

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Twenty-Three: Senior Pranks

There is a sense, as a high school teacher, that one never really left high school. Yes, I got paid to attend, did more grading than being graded, didn't have to participate in group showers, and wasn't constantly preoccupied with getting laid. At least not in more ordinary times. (Hmm, come to think of it, I suppose I'd been indulging in group showers a bit, too.)

Even so, many of the trappings still surrounded me. The closely regimented schedule, having to wait to go to the bathroom for hours on end, peer pressure, bullying. Above all, though, there was the drama. Gossip, rumor-mongering, the strange way I always seemed to know what the popular kids were doing. My third year teaching, I'd found out that a student was about to be dumped before it even happened. I'd offered a few words of consolation only to receive a bewildered look. One simply heard things.

Most of the time, it was a burden. I didn't want to know who my students were sleeping with, or crying over, or who'd made up lies about whom, or that Owen Brendle had one testicle. It probably aided in building connections and empathy, but it could make for a real distraction at times.

Suddenly, though, trapped in my home and unable to mire myself in it, I was aching for a little gossip.

It came in dribbles. Isa texted me Wednesday morning to let me know Detective Shipman had come in to interview the girls. He used her office to do it. Cassie was nervous enough that she asked if the resource officer could accompany her, which Isa used to pass along the sorts of questions he was asking. Nothing unexpected. If it was true she'd exposed herself; why; the general nature of her relationship with me. Isa said she handled it well, and her nervous stammers played out more like embarrassment than shame. I asked the difference; she explained that people were embarrassed when they acted stupidly, but ashamed when they knew they'd transgressed.

It sounded subjective as hell to me, but Isa wasn't one to dole out false comfort. Not to me, anyway. Although, she did point out she'd put in that good word for me. Then again, she'd also added that she wasn't sure what it had accomplished. He shared that he hoped to have it wrapped up soon, though what "soon" meant to Shipman was anyone's guess. We didn't know much more than we did before.

Megan stopped in for a while before her evening shift to check in on me. From her, I got an earful about how distraught Cassie was about all this. Poor kid had even told her about the "I love you" incident over the weekend.

"Man, she really doesn't have a filter, does she," I grumbled.

“Not where you’re concerned. It sounds like you handled it well enough, let her down gently. I mean, apart from the ass-fuck, but that was good, too. Brad, when I was feeling low, he always knew the best way to pull me out was to push it in.”

“Like mother, like daughter, it seems,” I replied dryly. “If you can help keep her grounded... I don’t want to hurt her. She’s a great girl, but you know as well as I do that however this ends up, it’s not me and Cassie falling in love and starting a family.”

“No, I imagine not. Don’t think it’d feel right, sucking off my own son-in-law,” she laughed. Evidently it felt fine sucking off her daughter’s booty caller. It sure felt fine to me.

“Just tell her as soon as this all blows over, hers is the first ass I want to fuck.”

“I’ll bet. Girl’s got a butt all right. I mean believe me, I’d offer up mine, but you and I know both I got nothing on that kid of mine.”

“Nonsense. Come on, show me that ass, Meg.” She made a show of her self-consciousness as I spun her around and worked her jeans down.

“Stop! Oh gosh, I don’t even have cute underwear on today.”

“There’s a cure for that,” I countered, and tugged the underwear down, too. (It was indeed drab.) Beneath it was that round, ample Brown ass. Taylor and Abbie, my lovers with the most generously proportioned backsides, would be lucky to keep it that juicy at Megan’s age.

“Want me to get the lube?” she asked.

I shrugged, nodded. Why not? I was stuck here, and if I’d lost my job and was about to lose my freedom, may as well enjoy what I had left while I had it.

A thick glob of the stuff was already filling her palm as she returned to the room, casually kneeling down and massaging it onto my ready member. She glanced up and said, “Maybe best we don’t tell Cassie about this. I know it’s not ‘official’ like the booty call thing, but the poor kid definitely sees herself as your reigning anal queen. Would break her heart to know you’d loved another, especially mine.”

With that, she was standing up and pivoting, pulling her ass cheeks apart as she lowered herself toward me. At the last second, I tugged back, and after a moment of trying to locate the tip of my cock with her asshole, Megan tumbled awkwardly down into my lap. “Whoa! What happened there?”

“I... you’re right. Cassie wouldn’t like it. Tell you what, let’s do it regular today, OK? Just climb on and fuck me, and we’ll call it a day.”

She arched a brow. “You’re sure? You wanna fuck an ass, I’m happy to be the ass you fuck. I’m down for whatever. Besides, I owe you.”

“I know you are, Meg. Just... shut up and fuck me, OK?”

She tapped my nose playfully as she once more reared up to mount me, though this time face to face. “You say the sweetest things, Canon.”

I let Megan do the work. After all, she was the one paying down a debt. She didn't let my distractedness deter her, either, grinding those wide hips of hers with vigor.

Why had I turned her down? It wasn't like I'd made a promise to Cassie to use her ass exclusively. I'd even promised Tabitha that very morning to give her a chance to do a little "holework" (my pun, but I *think* her laugh was sincere...?) on that front. Or back, as it were.

Now though, I felt bad. All I was putting them through, and who knew how much worse it could get... not fucking her mom's ass was literally the least I could do for her.

It got me thinking, though. What else *could* I do for Cassie? For any of them? Assuming I didn't go to jail for this, pretty soon we'd be free to do whatever we wanted. I doubted I'd want to flaunt it, take my sextet of fawning fuck toys to the public pool in string bikinis and show off my bounty, feed the rumor mill. Still, there was no law against fucking *former* students. If I wanted to rent an RV and take the lot of them on a cross-country sexcapade, there was nothing to stop me. (Maybe Abbie's summer school enrollment, considering the likelihood that she'd have courses to make up.)

