

Teaching Her A Lesson

Installment 3 of 3



By Isaac Byrne

Copyright © 2022 by Isaac Byrne

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Fifth Edition, 2024

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

Table of Contents

Part Twenty-One: Faculty Meetings	4
Part Twenty-Two: Staff Discipline	18
Part Twenty-Three: Senior Pranks	35
Part Twenty-Four: Standards-Based Assessment	56
Part Twenty-Five: Late Work Policy	80
Part Twenty-Six: Multiple Choice Tests	98
Part Twenty-Seven: Student Essay	112
Part Twenty-Eight: Summative Evaluations	123
Part Twenty-Nine: Cultivating an Atmosphere Conducive to Learning	149
Part Thirty: Distribution of Diplomas	168

Part Twenty-One: Faculty Meetings

“Aw, man, do I have to, Mr. Canon?”

What a night that had been. And what a morning. I’d never felt socially awkward alone in my car before. With Tabitha in her Prius stopped at the light in front of me, and Taylor in her shitbox wedging me in from behind, there had been no escape.

“Yes, Jessica. Complete sentences. Big, happy, full ideas.”

I was a teacher again. I was a teacher, and it was first period, and I had students. Normal, non-compromised students who I couldn’t have sex with, who didn’t know what I’d done, who had their own lives and their own problems and didn’t care about the look on Taylor’s face when she passed Tabitha on Megan’s driveway yesterday evening.

I hadn’t seen it. I didn’t need to.

I’d told her to wait until Taylor left. Don’t court trouble, I’d said both to her and silently to myself. She claimed she’d been looking for it on the driveway and hadn’t seen it on the street. It was probably a lie, though on my own first time driving to pick up a girl for one of my own high school dances, I’d gone to the wrong house – and I’d been to her place twice before that. Nerves happened. It didn’t convince Taylor, who of course turned right back around and demanded to know what was up with the apparent trade-off. I hadn’t had a good answer ready. I hadn’t thought I’d need one.

“Would you stop freaking touching me?!”

The plan had been to get some work done, let Tabitha “work” on her acclimation to nudity, then go to bed. In the morning, we’d see how I felt. She pointedly ignored Taylor, casually undressing in the middle of the living room as if it were perfectly natural to meet up with a despised classmate at her English teacher’s house and strip for them. She asked if I was all right that she’d undressed the way she had, without making it sexy. I said spicing it up was nice if she were trying to entice me, but wasn’t necessary every time she took her clothes off.

“Knock it off, you two. Last time I want to have to warn you. Hands to yourselves, eyes on your own work.” Had second period ever passed by so slowly?

Taylor asked, unjustly, how spicy her little pancake titties could even get. Tabitha responded with frosty elegance, complimenting Taylor on her impressive bust, to enjoy it before gravity joined forces with biology and they sagged to her waist, and noting that she hoped the variety would enhance my satisfaction. Taylor laughed and snarked back that if a man already had a crazy hot girl with an amazing body, of course the next thing I would want was variety. Tabitha shrugged, sharing only that I hadn’t complained thus far, and asked if Taylor had likewise made the offer to undergo surgery to better herself for me?

Or tutoring, perhaps, if it wasn't Taylor's body that was lacking.

"Oh my god, I can't believe how hard this is."

Not to be out-classed, Taylor shucked off her shorts and t-shirt. They were probably still warm from the dryer, having been still damp even all those hours later after she'd exited my shower. My breath caught in my throat. It was easily top three hottest things I'd ever seen. Tabitha, in all her raw, sculpted beauty, alongside Taylor with her unbelievable curves. If you could put the former's head atop the latter's body, it might actually make the perfect woman. But both were damn close in their own right, so gorgeous that only individual taste could place one ahead of the other.

As to my own... hmm.

"It's not that difficult, TJ. That's just the senioritis talking. Here, why don't you and Anjul go out in the hall and read together. Don't get lost, hear me?"

Taylor didn't even understand why they were naked. She simply wasn't going to be out-classed. As I explained that I was going to get back to grading and they were free to entertain themselves however, she demanded to know why the hell they'd undressed to begin with. She was welcome to get dressed, I said, and welcome to go home if she wanted. Then I went into my office and picked up where I'd left off before Taylor's break-in. Tabitha asked if I minded if she looked through my browsing history to see what kind of porn I liked. Taylor cattily insisted on watching with her, offering to help explain to the uninitiated what the fellas and ladies on the screen were doing.

"This doesn't taste like I would have thought."

I attempted to defuse the tension by praising each of them on their journal entries. Tabitha had gotten a perfect score, like usual; Taylor had actually managed an A herself, though that was only because I'd had her re-write them during our after school sessions when her pre-Serenex effort had yielded two off-topic paragraphs and ended with "this is stupid and I don't care." Her re-try had been better, and if it was objectively unfair that their scores were a mere three points apart, Tabitha was used to it by now. My praise did less than nothing to mollify either of them, and the three of us climbed into my bed, one naked, flawless girl curled up on either side of me, and went to sleep without another word.

"That's the vinegar, mama. I told you we were out of your usual dressing last week, remember, but you said you didn't wanna go grocery shopping until we made space in the fridge," Candy explained over lunch. Isa made a face but kept eating in her place kneeling beneath my desk. I hadn't even asked her to do that, and ignored her quiet overtures in search of fresh abuse. I was still trapped some hours in the past.

I'd awakened with a tongue in my mouth. It was dark in the room; I later found out it was not quite four in the morning. At the time, however, I was drowning in a sea of hands and legs and mouths. Once again my hands had been busy in my sleep. One young woman had decided I was trying to start something, or more likely, one of them

thought they could one-up the other by starting it themselves. The other decided it was a game they thought they could win.

It wasn't long before they were pushing one another off of me, forcing their tongues down my throat before the other did the same. Then a tit was in my face, a hand on my cock, an ass in my palm, a pussy enveloping my fingers. In the dark I couldn't see, couldn't guess whose was whose. All I knew was it was more intense than I'd signed on for.

"You don't think having a teacher grab you like that in the middle of the night is super pedo stuff?"

I had to tell them to stop before someone got hurt. My bed wasn't big enough for them to be shoving one another around like that. Plus, the batteries that stored my patience for teen drama charged in my sleep, so I was completely tapped. I stopped Tabitha with a smack on the ass, and Taylor with a hard twist of the nipple. Or maybe vice versa. As my eyes finally adjusted to the dark, I could make out the two of them glaring balefully at one another from opposite sides of my erection.

I didn't know what to do with them. I couldn't send them home in the middle of the night. I didn't even want to. I simply wanted them to get along, let me have my fun without ruining it with their selfishness. I hated Taylor too, after all, but you didn't see me letting it diminish my appetite for her body.

So I told them to kiss.

"Keep your voice down, Ben – you know the policy on spoilers. I'm excited for you that you read ahead, but let's not ruin Holden's antics for those who haven't, K?"

It had been too dark to see which one of them moved first. My ears picked it up before my eyes, the slow, wet sound of lips meeting lips. Then it broke. I hadn't been literal enough, I saw, so I took an ass in each hand and pulled them together. Their only options were to hold each other up, or let me push them down to their hands and knees. Taylor probably would have selected the latter, but Tabitha, more in tune with my wishes, caught her playmate-to-be, their chests pressed together in the air above me. I held them there for a time, but before I knew what was happening, there was a cunt on my face. I didn't even know whose. I didn't think it tasted like Taylor's, but the pussy that mounted my cock felt like Tabitha's, too.

"That's what you get for using a five-dollar whore, huh."

They fell asleep again almost the moment we finished. At least I think they finished. The pussy on my mouth definitely did. The one on my cock, I was pretty sure. Tabitha quietly apologized for letting her temper get away with her; Taylor simply put her nipple in my mouth as her version of a good night kiss.

My alarm went off at 5:30, though I'd barely slept in the interim. Tabitha awakened, blushed upon remembering she was naked and in bed with not only me but another woman, then apologized for her moment of embarrassment and asked if she

could blow me until I was fully awake. Taylor told her that she was welcome to suck Cassie's butt off my dick, but that a titty-fuck might be more my speed – noting it that it was nothing to be ashamed of for anyone who didn't have the cleavage needed to do so. So I had them do both. At the same time.

“Hey, language! Do you want one last detention before graduation, Mike? Besides, get your facts straight. Sunny was a ten-dollar, shall we say, lady of the evening.” Was it fifth period already? I could barely remember anything that had happened that day.

When we got around to getting dressed finally, I was pleased that Tabitha had brought a thong like I had forgotten I asked. She wore it beneath a thin ash gray dress that made it painfully obvious she wasn't wearing a bra, deciding to take my request for her after-school attire and extend it to the entire day. It wasn't in direct defiance of the dress code, but her petite but shapely build and dancer's legs were going to turn heads. Taylor's stinkeye went unheeded as she put on her same dirty clothes she'd worn over to my place the day before. (Abbie had promised to bring her a change at school, but that wasn't helping her compete that morning.)

“Do I have dick breath? I feel like I have dick breath. Mr. Canon, do you have any gum or mints or anything? I think I have major dick breath.”

I didn't see either of them until sixth period. Tabitha strolled in promptly, skirts swishing behind her, just short enough to tantalize. She bade me a casual greeting as she took her seat, and I almost missed it when she flashed me a glimpse of that bright yellow thong before crossing her legs. Taylor arrived mere seconds before the bell in a t-shirt so tight it actually hugged the underside of her breasts, further proof that the dress code would need to be too explicit to survive the school's written communication policy in order to do its intended job. Tabitha's lack of bra was obvious if one looked for it; on Taylor, the absence would be discernible from outer space. As the class filtered in, there were more than a few double-takes at the sight of two nipples pressing into Taylor's tie-dyed shirt; later, when the shock wore off, they began to notice the miles of leg being advertised by the honors student across the room.

What could I say, though? It would be wholly inappropriate for a male teacher to bring up such a thing about a female student in front of the class, and even if I tried to handle it quietly, the offended party would only point out that the other was equally culpable. There was nothing to do but start class and try not to notice the placid smile on Tabitha's face, the cool smirk on Taylor's.

“Go to the office, Justin. Don't say another word. If they try to send you back before the end of class, don't you dare come back into my classroom.”

“What? I'm just saying, my breath smells like—”

“Not another goddamn word. Go.”

“You got it, C-dawg. Say, you look nice today, by the way. Good enough to—”

“GO.”

With a last snicker, he strutted out the door. I took a few deep breaths as the class sat in idle discomfort. “OK. So today we’re talking about the reading from the weekend. Everybody get out a half sheet of paper – we’re going to do a quick reading check.” A chorus of groans fired back at me. “Relax. This isn’t a quiz; it’s a reading check. If you took your notes or at least paid attention, and you finished the reading from Friday, it should be a joke.”

I waited for them to get their materials ready, sheets hastily torn in half and shared with neighbors. Tabitha had stored a half sheet for herself from the last reading check, she tear a perfect line across the top of the page. Taylor had forgotten a notebook. And a pen. And to do the reading, as was plain from the look on her face.

“Question one: which of the major themes we discussed – remember, you can use your notes on this – was the dominant theme of these two chapters?”

I gave them a minute to flip through notes, issued the standard reminder about full sentences. It didn’t take long. That was the point of these, after all, an easy way to dole out simple pass/fail grades for doing the work. Once time was up, I had them swap with a neighbor, initial it so I could tell who graded it, and addressed the class.

“All right, brilliant people. What’s the dominant theme of the past two chapters?” Several hands went up, but I called on Tabitha.

She smiled sweetly. “The sexual confusion of adolescence.”

“Mark it, circle it, pass it back.”

Abbie looked surprised to see me. As many times as she’d surprised me the past few weeks, it was good to turn the tables, if only by this small act of ambushing her in Barbour’s office. Her eyes narrowed suspiciously, but here, in the heart of my paltry school teacher authority, there was nothing she could do to escape. Not unless she thought her dwindling reserves of Serenex were going to get her past Principal Horen, two vice principals, Officer Barbour, myself, three secretaries, and sweet old Mrs. Pedretti, our volunteer parent door monitor.

Nobody got past Mrs. Pedretti.

“Well, at least you got me out of precal,” she said dryly, closing the door behind her.

“Glad to oblige. Isa, would you give us the room?”

“Just... try not to make a mess, mast... fuck.” She sighed, glowered at Abbie’s giggle fit, and stormed out.

“Grats, you cornered me. Whatcha wanna do? Something messy, I hope.” She grinned suggestively.

“Not just yet. We need to talk first. Now, I’m not mad.” Her grin widened a little too much. “OK, I’m not *that* mad. But I am very much confused, and I’d appreciate a few answers from you.”

She hopped up on the edge of the desk, probably the first time since I’d known her she could claim the high ground. It also afforded me a good view right up her blue and yellow striped dress. Purple panties, a garish contrast. Christ, I was practically fucking the Joker.

“Right, so what’s up. The gay thing?”

“Sure, we can start there. Forget the why. I get why. I shouldn’t have made you do all that stuff with Taylor, with Ms. Salata, the shower thing. It was—”

“Hot as fuck,” she interjected. “I mean Miss Candy, yeah, whatever. It’s not fun if it’s not with you. Near you was OK. With you was awesome. Don’t you dare apologize to me for that shit.”

I hesitated. “Even... with your sister?”

“Dude. That’s some next level shit. That’s not just fantasy slut. That’s *fetish* slut. Thicc-ass pawg-ass incest bi-ass shit. And that look in your eyes when you...” She licked her lips. I wasn’t even sure it was deliberate. “That’s the fucking stuff, yo.”

“OK, so... then I guess I don’t get the thing with Justin. What the fuck, Abbie?”

She laughed. “I dunno, I just thought you might like it. Isn’t that what guys always say to other guys they think suck ass? ‘Suck my dick, asshole.’ I figured you’d like taking pretty boy and making him your little cum-guzzling bitch.”

I folded my arms. “Yeah, see, I don’t buy that. If you thought I’d enjoy it, you wouldn’t have tricked me into it. That’s how you get a toddler to eat their vegetables, not how you treat sexual liaisons!”

She waited for me to remember where we were. “Yeah, maybe wanna keep your voice down? And also that’s a terrible way to get kids to like veggies. I used to babysit for my cousin. You shove broccoli in their mouth when they’re expecting hot dog chunks and you’re gonna get one hell of a—”

“I don’t care about vegetables! You put my dick in Justin’s mouth!” I hissed.

Her lips twisted. “So you’re saying you’re still miffed.”

“Yeah. I’m still miffed. The fact that you won’t even apologize, much less explain yourself, is not helping, I have to say.”

“I figured Tay patched things up when she went over to your place yesterday. Guess not, huh.”

“Taylor is answerable for Taylor. You’re answerable for you. Besides, you can’t blame your minions for your failings. Remember, you’re the boss, right?”

“Yeah, that’s me. Boss bitch.” She frowned. “OK fine. No more boys. But tell me you didn’t have fun sticking it to that twiggy little bitch Tabitha. Right? You can’t say I didn’t knock that one out the motha fuckin’ park, huh?”

The absence of an apology still galled, but there was no sense forcing it. This young woman was not someone I credited with great psychological depth. “That was... better. But that brings me to my other concern. Exactly what have you been doing with my Serenex? I’m told you took people aside at the party last weekend – err, weekend before last, whatever – and dosed them. Is there something I should know?”

“Depends on what you find worrying,” she replied after a moment of consideration.

Objectively, the notion of Abbie blithely spraying that crap into people’s mouths at random ought to terrify me. If it were Taylor or Isa or Megan or any of the rest of us, I’d be chilled. Abbie could use my Serenex whenever she wanted, however, so there was no use being a pussy about it. I suppose it was a bit like drunk driving. On the whole I vehemently disapproved of it, yet my dad had often done it and I’d gotten so used to it that I hardly even worried about him.

“Have you used it on anyone else?”

The smug, evasive grin that stole onto her lips said it all. There was that chill after all.

I took to my feet, pressing, “Who?”

“Why do you care? I never promised I was only gonna use it to bring you fresh pussy.”

“I care because... Jesus, isn’t it obvious? That stuff is dangerous, Abbie! What happens when someone finds out? Have you even considered it?” My palms gripped her shoulders, pressing my earnestness into her flesh. “There are people who would *kill* to get their hands on it. We’re talking about literal mind control. Sure, you and I have used it to have a little fun, but even in relatively benign hands, it’s already done way more damage than I ever would have signed on for. Officer Barbour comes in her panties when I call her a bitch. Ms. Salata gets off watching me do it. I have fucked four of my students, one of whom is still going to be attending GHS for a full ‘nother year! I’ve all but enslaved my next door neighbor, who’s pimping out her daughter to me to pay off a debt that I basically invented.”

