked anyway. I got pretty drunk, though. Anyway, no, it was... Thursday? Or Wednesday. What day did you come back last week?”

“Friday.”

“OK, so Thursday, then. I remember because I was really stoked we had a sub for most of the week until I showed up Thursday and suddenly I was like, what was I even thinking, Mr. Canon is an *excellent* teacher, and then you were back the next day and I was really glad.” Then she frowned, which since it was Katie Medina meant the lower lip

automatically thrust out in an adorable pout. “Where were you all week anyway, Mr. C? You never said. Three days is a long time to be out. Did one of your grandparents die or something?”

Even the casual mention of dead grandparents wasn’t enough to dull the heat throbbing out of me into Tabitha’s mouth. How could she breathe like this? Abbie was kneading Tabitha’s ass, and as I watched, she took a page out of Katie’s ex-boyfriend’s playbook. A high-pitched noise squeaked out of her throat, but soon became a low moan of excitement. She humped the younger Stern’s face with a bit more urgency.

“My grandparents are fine, thanks. Now tell me, how did they do it? Ambushed you in the bathroom? Call you down to Barbour’s office?”

She shook her head. “No, it was in Mrs. Hagan’s class.”

“You, um... I mean, did she...”

In the middle of my question, I completely lost my train of thought. Goddamn, Tabitha was too fucking good. That girl deserved her A+.

Except no, that wasn’t it. My teacher’s pet was earning her milkbone, but it was everything else, too. I was here, in my favorite place, doing my favorite thing. Namely, fucking two beautiful, enthusiastic young women in the manner of my choosing.

It was Tabitha. It was Katie. Abbie, too. It was seating charts. Fake blondes. Real blondes. Tattooed brunettes. Panties on a flag. Caps and gowns. Big tits, little tits, huge tits. Leaky pussies and tightly sealed mouths. Gradebooks and extracurricular lessons. The kinks of ex-boyfriends. Rewards for good work. Discipline for misbehavior. A meter stick. Dry erase markers writing and rewriting on a whiteboard. Engaged students. An excellent teacher.

I hated how well Taylor knew me. That this was everything I’d ever truly wanted, the intersection of my two great loves. Thank god the smug bitch wasn’t here to see her little plan succeed.

“Well, I guess they *dosed* me in Mrs. Hagan’s class,” Katie continued as I trailed off. “If you’re talking about the programming stuff, I don’t really remember it, but I guess that was in the gym with everybody else. You know, the big convocation.”

“The *what?*”

The question was reflexive. It required no answer. The full depth of her meaning was perceptible even to the limited brainpower I was devoting to anything but processing nerve endings and admiring the abundance of female flesh surrounding me.

Wednesday, I’d already deduced, they used the faculty meeting to get the teachers. Might have missed a few, but those were contractually mandated, so attendance was always at or near a hundred percent. There, they make the faculty accept with my every act, then set up a covert convocation for the next day. Did they go room to room, spraying unsuspecting students and then herd them in groups to the gym? Or did they simply conscript the faculty and have them tackle it all at once with their own

supplies? It didn't matter. The whole student body, gathered en masse, helpless and unresisting in one giant assembly in the bleachers. Taylor and whomever she selected to assist her going down the rows, a few drops on each tongue, then taking the mic and...

I came. I grabbed Tabitha's hair and smashed her face down, jizzing straight down her throat. The rough treatment was enough to push her over the edge, and when I let go, the final few spurts splattering across Abbie's tits, Tabitha collapsed sideways, thighs locked around her playmate's face, holding her in place until she was good and done.

"She did the whole school."

"Yeah, pretty much," Katie nodded. "So um, were you gonna do me next, or is there a line, or what? Or are you done now?" She telegraphed her disappointment with another simpering Katie-pout.

Tabitha at last released her death grip on Abbie's face. The girl rolled away, gasping, but giggling in the midst of it all. "Ladies and gentlemen, Taylor gives you: the graduating class of 2020!"

I stood over her. A dribble of cum trickled out; Abbie tried to dart over and catch it but it caught her on the nose. She wiped it off on her arm. "Only the seniors?"

"Well, no, that was just a cool line. Can't really hide all that noise if we don't get everybody."

"Everybody."

"Everybody who was in attendance," Tabitha amended, forcing herself back to her knees with a little help from Abbie. Then she coughed and some of my cum splashed down her chin. She grimaced and sucked it back down.

"Classy."

"Shut up, Abbie." She looked back up to me, as calm as if she hadn't just belched up my jizz on herself. "We were missing about thirty-some students who were absent or off-campus, so Officer Barbour called them down in groups to her office and took care of the rest Friday and Monday. We were so worried you'd notice something was going on, but we made sure not to call any of your students during your class. Guess it worked." She hazarded a grin.

"Did everybody know?"

Abbie snorted. "Yeah, like we could tell Cassie or her mom and not have you instantly find out."

"You're doing it with Cassie Brown, too?" Katie giggled, and it was such an adorable noise I couldn't tell if it was mirthful or malicious. "And her *mom*? That's frickin' crazy."

Tabitha explained, "We had Ms. Salata ask her for help with a side project during the, erm, convocation. Not to equate teaching with babysitting, but in this case, she babysat to our satisfaction."

“Why?” I threw my hands in the air. “What in the hell would possess her to turn the entire student body into... into my...”

“Into what? Is there some secret club or something? Of, like, F buddies? Not to get R rated or anything.” She gasped, grin broadening. “Is it like some exclusive thing for the hottest girls? Am I in? I’m in, right? Tell me I’m in. If Cassie Brown is in, I am so in.”