We'd been through a lot together, they and I, even in such a relatively short span. For all the grief and anxiety they'd put me through, on the whole, it had been the most amazing month of my life to date. The sex, yes, but it was more than that. Relationships like I'd never made before. The thrill of intrigue. The way I'd rethought my career, my life. The surge of self-confidence as I rode roughshod over the hurdles in my way. The surge of self-confidence as I rode a bunch of eighteen-year-old babes. I wouldn't trade it for the world.

Again, assuming I didn't go to prison for it. Then a trade would be looking mighty tempting.

I waved Megan off at the last moment and came all over her face and her tits. She hadn't even taken her shirt off, but I instructed her to leave it there, wear it to work like that. Cassie would approve; she got a big kick out of the power I had over her mom.

"I guess I'll make something up," she said, inspecting the dribbles already seeping into her top. It was royal blue, and fairly conspicuous. I expected it would remain so. "Ah well, my boss thinks I'm a harlot already ever since I got a little drunk at last year's Christmas party and made out with one of the other managers. Didn't sleep with him, though."

"Yeah, I remember you told me that. At least this time he'll be right about thinking you're a slut, if that's any consolation."

"Don't you know the difference between a slut and a bitch? A slut fucks everybody. A bitch fucks everybody but *you*," she said with a chuckle. "Still gonna be a bitch in his book, I guess. C'est la vie. Anything else I can do for you before I skedaddle?"

No, I thought. That certainly ought to be my answer. I shouldn't even hesitate. The more I fraternized, the greater the risk. Just because they were hot, young, desperately eager sex slaves didn't mean I had to—

“Send Cassie over tonight. Late. Sneak in the back. I still need some ass.” And the words crept out before my resistance could finish its thought process.

That, of all things, brought a smile to the face of the ass's mother. “Atta boy. You two keep it quiet though, right? Can't have you landing yourself in a worse situation than you're already in, man.”

“We'll be quiet.”

I had a few hours then to wonder what the fuck I was thinking. Wasn't this dogged think-with-your-dick lustfulness exactly what had landed me in such hot water to begin with? (That and my idiot friend Jay, but I'd chew his stupid ass out once I knew exactly how thoroughly it was deserved.)

Still, like Isa had said, they weren't going to be surveilling me. Even if they were driving by the place, they weren't going to see Cassie creeping through the yard. Fuck it. I had a beautiful, sweet-hearted young woman who wanted to fuck me, and I wasn't going to waste what might be my final days of freedom not doing just that.

*I thought you should know how wet you're making my pussy right now, Mr. Canon.*

The attached pictures were discernible as a pair of starkly contrasted upskirt photos of a bare pussy. One was somewhat blurry and so dark I never would have identified it for what it was without that caption. The other was much crisper, the skirt spread wide and the pussy much more recognizable.

*Are you texting me beaver shots in the middle of my class, Tabitha???* I snapped.

*Yes and no. One was taken in the bathroom, after the one I tried to sneak during class turned out so poorly. But I wanted you to know I tried.*

*Maybe try paying attention to the lesson?* I didn't know what the lesson even entailed, but Amy had access to my lesson plans and final exam, so she'd no doubt be making sure things got done. They *should* be finishing *Catcher* today in senior English, then distributing the final exam study guides for next week. I hated not knowing.

*Your sub is awful. He doesn't know any of the material. He spent the first ten minutes of class trying to figure out how to work the projector because he wouldn't let me show him how.*

That didn't bode well. *Mr. Latmer?*

*No, Mr. Ashmore. Can I come over tonight?*

*Sorry, hon. Already made plans.*

*Plans? With one of us, or with persons uninvolved?*

I rolled my eyes. *Not that it's your business, but I'm having Cassie over.*

*May I ask to what ends, sir?* That was Tabitha, all right. Adding the sir to feed my ego, knowing I'd know she was trying to get something from me in exchange, and counting on me to recognize what and respect the effort.

*Booty call. Literally. Why be coy, after all.*

*Perfect! I'll work things out with her.*

*Unless you know of a way to fuck two butts at the same time, I think she has this covered, Tabitha. Wait your turn.*

There was no reply.

Oh well. The nice thing about Tabitha disobeying me was how satisfying she was to correct. Just so long as I didn't let her get into a pattern in which she blew me off just only to buy her way out of the penalty box by offering up her heinie for disciplinary action. I had enough issues with women who felt entitled to walk all over me without adding a second one into the mix. I hadn't been able to handle one Abbie, much less two.

The next gossip dribble came an hour later when Candy texted me within minutes of the school day's conclusion. Unlike the girls she used my regular number, considering she was a colleague and, as far as any nosy police were concerned, a friend. *Horen's holding an emergency meeting after school today. I think she's going to announce your firing.*

I sighed. The woman couldn't legally discuss the reason behind my firing, at least not until – if – it became an issue of criminality. Still, I supposed it was to be expected that people would be curious about my absence. All it would take is someone asking Amy over lunch if she knew anything about why I'd been out the past couple days, and I could believe the look on her face as she murmured the party line would only raise more questions.

*Are people talking?*

*I'm a bad one to ask. Been busy the past couple days. You know how it is.*

True. My "free time" the past couple days had been absorbed fighting to get caught up on grading from several weeks of assignments. It did help keep my mind off of things, and if I did get to go back, it would be sorely necessary. My first year teaching, my great uncle's funeral had taken me away from my workload for the final weekend of the spring semester, and I'd been so backed up that I pulled back to back all-nighters during finals week to get finished.

*Do some damage control for me, all right? If things start coming out, anything you can do to cast doubt could help.*

*I'll try? Not sure who cares what I say, but if that's the plan I'll do my best.*

*Atta girl. Keep me posted, and tell Isa that master said she's a weak easy slut.*

*lol I can't wait to see the look on her face!*

A meeting, eh. That one was hard. I was no expert on what could and couldn't be shared by Principal Horen. Employment law wasn't covered in teacher school. Still, I doubted that whatever confidentiality I might enjoy extended to issues of student discipline, so the rest didn't really matter. The trip from "by the way, apropos of nothing, we found four girls exposing themselves in H121 Monday afternoon" to "oh isn't that Mr. Canon's room? Say, where's he been the past two days?" could be measured with a slide rule. From there, I'd be an object of suspicion in perpetuity.