“So? All that shit’s fuckin’ hot, C-dawg. That’s just sexy-time shit.”

“I’m not disagreeing – much – but again, that’s in the hands of someone who didn’t *want* to fuck anyone’s life up. Let’s say we extend the same credit to you.” I didn’t, but I wanted to keep this civil. “Look me in the eye and tell me that you don’t have friends who would do some serious harm to people if they caught on to what you’re doing. Shit, I don’t even want *my* friends to find out about this, and they’re not...”

Abbie was too keen to miss what I’d been out to say, “What, a bunch of hoodrats?”

Too late to walk it back now. “I know some of your friends, Abbie. If you keep this up, someone *will* notice, and then your only option is going to be to use it on them. I can

attest firsthand that it can and will spiral beyond your ability to control it. And that's best case scenario. It's not hard to envision others that end a lot worse."

Little by little, I could see my words sinking in. Good. So she had some imagination after all. "You're saying you wouldn't go all Liam Neeson and use your particular skills to bail my ass out if I got taken?"

"I'm sorry, 'taken?'" She merely nodded. "If you keep abusing my language like that, I'm going to root for the tookers."

Abbie sighed. "OK fine. You can have the rest back. Wasn't enough to do anything too cool with anyway. I'll drop it off." She caught my skeptical expression. "I will! What, you think I'm gonna go on a rampage in the next twenty minutes of the school day? Short-ass rampage. Almost nothing left anyway."

"And again, did you use it on anyone other than Justin and Tabitha? We do have our own designated security chief in all this. It would be smart to keep her informed so she can be looking out for us." I omitted the fact that I hadn't yet told her about the addition of Tabitha (and to the limited degree of his involvement, Justin) myself. It was on my to do list. Now.

"Nah. I was gonna use it on that fucking hoebag Katie Medina, but I couldn't pry her away from her boyfriend at the party. So much for an early birthday present."

I tried not to imagine Katie Medina joining the lineup. I had little doubt her name would have come up if someone forced a confession of fantasies out of me. Even without Serenex, she was already well on her way to fantasy slutdom. It was almost cliché – the quintessential vapid, gorgeous, busty blonde cheerleader. The blonde was dyed, and the vapidness was a learned response after years of reinforcing that if she couldn't do something people would line up to do it for her. It was my least original student-centered fantasy, no doubt, but it was impossible to look at that body, that blank, doe-eyed stare, all of it wrapped in a tight sweater and short skirt and waving its pom-poms, and not think about fucking her.

But not now.

"My birthday is in February."

"Way to be literal, dude. Early Memorial Day present then, what the fuck ever. Bitch was gonna support my lil' trooper."

The troops only wished they had a pinup like Katie Medina. I reminded myself that it was a *good* thing that Abbie had failed to ensnare her. "So you'll return the canister then?"

"Yeah, yeah, fine."

A pallet of bricks suddenly lifted off my shoulders. Mostly, at least. I'd relax when it was securely in my hands. "Good. Thank you, Abbie. I was... well, to be honest, I'd started to worry that you and I were drifting apart."

“So then come over here and let’s drift together.” Her thighs slowly spread, putting ever more purple before my eyes. “You haven’t fucked me in, like, five days now. Your widdle Abbiekins wants dicky.”

Honestly, I’d meant to save some for Tabitha or Taylor after school, but if it would help fix the rift between us, I supposed I could donate some dick to this poor under-dicked teen. “All right, but we have to be quick.”

She clapped her hands giddily, jerking her panties to the side and sliding her hips into place as I took a moment to lock the door, in case Isa came back early. My slacks dropped to my ankles as I stepped up to the desk. I wasn’t hard enough yet to just thrust straight into her, so I teased what I had along her moistening labia.

Her eyes squeezed shut in exhilaration, and she inched forward to press me inside her too-long-vacant teenage pussy. “Come on, just fuck me already, Mr. Canon. Fuck your little fantasy slut. God, how did I get so lucky to land a man like you. I was so jealous of Taylor last night. Can I sleep over sometime? I want to suck your fucking dick all night long. While you eat dinner, while you watch TV, while you text your other fuck toys, while you plan your little lessons, while you shower, until you fall asleep. Your dick in my hot little mouth until-”

All right, now I was hard enough. I pulled her hips down to meet me, the dress slipping up to pool around her waist on the desktop. “Ya miss me?”

“I missed these,” I answered, taking hold of her tits, which were doing an incredible job of filling out that dress. There was no simple way of getting them out of that thing, so for now, I settled for pawing at them through the material. Her sister hadn’t worn a bra today. No. Stay in the moment. And in this moment, I was going to fuck the hell out of Abbie St-

The door to the office suddenly jiggled behind me as someone tried to enter. It was followed a heart-stopping moment later by a pair of staccato knocks, accompanied by a voice.

“Mr. Canon? Are you in there?”

Principal Horen’s voice.

“Keep going,” whispered Abbie.

“Um, yeah, do you, um, do you need me?” My voice broke. Good grief, my voice broke!

She tried the knob again. Oh thank god I’d locked the thing! I nearly hadn’t! Shit! “Can you let me in? I need to talk to you about something.”

My cock was out of Abbie’s pussy and back in my underwear in a flash, recinching my belt as quickly as I could. “*Hide!*” I mouthed to Abbie. “Right, sorry – forgot I, ah, did that.”

Abbie rolled backwards across the desk and crouched in the hollow beneath it. Hands trembling, I undid the lock and opened the door. Did it smell like pussy in here?

We hadn't been at it long enough for that. Had we? Would Principal Horen even recognize that smell?

The middle-aged woman on the other side of the door wore her usual pinched-off expression. She glanced into the office quizzically. "Is Louisa not with you?"

"Um, no, she had to step out. Don't know why she locked it. Wait, were you looking for her, or for me?"

"You, though I was hoping for both. No matter."

I was breathing too fast. I tried to go slower, but that only made me feel more out of breath. *Relax!* I ordered myself. *She doesn't know anything. This is just some mundane—*

"What can you tell me about your relationship with Abigail Stern?"

To my credit, I didn't faint on the spot.

"Excuse me?"

Her eyes narrowed. "We should talk in my office. I'll have Louisa paged."

"Um, now?"

"Yes. This has already waited too long."

Oh *fuck*.

I followed behind her woodenly, at least relieved that Abbie would be able to flee. I hadn't been caught redhanded or in any provable fashion, at least. But what did Horen know? *How* did she know? Why Abbie and Isa but not the others – or did she know about them, too? I will not let anyone learn about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Except I already had! *Fuck!* The best I could do now was protect my secret about Taylor.

We marched down the hall to her office. Was everyone staring at us? No, that was my guilty conscience. I think. Were they? She shut the door behind her, and I fought my instinct to panic. This was the fruition of that moment I had dreaded when I'd first received Megan's blackmail message, all that dread suddenly poured out like a truckload of concrete. At her gesture, I sat down in the hard wooden chair opposite her desk, and she took a seat behind it.

"So what's up?" I asked, trying to keep my voice casual. Probably failing.

"Up front, Mr. Canon, is there anything you'd like to tell me before we go further?"

So much for my dim hope that there could be some benign explanation for her previous question about Abbie. This was the start of an interrogation.

Like so many occupants of this chair before me, I feigned ignorance. "I'm not sure what we're doing here, so I'm not sure what you're looking to hear. You said something about Abbie Stern?"

"I did. You know her?"

"Vaguely," I replied vaguely. "I've had her older sister the past couple years, but I haven't been graced with Abbie's presence." I made sure the sarcasm came through.

Maybe she had nothing but suspicion, some anonymous report. (From who, though?!) Maybe I could bullshit my way out of this.

“What about outside of class?”

Most students thought teachers disappeared into the ether with the tolling of the last bell, and I channeled that belief into my response. “Outside of class?” A place I’d never been, never heard of, my face said. “I think I’ve seen her in Saturday class here and there. Usually kind of a pain in the tush about it, too, but that’s what you pay me the big bucks for, right?” I chuckled.

She did not.

“And nothing beyond that?”

“How else would I know her? From what I hear, she’s not exactly Spell Bowl team material.” (I coached Spell Bowl in the spring. Too nerdy for the Sterns, too intellectual for Cassie, too low-brow for Tabitha. It was a fantasy-free zone.)

Usually Mrs. Horen let her glasses hang from a cord around her neck. Presently, she raised them to her face. I recognized that maneuver. I’d seen it before in conferences with difficult parents, where she was done listening to them blaviate and was about to lay down the law. I have to say, it was doing work.

Without a word, the principal flipped open her laptop and tapped a few keys. She then pivoted it so I could see. It was a video. A large, dark room somewhere. The quality was crap, way too low-def for fullscreen. Then she hit the spacebar and it began to play.

I recognized it almost immediately.

Gooses, the bar I met my friends at in White Oaks. Oh god, what was this? The screen zoomed in towards the bar, where after a moment, I recognized myself from behind, perched upon a stool. Roddy was beside me, the two of us talking inaudibly. “Aw, he looks so sad,” someone said over the din. Jacqui?

The realization of what I was about to see dawned on me but slowly, but only because I didn’t want to believe this was happening.

After some brief jibes at my expense by my friends, I watched as Roddy patted me on the shoulder and returned to the table, drink in hand.

“Dude, you’re recording?” Roddy accused the camera operator. I wasn’t sure who it was. “Come on, bad enough he’s gonna be humiliated, but you’re gonna immortalize it?”

It was Jay who replied, confirming the cameraman’s identity. “Remember we were talking about his pouty face?” He made a mopy sound, and indeed I remembered both the conversation from a previous gathering, as well as his use of that sound to mock me then. “Here it comes.”

“Come on, Jailbait, give our guy a chance.” Alice, at least, was rooting for me. But by then, my aggressive tactic was working, and rather than waiting for the long shot of my walk of shame, he zoomed in to catch me leading Abbie away from that older guy

she'd been using to make me jealous and back to my stool. My friends' reactions varied between shock and elation as Abbie and I briefly talked. Jay zoomed in on us. The quality was really poor, especially zoomed in all the way across the bar like that, but there it was. There on my principal's monitor, I watched with nauseating horror as the two of us kissed.

(Hey, so I had kissed girls other than Taylor after all. I'd have to tell Cassie when I got out of prison.)

In the middle of the kiss, the bell rang signaling the end of the school day. As an English teacher, I appreciated the symbolism in its selection of timing.

My friends, Roddy in particular, marveled at what I had pulled off as Abbie and I walked out of the bar. Jay finally turned the camera around, laughing delightedly. "My fucking hero, man! Fire dat cannon, boy!" he exclaimed a bit too on the nose.

The recording ended.

"Wait, you think that woman was Abbie Stern?" I asked. I wanted to cringe at my own audacity. The quality had been poor, but I was pretty sure anyone who knew the girl well would agree it was her. They might even recognize her unprompted. Not many women with that body, those good looks.

"Are you telling me it wasn't?"

"Of course it wasn't! Where did you even get this video, by the way?"

With that, she tapped the right arrow, and the screen switched over to Instagram. No, a screenshot of Instagram. It was Jay's page, the screen frozen on the start of the video at the center. I squinted, trying to make out words from over here. It was mostly comments from my friends expressing their disbelief and a little hero worship – and Jacqui once more referring to Abbie as jailbait – but I did see that they had tagged me in it. Then I saw a comment from someone that read, "I think that's one of our students..."

I froze. Amy Cook-Burfield. My department head.

According to the screenshot, her comment was less than an hour old, from which I quickly surmised the chain of events. It wasn't hard to imagine. Amy saw one of her work buddies was tagged in a video, the comments suggestive and enticing. She clicked it, did a double take when she saw Abbie, probably watched it a few times to try to be sure. Her comment was probably a knee jerk response, but then she'd remembered herself and contacted Principal Horen.

Now here I was.

How long had this been out there? How had I not known?! When I'd shut off social media notifications on my phone, I'd figured it would be a time-saver, not cost me my only opportunity to save my career! Thankfully I didn't let students add me on Instagram – one thing to socially network, another to do so in a medium that all too often shared images inappropriate for teachers' eyes. At least it meant the whole student body hadn't seen this by now. Had Jay even taken the video down after seeing Amy's

comment? The dumbass certainly hadn't contacted me – he must have thought Amy was teasing me for the girl's apparent (and actual) age. Not jailbait in the traditional sense, but add to her youth the complication of teacher and student, and the term once again applied.

Nothing left to do but double down. The penalties for lying my ass off were insignificant compared to the penalties for telling the truth.

“That woman was not Abbie Stern. I guess I could see from this video how it sort of looks like her – not that I know what she looks like! – I mean I do (sort of) but not very well – but it wasn't her. It was just some random woman I met in a bar.”

Principal Horen listened to my raving, then nodded and tapped the arrow again. Another screenshot, this one from facebook. Abbie's page. It was a picture of her at last year's junior prom, wearing that same incredible dress.

“Anything else you'd like to say for yourself?”

“So the dress shop isn't allowed to sell multiple similar dresses?”

“To multiple similar women, you mean.” She may as well have used air quotes with her “similar.”

“Look, all I can say is, that woman wasn't Abbie Stern. You can call her down here and ask her – she'll laugh in your face, Mrs. Horen. Why would a girl like her even want a guy like me?”

In hindsight, the “I'm not cool enough to fuck a babe like her” defense might not have been my best tactic.

“Mr. Canon, with heavy heart, I must inform you that you're being suspended without pay while we conduct an investigation. The police will be notified and called upon to assist. Should the investigation find you innocent of wrong-doing, you will be reinstated and resume regular duties. If it concludes that you engaged in sexual conduct with a GHS student...” She paused, pivoting the monitor back to her, steepling her fingers such that it almost felt as if she were the villain and not I, “you will be terminated, and charges will be filed against you.”

My heart ran cold. Was it even beating? This couldn't be happening. I deserved this, though, no denying it. I'd simply spent so long in this building where merit and outcomes were so utterly divorced from one another that I'd let myself believe this could never happen.

“Will it be Officer Barbour? Conducting the investigation, I mean.”

“Your friend, Louisa Barbour, whom you've been eating lunch with for several weeks now? No. This is above her pay grade. But she and I will be escorting you to your classroom to claim any personal effects just as soon as she gets here. The building should be mostly empty of students, but please don't attempt to interact with any on your way out of the building. Keep your dignity about you, Canon. While you can.”

That was all there was to it. Neither of us had anything left to say. What would happen now? Should I flee the state? The country? Should I try to bring any of the girls with me? Could I dose Principal Horsen? And Amy Cook-Burfield? And everyone they'd told?

I'd need a vat of Serenex to cover this up. An ocean.

No, it was over.

Or, well, almost over. Isa arrived a few minutes of awkward silence later. Mrs. Horsen briefly explained the situation to her aside, but Isa kept in character as the school resource officer, love slave persona temporarily suppressed. Her job was to protect the secret, but the secret was out now. I shuffled down to my classroom, head hung low, the two women following a respectful distance behind. They didn't want to look like they were escorting me. This would be dramatic enough without creating a scene now.

I made my way down to my room and keyed my way in. With a sigh, I reflected that I'd have to turn the key over, too. I opened the door and—

“Hi, Mr. Canon! I came for those extra lessons you mentioned!” crowed Tabitha. She was standing in the corner behind my desk so she'd be visible only to me and not to anyone out in the hall. The girl sounded like she was smiling, but I couldn't tell. I couldn't tell because she had her back to me, and was in the process of flipping up her little gray dress to reveal the thong wedged up her ass crack.

“Get outta here with that shit. Panties are for prisses,” shared Taylor, standing next to her in the corner lowering her shorts around her thighs to reveal her bare pussy.

And there was Cassie, peering nervously between them. “Am I supposed to take my pants off or something? I mean, I guess I could...”

The door swung open behind me. The girls tried to conceal themselves in a flash, but when they saw it was Isa, Taylored rolled her eyes and relaxed, shorts slipping down again. Not to be outdone, Tabitha hiked her dress up, ass back on display. Cassie lowered her leggings, revealing her own sculpted bottom.

“I wondered if we could talk real quick about what happened after you butt-fucked me yesterday...?” Cassie asked.

Taylor was speaking at the same time. “Fuck, Barbie, we thought you were somebody else coming in here to...”

But the door, which had never fully closed, swung open again, and in walked our principal. Everyone present froze – in confusion, in terror, in humiliation, in stupefaction, in contemplation of tasing our way out of this. In defeat. After a moment, Tabitha turned back to see why Taylor had trailed off, squeaking in alarm and dropping her dress. Taylor's shorts were already back up, but far, far too late.

“Mr. Canon? You're fired. Get a lawyer.”

Part Twenty-Two: Staff Discipline

“There’s not enough.”
And that was that.

