

Teaching Her A Lesson

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 what I was—”

“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 skeevy 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 ingratiating. 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 bootycall. 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."