Maybe Megan had been right, resigning was the way to go. Spare the girls any more discomfort for lying to me, avoid a potentially hostile work environment. There was no need to decide until I knew I wasn't being arrested, though, so we'd cross that bridge when we came to it.

Tonight was the last girls track meet of the season, so it would be hours yet before Cassie (and probably Tabitha) would arrive. Focusing enough to grade papers was beyond me right then; all I could think of was the look on sweet old Mrs. Sponheimer's face at the suggestion that I'd defiled her students. The covert bro nod I'd get from Coach Mosshammer (or if not him specifically, some other pig just like him) for bagging teen babes. It was a lot to process.

For a minute, I even considered spraying my arm with the last of my Serenex, just so I wouldn't have to worry about it any more. It would just be another thing I would tolerate henceforth. But that was a pussy move, and I am not a pussy.

Then I heard something smack into my front window.

It's a startling thing, to suddenly find one's sanctum is being violated. As I ran to the front window and threw open the curtains, there it was, a yellow blob oozing down the pane. No sooner did I recognize the nature of the attack than did a second egg pelt the space right next to it, startling me so much that I stumbled back and actually fell down. A series of mad cackles issued from outside as the rate of *splat* intensified. Some were still colliding with the front windows, but others sounded to be cracking against the siding.

I was back on my feet in a rush, sprinting outside. Already in the midst of retreating were three familiar backsides, thicc, curvy and scrawny respectively. Dropping her carton of eggs behind her, Abbie cackled all the way back to their waiting ride. Taylor threw herself behind the wheel, and Justin simply dove in the open rear window as the accelerator roared into action. The junky old car might have moved faster if they'd given it a push start. Still, it was fast enough that they were halfway down the block before I rushed out barefoot to the curb. Justin's hand extended out the window to flip me off as the car rounded the corner.

"Son of a bitch!" I exclaimed to no one in particular. I looked back to my house, They'd gotten it pretty good – probably unloaded a carton apiece. Runny yolks and gooey whites liberally decorated the front of my house. Little assholes even hit my air conditioner – need to clean that out thoroughly or not even Serenex would compel girls back into my house. Not that it seemed to be working especially well on those two girls anyway.

*What the fuck as the matter with those two?* I thought as I unspooled the hose and started the process of rinsing the house clean. Could they really be pissed about taking the fall for what had happened Monday? They were the ones who couldn't keep their pants on! The audacity! A car honked at me as it drove by at a suitable pace for rubbernecking; the tinted windows protected their identity, but the GHS football bumper sticker gave me a reasonable guess about the basic nature of whoever was amusing themselves with my plight. They weren't the last, others joining in mocking me as I fetched a bucket and wiped down the windows with what was briefly warm soapy water. The brisk afternoon soon robbed it of its heat, leaving me damp and shivering. Here and there bits of eggshell clung to the side of my house, grudgingly trickling down as I scrubbed at them.

This would have been a fine task for Megan if it could have waited until tonight.

After spending the better part of an hour spritzing the place down, shivering like mad as the spray gradually soaked my clothes altogether, I at last accepted that I'd done the best I could. My house had gotten egged once in high school and I'd done a half-assed job cleaning it up; the place had stunk to high heaven within twenty-four hours. Hopefully I'd gotten it well enough. Cursing Justin and the Sterns all the while, I

put the hose and bucket away. As I took one last inspection, I realized one of them had left their mostly empty carton by the sidewalk, apparently having dropped it in their haste. I retrieved it and, realizing there was still a little heft to it, and took a peek inside.

There were two eggs in there. More pressingly, words were scribbled on the lid of the interior in black marker.

*PS sorry bout the eggs dawg!* it read in what I recognized as Taylor's handwriting. A doodle of a sad dog was sketched alongside it on the right, and on the left, a penis, big hairy balls and all. Wow. Just... wow.

Before I could wonder long about the notation of a postscript, I saw one of the eggs had something written on it in crayon also. *can I please please please please please come over 2nite?* I couldn't tell if this was also Taylor, or Abbie. God, don't let it be Justin. The second egg read, *I'm SO FUCKING HORNY!!!* Damn it to hell, all that to get a message to me?! I could slap those girls, but that would only piss them off and make them even worse.

Fuck buddies like mine, who needed fuck enemies?

After giving the place a quick once over and a run to the grocery store for some necessary supplies, I lay down for a nap. This should be a fruitful night.

“I hope it’s OK I brought a friend, Mr. Canon. Tabitha and I randomly bumped into each other in the lot after the game, and we started talking – not where anybody could hear us! don’t worry, we’re not totally stupid. At first it was about the whole booty call thing, but then we kept talking and I realized we actually have a lot in common. You, obviously, and the whole Serenex mind control conspiracy thing, but also, we’re the same class in school, same gender, we both like *Jane the Virgin*, both Pisces... It’s wild, when you think about it. Anyway we started talking about you, and about things, and I sorta let it drop that you were making an exception and letting me come over tonight for some sproinky doinky, and she didn’t say it but I could tell she was sorta jealous, and I figured it wasn’t really fair that only me should get to break the rule, and it wouldn’t be any more conspicuous with two of us coming over than one, and she had this smart idea to wear all these black clothes – don’t worry, I’ll take them off in a sec – and I know how you like to be teamed up on and she’s so pretty that I wouldn’t think you’d mind. Is that all right?”

Tabitha, meanwhile, smiled beatifically beneath her black hoodie, too angelic by far. “Yeah, Mr. Canon. Is it all right? I don’t want to be in the way.”