I am not a pussy, but I wasn’t superhuman either, nor did I cleave to that tired but persistent belief that crying is a sign of weakness. I owed Isa big time, though. The fact that I was trying and mostly failing to stop sobbing with self-pity in the seclusion of my own home instead of festering in a jail cell was entirely her doing. Maybe a small nod to me for having the foresight to enslave her in the first place.

(Yes, enslave. No sense pussyfooting around the term now. Not when the whole city – the whole country, maybe, if this thing got traction – was going to be using it to describe me soon enough. *Acclimate, Canon.*)

Still, no matter Isa’s insistence that they couldn’t arrest me for something the girls had done, their exposure (pun intended) had done more than enough damage. I didn’t know how much Principal Horen had overheard of their damning greeting, but she’d certainly *seen* plenty. The girls had been dragged to the office by Horen in anticipation of contacting their parents. Me, I’d been all but punted out the building ahead of them. By now, she’d contacted Megan, the Hutchings, Mr. and Mrs. Stern. Taylor’s mom and Abbie’s dad. The police department. Amy Cook-Burfield. The superintendent. Those were the ones I was sure of. If one were being paranoid, Mrs. Horen’s contact list might extend to Mrs. Horen, the district’s lawyers, my union rep, someone from HR. Her favorite bartender, maybe, after the night she’d no doubt been having.

I was grateful to Megan for taking the risk of serving as a mule to deliver Abbie’s package. She alone among all involved parties could contact me without suspicion. The look of pure wrath on her face as she stormed across our lawns had put a fright in me even knowing her real purpose. Even so, the pathetic trickle in the canister was hardly enough to make noise, much less take down everyone who now had access to our secret. If I used it as sparingly as I had on Taylor’s chapstick, it would still be too little.

Per Isa’s advice, uttered in haste as she’d escorted me to my vehicle in the faculty lot, I avoided calling her or any of the others. Still, thanks to Megan and her blackmailing burner phone, I had access to a safe line. As the rings sounded in my ear, my neighbor kneaded my shoulders softly but intently.

“Canon?”

“It’s me.”

“About time you called. You know, I’ve been meaning to tell you, you’re not the easiest guy to run security for.”

I gritted my teeth. Megan winced as tense muscles turned to stone. “You know, considering preventing this exact thing was your main job...”

“Really, master? You want to blame today on me? Do I even need to explain to you the dozen different ways this was your fault?”

It didn’t help that she was right. I was the idiot who’d let Abbie get away with that idiot stunt at Gooses. Who’d gone to that dive motel with her after. Who’d routinely used his classroom as a sexnasium. Who hadn’t even told his pet cop about his latest acquisition. “Surprised you could manage to place blame without falling to your knees,” I replied cattily.

“I was on my knees the moment I heard your voice, and now I’m so pissed off at you I can’t stop masturbating. So thanks for that.” She was masking it well. I might not have heard the unevenness in her voice if she hadn’t called attention to it.

“Yeah, because you’re the one having a bad day.” Megan switched to teasing her fingernails along my neck, sidling up behind me to offer her breasts as a neck pillow. It was going to do as much to relax me as any massage. “Anyway, talk to me. What’s going to happen?”

“Let’s start with what’s already happened. Parents have been notified, and the girls were interviewed by Horen. They did good, kept their mouths shut like I told them. Still, it might be too little too late. The department’s been notified too, so they’ll be grilled more thoroughly soon, probably tomorrow. I don’t think Horen overheard enough to suspect I’m in on it, but she thinks we’re friends so I’m on the outs with her anyway.”

“Parents. Jesus. How did they take it?”

“Well I assume you can answer for Mrs. Brown on your own, since you called me from one of her phones. The Sterns couldn’t be reached, so she left messages for now. As for Tabitha – and thanks for giving me the heads up on that addition, by the way – her mom came in and met with Horen privately, but... yeah, I wouldn’t put yourself alone in a room with her. Same goes for Tabitha, I expect.”

“Tabitha’s mad at me?”

“Huh? No, I meant her mother’s pissed at her, too.”

“Oh.” That felt... not better, but less bad maybe. “Anything else?”

“If it wasn’t clear already, Serenex is out as a solution. There’s way too many who know now, and it’s only getting worse. There’s Horen herself, Cook-Burfield, at least a couple officers, parents—”

“I know. I already figured. Abbie got the rest of the canister to me, but it’s practically fumes.”

Megan wordlessly lifted her top above her breasts, wrapping her big bare tits around my head. They were weighty enough that I didn't even need to hold onto the phone any more, their weight pressing it there firmly. I reached back and pinched her ass appreciatively.

Isa continued, "Right. So... looking ahead, there's going to be an investigation. Hard to say how it'll go, but we're going to make them work for it at least."

"Hard to say how it'll go? My boss – ex-boss – has a video of me making out with a student in a bar, and walked in on three other students waiting for me half-naked in my classroom. How the hell can this be anything other than a one-way ticket to Fuckedville? Am I missing something? Some exculpatory miracle?"

"Hey, I won't lie; it doesn't look good. Still, it's not all bad. All of the girls are going to help cover for you, and without their testimony, they won't find out about all the *really* bad shit. I've already made the rounds, and we're agreed on a story. As far as anyone's concerned, the whole thing this afternoon was a stupid prank initiated by the Sterns. Cassie and Tabitha will say they were bullied into it."

"Bullied. Into showing me their asses, in school. Are you serious?"

"Kids these days, ya know. It's stupid, but they can't lock you up for something someone else did to you, and I'd be surprised if they'd risk taking this to trial when every witness will swear you had no knowledge of it. Not sure what fallout will hit the girls, but less than would come down on you."

Interesting. I suppose under normal circumstances, the girls would probably confirm Horen's assumption. Without their word, I could claim I'd been as surprised as the principal had been. Flimsy, but maybe a reasonable doubt? "What about the bar, though? She has a copy of the video. She matched Abbie's dress to her own prom pics."

"That's going to be trickier. How much had you had to drink that night? Enough that your friends would agree you weren't operating at peak efficiency?"

Megan pulled her breast to the side, then released it, letting the mound of jiggling flesh slap against my cheek playfully. "Some. I was probably tipsy, but I wasn't drunk. Why, are we supposed to claim she roofied me or something?"

"No, but if you were drunk enough, you might not have recognized her. She's not one of your students, after all, which might muddy the waters enough to give you plausible deniability. If she were still a minor, it wouldn't matter, but the codes on teachers banging students have a higher burden of proof of intent."

"You're sure?" It sounded too easy. Way too easy. I hadn't expected to be peddled hope, especially not from Louisa Barbour, a woman who'd called me a child molester to my face.

"I'm sure you have a chance. Not all of your fuck slaves lie as well as the Sterns, and there's no telling what else they'll dig up. We don't know who else has suspicions that may come forward. Plus they'll likely check your phone records, so we'll need a

reason why you made any calls to your girls. I figure we can explain Taylor with your after school meet-ups, and Abbie we'll say she used her sister's phone and you just assumed it was Taylor at an alternate number. You were helping Cassie do some SAT retake tutoring as a favor to her mom, I figured, in case you two ever used phones."

"Huh. All right, I guess that makes sense. Sort of."

"They won't be able to get copies of your text messages, thank god, so just make sure you do like I told the girls and delete anything incriminating."

I squeezed Megan's tits tighter around my head, a warm, fleshy security blanket. "What about surveillance?"

"Surveillance?" she repeated incredulously. "Canon, you're an English teacher, not Jason Bourne. I suppose they might put your house on a patrol route. It shouldn't need saying, but given your penchant for ignoring the obvious, it's a bad idea to have your pets over, just in case they get nosy or your usual penchant for fucking everything up strikes again."

"Man. Lied to by TV once again. Guess you guys are more useless than I thought."

I'd thrown in the barb just to titillate her, and was rewarded by the addition of a slight tremor in her voice as the rage translated into heightened arousal. "Canon, at worst, you're some lucky prick who got to do what half the assholes at the precinct only wish they could. They don't tap phones and do stakeouts for guys like you."

"For an accused child molester, even? Sorry, just... not what I expected."

She clicked her tongue reprovingly. "First off, they're not children. You're all adults in the eyes of the law. If you weren't their teacher, you could fuck them all day every day and nobody could say boo. Second, that's not what you're accused of. The charge is a teacher engaging in sexual conduct with students. What they've seen doesn't look good, but they didn't walk in on... well, any of the hundred-odd incidents that would be damning."

Hearing it that way was at least some relief. Not much, but some. "How do you rate my odds?"

She was quiet a moment; I could hear Candy in the background prodding her to admit she'd just come in her panties, Isa shushing her. "It's hard to say, master. Horen wants your head, that's for sure. Still, all she has is girls who will all swear you knew nothing about their state of undress, and a grainy video of what's probably a student kissing you in a bar. If I were you, I'd be getting in touch with my union and contesting the charges. You'll look a lot less guilty if you formally deny it. Innocent men tend to fight back."

"Huh. So you really think we could get away with it?"

"I don't think we have any choice but to try."

We spent some time going over the particulars. It was determined that our story about the Gooses incident would be that I didn't recognize Abbie until after we left the dimly lit bar, at which point I spurned her and sent her home untouched, then was subsequently too mortified to tell anyone. Her outrage at that rejection was Abbie's motive for pushing her sister, a girl with a well-established record of despising me, to fuck with me as she had after school. The Sterns had gotten compromising information about Cassie and Tabitha at a recent party at Cassie's house, using it to coerce them into joining her. I was the victim, not the perpetrator.

Like *Wild Things*, basically, except without the circular firing squad.

Horen would never believe our little fiction, but she didn't really have to. We had only to satisfy the detective, help them present such a mild case that it drifted away in a cloud of he-said/she-said. Horen could try to fire me for what she thought she'd seen, but when it came to the judicial end of things, it was nebulous. Maybe not as nebulous as I'd like, but Isa succeeded in convincing me that it wasn't over.

"So you're going to pawn this all off on Cassie and the girls?" inquired Megan in between casual slurps on my cock. It was late, now, closer to the sun's next rising than its prior setting. Megan had tasked Cassie with putting Robby to bed so she could stay over here and work on her debt. She'd been doing so for hours now, rotating from method to method as orifices and limbs grew fatigued. I'd taken a nap after dinner, during which time she'd taken a break to quietly tidy the house. Then it was back to work.

"That's the real question, isn't it," I non-answered. There had been no judgment in her tone; she was merely helping me process. "If I don't, I'm done. There's no other reason besides the truth why those idiot girls would be in my classroom half-naked and grinning."

She wiped a tear from her eye brought on by a fresh effort at deep-throating. Mere weeks of practice and her daughter was already surpassing her. Still, big tits and a round ass went a long way toward taking me away from my troubles. "And if you do?"

"Then... I don't know. If we can sell our story, the Sterns will be expelled. Cassie and Tabitha too, maybe." There had been a boy my first year teaching who had claimed one of the PE teachers had made sexual advances on him at a track meet, though he hadn't counted on a friend betraying him and admitting the kid had made it up. That boy had been tossed out of GHS so hard I wasn't sure he'd landed yet. "Somebody's head is gonna roll for this. I just don't know."

"If that's what happens, how are you going to feel about that?" Again, no judgment. Lord, I'd done a number on her.

"Shitty. So shitty. Cassie and Tabitha never did anything wrong. They're great. Hell, even the Sterns don't deserve expulsion." I reflected. "Not for this, anyway."

She let her hands take over for her mouth, only sucking me off now when I was talking. “There’s always GED programs. They wouldn’t have to do much to finish them, considering their situations.”

“You know that’s not the same.” Megan had a GED herself, and she’d complained more than a few times about the distinction in the eyes of employers, especially when she’d been younger. “Besides, they earned it. I’d never forgive myself if I cheated them out of a rite of passage like this. But then, I also really, really don’t want to go to prison.” Or explain to my mom why I lost my job. Ugh.

“So then... quit. You could quit, right?”

“Quit? I can’t quit. This is my job. My *calling*. This is what I was meant to do. Without this job...” I shook my head. “What good would it do the girls to quit anyway?”

“Tell your b.s. story, get them to drop charges. Then trade Horen your dismissal for their graduation.”

I snorted. “You say ‘drop the charges’ like it’s a guaranteed thing.”

Megan took the time to give me a few dozen bobs before replying. It was oddly frustrating, this first moment in my life where I was more interested by words coming out of a woman’s mouth than my cock going into it. “Tell ya what, I think you’ve got a real shot here, buddy. From what Isa was telling me earlier, the Sterns have disciplinary records as long as my legs. Cassie even told me Abbie was already expelled once in middle school. People would believe they’d do something like that.” She paused, swished a finger in her mouth and flicked something irritably. “Sorry, pube. But seriously, this is the *cops* we’re talking about – they live for the chance to ignore allegations of sexual misconduct by men. At my old job at the cannery, at least half a dozen women made complaints about our manager and they didn’t lift a damn finger until they found out he was hiring illegals. Some bro fucking hot babes? Hero. But let a few Mexicans try to make a buck and blammo, they’re out in force.”

“What would *you* do, if you were me, Megan?”

“I’d use the last of that Serenex shit on Bradley Cooper, that’s what I’d do. I love me some Bradley Cooper.” She chuckled. “Look, I don’t know what to tell you. You don’t want to go down for it. You don’t want to throw the girls under the bus. You don’t want to go for a plea. I guess you just gotta figure out what you want, and what you can live with.”

I put her mouth back to work as I mulled it over. Maybe this would all blow over. It sure didn’t feel like it, but as someone who’d taught *Crime and Punishment* three years running, I knew that my sense of guilt over what I’d done outweighed the evidence against me. By the time Megan coaxed a grudging spurt of cum out of my balls, I was no closer to peace of mind nor to a plan for dealing with Horen, but the distraction had been fun while it lasted. I wasn’t sure what I could live with, but as I considered a life

separated from my ladies, I was more certain than I wanted to admit about what I couldn't live without.

Tuesday morning I contacted my union rep to appeal my dismissal and for legal counsel. They rushed somebody out before noon, a tired-looking fellow named Capaldi with wire-frame glasses and only a few lonely hairs left on his head. I explained my situation using the lies I'd settled on with Isa. We were still talking over what to expect when I got the call from someone at the police department asking me to come in for questioning as soon as possible. The appointment was set for that afternoon.

I'd driven past the place a thousand times without a second glance, an old brick building next to the courthouse. It was on my route to the high school. Nonetheless, it was a daunting thing, walking into that police department with all that guilt weighing me down. I couldn't escape the feeling that I would never leave, like they would ask the perfect question and I'd be left with no choice but to confess all my sins and throw myself at their absent mercy.

Capaldi and I were led to a sparsely decorated office. It was nothing like what I'd expected, some concrete cell with a heavy steel door, a hanging lamp and a window through which their profilers might observe me, watching every word for signs of guilt. Instead, the dread interrogation chamber was brightly lit and comfortably furnished, more welcoming than my reception the day before in the principal's office. It was cozy, almost. Disarming. Perhaps that was the point.

The occupant of the office was a heavysset man close to my father's age who introduced himself as Nick Shipman. I shook his hand, he asked permission to record, and off we went.

The interview proceeded about like how Isa had said. Maybe because she was the school's resource officer, I'd been doubtful about her knowledge of more conventional police proceedings. Not so. He asked about the incident at Gooses, and I explained my version of events – my impaired state, my swiftness to reject Abbie once I recognized her, her anger at being pushed away. Shipman asked why I didn't go back in to rejoin my friends, but I said I was feeling too confused and upset by what had happened to be good company.

From there, it was a checklist of sorts, asking about my relationship with each of the three bare-assed and/or bare-pussied high school girls who'd been discovered in my room the day before. I explained what I could and lied my ass off about what I couldn't. As to contact with them outside of school, I vaguely replied that Taylor and I kept in touch about her makeup work; remembering the handful of texts to Tabitha, I claimed that she had asked me to write a letter of recommendation for her and we'd briefly

corresponded, as well as a few other times earlier in the year regarding special projects for her honors credit – in case they were that thorough. That last part was actually true, but nonetheless felt as deceitful as the rest to say.

All in all, it was fairly pointed and easy to navigate the simple lies we'd constructed. As near as I could tell, he didn't try to sweat me out, trip me up, entrap me, or press on the weaker points. I'd subjected students to greater scrutiny about lengthy trips to the restroom. Still, I reminded myself that they could always call me back in again – or drag me back in – and it could simply be some cop trick to make me feel comfortable enough to let something slip.

I didn't. I don't think.

"All right, Mr. Canon, I think that about wraps it up – unless there's anything else you think we ought to know about...?" the detective said. I glanced at the clock on the wall. It had barely taken half an hour.