Tabitha and Abbie looked from her, then up to me. “Why? You really gotta ask? This one’s on you, C-dawg,” said Abbie.

“On me?! How in the hell is this on me?!”

“Day one, man. When you put the stuff on her chapstick? She told me what you said to her.”

“I’m pretty goddamn sure I didn’t say, ‘brainwash the whole school!’ I only made her promise to quit copying homework and stop misbehaving in class!”

“Uh, yeah. Exactly,” Abbie said, as if I were being obtuse.

“Exactly what?”

“Sometimes I feel like you don’t know her at all, C-dawg,” Abbie answered, shaking her head. “If she ain’t allowed to break the rules and stick it to the Man, whatcha gonna do but rewrite the rules and make the Man your bitch?”

Tabitha nodded, albeit somewhat guardedly, to second her support. “You did read her essay, right Mr. Canon? I mean, what did you expect her to do? Taylor Stern isn’t going to take that from you lying down.”

“That’s not what I heard,” giggled Abbie. “HEYO!” Katie laughed with her, and even Tabitha let a little grin slip.

She gave me the freedom to do anything I wanted with my students, so she could give it to me without breaking the rules. My god.

“Count your blessings, dude. She almost didn’t tell you we did it. She was *hella* pissed after you dumped her mid-coitus, C-dawg.”

“So what on earth changed her mind? Did repeating the dumping this afternoon toggle the switch or something?”

“Because of what you said. She didn’t tell you?”

“She texted Tabitha that, but I don’t even know what I said. I’ve been her teacher for two years, and her lover for two months. I’ve said a billion things to her!”

“Lover? Awww!” Katie gushed.

“To Stan,” she said. “In the truck the other day.”

“What?” It took me so off-guard I had to fight to remember the conversation. Except... “How did she know what I said? She was in the back end of the truck, zonked out of her mind.”

“Yeah, well... my own dosing may have been *slightly*, ya know, bullshit,” Abbie answered, grimacing. “Look, I’m sorry, OK? You just looked so proud of that stupid

bratwurst trick, and I figured it might get me out from the middle of you two if I played like it worked – which by the way it did – and yeah, so when she was throwing her big goddamn hissy fit all over the house that night once she came to, I told her what you said.”

“Why, what’d you say, Mr. C?” asked Katie, guzzling down the drama with relish.

I was still processing, so Abbie replied for me. “He told her dad she’s not a piece of shit like he thinks she is. Not sure how ol’ Stan’s gonna process it, but he did take her out on a daddy-daughter date that night. Hell of a lot easier to live with her after, that’s for damn sure.”

“So my prize for putting in a good word for her is...” I shook my head.

“Having sex with the one, the *only*, Kaaaaaaaatie Medina!” she announced boisterously, waving her hands in the air, delivering a sound effect for the roaring crowd. “That’s sort of romantic, actually, when you think about it. In a really weird kind of way.”

“I’m... I’m going to...”

I didn’t know. Like a hundred times before, here I was, standing in my classroom, confused and aroused and livid and enchanted by goddamn Taylor Stern.

Abbie finished my sentence this time. “You’re going to enjoy your summer off – scratch that. *We’re* going to enjoy your summer off. Then you two can figure out what you wanna do with it all in the fall.”

“I do not need her input.”

“Well you’re gonna get it,” Abbie countered. “She already re-enrolled for the fall before your fake firing, yo.”

Fake! I *knew* it! “You weren’t even expelled until after that!”

She rolled her eyes. “No duh. But you were gonna flunk her anyway, remember?”

“I’ve never failed a student,” I retorted, my rote response at the ready. I didn’t miss Katie surreptitiously inspecting my cock, which was well on its way to readiness for round two. “Unfortunately, some students do choose to fail my class. And I assure you, Taylor Stern–”

“–deserves to fail,” Abbie finished in perfect unison. She shook her head. “That stuff is a trip, huh? A month and a half of after school work sessions, and it never dawned on you that you hadn’t graded a single one of her assignments, never passed along a shred of makeup work to her other teachers? I tell ya, C-dawg, I expected more out of a fella smart as you. Wouldn’t have had to go through the whole expulsion bullshit if you hadn’t gotten the cops involved. Makes me a little nervous to think of my dear sister and I taking your class in the fall, entrusting our education to a guy whose students are running the table on him.”

“You... you’re...”

“I’m taking speech, too, so brace yourself for double the fun, baby.” She pushed herself up to her feet, but on her way up made sure to take a long lick, then a deliciously wet suck, on my cock. “Tell you what. Why don’t we leave you two alone for a bit, and if you’re still pissed off after Cheerleader McGee here gets through with you, we’ll do a little cheering of our own, huh?”

“Oh, that was clever,” Tabitha granted generously.

“Or hey, if you really wanna pitch a fit, then I guess we’ll see you in August. Every day.” She kissed me on the cheek.

“You’re so lucky,” sighed Tabitha as she let Abbie lead her out of the room.

“Wasted most of the year in here.”

“Is he *that* good, you guys?” Katie called after them.

Abbie ignored her, opening the door to the hallway. “Call me clever, but I can’t wait to see what a cunning linguist you are. My turn, Tabby.”

“Fair enough, but do *not* call me Tabby.” The two sauntered out into the hallway, as naked as if the halls of GHS were the girls field locker room. Which they may as well be now.

Katie adjusted herself in her seat, posture erect, hands folded together cheerily.

“So... what happens now, Mr. C?”

I snatched the blue marker from the tray and uncapped it. “Come to the board. You’ll need this.”