“Come on in, you two.” I waved them in from the garage, and the girls practically bounced in the door.

“So is it really true that Tabitha gets graded on her performance?” Tabitha asked as she kicked off her shoes. “Not in class, but I mean, sex performance. Like the way you can rate a video how many stars for how hot you thought it was?”

“She requested feedback, so I figured since we already have the teacher/student aspect of our relationship, it was a simple method of providing it to her.” I was quietly pleased that, as the two removed the black garb they’d worn over, there were clothes beneath them. Their nudity was certainly a sight, but there was something to be said for the intermediate stages, too. Tabitha wore a sleeveless cream colored blouse, the outline of her bra easily discernible beneath it. As she shed her hoodie, I was surprised to see a navy blue skirt flop down from beneath it, handily replacing the modesty forfeited by her subsequently discarded leggings. Cassie was in a thin pink tank top that fit her tightly enough that I could easily see she’d skimped on the bra along with a pair of bright purple shorts. Probably what she’d worn home from the track meet.

“So did we win tonight? Oh, and can I borrow your phone real quick?”

Cassie nodded, handing it over unquestioningly, and as I typed a short text message, I was treated to an event-by-event run-down of the entire meet. Who won, who should have won, a story about the bus from Canton breaking down that never seemed to get resolved. Tabitha didn’t hide the fact that she was reading over my shoulder. “Two isn’t enough for you, eh, Mr. Canon?” she murmured beneath the din of Cassie’s on-going description of how ugly the new uniforms from Franklin were.

I hit send. *I'm busy for a little while yet. 10:00 sharp. Don't be early. Don't be late.* It was only half past eight now; should give us plenty of time. "Two at a time is plenty," I answered casually, then returned my attention to whatever Cassie was yammering on about.

I lead them to the bedroom, patiently waiting for a breath in which to interject. "So you did well?"

"Not a personal best, but I came in third, and the top time was from this girl who's all-state so there was no way I was gonna beat her anyway, plus I had almost three seconds on fourth place. I think it was 2.88, but I could be misremembering. It was close to that, at least. Anyway not to change the subject, but are you going to grade me from now on, too? That seems like a lot of pressure, but I guess pleasuring you is a lot of fun so maybe I need to be held to a higher standard to grow, huh. I'll never be the ultimate butt slut if I don't keep pushing myself."

I couldn't help but smile at that. I tilted her chin up to look me in the eyes, and bent to meet her forehead to forehead. "You're fine just the way you are, Cassie. And if you're worried about growth, don't. You've come a long way already, and I can't see you slowing down any time soon."

The compliment brought exactly the smile I'd hoped it would, pleased and shy and sweet and very Cassie. Tabitha even ran with it. "He was telling me the other day about what an amazing job you did with the... you know. The, um, anal, I guess you call it." The uncertainty in her voice, a quality she'd already unlearned in our short time together, but she managed it for Cassie's sake. "Do you think you could show me? If that's all right with you, that is, Mr. Canon."

"Oh yeah, could we? That was the best sex *ever*, for sure. I never would have thought I'd be some kind of butt slut anal whore, but Mr. Canon's been teaching me so much about sex and sexuality. What's your favorite thing to do with him?"

I looked to Tabitha curiously. She blushed – an impressive deception, if it was that – and took a moment before mumbling, "Um, he sort of gave me a... spanking fetish?"

"Oh my gosh, hashtag spanking, hashtag schoolgirl, hashtag petite – you guys are like a walking fetish video. That's so cool!"

"How is spanking any different from the anal sex thing? Aren't we both walking fetishes?"

"There's tons of barely legal teens getting their asses fucked out there. Trust me. Spanking's not rare, but it's more rare. I dunno. Maybe you're right. I guess we'd all make pretty hot porn, if we made a porno. Oh gosh, maybe if you don't go to jail, we could make a porno! Wouldn't that be so hot? Then you wouldn't even need to teach any more, I bet. We could make major bank, four girls as hot as us – not to be braggy, but I

mean, I'm not blind or anything – and a guy with a big dick like yours, Mr. Canon. Do you–”

“I'm not going to do porn, and neither should you all. I'm a teacher. We're going to beat this, and I'm going to keep on teaching.”

Cassie's enthusiastic grin was washed away by a chastened frown. “Right. Sorry. I know that. I just got carried away. And, um, is that official? Or are you just being hopeful?”

“Nothing official yet. We don't know how long this investigation will go on. Could be Shipman – the detective – is satisfied with our story and closed it on his way out of the office today. Could be it'll go on for weeks as he branches out and tries more angles. Hard to say. But nobody who knows anything is going to talk, and everybody close to it has the same narrative. We stick to it, we'll be fine. Trust me.”

“Yeah? You promise? Because... I don't know what I would do if they took you away.”

As Cassie sniffled, Tabitha nodded earnestly. “Yeah, Mr. Canon. You can't leave us, not when we're just at the start of something good.”

Man. These two, compared to the two bitches who'd egged my house as a pretense to invite themselves over for sex... why did I even split my attention?

I drew the two in for a hug. They squeezed back, Cassie especially, clinging to me like a leaf on a tree in a gale. “I promise. We may have to forego some contact until things settle down, but for tonight... I got plans for you.”

Like that, my hands slid down their backs to their asses. “Ooooh, Mr. Canon...” Tabitha cooed. Cassie merely made a sort of purring noise that somehow ranged up to a brief squeal of enthusiasm as she ground her bottom into my palm.

“Let me see what I'm working with here,” I said after a moment's delay to enjoy my prizes.

Tabitha reacted first, taking the initiative on interpreting my broad mandate by turning to the bed and bending herself over the top of it. Her skirt was, for once, not overtly scandalous, still giving her adequate cover even in that position. Inviting, flirty, but she wasn't just flashing her ass at me. Cassie followed suit, though her track shorts were practically made for displays like the one she now gave me, the cleft at the underside of her buttocks peeking out the bottom, her round shape stretching the fabric nearly to its limits.