There was a part of me that thought back to two years – eight seemingly interminable academic quarters – of Taylor Stern. The snickers, the smirks, the lies, the interruptions, all the time and effort not merely wasted, but actually counterproductive, her attitude worsening with every attempt to bring her to heel. This was my chance. I had a heap of stories as deep and juicy as her silken cunt about the bullshit that girl had put me through. If I wanted to paint her as the evil bitch who'd made it her mission to drive me out of teaching once and for all, here was the chance. Isa had even suggested it might be worth saying something, since Horen would likely not be using the Sterns' disciplinary file to do me any favors. I ought to plant the seed, at least. Abbie I barely knew, at least for purposes of our narrative, but Taylor...

But part of me was the taste of cold spring rain washing over crimson lips.

"I don't think so. I'm not sure I fully understand what all happened in those girls' heads, but for my part, I think I've shared everything I know."

"Good. You think of something, you let me know."

He rose, which I took as a dismissal. Capaldi and I followed suit, but as I shook his hand again, I paused to ask, "What happens now? We're close to the end of the school year. Any chance this might be resolved before finals?"

Shipman nodded. "I hear you. I can't comment on the process, but I can share that we're fast-tracking this thing. I promise, you'll hear from me before long, one way or the other."

Ominous, but there was probably no other way for him to say it. Either he thought I was full of shit and he'd have charges to press, or he was ready to write it off as bratty Gen Z shenanigans. Either felt possible. "Right. Thanks, detective."

Having carpooled on the way over, Capaldi and I spoke some on our drive back to his office. He assured me I'd acquitted myself well, and reminded me not to try to contact any of the alleged victims or their families. Really, he said, just go home and stay

there. Order in, he suggested. And let him know if I heard anything. I told him I would, and that was the end of it. He moved on to his next case, and I got back in my car.

I started the engine, as anxious as I'd ever been. It was impossible not to notice that the vehicle's clock read 2:55. Not ten blocks from here, school was letting out. Normally I'd be waiting for Taylor to swagger in for her daily makeup session. She'd try to distract me by crossing her legs a certain way or flashing her panties under her skirt, and I'd try to not rip them off her and fuck her on my desk. It was the best, most excruciating game I'd ever played.

Back home, it was a hell of a long evening. Megan was at work. My only interaction was with Isa, whom I called with Megan's burner phone. There wasn't much to it; she said she didn't know Shipman personally, but figured she'd at least try to put in a good word, see if she could learn anything or give it a nudge. Beyond that, yet another reminder to keep my hands to myself and get used to solitude. The worst thing for my situation would be for some nosy neighbor to see a schoolgirl sneaking in my back door, then read the next week in the paper about charges.

To my credit, I made it until almost ten o'clock. For a guy with a contact list full of nubile sex slaves, that was one hell of an achievement as far as I was concerned.

You up? I sent.

I didn't have to wait long. *Is that you???*

Smart girl. Saw an unknown number, but clever enough to use pronouns. *Who else.*

Are you OK? I've been freaking out!

I'm sorry about that. I'm fine. Can you get out?

omw.

The door to the garage swung quietly open a short while later. Entering my house was a figure who could have been nearly anyone. It was disguised in a bulky hoodie and leggings, both black. The hood was up, shrouding its face. Even the shoes were black.

"Tabitha, Jesus, you look like an urban ninja or something." I rose to greet her, but she was already starting to strip even as she closed the door with a foot. Not the worst hug rejection I'd ever gotten, I supposed.

"Sorry. I didn't see any police cars, but I didn't want to take chances. I parked two blocks down in the lot by the Walgreens and hiked over – down the alley, just to be sure. Nobody saw me."

She was already naked by the time the brief explanation was done. Lack of socks, bra and panties probably helped, but still, impressive stripping speed. "I appreciate the caution, but they don't have a SWAT team on standby. I'm an English teacher, not Jason Bourne."

"Did you crib that line from Officer Barbour, or did she steal it from you?" A little shiver ran through her body as she took stock of me taking stock of her. Still conquering

that shyness, though you'd hardly know it with how quickly she'd tossed off those clothes. Had it really only been a few days since I'd first seen her naked? The smattering of tits and ass sort of blurred together after a while. Still, the sight of her was something else. She might not share the Sterns' porn star builds, but Tabitha's petite body was mesmerizing in its own right.

"Surprised your mother let you out," I deflected.

Tabitha shrugged, apple breasts bouncing once, twice, then still. The physics were so different on those cute little things. "I'm grounded, officially, but she's three sheets to the wind as usual."

"Grounded? First time for that, I'll bet."

Her lips pursed. "Just because I get good grades doesn't mean I'm some simpering do-gooder, you know. That's one of those shitty positive but negative stereotypes. Like Asians being good at math or Jews having a lot of money."

"OK, OK. I'm sure a bad-ass rebel like you gets grounded all the time."

Her face softened. A bit. "It's the *second* time," she conceded in a scarcely audible mumble. "First time was in fifth grade when Mrs. Melendez gave me a B+ in social studies."

"You mean when you earned a B+ in social studies," I corrected. Students, always blaming their teachers for grades like we invented the points on the fly. "And if your mom hated that, you better start boosting your grade in sex ed double time. A couple rocky assignments – but still plenty of points left to be earned."

I'd meant it as a joke, but Tabitha nodded austere. "I mean to. That is, at least as long as you're out of jail and all. Do you really think that'll happen? Because I'm going to have to make more corrections to my five-year plan if that's the direction this all goes."

Touching. "I don't know. My lawyer didn't laugh in my face and tell me I'm fucked, at least, but I suppose we'll see how our little fiction plays out. How were things in school today? Are we trending?"

"Nah, I haven't heard anybody talking yet. Can't believe the principal could walk in on me showing you my bare butt and not even get in trouble for it. I guess Mrs. Horen kept her mouth shut about it though, because I wasn't even getting weird looks. So far, so good, I guess."

I got to work on my own clothes. "That's a relief. If we can actually somehow keep this under wraps, coming back will be a lot easier."

"Yeah, it'd be nice not to graduate with an asterisk. 'Most likely to whore her way through college' doesn't feel like a cool superlative. I wonder if Mrs. Horen is going to investigate along those lines, now that we're taking the fall for you. Ugh, just the idea that *I* would be bullied into *that* by a total loser like Taylor Stern..." She grimaced, evidently not appreciating the irony of her words.

Myself, I was grimacing for a different reason. “I am sorry for that, you know. That you’re in this position. It wasn’t my intention to... well, none of this was my intention, least of all inserting my best student into all this chaos and drama.”

“And if sorry’s and please’s were infectious diseases, we’d all be dead by winter.” She reacted to my expression with a dismissive eye roll. “Something my grandfather says.”

“Colorful. Still, I want you to know—”

But Tabitha held up a hand. “You really don’t have to apologize. We’re here. It’s happening. Let’s not waste our breath on accusations and apologies, OK? Taylor sucks, her sister sucks, and what’s happening sucks. Now you invited me over. I hope that wasn’t why.”

Somehow, in that moment I was reminded of my second year teaching when Chris... crap, I’d already forgotten his last name. Anyway, Chris Somebody wasn’t happy with his semester grade, and he had the temerity to swing by after school and pull the old “my parents’ taxes pay your salary” routine. It hadn’t done much for Chris. Tabitha probably hadn’t meant it like that, but something in her tone, the entitlement...

“Have you ever been spanked?”

It just rubbed me the wrong way, here at the end of a hard day.

The sudden flush to her skin, the way her whole body went rigid, was already satisfying enough that I barely felt the compulsion to do it any more. Barely. “N-no...” she stammered.

“Well lucky you, Tabitha. You’re about to have a new experience to put on your transcript.”

“You can’t... I didn’t...”

“I can’t what? Speak up, sweetie. Are you here for my approval, or do you want another F?”

“No!” she shook her head fervently. “No, you can... you can spank me. That’s fine. So I, um... what do I do?”

I ventured a thin smile. “Assume the position.”

“Yeah, but... what position? If you want me on your lap you’ll have to sit down. Or do I just grab my ankles, or...? You have to throw me a bone, here, Mr. Canon.”

I let my displeasure show, and the effect was visibly chastening. “First things first, spanking is about punishment, and contrition. If I wanted sass, I’d have brought Taylor over. You have to want my approval more than her, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she squeaked, then cleared her throat. “I mean, yes... sir? Please punish me, sir.” She arched an eyebrow. “Is that better?”

“It’s progress. Now... assume the position.”

Quick learner that she was, Tabitha didn’t balk or stall this time. Instead, she shuffled across the room, eyes on her toes, until coming to a stop next to the coffee table.

There she bent down and placed her palms on the surface. Half the girl's height was in her legs, and with her ass flying high in the air like that, she was suddenly nothing but. The honor roll student looked back over her shoulder, big blue eyes meek and plaintive. "Like this, sir?"

"That's my girl." I took my time admiring her. I'd always fancied myself more of a tit man, but there really was a lot to be said for a pair of smooth lean thighs. Two cute little bubbles of an ass, between them a smooth pink slit just begging to be fucked. Tabitha Hutchings, academic all star and teacher's pet extraordinaire, presenting herself for anything I might want to do to her. If I came around and shoved my dick in her mouth, she would suck it, and do her best. If I surprised her with a thrust into her pussy, she'd thank me for helping show her how to ride a cock.

When my palm came down with a sharp *crack* against her naked bottom, she... moaned.

She moaned.

"Thank you, sir."

After giving myself a moment to relish in that post-spank moment, when the aftershock reverberated throughout her rounded bottom, I wound up and gave her another one, harder. A grunt, this time, but not entirely of pain. "I'm sorry, sir."

I took a moment to fondle her ass, squeezing each plump cheek in turn. Damn, she kept this thing in perfect shape. The sudden shift to another smack caught her off-guard, only her grip on the tabletop keeping her from teetering over. "Again please, sir?"

I gave her what she asked for. "Thank you for teaching me, sir."

Another. "Please punish me, sir."

Another. "I'm so sorry, sir."

Another. "Spank my naughty ass, sir."

Another. "Please don't stop, sir."

Another. "Harder, sir."

Another, one on each cheek in rapid succession. "Fuck... I'm getting s-so horny, sir."

I probed, and fucking hell, you could cook a roast in the heat emanating from between those thighs. Wet as hell, too. Had she really never done this before? We'd only just begun and she was ready to be fucked. "You sure you don't have a thing for being spanked, Tabitha? Damn."

"I will if you want me to, sir."

Hot damn. She earned another swat for that one. "C-closer, sir. Please don't stop."

"Arch your back more. You have a great ass. Show it off."

In a flash, she complied. The hunch became a deep valley, and I swear it was like her ass was suddenly... smiling at me. The red blooming in her cheeks shone in the lamplight; the cleft advertised her pussy even more tantalizingly. "Like this, sir?"

I fondled that thing lovingly, a kid with a new puppy. Except my puppy was wet and ready to be fucked. *What? Jesus, Canon.* She seemed to be waiting for it, so I gave her another smack. "I'm so sorry, sir. Would you like to pull my hair while you spank me?"

Until she offered, I hadn't realized I wanted to. She gasped – in fright? in discomfort? in delight? – as my fingers snaked into her thick mane and seized a handful. Somehow the girl even managed to keep her back arched as I pulled her face sideways to where my cock now waited. She was already braced to accept my shaft in her throat, though I didn't leave her time to make another slutty plea before I skewered her perfect face.

I used my new handle to fuck her at my leisure. With my other hand, I kept on spanking at intervals. If she hadn't been moaning into my shaft like that, I might have been more gentle, but as it was, she only spurred me on to new heights of savagery. A short time later – I think; I was beyond time in this slut's mouth – I inadvertently set off a chain reaction.

A smack.

A shudder.

Weak knees thudding onto the tabletop.

A muffled squeal.

Fade to groan.

Rise to squeal again.

A shockwave.

A pussy thrumming in climax.

A cock spurting into a girl's mouth.

Desperately eager swallows.

Dizzy stumbles toward my chair.

A girl crawling after me.

Eyes locked on eyes.

Matched breathlessness.

"Thank you for teaching me, sir."

"If I spank you any more, it's going to bruise. It may have already," I told her some hours later.

She looked back at me, sulking. “So? So when I sit down tomorrow, I’ll remember how much Mr. Canon approves of my ass. It’ll feel good. Go on. Bruise me.”

I patted the bed. “Come on, give it a rest for a bit. I can only take so much.”

Tabitha stood, frowning, and gestured to my admittedly fully erect shaft upthrust from my prone position. “Really? Because it looks like you could take more.”

“I meant my hand, actually. But if you’re so intent on brushing up, climb aboard. You’re almost as bad as Taylor about getting me off-topic from my lesson plan.” Not that I’d had a plan. And no one was as bad as Taylor.

It was a little strange, in a way. If I had told Taylor to mount my cock, she’d have grinned that self-satisfied smirk of hers. Abbie, too. Cassie would have practically leapt on it. No, not practically, definitely. Isa would pout, Candy too, but they’d have that angrily horny face on to mitigate it as they complied. Megan would flash her cockeyed grin and say something funny.

Tabitha merely nodded and obeyed.

“Cowgirl, or reverse?”

There was something to be said for her dutiful approach. Her unquestioning compliance quickly banished my reservations about taking advantage of her. With Taylor I’d push her buttons just to bother her. Tabitha, however, somehow didn’t have any buttons. Her dignity, sometimes, but once she’d committed, there was no more hesitation.

If I wanted to fuck her face, she relaxed her throat and let me. Her first spanking had transitioned in mere seconds from grudging acceptance to what looked to be a full-blown fetish. If my cock was anywhere beyond completely flaccid, she was analyzing how best to make use of it, and her analysis plainly ran something like this: *what will bring Mr. Canon the most satisfaction?*

All so she could get another A in my make-believe class, Sex Slavery 101.

“Reverse. Let me admire my handywork.”

The budding young slut was selfishly selfless, perversely perverted. Everything about it was backwards. Brainwashed by another to belong to me, to spite her with pleasure, so she would better herself as she uplifted herself through submission to degradation. I could barely wrap my mind around how utterly fucked up things were with this girl. Yet as I watched her pretty pink snatch get split wide by my shaft, I couldn’t help but wonder if there was any higher pleasure in life than this. To have a woman wholly and unquestioningly committed to my carnal satisfaction.

Egotistical? Sure. But that it stoked the fires of my ego was part of what made it so good. For her, too, because the more I liked it, the better she got to feel about herself. Slapping her ass and telling her to go faster wasn’t greedy; I was doing her a favor, helping her learn how to improve her ability to get me off. The better I helped her do,

the more she got to bask in new heights of my approval. There was no greater generosity I could show her than raw, unapologetic self-centeredness.

“Twist yourself, if you can. I want to see those little tits of yours bounce while you work.”

And she was learning. This was Tabitha Hutchings, after all. She watched and listened and *felt* for my reactions, seizing on anything I seemed to like, avoiding anything that hadn't produced results. Sometimes her discoveries came from pointed questions, but she was also learning how to learn independently. Interrogating me about my preferences wasn't sexy. No, better to experiment and learn from the response. She was taking mental notes: *side to side with hips good; hamming up orgasm meh; playing with her clit unnecessary when I can't see it but hot when I can; vocalizations super hot.*

Her teeth clenched in an effort to keep from wailing in pleasure, she still managed, “Oh god, I must be the luckiest fucking slut fuck toy at GHS, I swear to fuck, Mr. Canon! My tight little fucking pussy can barely fit your huge fat fucking dick, but, ungh, I can't help myself! Just *please* promise me, *please*, that you won't make me stop!”

For instance. Theater, to be sure, but she was good at it, and frankly, her tight little fucking pussy really was damn snug around my presently huge-as-it-was-gonna-get dick. The girl was feather-light, so with a firm grasp of her slender waist I could ram her up and down until she was a wet, warm jackhammer of sex. She reacted perfectly, head thrown back in wild ecstasy, her on-going presentation on the merits of being my teen pleasure slave cut short by what may or may not have been another orgasm. I didn't care either way, because she didn't care. The only pleasure either of us cared about was happening between *my* legs, where I was soon flooding her tight pink cunt. Because I fucking felt like it, and because she wanted to learn how to get comed in like the little slut I was turning her into.

Tabitha pivoted to collapse on top of me, her mop of brown hair sticking to the sweat on my shoulder. I caught her eyes glancing up to mine, monitoring to make sure that cuddling was the right answer, that her living essay on the theme of being too delighted with my boundless masculinity was following the assigned font and formatting.

I patted her butt reassuringly. “Another A+, sweetie.”

Her body trembled, and I just caught a shallow gasp over the sound of my own heavy breathing. “Really? I thought I'd lose some credit for whipping you with my hair there at the end.”

