

Teaching Her A Lesson

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,

cockity 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. Reevis 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 dtf?”

“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 slut, 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."