First, I took a gander under the skirt. To my relief, there didn't look to be any bruising from the day before. Not that I was worried about her – Tabitha had pleaded for more, for harder – but it would save me having to explain to Cassie that I'd already been making exceptions to Isa's quarantine mandate. (More of a proposal, really.)

Before I could make a study of the cute pink panties covered in red hearts that distinguished this present sight from the pictures she'd sent when she was evading my

substitute, however, Cassie evidently decided she was due a little extra attention herself. I hadn't even noticed her getting her phone out, much less touching any buttons, but suddenly there was a beat.

And in the next moment, she started to twerk.

I didn't recognize the song, but that was no surprise. My taste ran more to the classics, and frankly, was useless for this kind of thing. The track featured a heavy slow beat, hard on or near the 1, 3 and 4. With each thump, her ass rocked upwards, cheeks thumping together and undulating until the next. Tabitha craned her neck back to watch, eyeing her playmate with surprise and bemusement.

Next, a man's nasal voice started rapping in time to the beat, and the song really started. Then the dance really started.

My first year teaching, I had volunteered (been volunteered, really) for the dance committee. It had turned out not to be my scene, trying to socialize with the other chaperones, most of whom I barely knew over the din of the music. Worse, at the time I'd been too new to have the students flocking to me to say hi like they did my more senior peers. A bit like Roddy at our middle school sock hop, I'd been relegated to standing off to the side and watching other people have fun. I felt more like a bouncer than a teacher. That year's homecoming had, however, been my first exposure to the art of the twerk.

The girl had been wearing a bright red dress, brief and tight (at least across her hips). I don't even know her name, can't even picture her face, though I remember her butt clearly. A clearing formed around her as she bent over, hands on her knees for support, and shook her booty for a cheering crowd. The girl should have charged admission; it would have paid for the dress and then some. It had broken my heart to break the circle and remind her that children were present. (To say nothing of adults who, at the time, were zealous in their commitment to not lusting after student bodies in the student body.)

There were no children present now, nor any adults who harbored such quaint reservations. And that anonymous girl in the red dress had nothing on Cassie.

Her technique required she lift herself off the bed, but Horen wasn't paying me to break it up this time. I let the girl do what she liked. And what she liked was a display of swaying hips and gyrating ass. She actually had impressive rhythm; the practice she'd put into it was evident. Tabitha rolled over and folded her knees under her, laughing and clapping with delight at her new friend's display. It wasn't long before the shorts had crept as far up her ass as they could. She plucked them out – a sight I didn't expect to turn me on quite as much as it did – but they rode right back up there before the next refrain.

Fuck, the girl had a visible thigh gaps with her shorts on. It wasn't a thong, quite. Until it was, the jogging attire deftly jerked down and kicked away into the corner

without skipping a beat. A thin red ribbon split her cheeks, as if in homage to that other nameless girl's slinky homecoming dress. Her ass cheeks bounced and bobbed in near, but not quite, unison as she worked her hips like a pro.

"How long did it take to learn to do that, Cassie? That's amazing!" pressed Tabitha. I could see those notes being formed in her head, the designs she was prepping on teaching herself to dance like a slut.

"Couple weeks now? Sorry, can't talk," Cassie answered breathlessly, hands folded behind her head so she could thrust her tits out in front of her as she shook her ass behind her. At the time, I was too mesmerized to realize we'd actually discovered a fix for her chattiness.

"A couple weeks? Dang, gurl, that's incredible! Do you think you could teach me? I know I don't have a badonkadonk like that, but..."

Cassie's tank top joined the shorts in a wad on my bedroom floor, but the ass was doing so much of the work that I barely noticed the sight of those cute round tits of hers. "Not a badonk," she corrected. "Barely a booty. But yeah. We can... yeah." The talking was obviously a distraction. The song hit its refrain – the words never even reached my ears – and Cassie launched into the more polished set of maneuvers. There really was more to it than just shaking her butt. Precise movements all throughout, up and down, around and around, her athletic but generous butt never stopping, never ceasing.

Poetry scribed with a jiggling ass.

I didn't even remember taking my pants off, but I did notice Tabitha seizing my manhood in her mouth. There was no need for the stimulation, really; Cassie had me ready for anything. Nonetheless I figured I could let the girl feel useful. If I'd had Taylor herself along with her two identical triplets in front of me, naked and groveling for my cock, I'm not sure I could have seen or heard them through the haze of lust Cassie was flooding my senses with.

As the song ended and a similar-sounding one began, I moved on her, leaving Tabitha gasping open-mouthed in my wake. Cassie smiled at me over her shoulder as I came up behind her, grinding her butt against my shaft. I let that go on for a while, until suddenly, without even using her hands, some arcane move of muscles I didn't know existed threw her cheeks apart, after which they clapped together around my cock, burying me in a valley of teenage butt. How in the hell...?!

But then she was moving again, dancing, and it was like I was fucking her ass, only the cheeks instead of the hole. It was incredible, and I owed credit to Tabitha's saliva for helping lubricate for us. I held her against me with her tits, sighing ecstatically as she supplied the pleasure with her squirming, quaking buttocks.

"What's our hashtag, Cassie?"

"Hashtag I love fucking my hot next door neighbor," she purred, breathing hard. "Hashtag do anything you want to me. Hashtag *please*, Mr. Canon..."

I threw her young body onto the bed so hard it bounced twice before she settled face first. My own followed right behind, pinning her legs together between mine as I straddled her. I manually parted her cheeks, slipping my cock between them. Was there a word for whatever this was? I didn't even know. Like a titfuck, but with ass cheeks instead of tits. Fuck the terminology. But her ass was at the center of my libidinous inferno, and I was going to do it.