“Nah, you just missed. Plus you look good when you lose control. Don't overdo it, but if you're coming, I like to know it.”

She caressed my side softly, suggestively, making sure I understood how wet and ready she remained should the desire arise. “How can I lose control when I’ve already given all the control over to you?”

I snort-laughed. “All the control? Come on. You were steering there as much as I was.”

But Tabitha shook her head. “I was following your directions. Really, Mr. Canon, it doesn’t take a genius to figure out what gets you off. I’m just trying to train my body and my mind to get on board with it.”

I gave her poor, overwrought butt a squeeze. This little minx was going to have me ready again in no time. “Oh yeah? You think you got me figured out?”

“I *know* I have you figured out. You’re more complex than the boys at school, but you’re not exactly an enigma.”

“OK. Let’s call it a quiz then. Tell me what it is that you think gets me off. Pass/fail.”

Her hands folded under her chin and she looked up at me with an almost condescending expression. No, not almost. Definitely condescending. “It’s simple. Obedience.”

“Obedience? Tabitha, I never told you to—”

“Like hell you didn’t! But it doesn’t even matter. You don’t have to. Look at you, Mr. Canon. Yeah, us girls are all hot, boobs and pussies and an excuse to bandy about the term ‘nubile’ in your head and whatever. Sure. You like that, but that’s not what you *love* about it. It’s breaking us. Taking the evil bitch who’s pissed you off and putting her on her knees with your dick in her mouth and there’s nothing she can do about it. Taking your backstabbing neighbor and making her not just watch you fuck her only daughter, but thank you for it, help you think of new uses for her. I don’t know what all you have going on with Officer Barbour, but I’d bet my bottom dollar that when it’s just the two of you, that woman crawls when and where you snap and point.

“Or take me. The pretty, prissy honors girl, and you fucked my head so bad that I can actually orgasm from you spanking me. I think I came harder from that than from the actual sex – which also felt amazing, because you made me need to make you feel like you can give a girl amazing sex. Or maybe none of that’s true and I’m only saying that to make you feel that way, but even then, you’ve made me want to say that.”

“Wait, did you really come from... or wait. What?”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t care if I ever get off from what you do with me. Zero percent. I like that I do – if I do – but if you just wanted me to spend all night on my knees blowing you and coming on my face and slapping me around with your dick, I would do it, because that’s the sort of woman you really approve of. A shameless, obedient slut who worships you as the god of her idolatry.”

I stared at her for a long time, but there was nothing in her eyes that betrayed any sign that she thought she even *might* be wrong.

“Pass,” I said quietly, then flipped off the light.

My eyes closed, but I was nowhere near sleeping. In fact, I was already wondering how long I could wait before I rolled her on her back and dove into that pussy buffet between her legs.

“You don’t need the others any more, you know,” she said softly. “I’ll be everything you could ever want.”

“Nobody’s perfect, Tabitha.”

“Only because you’ve been wasting yourself on lesser women. Nobody’s been perfect for you *yet*, Mr. Canon.”

Her lips found mine in the dark, and she made out with me until too long had passed to bother with a retort. Then I fucked her again. Right before I came in her, Tabitha breathily whispered her fear: “God, I think I might fall in love with you, Mr. Canon.” When Cassie had something similar, it had been awkward, an inadvertent admission that we’d had to find a way to work around.

With Tabitha, she had very much meant to say it. Then after, she inquired if I wanted her to fall in love with me. I was afraid she found her answer in my eyes instead of in my voice.

“Officer Barbour told you not to call me over, didn’t she,” she said as we were at last in the process of drifting off to sleep. She’d set an alarm to wake her in time to sneak out while it was still dark out, but insisting she wanted to be on hand if I got horny in the night. She didn’t like the idea of me wanting to fuck her and not being able to when she wasn’t even busy with anything important.

“Said not to contact any of you,” I mumbled into my pillow.

“And you contacted me, huh. Not Taylor, or Abbie, or Cassie. Me.”

“Yeah, guess so.”

“You know, you can fall in love with me, too, if you want. I don’t mind.” My eyes shot open just in time to see her roll away from me, wriggling her perfect, naked bottom against my hip. “Good night, Mr. Canon. I’ll be quiet when I leave so you can sleep in.”

If I didn’t wind up in prison, maybe being fired wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Part Twenty-Three: Senior Pranks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Want me to get the lube?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We'll be quiet.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sorry, hon. Already made plans.

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

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

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

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

Perfect! I'll work things out with her.

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

There was no reply.

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

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

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

Are people talking?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then I heard something smack into my front window.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fuck buddies like mine, who needed fuck enemies?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The compliment brought exactly the smile I’d hoped it would, pleased and shy and sweet and very Cassie. Tabitha even ran with it. “He was telling me the other day

about what an amazing job you did with the... you know. The, um, anal, I guess you call it.” The uncertainty in her voice, a quality she’d already unlearned in our short time together, but she managed it for Cassie’s sake. “Do you think you could show me? If that’s all right with you, that is, Mr. Canon.”

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

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

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

“How is spanking any different from the anal sex thing? Aren’t we both walking fetishes?”

“There’s tons of barely legal teens getting their asses fucked out there. Trust me. Spanking’s not rare, but it’s more rare. I dunno. Maybe you’re right. I guess we’d all make pretty hot porn, if we made a porno. Oh gosh, maybe if you don’t go to jail, we could make a porno! Wouldn’t that be so hot? Then you wouldn’t even need to teach any more, I bet. We could make major bank, four girls as hot as us – not to be braggy, but I mean, I’m not blind or anything – and a guy with a big dick like yours, Mr. Canon. Do you–”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Before I could make a study of the cute pink panties covered in red hearts that distinguished this present sight from the pictures she’d sent when she was evading my substitute, however, Cassie evidently decided she was due a little extra attention herself. I hadn’t even noticed her getting her phone out, much less touching any buttons, but suddenly there was a beat.

And in the next moment, she started to twerk.

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

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

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

than a teacher. That year's homecoming had, however, been my first exposure to the art of the twerk.

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

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

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

Fuck, the girl had a visible thigh 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 groused. "We were having so much fun, weren't we?"

"Yeah we were." Tabitha pouted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Already?”

I nodded. “Stay here.”

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

“Sup, brah,” said Abbie, grinning. “Missed ya at school.”

“Ms. Stern,” I answered tersely, then to Taylor, “Ms. Stern.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is that her house?" The female officer gestured.

"Yeah. Just knock on the door. She'll tell you," insisted Abbie. "She invited us over."

"Don't bother," I interjected. "She's over at my house."

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

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

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

"Are you Cassie Brown?" the officer asked.

"I'm Tabitha. Tabitha Hutchings? My father is—"

"I don't care who your daddy is, miss. So you're Cassie Brown, then?"

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

I shook my head. "If I may? I told this to the dispatcher already. The short version is, these two have been repeat victims of bullying by those two young women outside. Tonight, they were being pressured to help egg my house. Since Cassie lives next door, that was their, well, I guess you could call it a staging ground? I'm a teacher at their school, and we've been through some... drama of late. These two felt bad enough about it that they kindly came over early to confess and apologize. That's when I placed the call."

"You called the police?" Cassie asked incredulously.

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

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

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

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

PS sorry bout the eggs dawg!

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

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

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

“You said Shipman is the primary on the investigation?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nothing I could do for them now, though. I could hear their streams of obscenities from inside. Attempted egging usually wasn’t an arrestable offense, but there

was only so much flak one could throw at a police officer before they got bored of it and decided to ruin your evening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not in the eyes of the law, they’re not, unfortunately.”

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

He studied me for a moment, then gave a curt nod. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

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

Shipman stroked the point of his thin beard for a moment, then sighed and planted his forearms on the table. “So you know, I’ve concluded the investigation. I’ll notify your principal shortly once I finish up the paperwork; you’ll have to follow up in-house for employment-related matters. Ms. Crawford, your custodian, vouched for you, said she’d seen you and Taylor Stern together a dozen times in your after-school meet-ups, and never a whiff of anything inappropriate.”

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

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

“What? Look into... but they’re...!”

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

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

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

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

I sat up straighter. “What? What crimes? Egging someone’s house isn’t a felony, is it?”

“They didn’t egg your house, so that doesn’t make the list. Still, that leaves us indecent exposure – aggravated by doing it in a school. Coercion. Intimidation. Giving false information to an officer of the law. Incrimination on false evidence. We could add

resisting arrest after how they carried on last night.” He shook his head. “I don’t know how deep it goes, but from what I’ve seen in their disciplinary files, it wouldn’t surprise me if we found more.”

“But... they’re...”

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

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

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

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

Part Twenty-Four: Standards-Based Assessment

For the seniors, the final was, for most of them, a formality. For the college bound ones, they'd already gotten their acceptances and rejections. For the ones joining me earlier in the so-called real world, their GPA might matter on their first, maybe second job application, and after that, might come up again in a couple decades when their kids asked them what kind of students they were back when. So long as they graduated – and with our funding dependent on graduation rates, they almost always did – their success wasn't in question. We tried not to let them know that, but by this point, we'd taught them enough that they knew better.

Ergo, my seniors didn't take the kind of exam that produced a solid, straightforward grade. My seniors wrote essays. Multiple choice was well and good for efficiency, gave easy targets for studying. With grades due less than twenty-four hours after the last finals were distributed, they were sure as hell a lot easier on me. That wasn't how I saw things, though. These last essays were an opportunity to think like a scholar and a citizen and a human being; to process and analyze and reflect and defend and elucidate. I'd received lots of positive feedback from former students about those exams over the years, too. On a personal level, it helped me end the year feeling like I'd accomplished something and started recharging the batteries for summer.

It took days of intense review and discussion to be ready for it. I'd already been cutting it close starting *Catcher* as late as I had. Although I was home from the police station before ten o'clock that Thursday, nevertheless the semester review was being handled by a substitute while I sat at home, twiddling my thumbs as I waited to hear back from Horen.

Not knowing what else to do, I wrote a thank you letter to Capaldi and put it in the mailbox, then met up with Isa for lunch. Unlike teachers, resource officers were free to take lunch off-campus. We met at my place, where I had her strip to her panties and play with herself while I filled her in on my meeting with Shipman. For all she put on a show of sulking over it, it sure didn't slow her budding arousal any.

"So that's it? We're really in the clear?" she asked, eyes squinted shut.

"Sounds like. He thinks the Sterns tried to set me up, bullied Cassie and Tabitha into going along with it. Some kind of report is going to Horen. Could be there now, honestly. I was able to get my lawyer on the line after, and he said there shouldn't be much grounds to continue pressing for my termination. We'll see. I never got a sense that Horen disliked me or anything, but sometimes it's hard for somebody to admit they're wrong."

"Especially when they're right, master," grunted Isa sullenly, hips bucking against her fingers.

“Yeah. Still, you did good. I wanted to bring you by and say that to your face. Kept everybody organized, put up a solid front, kept everything contained. If there’s something I can do for you to pay you back, name it. And I know you’re busy right now, so think on it if you like.”

She didn’t respond right away, though only because she was mid-orgasm. A few shallow gasps, and the officer collapsed on my living room rug, spent. Her thighs were splayed wide, a dark spot growing and darkening at the crotch of her panties. “Just... just promise me you’ll be more careful from now, master,” she managed at last. The woman didn’t bother trying to right herself. Not like kneeling would be any more dignified than her present position. “My top priority is keeping you safe and preserving your freedom. I can’t handle another scare like that.”

I nodded. “No worries there. You and I will sit down together sometime soon, once finals are done, and come up with some protocols – starting with nothing at the school. Though I guess it won’t really matter except for Abbie.”

“You say that like Abbie’s still going to be a student next year,” Isa replied. “You can’t do the kinds of things she’s admitted to doing and not get expelled, at the bare minimum. If Shipman really is some pathetic incel like you made him out to be–”

“All I said was that he was awfully ready to mistrust the Sterns,” I protested.

“–then I’d be surprised if they didn’t land in real trouble. They’re two eighteen-year-old white girls, so, system being what it is, they might get off with warnings. Still...” She sat up, brushed some dust off of the thin sheen of sweat along the side of her breast. “Hard to say. Most likely scenario, I’d say, the two never go back to school, maybe finish their GEDs while serving time in house arrest.”

“Oh sure, because I’m the asshole, here?” I snapped, rising to my feet as if I weren’t already looming over her in my chair.

“Master, I didn’t accuse you of–”

“I didn’t know they could get in this kind of trouble! I thought it was a simple house-egging, a slap-on-the-wrist deal! I never would’ve thrown them under the bus if I’d realized...!”

“I’m only saying–”

“I hear what you’re saying! It’s not my fault! They made their beds with a dozen years of apathy, mischief, and rancor. And suddenly there’s consequences when it all bubbles over, and that’s on *me*?! Bullshit!” I swung a fist at the air blindly. It didn’t come anywhere near her, but she fell back anyway as it collided with my lampshade and launched the thing into the wall. Pieces of it flew everywhere.

After a moment, Isa silently busied herself cleaning it up. I insisted she put her shoes on first for safety’s sake, and added to it that she may as well get dressed anyway. She waved me away as I tried to help, so there was nothing to do but sit back and watch her clean up my mess, blushing at my overreaction. My admission of guilt.

She came to stand at attention in front of me, her hair back up in its tight bun, body hidden away in her uniform. “Master...”

“Don’t. I know what you’re going to say already, OK? Obviously it’s my goddamn fault. I know it. So yes, I’m the miserable piece of shit who’s ruining the lives of these innocent girls, just like you’ve said a hundred times before. You win, OK? Tell Candy you were both right about Canon. I’m a monster. I get it.”

“That’s not what I was going to say,” she said softly. “If you’ll let me...”

“Fine.”

She lowered herself to her knees. “Sorry, this is hard to do standing up, master. But you know what? Yes. You do bear a significant burden of responsibility for what you did to those girls over the past month, master. Whatever your intentions, you did exactly what Horen accused you of. You fucked your student. Then three more. That’s on you. But what happened in your classroom Monday?”

Isa shook her head. “What happened Monday was those girls showing no common sense at all. They were impulsive and careless and stupid, and you were very nearly the one who burned for their idiot mistake. Now the way the system works, mistakes have consequences. For Cassie and Tabitha? The consequences are going to be the awkward conversations they have with their parents.” She glanced in the direction of the Browns’ house. “Well, for Tabitha at least.”

“Yeah, pretty sure Megan’s not losing sleep over it.”

“But for Taylor and Abbie? No, they didn’t bully the other two into being in there – they turned those girls into sex slaves, and *enslaved* them into being in there. And their harsher consequence comes from a lifetime of being deviant little hellspawn, and frankly, they probably had something like this coming for a while now.”

“So you’re saying I’m not a monster, I just created monsters?”

“I don’t do metaphors, master. I’m only telling you how it is.”

I folded my arms. “Bullshit. You’re really trying to say those girls are to blame for this and I’m not?”

“Were you going to turn Cassie into your sex slave before the Sterns blurted out those obscenities?”

“Well, no.”

“Did you lure Tabitha into a room at a party and force-feed her Serenex so you could fuck her?”

“No. I didn’t. I thought you didn’t believe me about all that, though. You’ve been on my case about it since the beginning.”

“Fuck what I told you I believe, master. I didn’t want to believe it because it complicated things. It was easier to imagine you as the lecherous teacher preying on helpless students. Which you are,” she added, fretfully mashing her tits at her contempt for me. “But... well, I do appreciate that it’s also more complex than that. Nothing like

standing over the printer for twenty minutes while it spits out the Sterns' combined discipline records for Shipman to make you appreciate what rotten little bitches those two have been."

"Careful, Isa, you almost sound like this isn't one hundred percent my fault."

"Your percentage is high, master," she said bitterly, then trailed off as she was unable to resist squeezing down on her nipples. "But my top priority is keeping you safe and preserving your freedom. Those girls are bad news, and they've been bad news since long before you came along."

I imagined the size of those files. I'd probably sent Taylor to the office, assigned detentions or filed reports leading to her suspension almost weekly for two years now. I had a folder in one of my desk drawers where I kept my copy of those forms. My sixth period, Taylor's class, was thicker than my other five classes combined, and at least half of it was that one student.

"Yeah. Yeah, you're probably right."

She pried a hand away from her lewd display and patted my knee sympathetically. "Look, master. Just because you sharpened your monsters' claws doesn't mean you created them. If you prefer figurative expression."

My scowl faded to a pout, and after another moment, gave way to a grudging smile. "You know, you might do halfway decent on the *Frankenstein* question on my final."

"Thank you, master...?" She rolled her eyes derisively, then squirmed as her display of disrespect hit her right in the clit. "Though Frankenstein didn't have claws, just bolts in his neck and a bit of a slur."

"He didn't have bolts or a flat head either," I said, my teacher persona unable to resist surfacing after days of neglect. "Actually..."

"Frankenstein wasn't the monster," Tabitha interjected, speaking even as she raised her hand. As she often did. "He *made* the monster, then it turned evil all on its own."

It was Friday, and I was back in my room in time for a bit of last-minute final exam preparation. It felt like a month since I'd stood in this room, not four days. Entering this morning had been surreal, and six hours later, it was barely less so. I'd been all sorts of nervous about what to expect. Teaching can be a bit of a fish bowl, oftentimes, yet to my immense relief, as near as I could tell, people had enough of their own drama to worry about without needing to worry about mine.

I'd taken lunch in the teacher's cafeteria, where Amy and the rest of my department were at their usual table. Their curiosity was plain, and I answered it

without being asked. My tale of being seduced and subsequently framed was met with fretful gasps, women mortified by what those no-good Sterns had put one of us through this time. Most of the rest of lunch went to sharing tales of their misdeeds, pure gossip. Considering I'd taught Taylor for the entirety of the past two years, hearing about her sophomore year hijinx was laughably tepid. Wild offenses like wandering the halls instead of going to the bathroom, using the b-word at a fellow student, and (oh my!) spreading a rumor that Melinda Scott-Wallace was bulimic.

(There was the story of the time she beat up another girl at lunch for refusing to vacate Taylor's preferred table. That was more on brand.)

As we packed up and made for our rooms to begin the second half of the day, Amy even took me aside after and apologized for her role in the whole misunderstanding. I swallowed down my self-loathing long enough to reassure her that I had already forgiven her, and that she was right to report it. That I would have done the same.

Maybe I would have, once upon a time.

The rumors hadn't hit the student body yet. Finals were stressful, the allure of summer vacation loomed large, and graduation was a far more pressing concern to the senior class than whatever fresh antics noted misanthrope Taylor Stern had whipped up, and expecting the juniors to be surprised at Abbie being suspended was like expecting my sixth period to be surprised Tabitha was correcting someone.

I nodded to her point. "That's right, Tabitha. Though remember, evil is a value judgment. Was Frankenstein's creature truly evil? What do you folks think?"

I looked around for answers, scrupulously avoiding gazing in Tabitha's direction, where eye contact would be considered permission to take over the discussion with her own thoughts. Useful sometimes, but not today. To my surprise, it was actually Justin who answered. "I mean, just 'cause he's huge and ripped, that don't mean he ain't a kid, right?"

It was so unheard of for him to participate in a class discussion, I could have fainted. "Go on. How do you mean, he's a kid?"

His usual cocky grin returned upon being given the spotlight. What I wouldn't give if someone could have helped him appreciate the merits of positive attention at an earlier age. "Right, well like... he doesn't really know anything, right? Like yeah, he can think like a grownup, talk smooth and stuff, but he's not, like..."

"Socialized?" I prompted. When cognition didn't register on his face, I added, "He doesn't know how to relate to other people."

"Yeah! Exactly. Like, OK. So my little brother used to piss himself. Like *all* the time I'm sayin'. Couldn't take the dude anywhere or he'd go pss pss pss all over himself. Was so gross. Smelled *awful*—"

“Get back to the point, Justin.” Lucky for him I’d had for days to build up patience for this kind of crap.

“Right, but I mean, he didn’t know, and he couldn’t help it. Has some kind of anxiety disorder, I guess. But like, see how I mean?” Suddenly – too suddenly – his grin faded and he looked at me pointedly. “The person who’s s’posed to have the monster’s back hung his ass out to dry. Way I see it, our boy Victor is the evil sonofabitch in that story.”

“Language, Justin.”

I took his meaning all too well, though it was lost on the rest of the class, naturally. The rest of the class, minus one, at least, one who immediately took it upon herself to reply. “Yeah, Mr. Canon talked about that at length while we were reading it,” Tabitha said dryly. She had condescension down to a science. “Still, I’m not convinced, personally. Dr. Frankenstein might not have been a very good parental figure, but he wasn’t a murderer. I mean, what’s more evil, being a bad adoptive parent, or murdering your adoptive parent’s loved ones. It’s easy to sympathize with tales of woe and bad upbringing, but somewhere you have to draw the line and let the creature be responsible for his own crimes.”

“Yeah, well, nobody expects a monster to not do what monsters do. He’s just being what he is. Frankenstein – the doc, I mean – is the one who fucked – sorry, fudged – up. He’s a grown-ass man, ought to know how to treat somebody who cares about him.”

“Did the creature care about Victor? If it did, it sure had a strange way of showing it.”

“Victor’s the thing’s dad! You gonna blame this dude who’s been alive for like an hour and not the guy who had a lifetime of socialism to know better?”

“I think you mean socialization,” I pointed out, though Tabitha was already composing her next rebuttal. The class watched with interest at this strange but tense debate between the honors student and class clown.

“That sounds like a double standard. Victor is supposed to instantly know how to be a father to this disgusting thing, but the creature, which has the faculties of a full-grown adult even if it was still fairly stupid, can take as long as it needs to figure out not to be a rampaging psychopath?”

“Psychopath!” Justin barked a rhetorical laugh. “Bullshit! It only lashed out because Victor crapped all over it and never apologized, hid from him, acted like his life got to just go on smooth while his innocent little creature got bent over and–!” He didn’t finish the sentence, but we all filled in that blank easily enough.

The two were glaring daggers at one another, and mercifully Jesse raised his hand. I nodded permission. “Not to get off-subject, but like... isn’t it crazy how much

better discussions are when Taylor's not here throwing us off subject?" He grinned around at his peers, many of whom nodded in agreement.

Before I could process what was happening, Justin reached into his pocket and retrieved something, then whipped it full speed across the room. It thwapped solidly into Jesse's temple, then bounced across the floor until it rolled right up to my feet.

Chapstick.

Justin stormed away to the office before I even needed to tell him to go. Jesse rubbed his head for a minute but promised he was all right. His grumbling about the on-going hazard of flying chapstick was only barely audible as I transitioned the discussion to our next text.

"He wasn't wrong, you know," I told my pillow some ten hours later. A very naked Tabitha was straddling my own very naked self, her fingertips grazing sweetly across my back. It had begun as a massage, but true to form, she'd discerned that this gentle tickling was every bit as relaxing.

"That's one reading of the text," she answered. "Admittedly, it's more in line with the apparent intent of Shelley, but that doesn't mean it's the only one."

"I'm not talking about Shelley or Frankenstein or the damned creature and you know it." The sting in my voice was dulled by the filtration effect of my pillow.

"I know. Which is all the more reason he's wrong. You only feel like he's right because your profession predisposes you to agree with lines of reasoning supported in the so-called Great Books of the western canon."

"Really? Well thank you, Ms. Freud. Please, do go on, explain away the rest of my thoughts using your crack armchair psychology."

I could tell she was bending down when her hair draped down onto my shoulders, followed a moment after by a kiss on my cheek and a soothing murmur in my ear. "I'm sorry, Mr. Canon. I didn't mean to be glib. Still, he's not right about you and the Sterns. You have to understand that."

"How so? I'm the one who provided the Serenex; showed them how it worked; planted the ideas in their heads. Then I threw them to the wolves to save my own ass. You know Officer Barbour said that--"

"That they could go to jail, yes, you've said so several times already. And it's very sweet of you to be preoccupied with two girls who so clearly spend next to no energy worrying themselves over *you*."

"They're two dippy kids who flashed their boyfriend and egged a house."

“They’re two adults who violated your wishes and forced two sex slaves on you just for kicks. One of them put you in a position where your affair was caught on video and handed over to Principal Horen. Do I really need to point this out to you?”

“She didn’t mean for that to happen. Nobody meant for Horen to walk in on you all, either – which, while we’re on it, let’s not forget you also voluntarily took part in, remember?”

“I misread the situation. I assumed that as more experienced sex slaves, they would have some understanding of the protocol, and mirrored their behavior so as to meet your expectations. It was a mistake, clearly, but the mistake was trusting those two. As it so often seems to be.”

“Keep using your fingers,” I commanded, and she obeyed as if by reflex. “They don’t deserve this. Taylor’s so close to graduating. I still have a big pile of all her make-up work for her classes, all ready to go. The only thing that’s going to stop her is this stupid investigation, and they’re not even investigating her for what she actually did wrong anyway!”

“What, so you’re worried they’ll find out what she was really up to? Is that it?” She scooted a little forward. The air of the room rapidly cooled the pussy-dampened spot she had been occupying. After the paddling I gave her for her verbal tantrum in class earlier, that thing had been leaking like a sieve ever since.

“No, it’s not that. They can’t tell anybody anything. We all made sure of that early on. But just... I don’t know. I feel awful about the whole thing. I started all this to try to help drag Taylor across the finishing line, and instead I wound up tripping her in the home stretch.”

She was quiet for a moment, letting her fingers do the talking to remind me that even though we were arguing, she was still my devoted teacher’s pet. Guilty or no, it was relaxing. I had almost drifted off to sleep when she at last spoke.

“You know, it’s going to be all right, Mr. Canon,” she said softly. “I get that you see things differently with the Sterns, but they’ll take their licks and move on. Worst case scenario, they do a few months’ time and come out the other side a little more cautious. And that’s *worst* case – more likely they’ll get some slap on the wrist and be back to their old tricks before you know it.”

“Maybe...”

“Meanwhile, look at you. You’re back at your job, which you’re great at. You have Ms. Barbour to keep you safe, Mrs. Brown to take care of your house and your stuff. Next weekend Cassie and I will graduate, and then you can do whatever you want with us whenever and wherever you want. We’ll happily see to your every sexual need, at any time, in any way you would like, individually or together, however you would be best pleased.”

“But Abbie and Taylor–”

“Think about it, Mr. Canon. Aren’t you better off like this? Abbie used you for her own kicks, and Taylor merely tolerated you.”

“She definitely did more than tolerate me, which I think you know.”

“Sure, when you have no choice, may as well play ball lest it become something... vulgar. It was a little dirty, a little dangerous, which no doubt appealed to her juvenile sense of attraction, but once the thrill faded, you’d have had to hunt her down to make use of her. And Abbie, you’d have to forever worry that she was going to fuck you over in some fresh new horrible way every time you met up.”

“She wasn’t *always* so bad. This one time, we—”

“I know. I know, because I asked them, because I wanted to know as much as I could about you. Because unlike them, I care. And yes, I appreciate that you can’t be sure whether I care about you or just care about fulfilling Serenex’s requirement that I gain your approval, but I don’t make it your burden to tell the difference.”

She bent down to murmur in my ear, her nipples like two extra fingertips grazing the skin of my back. “I care about being with you and pleasing you and being the perfect sex slave for you, and you make my pussy wetter than any man ever has or ever could, and I love the things you let me do to you, and for you. And to other girls near you.”

Pretty soon, my cock was going to break off if I didn’t shift and let it stiffen like it wanted to. “Sweet of you to say, Tabitha.”

“Maybe, but I do mean it. You have my utter, steadfast, sincere devotion to your happiness and satisfaction. You have that from Cassie, if not quite in the same way. From her mother, too. I don’t understand the dynamic with Ms. Salata and Ms. Barbour as well, but it sure sounds like they’re reliable for what you rely on them for.”

I gave my dick what it wanted, pushing up and rolling over. Without my needing to say a word, Tabitha settled back down slit-first, wrapping herself around the fresh offering with a quiet, deferential smile, then a gasp of sexual excitement as she was penetrated. “Yeah, I suppose.”

“You have a great thing, Mr. Canon. Two great things, if you’ll permit a coarse joke.” She swiveled her hips to make sure I caught her meaning, as if her mounting my cock had been too subtle. “You have more than I bet most men ever dream of. Five beautiful women committed to your pleasure and well-being. So why risk messing it all up by going out on a limb for two—”

“You made your point.” That was plenty of that. I grabbed her by the nipples and dragged her mouth down to mine, and didn’t give her the chance to talk again until she’d fucked me right to sleep.

I woke up Saturday morning before she did. Stealthily, I threw on some clothes and grabbed my keys, leaving a post-it note on the bathroom mirror.

A on comforting distraction

A+ on your cuntwork

B+ on counsel

I have a lot to do today, so just head out when you wake up. Feel free to shower or whatever first, of course. Thanks for everything this week.

Some hours later, I was still grading papers at the coffee shop, at the very table where I'd enslaved Isa and Candy weeks earlier, when I received Tabitha's reply in a pair of texts. *I'll work on the counsel and the distraction, and you never have to thank me. I'm yours.*

If you did want to thank me though, send for me again soon? Please? I hated waking up without you this morning. But I understand.

That girl laid it on thick, all right, but she was almost too good at saying what I'd like to hear. I'd thought my head was pretty full when I left home that morning, but that text brought it to the brim.

It shouldn't. I knew that. Tabitha was only ingratiating herself by being servile because she had (correctly) surmised that it was a turn-on. She was sincere in service to her own self-interest, twisted though that self-interest had become. The A's in the gradebook – which, per her insistence, I had actually begun keeping, including a loose scoring system that I meant to refine once I had some free time over the summer – were all she was in it for. That high from my approval. Whatever feelings she expressed were nothing more than her way of gaining more points.

That is, unless all the sex and intimacy was actually cutting through her shrewd exterior. Simply because she was bright and ambitious and cutthroat didn't mean she was incapable of genuine affection. It was only human to develop feelings for the person you were sleeping with. Cassie had. I'd thought Taylor had, once. Maybe even Abbie. Lord knew I'd gone soft on these young ladies, even if I had no idea how to assess that tangled jumble of threads. Could Tabitha mean it? She was a teenager after all, not some grizzled veteran of years of hard relationships. Lovestruck was certainly a possibility. Hell, I was only twenty-six; I hadn't gotten jaded yet myself. Probably why it was so easy to believe she might actually care about the man behind the red pen.

Which was ridiculous.

Wasn't it?

With my employment crisis over, it was also time to address the insensitive dickheaded move on my friend Jay's part. A bit of distance from the den of debauchery that was my home helped remind me that it would be good if I didn't punch him in the face next time we met up.

I called him up and gave him a firmly encouraged lunch invite, and we met at Gooses. The bar was sparsely packed, and he'd taken a table in the section to one side

with all the taxidermy stuff in it. Those animals, frozen in time, always made me a little more aware of my mortality than I liked in my place of relaxation. Jay waved me over, and I took the seat opposite him.

He didn't take long to get curious about what occasioned the call, and why only him, though I could tell from the sheepish look on his face that he had a solid guess. After all, I'd already asked him to take down the video, but other than that, I'd had no contact with any of my friends since I left them to go pick up the hottie jailbait in her prom dress weeks earlier.

"Now let me start by saying I know you didn't intend it, but... let me get real with you, OK? That video you posted, me and that young woman?"

"Yeah, I thought maybe... go ahead. I took it down though. But yeah, go ahead."

I started nibbling at a chicken wing, pacing myself so my intolerance for spice didn't overwhelm me too quickly. "Yeah, see, that young woman turned out to be a student at GHS."

His eyes went wide. "Whoa. No fucking way. You serious? Like, graduated? Or... that's not a *current* student, is it?"

"She's a junior, actually. You remember me mentioning that girl with the chapstick, the loudmouth one?"

"Taylor, yeah." Man, I must have vented about her a lot. "That was her?! Did you go home with the nightmare slut?" A term of Alice's invention, after months of hearing my tales of her mischief.

"No, it was actually nightmare slut's younger sister. Stepsister, technically."

He crunched through a celery stalk, a bit of blue cheese dribbling down his chin. "No freaking way! Shit, I knew she looked too young, but... shit, man! You two...?! Oh god, was that some planned thing, her showing up like that?"

"No, it wasn't planned." True. "And no, we didn't." Untrue.

Damn. Lying diminished my sense of righteous indignation.

"But you two kissed! Like, you were just gonna make out at a bar with a student? That has to be way across the line?"

"She's a student at GHS, but not one of mine. I didn't recognize her until after we'd left, and then I was so freaked out I didn't want to come back yet." By which I meant I took her to a cheap motel nearby and fucked her brains out in that slutty prom dress of hers. "I think her sister, Taylor, pressured her to try to set me up or something. I don't know. But yeah, my department head saw I was tagged in your fucking post, recognized the girl, told my principal, and... ugh. I almost got fired, man. No, I did get fired, but I managed to fight it and convince them it wasn't how it looked. That was my whole week last week."