Unfortunately, physics was not on our side. My dick was simply too hard to want to lie that flat. I could lean down on my hands, but then I couldn't see what I was doing, and I couldn't seem to make myself look away from those glorious hunks of womanhood. She giggled at my struggles to keep it in place, probably figuring I'd give up and just pick a hole soon enough.

I would have, if not for Tabitha.

"Can I help, Mr. Canon?" she asked innocently.

I didn't respond. She already seemed to know what my answer would be, and already had a plan. She laid herself down and took control of Cassie's ass, letting me between her cheeks with only a thin sliver of my shaft exposed. It would be two or three thrusts before I popped back out – until Tabitha lowered her mouth over Cassie's butt, opened wide, and held me there with nothing but her tongue and her commitment to gaining my approval.

Whatever this was, this little ass and tongue sandwich, it was a whole new world. I didn't know where the physical pleasure ended and the psychological began. Just knowing that I had my hot redheaded neighbor lying still and letting me use her incredible ass as a source of friction while my beautiful, suck-up honor roll genius lapped away at my cock to keep me gliding as smoothly as she could. If there was a heaven, surely it would encompass the experience of the mild tickle of Tabitha licking up and down Cassie's cute round ass in a frantic quest to keep me in tip-top shape for fucking.

Tabitha's eyes squeezed shut in apparent pride when I impaled my cock in her sideways-oriented mouth and let rip. I didn't know I had that much cum in me, so much that it caught her by surprise and some dribbled out the corner of her mouth and down her cheek before she could gulp it down.

"That. Was SO. HOT," declared Cassie, rearing up to her knees above me as I flopped down onto the bed. "I can't believe you just humped my butt like that! That was so hot. It felt weirdly good. I think I could have come from that if you kept going long enough. And when you threw me down like that—"

Suddenly another girl's mouth was on hers, and I could see Tabitha was sharing her bounty with the girl. The two kissed for some time, looming over me on either side, Cassie perhaps subconsciously unbuttoning her partner's blouse and slipping it off her slender shoulders.

“I like that bra. I have one just like it,” she commented as Tabitha unclasped it and shrugged it off. It landed on my face, neither girl seeming to notice.

“Yeah, except two cup sizes bigger,” Tabitha retorted. “And there’s a little more on my cheek, if you want.”

Cassie grinned, leaning in and giving a slow lick along the trail of slime on Tabitha’s face. “You know, after that, you may officially be a brown-noser.”

Tabitha laughed. “Oh my gawd, gross! You took a shower after the meet, right?”

“Of course I did. You think I’d come over to pleasure Mr. Canon if I didn’t have a clean ass?”

“Well we just might have to get you dirty again, if you’re not careful.”

The two girls resumed making out. With one kneeling on either side of me, they gingerly explored one another’s breasts, their slender arms weaving between one another’s like a lesbian pretzel. I helped myself to two handfuls of ass. Tabitha’s panties took some work to get down, but then I slid two fingers gently inside of each girl. Their moaning intensified as we each progressed.

I enjoyed the show for a good while, the music pulsing from Cassie’s phone serving as a sensual backdrop. Tabitha’s tits looked even smaller from underneath, but I didn’t mind having a less obstructed view of their activities. Fuck, they looked hot. I wasn’t sure Abbie and Taylor had looked that good when I’d taken them on my desk.

How long before they showed up? We should still have plenty of time. God, those bitches! God, those tits!

Though the thought of that afternoon, tit-fucking Abbie while Taylor did much as Tabitha had for Cassie, made me mindful of the time I’d found my dick in the mouth of a certain young man. Accordingly, lest I allow further resentment to foment, I took the opportunity to speak up.

“You know, you two don’t have to do this just for me,” I interjected softly.

After a moment, they paused, the two looking down at me with heavy-lidded eyes. “You disapprove?” asked Tabitha.

“Yeah, are we not pleasing you?”

“No no,” I hastily reassured them. “Consider me pleased. I approve wholeheartedly.”

“It’s so fun pleasuring Mr. Canon. It feels amazing,” sighed Cassie.

“I’ll do anything to gain Mr. Canon’s approval,” echoed Tabitha.

The two girls sighed rapturously as their lips met once again. Two pussies spasmed in near-unison around my fingertips. A few moments later, Cassie climbed over me, tackling Tabitha to the bed and pinning her there with her naked body. As I fucked first one, then the other, they never let up for a second.

Only once, as I was coming in Cassie, did I catch that gleam in Tabitha’s eye, promising that all had gone as she had planned.

“A plus,” I mouthed behind Cassie’s quivering back.

As 10:00 neared, we'd adjourned back to the living room. They had gotten dressed again, even donning their stealth-friendly attire. "You're sure we can't call them off?" Cassie grouched. "We were having so much fun, weren't we?"

"Yeah we were." Tabitha pouted.

"We were. And we will again. But right now, I owe Abbie and Taylor a little something."

"If you say so. This doesn't feel super nice."

Tabitha patted the girl's arm consolingly. "It's not, but he's right. We'll get another shot. Actually, do you mind if I come over to your place after we leave and you can show me some of those moves? That looked so sexy. I don't think I have the butt to do it like you do, but Mr. Canon had me over here servicing him over the weekend while I should have been doing my leg day, so it's at least a good workout."

"That'd be fun! I'm not supposed to have friends over this late on a school night, but if Mr. Canon tells my mom it's OK, she'll let us. We just have to make sure we don't wake up my little brother."

"You have a basement, right? I think I remember seeing a basement door at your party, a little before those stupid bitches turned me into Mr. Canon's fuck toy. We could just go down there, right?"

"No, my mom's a super packrat. She's not a hoarder or anything, but there's basically no room down there to—"

"Shhh." I held up a hand as I made my way to the front windows. Sure enough, there were headlights moving up Megan's driveway, the muffled drone of that rattletrap engine of theirs. "They're here."

"Already?"

I nodded. "Stay here."