"Dude. That's so... I don't even know where to begin with all that. I am so sorry, man. I only put it up to rib you. Sylvia didn't believe me when I told her you left the bar

with some babe. Crap, I guess I shouldn't talk about some sixteen-year-old like that. Anyway, I had to show her the video and she just laughed herself giddy at you studding it up. I don't remember what we said that I thought it'd be funny to put it up. She made this joke, but... man. Not funny any more. I'm sorry, buddy. I mean it. I am so, so sorry."

"Thanks." The apology did help. Jay's wife had always thought I was a total pussy – it was why she was so willing to introduce me to her friends, because she thought I was the most placid flower in the meadow, a bright yellow daffodil. (I am *not* a pussy.) "I think it's all worked out now, but... yeesh. Hell of a week, I'll tell you that much."

He downed his glass of Mountain Dew in a slug. No idea how the guy kept in shape like that. "I can imagine, dude. Why didn't you say something sooner? I mean, I got your text to take it down and I did right away, but about the rest!"

"If I actually got perma-fired, I was probably going to punch you," I answered, half-joking. "Since I didn't, I figured... well, just for future reference, apparently I'm some kind of public figure slash role model, so maybe don't share stuff with me hooking up with floozies at the bar. Even the legal ones." Yes. Being straight with him felt better. I had too many secrets these days. The less I had to bullshit my own friends, the better.

"Yeah, for serious. Won't happen again, man. I swear." We bumped our forearms together, our group's weird semi-ironic bro-code high five, then went to work on those wings in earnest. Good food at Gooses, even if I was presently preoccupied by the sight of the stuffed namesake of the bar in a case over Jay's shoulder.

"So... you really didn't sleep with her?" he asked a few minutes later, a faint grin teasing at the corners of his buffalo sauce stained lips.

"No, I really didn't," I lied. Not for over a week now, anyway. Damn. That feeling came right back.

"Do you think she would have? I mean, you're not a bad-lookin' dude. I bet plenty of those schoolgirls have their eyes on the Big Gun."

"Big Gun" was an old code for my cock. Whether or not it was apt, it had started as a pun on my name. I wasn't about to talk them out of using it, though. Reputation mattered, sometimes.

(Yes, most of my male friends had seen my cock. I wasn't *always* a teacher.)

"I am... pretty sure she would have," I said guardedly.

"Damn. You *really* didn't? I know it's not PC or whatever, but that girl was insanely hot. Can't imagine how hot she'll be when she finishes puberty. I swear I won't tell if you did. I just... I gotta know. Seriously. Did you...?"

Important as it was to keep the secret (after all, I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters), it was almost tempting to be vague, let him imagine. I wasn't banging sex slaves to boost my street cred, but the gleam in Jay's eye at the mere suggestion felt oddly flattering. I worked at my bone, taking a moment to bask, before finally answering. "I really didn't. She is eighteen, though, so if you can

make it around your marriage vows, lust away. For what it's worth, she's not even the hotter Stern."

"What? Nightmare slut is hotter than *that*? What, she have a third boob on her forehead or something?"

"Wow. No, she's just... she's a good-looking young woman. Conventionally speaking." True again. True felt better.

"Hey, she's about to graduate, right? Play your cards right, maybe you can catch her using a fake ID like her little sis somewhere and actually seal the deal, huh?"

My gnawing went on at length, picking every bit of that wing clean.

"Dude, I'm joking. Relax. I know you're not some creeper or anything. I was only playing, man." He gently backhanded me on the bicep. "Besides, who am I to judge? Hell, you pick up some eighteen-year-old and you guys'd be closer in age than me and Sylvia. As long as you don't wait too long."

"Taylor got the boot for what she and her sister pulled, trying to screw me over like that. Pretty sure she doesn't wanna fuck me any more, if she ever did."

"Plus she's basically Satan," Jay responded, mouth full.

"Exactly."

He studied me for a moment. "But hey, fucking female Satan doesn't sound like the *least* hot thing I've ever heard of, huh?"

"Believe me, I have no intention of trying to sleep with that girl. I can't wait to be done with her."

I waited for that rising and fading sense of moral superiority that accompanied my respective true and false statements, but this time, there was nothing to confirm anything for me. Merely words that I barely understood.

"Good afternoon. Mr. Stern?" We'd never met, and only once or twice spoken on the phone, but I could see a little bit of Taylor in this man's eyes.

The man who opened the door looked me over for a moment. I wasn't dressed to make much of an impression, nothing more than a simple pair of jeans and a plain black t-shirt. They were both of them tight; I figured it wouldn't hurt to try to look decent. Though standing here on the front steps of the father/stepfather of two eighteen-year-old students I'd been covertly sleeping with and had recently gotten thrown out of school, I didn't want to seem like I was trying to look *too* good.

"Don't believe we've met."

"I'm Mr. Canon. I'm here about Taylor and Abbie."

I didn't bother with more of an introduction than that. With all that was going on, my last name ought to be plenty. My legs were ready to throw me out of the way of a

punch, or whatever he threw my way. I hoped it wouldn't come to a fight, but after the predicament I'd helped land his daughters in, I wasn't about to flinch in the face of danger. I am not a pussy. In fact—

“ABBIE!” he bellowed, turning his back to me and walking a few steps into the house. “SOME MAN HERE FOR YA!”

“WHO IS HE?” cried a familiar voice from deeper in the house.

“I DUNNO! LOOKS LIKE A COP OR SOMETHING!”

“I'm Mr. Canon,” I reminded him. “Taylor's English teacher...?”

“SAYS HE'S MR. CANTON!”

“Canon,” I corrected gently. He didn't bother with an update.

“JUST SEND HIM BACK, STANLEY, GOD!”

At that, Mr. Stern – Stanley – Stan Stern? – gestured without turning toward a hallway and retreated through a living room in another direction. He didn't say another word, just let a strange man into his house to meet with his teenage daughter.

“You Serenexed your dad?” I asked as I rounded the corner into Abbie's bedroom.

The place was a sty. At base, there was a twin bed, a desk, a dresser, and a shallow closet. Covering all of it and spilling out of still more, however, was what looked like months', if not years' worth of accumulated junk. Dirty clothes – crumpled clothes, anyway, whether or not they were clean – concealed most surfaces, leaving doubts about the color of the carpet underfoot. Candy wrappers, assorted books and papers from school, a modest doll collection, a dartboard with a cutout picture of Kanye on it, a paint-spattered metal ladder, and what looked to be some sort of goddamn assault rifle half-buried under a denim skirt and discarded panties were only a portion of the eyesore that awaited me.

Abbie was lying on her side in her bed, one of the school's laptops – which I knew full well we did not loan out to students – sitting in front of her. She looked tantalizingly sexy in a pink spaghetti strap tank top and a pair of black spandex shorts. The shorts were riding low on her hips, revealing the yellow strap of what promised to be a thong.

“First off, Stanley is Taylor's dad. My dad lives in Pensacola. That's what my mom says, anyway. I haven't seen him since I was twelve or something. Second off, I forgot your question.”

I shut the door behind me as I let myself in. “I asked, did you Serenex your dad. And is that a goddamn machine gun?”

“Oh, chill, it's just for paintball. And dad-wise, I mean... Duh. Yeah, she did that way early on. Well, I. We. Whatever.”

“What on god's green earth for?”

“I know just 'cause Tay and I got reps you think we come from a broken home and all, C-dawg, but believe it or not Stanley and my mom don't let us have sleepovers with our teachers – especially on school nights. So it was either lie our asses off and wait

to get caught, or..." She shrugged, folding the laptop closed. "We went easy on 'em. Just made them let us do what we want, go where we want, not get nosy about our shit. Best way to keep shit under wraps."

I'd called Taylor's parents quite a little bit early on last year. When the results hadn't followed, I eventually wrote them off as that ilk of parents who sided with their kids against teachers. By December, I'd given up beyond the usual litany of grievances in the comment codes of her report cards. I supposed I'd been ready to assume they really didn't care what the girls did. Though I guess now I was right.

"Well, that's messed up, all right. Is Taylor home? I wanted to talk with both of you. Or, well, I wanted to talk to your parents, but I'm sensing there's no real point to that, so you two will do."

"Nah, she's out rounding up some peeps, having a little party for last weekend of the year. So for now, you're stuck with me." She grinned at that. Considering the week I'd given her, I don't know if the grin was more or less off-putting than the silent treatment she'd subjected me to after the gravy dinner debacle.

"Fair enough. Mind if I...?" She gestured permission, and I took a seat, sweeping a mixed pile of laundry, stuffed animals, and a couple pill bottles (neither of which bore the surname Stern on the labels) off a bench in front of her dresser. "Look. I'm sorry about what happened the other night. I never thought it would go as far as it did."

"You mean us getting dragged downtown for *not* egging your house?" she asked, though more bemused than accusatory.

"You *did* egg my house, and yes, for that. I thought they'd yell at you a bit, and maybe I could get word of it to Shipman. Thought maybe he'd see we weren't in cahoots."

"Who the fuck is Shipman, and what the fuck is a cahoot?"

I ignored the latter question. "Shipman. The detective?"

"Oh, right. Sorry, been hounded by so many cops, they all start to look alike." She sat up, still grinning broadly. How could she not be pissed? If I didn't know where my Serenex was hidden back home, I might have worried she was baiting me, letting me get comfortable before flooding mouth with another dose of the crap.

"Guess so. Um, anyway, all I wanted was one more little piece of evidence to nudge him in the direction of deciding you two had it out for me. I figured it'd end with... I don't know. But not this."

"A stern talking to? Pun intended."

"Something like that. Really, I... I don't even know what to say. But I couldn't sleep last night, thinking about it all. I had to come over and... I don't know. I really figured I'd be talking to your parents right now, but... do they even...?"

"Tay and I are handling our own shit, if that's what you mean. And no, we didn't turn them into vegetables. They just..." She pointed. I followed the line to her desk,

where, after a moment, I picked out what she was referring to. Two slightly crumpled pieces of paper covered in two different sets of handwriting. *I trust my daughters. They can do whatever they want.* I didn't stop to count, but I was guessing there were a hundred such lines repeated on each.

"Jesus, Abbie. They're your parents."

"Yeah, well, we haven't done much with it. Just score gas money and dodge questions about the time we been spending over at your place." Her lips pursed momentarily. "Or that Tay has been, anyway."

"We can address your feelings of neglect in a minute, but first, talk to me. I haven't heard anything from you guys since Wednesday. What's going on? How bad is it?"

"What, like with the egging thing?"

"Yeah, with the egging thing, and that whole 'the police think you tried to frame me' thing."

She sat up, folded down her laptop and casually shoved it to the floor. A rolled up bath towel broke its fall. "They... what?"

I gaped. "Do you really not know? Holy hell! Abbie, the detective who was looking into that whole stunt Principal Horen walked in on, he bought our story, but too well. He thinks you and Taylor threatened Tabitha and Cassie to make them participate, and that you were on some vendetta to end an innocent teacher's career."

"Well... yeah. Like, that was the play, right?"

"He's got you in his crosshairs. Both of you. When we spoke the other day, he made it sound like he was throwing the whole book at the two of you."

I could tell this was news to her. I supposed that made sense. Not like the police needed to call you up and explain that you were under investigation. Thank goodness Abbie had given me the Serenex back before she did something else even more reckless with it.

"Well, I guess we have to dose the detective then, huh."

Something like that, for instance.

"It's not that simple, Abbie."

"How's come?"

"What? Are you serious?" I took to my feet, pacing across the cluttered floor. "Oh, let's see. In no particular order, we have... logistics. Getting close to him, with the canister, without him reacting, with no one else watching. The fact that you'd need to be sure nobody else was going to see him like that for hours afterward. The fact that the principal, half the faculty, and who knows how many other people also know about it, too. It's morally wrong. It's—"

"Pff. 'It's morally wrong.' Says the teacher who had no trouble banging a seventeen-year-old student."

“You’re eighteen, and I did have trouble with it, and that still doesn’t invalidate my point!”

“But... I can use the Serenex if I want, right?”

“Obviously. You can use my Serenex any time you want. I just think you might want to consider this before you dive into a bad plan – which this certainly is.”

“Just making sure you were still my guy.” She grinned. “Come on, have a seat. You can join me on the bed, if you want.”

My hands went to my hips. “You’re taking all this awfully calmly.”

“I mean... what’s to freak out over? I been kicked outta school before, ain’t no thang. Plus, if I’m not a student any more, we can play around, nobody getting up in our shit over it. So kind of a win-win, right?”

“Not finishing high school is not a win!” I snapped. “Abbie, the way he was talking... it sounded like this could be serious. Like *jail* serious. I know you’re tough and all, but do you really want to put that to the test, see yourself locked up with murderers and drug dealers?”

“Drug dealers ain’t so bad, in my experience. But I get you. So, hm. OK, if you’re saying the juice is out, what else do we got? We all of us already told everybody the same bullshit story to cover for you. Now what? Thoughts and prayers?”

Her simple question took the wind out of my sails. It was the reason I’d put off coming over here – the fact that I had absolutely no idea what they could do about it. I’d expected to explain to her parents that I was sorry for letting minor incidents culminate in such dire consequences. I hadn’t anticipated being forced to come up with a means to counter them. Shipman had said I didn’t need to press charges for his investigation to go forward, and he already had Cassie and Tabitha on the record that they’d been coerced. Lord knew Horen wasn’t going to let it slide. I knew neither how bad things were going to get, nor what to do about them when they did.

With a sigh, I accepted her offer and slumped down onto the edge of her bed. The springs creaked under our combined weight. “I wish I knew.”

She nodded. “Cool, cool. So... you wanna fuck me, or what?”

Of course I did. Since the second I stood in the threshold of her bedroom. “How are you not as worried as I am about this? Abbie, this is the rest of your life we’re talking about. You can’t just ignore it and hope it goes away.”

Abbie leaned forward, and by now I knew her body language well enough to know that the way her biceps pressed her breasts together was no accident. “Why not? Ignoring it and letting it walk away worked for you with Tay.”

I’d been reaching for her without even realizing it, but that gave me pause. “What’s that supposed to mean? We were keeping our distance because of the situation. I wasn’t ignoring her.”

“Right, sure. Like you didn’t ignore Cassie, yeah? And her mom, and that twat Tabitha, and Barbie?”

My eyes narrowed at her very specific list of the women I’d slept with in the past week. “What do you know about that? Have you been keeping tabs on me?”

“I don’t need to keep tabs on shit. Your face just told me everything,” she countered, trademark smirk blossoming. “But whatever. Tay wants some dick, her skank ass can fetch it herself. Now come on, gimme gimme gimme already, C-dawg!”

I gently rebuffed her as she reached for my belt. “Abbie, we can’t. For crying out loud, your parents are right down the hall. Jesus, I shouldn’t even be in here with you! They might not care what you do, but if Shipman comes around to talk to you, who knows what they might tell him!”

It was her turn to stop me, seizing my hands and stopping me from backing off the bed. It was a tender thing, insistent and needful. She really could be sweet and gentle when she—

“*MOM!*” I was so startled that this time, I tumbled backward onto the floor. Her grip was nowhere near strong enough to stop me. That laptop didn’t stand a chance, though I suppose it was not the most precious GHS resource I had violated.

“Yeah, what’s up?” came a woman’s voice from elsewhere in the house as I picked myself up.

“Oh fuck! You OK, babe?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just—”

“IF ANYBODY ASKS, MR. CANON NEVER CAME OVER, OK?!”

“Okey dokey, Princess!”

I waited. Finally, Abbie thrust out an impatient hand. “You climbing back up or what?”

I accepted her help, but didn’t let her pull me back into bed. “I think I’m going to go. You’ll tell Taylor I stopped by though, yeah?”

“Come on, don’t hate. Shut the door if you want, but get those pants off and let’s get to it.”

“Seriously, Abbie. I didn’t come over for a booty call. I just wanted to see if you two were doing OK. Apologize.”

“Oh come on, don’t make me beg for it,” she pouted, crawling forward on her bed, granting me an incredible look down her neckline. “You left me high and dry Monday when that cunt Horen interrupted us in Barbie’s play place, and my ass had to wait all week. Then you come into my bedroom, get me all wet and ready, and wanna just walk out on me?”

“What? What on earth did I do to get you ‘wet and ready?’”

She saw that my words were directed straight to her tits, and held her pose with a broadening grin. “You came into my bedroom, C-dawg. This is a fantasy motha fuckin’

zone, yo. C'mon, when's the last time you fucked a big-titted teenage hottie, tryin' to be all quiet like so her folks don't hear you making their baby squeal like a little slut?"

"Um, well... never, actually."

"Aw, you kept your V into your twenties? That's so sweet."

"No, actually, but we didn't do it at my girlfriend's house with her parents down the hall. I'm not an animal." The jury was out on whether or not I was a monster.