I stepped outside, shivering almost instantly. It was supposed to rain overnight, and the temperature was already dropping. I watched as Abbie and Taylor hopped out of their car. No Justin this time, thank god. Both were dressed in dark colors like their peers, though less ninja-esque. They looked surprised to see me meeting them out on the lawn, but not displeased.

"Sup, brah," said Abbie, grinning. "Missed ya at school."

"Ms. Stern," I answered tersely, then to Taylor, "Ms. Stern."

"Why so stern?" quipped Taylor, crossing the yard toward me.

I didn't smile. "I think you know. Egging my house? What the hell were you thinking? Do you have any concept of how much trouble I could be in because of you two? Do you have *any* remorse for your actions?" I glanced around. I was pretty sure we weren't being observed, but it was hard to be sure.

“I mean, it was pretty uncool having Whorin’ Horen see my snatch,” Taylor replied, frowning at the cold reception. “So I guess I’m at least a *little* remorseful. You know, you could always—”

Before she could say anything else, the lawn was flooded with red and blue lights as the squad car pulled up to the curb. Their timing was impeccable, just in time to catch the three of us engaged in dialogue. The Sterns’ eyes widened in dawning horror, caught standing in the front yard of the very teacher with whom they stood accusing of having illicit relations. I could see Abbie tensing to bolt, but there was no point. Their car was in Megan’s driveway, blocked in by the police. Even if they ran, they were caught nonetheless.

“Hold it right there,” said one of the two officers, her flashlight shining back and forth between the three of us.

“You wanna get that light the hell out my face?” snarled Abbie. Taylor looked no less displeased, but had the sense not to smart off to the police, at least. Not yet.

The other officer walked right up to them, a broad-chested man who towered over the girls. Me too, really, though he wasn’t looming at me. “You mind telling us what you’re doing here tonight?” he asked.

Though the question was directed at them, I supplied the answer hastily. “They’re here to egg my goddamn house is what they’re doing here!”

“Sir, please, keep your voice down. Is there any truth to that, ladies?”

“No! No, we were just here to visit, um, Cassie. Brown. She’s a friend of ours. That’s it.”

“Is that her house?” The female officer gestured.

“Yeah. Just knock on the door. She’ll tell you,” insisted Abbie. “She invited us over.”

“Don’t bother,” I interjected. “She’s over at my house.”

“*WHAT?!*” hissed Taylor. “Are you fucking nuts, C-dawg?”

“She and Tabitha Hutchings both,” I added. “I can get them, if you like. They can help shed some light on all this.”

The two officers shared a look, and after a moment the woman came with me. I led her inside, where two nervous-looking young women were standing by the front window, where they’d been watching the scene unfold.

“Are you Cassie Brown?” the officer asked.

“I’m Tabitha. Tabitha Hutchings? My father is—”

“I don’t care who your daddy is, miss. So you’re Cassie Brown, then?”

Cassie nodded. “Y-yeah. Are... are we in trouble?”

I shook my head. “If I may? I told this to the dispatcher already. The short version is, these two have been repeat victims of bullying by those two young women outside. Tonight, they were being pressured to help egg my house. Since Cassie lives

next door, that was their, well, I guess you could call it a staging ground? I'm a teacher at their school, and we've been through some... drama of late. These two felt bad enough about it that they kindly came over early to confess and apologize. That's when I placed the call."

"You called the police?" Cassie asked incredulously.

I shrugged. "I didn't want you two to panic, so I made the call from the bathroom." True. "I'm sorry. Just with everything that's going on, I couldn't risk any further... Just... Look, I'm sorry."

The officer looked between the two of them. "That so?"

They looked to me, obviously confused, but I hoped that it played out more that they were shocked and afraid to be confronted by the police. Which I had counted on. Tabitha could act, but Cassie's emotional reactions had all the subtlety of a thunderstorm. One by one, they nodded. Tabitha ad libbed a few details as needed; Cassie simply stood by and let us handle it. My girls.

"They brought over the eggs, too. I don't know if you guys bother collecting evidence for small stuff like this or anything, but... here, hang on." I excused myself to the kitchen, returning quickly with two cartons of eggs. They were both full, but one was actually refilled, Taylor's message still scrawled across the top of the lid. I flipped it up and showed it to her.

*PS sorry bout the eggs dawg!*

"That's fine, sir, but we really don't need to go to that length for a prevented incident," the officer stated, but I was already pressing my case.

"*Don't you fucking touch me!*" came a shriek from outside. I gritted my teeth, but it wasn't my place – my character's place – to intervene.

"I didn't figure, officer, but you see, there's another incident on-going that involves, well, all of us." And with that, I launched into a short summary of the case Shipman was investigating, framing it as a spurned girl with a checkered past and her sister, bitter about the after-school help she was forced to accept, preying on two weaker girls to antagonize their strict teacher. It was interspersed by periodic shouts and accusations from the Sterns outside.

"You said Shipman is the primary on the investigation?"

"I think so? I don't know police lingo, but he's the one I spoke to at the station yesterday."

"We're weren't gonna fuckin' egg shit! You see any mother fuckin' eggs, asshole?!" demanded Taylor.

The officer in my living room nodded. "I'll make sure he sees this." The woman shook her head as I handed over the carton, eggs and all. "Damn kids."

"Thanks, officer. It's not the first time some kid has thought to have a little fun at my expense, and normally I'd handle it myself. With all that's going on, though..."

“No, you were right to call. Ladies, you did the right thing, coming forward. Now why don’t you head on home. It’s still a school night.”

“Do you think Mr. Canon can go back to work now?” asked Tabitha quickly. “It seems really unfair that one of my best teachers is being treated like this because of *those two*. They’re the worst girls in the whole school.” She glared daggers at where Abbie and Taylor were still squaring off with the other officer on the front lawn.

“I don’t have any say in that, miss. Go on, now.”

The two didn’t protest further. I answered a couple questions as she jotted down information for her report. Outside, Abbie and Taylor were being led into the back of the squad car. Shit. I’d hoped it wouldn’t come to that, but I suppose it wasn’t surprising that Taylor and Abbie would escalate a confrontation with an authority figure. *Whatever you do, don’t try taking her chapstick*, I thought wryly.

Nothing I could do for them now, though. I could hear their streams of obscenities from inside. Attempted egging usually wasn’t an arrestable offense, but there was only so much flak one could throw at a police officer before they got bored of it and decided to ruin your evening.

(Most police officers, anyway. I knew one who couldn’t get enough of my abuse.)

As the police officers drove away, I could see Taylor pounding on the window, screaming something in the direction of my house. Delivered in the trunk of her own car, removed in the back of a squad car. My goddess.

The two were taken downtown, though ultimately not charged with anything – not for the near egging, anyway. Lectured, parents notified, but otherwise released with a fairly generous warning. Good. It was as bad as I wanted anything to get for them. They'd egged my house, after all; I'd seen an opportunity to give the investigation a nudge, and seized it.

Shipman called me into his office the next morning to discuss the incident, and I told him what I'd told the other officer.

"That's her handwriting, all right," I said, returning the egg carton he'd shown me. "And only a handful of students call me 'C-dawg.' Not sure who started it."

"Oh, they confessed all right. Claimed they'd already egged your place earlier in the evening, but... so many lies, and the egg nonsense is way down the list of my concerns anyway."

"Are they going to get in trouble?" I asked.

He folded his arms across his chest. "Would that be a problem for you?"

It was a good question. There was a lot to unpack behind it. Abbie and Taylor had done more to create this whole mess than anyone. So much of what had gone wrong could be laid at their feet. For crying out loud, Abbie had literally enslaved several of her classmates, and that she hadn't kept them for herself was the only mitigating factor. Without them, Cassie, Tabitha, Isa, Candy and Justin wouldn't be involved in any of this.

But also without them, *Cassie, Tabitha, Isa and Candy wouldn't be involved*. And they had come through for me on occasion to help me clean up my own sloppy mistakes. Plus, they were eighteen. Nineteen, next week, for Taylor. As badly as they were screwing up high school, they'd have their hands full in the real world as it was without having to deal with legal troubles and whatever fines their shenanigans might have incurred.

Even in character as the aggrieved teacher whose efforts to help had blown up in his face, I could show empathy. It was that impulse I seized upon when I at last responded.

"They're just kids," I answered. "What they did was stupid, and mean, and wrong on so many levels. But they're just kids."

"Not in the eyes of the law, they're not, unfortunately."

Something in his eyes... no. "I guess not. But if I have any say in the matter, I don't want to press charges, if there's charges to be pressed."

He studied me for a moment, then gave a curt nod. "I'll keep that in mind."

I waited for him to say more, but that was all he said. "Is that it? Anything else I can do to help?"

Shipman stroked the point of his thin beard for a moment, then sighed and planted his forearms on the table. "So you know, I've concluded the investigation. I'll

notify your principal shortly once I finish up the paperwork; you'll have to follow up in-house for employment-related matters. Ms. Crawford, your custodian, vouched for you, said she'd seen you and Taylor Stern together a dozen times in your after-school meet-ups, and never a whiff of anything inappropriate."

It took me a moment to realize who Ms. Crawford was – good ol' Randi! It had somehow never even occurred to me to wonder what she had or hadn't seen. All the times she'd nearly seen something, but still she came through. How was that for dumb luck? I made a note to double my gift to the custodian next Christmas.

"I hated to make you sweat there, but I had to do my due diligence no matter how thick the file Barbour kept on those two. I'm sure I don't need to tell you in this 'me-too' era that we have to be as sure before we throw out charges like these, but after what I've read on those two, I'd think twice before I believed them about the time of day. Now after last night, we'll have to look into the Stern girls."

"What? Look into... but they're...!"

He raised a hand. "I hear you saying they're 'just kids,' but... hell, you're the one who walked in on their little stunt the other day. I'm sure I don't need to tell you how grown up they are, eh."

There it was, that glint I thought I'd seen in his eyes, now spread across his whole face. That Coach Mosshammer grin.

Damnit, I liked him better when I thought he was only trying to put me in prison.

He went on. "A minor incident, sure, but that's how these things can start. Two little sociopaths like that, absolutely no contrition for what they've put you through..." He shook his head. "You may say they're 'just kids,' but the sheer number of crimes they're implicated in now is too much to ignore."

I sat up straighter. "What? What crimes? Egging someone's house isn't a felony, is it?"

"They didn't egg your house, so that doesn't make the list. Still, that leaves us indecent exposure – aggravated by doing it in a school. Coercion. Intimidation. Giving false information to an officer of the law. Incrimination on false evidence. We could add resisting arrest after how they carried on last night." He shook his head. "I don't know how deep it goes, but from what I've seen in their disciplinary files, it wouldn't surprise me if we found more."

"But... they're..."

"Kids, yeah. To you. And it's sweet that you see them that way, and the way they all swore you had nothing to do it so insistently, so across the board, I actually thought they might be trying to cover something up. But I tell you what, the way those girls spat out your name last night... if that's covering for someone they care about, I'd sure hate to see what they'd do to someone they hate."

“Can’t... can’t we just let it slide? Nobody actually got hurt, after all. Embarrassed, maybe. Frightened, but not–”

“You’re thinking about them like innocent little children, pal. And hey, your job requires you to see them that way. But mine... well, sometimes, the way I see it, we get lucky and catch them early before anybody gets seriously hurt. Gotta say, between you and me, after sitting across a table from those girls, I’d much rather have seen them how you saw them.”

After a wink – a fucking *wink!* – Shipman stood, offering his hand. Numbly, I shook it. As he walked me to his office door, his thick hand came down on my shoulder. “Relax, Mr. Canon. Your troubles are over.”