"Well here's your chance. C'mon. You know you wanna. Stuff Stanley's stepbaby right down the hall from where he's watching *Property Brothers*. See if you can fuck me without making me scream for once."

A smile crept out despite my best efforts. "You sound awfully self-assured."

"So prove me wrong. Walk out that door, give up the opportunity to sprinkle a few fresh cum stains on my mattress. My mom, next time she does my sheet, she'll wrinkle her nose and go 'what's this then' and it'll be what dribbled out of my pussy after you pumped her youngest daughter full of your cum, stud."

"Good lord, that's fucked up."

"That's what a week of being left hanging half an inch from an orgasm does to a bitch, C-dawg. Now *please*, climb into this bed and fuck me already."

Her shirt was coming off even as she posited her plea. It was a simple black bra she wore beneath, matching the volleyball shorts she removed next. She shot them at my face like a rubber band, though I'd already been more than amply provoked. I leapt right at her, tackling her backward onto her mattress and burying my face in those satin-covered breasts as we jointly worked on my own pants. We didn't even bother with her panties. I just shoved the patch of yellow fabric aside and dove right in.

Once upon a time, foreplay had been one of my favorite parts of sex. It built suspense, prolonged sex for that extra stretch. Plus, it was necessary. Most women I'd been with didn't get me hard just by looking at me, nor were they dripping down their thighs simply from the prospect of a few thrusts, Big Gun or no. Now, foreplay was something I only did if I felt like shoving a tit in my mouth, squeezing a girl's ass, sampling the taste of her pussy. When it came down to it, these girls all had me on a hair trigger, and that Abbie's pussy would be gushing wet by the time I shoved my dick in her was something I took for granted. These girls' pussies drooled for me like a bunch of fat kids at the fried oreo booth at the county fair.

"Fuck, I love the way you stare at my tits while you fuck me," she murmured elatedly as I did just that. They were mesmerizing, bobbling around in the confines of her bra. I could take it off, but for now, it was amusing watching their struggle for freedom. It was a game, waiting to see which would burst free first. "Cause that's what girls like Taylor and me are to you, right, Mr. Canon? Tits and ass. Sex objects. We're supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your little fantasy sluts."

True to her proposed scenario, she was keeping her voice down, as if afraid that her parents might discover us. I followed suit. It was easy for me to pretend, really. Simply because they'd been dosed with Serenex didn't make fucking their youngest offspring two rooms away from them feel any less dangerous. "You know, thank god your sister has a penchant for sarcasm. If, back on that day you first got dosed, she'd gone 'you're a pig and we hate you,' I'd have really missed the chance to fuck you."

"Thank god my sister had a crush on the hottest teacher with the biggest fattest dick in school," she panted.

"Not so much a crush as threw a tantrum over her chapstick on the wrong day," I amended, helping myself to a hard squeeze of her tit. It might be rigging the game in favor of Lefty, but I couldn't resist.

"Yeah, sure, she totally wasn't into you before that." Her eye roll transitioned into hard squints of arousal as I pressed my handful out from its cup and sucked her nipple into my mouth. First place ribbon for Lefty.

"Your sister made my life a living hell before that," I managed after some time. Sucking on tits like these really never got tiresome. God, I'd missed them. Maybe I ought to have Tabitha get hers done after all. She wouldn't hesitate if I gave her the nod.

"Duh. Fuck, C-dawg, you never had a bad girl flirt with you bef—" She must have heard something I didn't, because suddenly she froze, her body rigid with tension. It took me right back to when Horen had interrupted us in Isa's office on Monday. "*Shhh*," she whispered.

"Wait, flirting with me? What do you—"

She clamped a hand over my mouth and shushed me again, this time soundlessly. Was this part of her little don't-get-caught fantasy game? When she was satisfied I wasn't going to reply, Abbie removed her hand from my mouth, but pulled my head down until she could whisper right in my ear.

"She's home."

"Taylor?" I mouthed.

She nodded. "Her bedroom door squeaks."

So that was what she'd heard. "OK, and...? Not like she doesn't know we have sex." I kept it to that faint whisper, though.

Abbie shook her head. I stared, entranced, at the accompanying jiggling of those colossal tits of hers. "If she hears you in here, she'll go berserk. She'll ruin the fantasy."

"Berserk? Why?"

Somehow, Abbie's apathetic reaction to my news today had made me forget the obvious answer. I'd called the cops on her, gotten her thrown out of school a week before graduation, and ghosted her all the while. And if Taylor even suspected the situation with Detective Shipman...

“Because she hates your ass,” she summarized succinctly. Then, as if to remind me we were still mid-coitus, she flexed her pussy around my cock. Yet another trick I needed Tabitha to study up on.

“Hates? What happened to the crush?”

“Died on contact with those riot cuffs, babe.” She copped a squeeze on my ass, then, her smile returning faintly. “But keep going. Just... fuck me quiet-like, OK? She can’t know about this.”

My hips pulled back, automatically accepting the invitation until I paused, considering. “Aren’t you the boss of her? We could just have her stand and watch us, right?”

“Yeah, well... she ain’t always the best employee,” she murmured. “Trust me.”

“If you say so...” Sure seemed like it had been working well so far. She’d had Taylor marching in lockstep with her since day one.

She grasped my ear lobe between her teeth and pulled me down close against her body. “Now fuck me, OK? I still need it. Bad.” She did her best to wrap a pair of short, thick legs around my waist, holding me inside her. “But shhh.”

I wasn’t about to deny the poor girl her request. Myself, it had been months since I’d last gone six whole days without sex. It wasn’t easy, controlling our breathing, trying to thrust enough to create some of that slick, wet friction while not prompting the springs in her mattress to give us away. It was working though. Her fingernails sunk into my back as I struck a rhythm in which I could glide against her clit with each little mini-stroke.

“Abbie, you up?”

Taylor’s voice, right outside the door. Instinctively, I pivoted, giving her voice the least obstructed path I could. As someone who routinely caught students whispering in class, I knew full well how those little details stood out to the ears.

“Yeah, I’m just picking out an outfit. Gimme like ten, K?”

“Nobody gives two fucks what you wear, little miss T&A, Jesus. Hurry the fuck up and get your ass out here before we leave without you. Justin and LaTara and Josh and Aiden are waiting in the car already.”

“I’ll get there faster if you quit yelling at me, bitch,” retorted Abbie. Not sharing her dread of the woman in the hall, I gave her exposed nipple a hard twist right as she was talking. She weathered it well.

“Are you alone in there?” Or so I’d thought.

“No, I brought over a few friends to help me get dressed.”

The handle twisted, but evidently it had been locked already when I closed it, because it didn’t budge. “Open the door, Abbie.”

I picked up the pace, pounding her buttery cunt as fast as the physics of stealth would let me.

“I’m half-naked, Tay, hold the fuck on!” Then, to me, in a whisper, “Don’t stop. Oh shit don’t stop. Don’t fucking *ever* stop.”

There was a brief pause, but evidently Taylor wasn’t giving up. “Open the mother fucking door, Abbie. Right the fuck now.”

Man, as rough as it had been teaching Taylor Stern, I suddenly imagined what it must have been like growing up as her little sister, and a stepsister at that. I could see Abbie was getting close to her long-awaited orgasm. She really must have been craving some attention. I bent to her ear, urging her on as I pistoned in and out of her. The springs expressed their yearning to betray my presence.

“Come for me, Abbie. Come right now. Come, you big-titted thicc-ass slutty fantasy sex object.”

Sometimes, permission was all it took.

Abbie grabbed her pillow and threw it over her face to muffle the minute squeal she failed to suppress. Then Taylor’s hand slapped the door open-palmed. “I’m not leaving until you open the goddamn door, bitch!”

The girl on the bed took mere seconds to regain her wits, suddenly pushing me off of her. Before I knew what was happening, I’d been shoved into her closet, the door slid swiftly but silently closed before my eyes. Then I heard the door open.

“Oh gross, your fucking tit’s out!” groused Taylor.

“You were the one who just had to see me. Happy, you dumb bitch?”

There was a pause. “It reeks of fucking sex in here. Were you...”

“It’s none of your fucking business what I dot dot dot. Now shut your fucking hole, go to your room, and fucking wait like a good little twat muffin, K? That’s a goddamn order from your fucking *boss*, understand?”

Another pause. “I... understand.”

“So, what, you wanna take a picture, or can you piss off and let me get some fucking clothes on?”

“Yeah. Sure. Just don’t take too long. Please.”

The door shut. Abbie opened the closet a moment later. “Sorry,” she mouthed, her eyes settling immediately on my conspicuously still-twitching cock. She continued in a whisper. “You didn’t finish! Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!”

“It’s fine,” I assured her. “Taylor’s in a mood, all right. You go do whatever you’re gonna do. I’ll give you a head start, then show myself out behind you. Guess your parents won’t care.”

“No way – totally not cool if I leave you hanging, C!”

“You think I can’t find someone to take care of that? Remember who you’re talking to.” I pulled her in, squeezed her ample buttocks, then patted her away. “Go on. Don’t sweat it. I had fun, OK? Good fantasy.”

Abbie plainly didn't like it, but boss or no boss, Taylor's wrath wasn't something she felt like braving if she was being offered an out. She grabbed a pair of shorts and a halter top and threw them on, pausing only to pull my face between her tits and slap me around a bit once her bra was off. With a last giggle, she blew me a kiss and hurried out the door.

"Bout goddamn time," grumped her sister, their voices retreating down the hall. "Jack yourself off on your own fucking time next time, OK?"

"Oh blow me, Tay." The front door slammed shut behind them.

I gathered my clothes, then counted slowly to a hundred. It wasn't really necessary; even in this room with its windows facing the back of the house, I could hear their clunker shift into drive and pull away. There was no sign of Mr. or Mrs. Stern as I let myself out of Abbie's room.

I was halfway down the hallway before I paused, turned, and went back. Instead of opening Abbie's door, however, I went for the one across the hall.

Taylor's bedroom stood in stark contrast to her sister's. It was immaculately tidy, every surface clean and organized. The floor showed fresh signs of vacuuming. It adjoined a private bathroom which was no less neat save for what looked to be a recent outfit kicked off on the floor by the shower. Her makeup and accessories were neatly lined up on the vacant counter space. My house wasn't anywhere near this well put together, and I had a personal maid service in Megan. For a girl who looked like she brushed her hair every third day and seldom seemed to have a clue where her required class supplies were, it surprised me to learn she was such a neat freak.

I couldn't have said why I spent as long as I did inspecting her stuff. It took me back, somehow, to that first day, when I'd sprinkled those droplets of Serenex onto her chapstick and held her in my room, staring at her round, flawless ass in those blue athletic shorts as she bent over and scribed her penance at the white board. It was thrillingly invasive, observing her secondhand like this. Or maybe being left hanging by Abbie was making me pervier than usual.

Her underwear drawer happened to be the first one I opened. A long row of multi-hued bras lined the back half, while three stacks of panties – sorted by cut, I realized as I pawed through them – occupied the front. I'd only seen her in a small fraction of them. Such a waste. I supposed I could still get a lingerie fashion show any time I pleased from Tabitha and Cassie.

My head was still swimming (and my cock still throbbing) at how much I missed Taylor's body as I sneaked out past her parents. Mrs. Stern was on her phone in the living room as I slunk past; she waved absent-mindedly when she saw me but went right on talking.

My grin faded when I got to my car, where I found all four of the tires were slashed. A long horizontal scratch that had to be from the same implement that had done the slashing now marred the paint on the driver's side of the vehicle.

It was over an hour before I could get anyone out there, then three more as I waited in the long weekend lines at the auto shop for the tires to be patched. They stayed late just to accommodate me; I passed along an extra fifty bucks in gratitude and made an appointment to come back for the paint.

The Sterns. Why *did* I bother? Isa was right. They were dangerous. And Tabitha was even more right. I had her and Cassie and Megan and Candy and. They didn't spin me about with mixed messages. (If Taylor had harbored a crush on me, I'd hate to see how she behaved for the teachers she hated.) No. The Sterns were bottled chaos, except the bottle didn't have a goddamn cork on it and splashed all over the place.

Still horny, I went straight from my garage over to the house next door, where the Brown ladies were only too happy to be instructed to perform a team blowjob. They asked no questions, balked not at all, and gave excellent service aside from a brief mother-daughter squabble about who got to drink down my spunk. It was hot as fuck, enough so that I brought Cassie home with me to stay the night. Her guileless chattering was a welcome distraction.

It occurred to me as I lie awake reliving that brief, intense stealth sex with Abbie, imagining being a fly on the wall for when Taylor dirtied her living space with those discarded garments in her bathroom, that I could train Tabitha to do everything they did for me. I sketched out rudimentary lesson plans in my mind.

I'm nothing but tits and ass, Mr. Canon, she'd coo as she posed for me, waiting for my next direction. Not slashing my goddamn tires, or egging my house, or spraying anything down my throat. That was the hottest part. Then she'd roll her eyes and let me fuck her face like she resented it, call me a pig and then plead for me to use her pussy next time instead. A choreographed game, one I knew all the rules to. One where the opposition played by them.

Nothing wrong with my little monsters having claws, so long as they knew when to use them, and on whom.

Part Twenty-Five: Late Work Policy

“Yikes! What happened to your car, Mr. Canon?” Cassie ran her finger along the fresh stripe down the side of my vehicle.

“A little present from Abbie and Taylor.”

“Oh yeah? I thought you guys weren’t talking, after the whole arresting them and getting them kicked out of school thing.”

I shivered involuntarily, though not from the insinuation. At this early hour it was still pretty chilly out, and my garage didn’t have much by way of insulation. “I went over yesterday to talk to them about the whole thing. Set things straight and all.”

“Mm. Looks like it didn’t go over too well.”

“Seemed to go well enough with Abbie. Not so much Taylor.”

Cassie pivoted to face me. “Wanna talk about it?”

I sighed. “I don’t imagine there’s anything I can say to you that would conceivably prevent you from telling me your thoughts on the matter.” Lord knew everyone else was weighing in.

“I don’t *always* say everything on my mind,” she grumbled, stung. Damn. I hadn’t meant to be rude about it. “I just... I dunno. I need to be completely honest with you. To tell you the complete and total truth. I think maybe it’s a Serenex thing? But I don’t know. I feel like I can say anything to you. I don’t mean to be a nuisance, though.”

I winced. The last thing I needed on my bruised conscience was picking on Cassie, the sex slave equivalent of kicking a crippled dog. Grimacing at the cold concrete on my bare feet, I followed her into the grudge and pulled her into a hug. “I didn’t mean to say it like that. You’re fine, sweetie. OK? I’ve been getting a lot of unsolicited advice coming my way a lot lately is all.”

She hugged back, sighing a little too audibly into my chest before I stepped back and let her go. I’d already woken up with my dick in her hands not twenty minutes ago; I wasn’t trying to reel her back in. “So go on. If you have thoughts, let them out. I can take it.”

“I wasn’t gonna try to tell you how to feel. See, sometimes I try to imagine what this all must be like for you. It’s heckin’ strange for all of us. Durr, right. Having sex with my next door neighbor, a teacher, knowing he’s turned my mom into a hashtag free-use slut, sharing him with a half dozen girls... it’s kinda wild. But I bet it’s gotta be a lot for you, too, right?”

“It can be.” Not that I was looking for sympathy.

“Yeah. I mean, I know you like us, and you’re a nice teacher and you don’t want to hurt any of us kids. Even though I know you try not to play favorites though, it’s bound to happen. Isn’t it? I guess I don’t really know what it is you like about her, though. Like,

I know Taylor is crazy hot, perfect tits, perfect ass, perfect legs, super pretty. In a mean way. But I don't know if that's all she is, I guess I'm saying. To you."

"Everybody is more than just their body, Cassie."

"No, I know." She snorted. "No offense, that's something grown-ups say to middle school kids. I think I'm mature enough now to get that sometimes sex is only sex. A man can dip his shwing-shwong in a woman's howdy hole and neither of them might care about each other beyond cocks and cunts. Like, I've been reaching out to porn stars on twitter to ask them stuff, and this one said that it's a double-edged sword, having a porno bod, because some people look at you and only see tatas and booties, but at the same time, it could be nice at times because you don't always want to deal with people and all their flaws and people-ness when all you really want is good sex with a hot partner. Which I totally related to, kind of. My ex-boyfriend – he went to a different school, so you probably wouldn't know him – was really clingy and cheesy, and sometimes it was soooo sweet, but now that I've been with you and see what it's like to be with a man who just wants to use me like a cum sponge (pardon my French), I can also see how it's awesome to just have great sex with a well-hung dude and then go home and not have to worry if they miss you. We'll do it again soon, so it's kinda cool to just pleasure you. It's fun, and it feels amazing. But it's nerve ending feels, not heart feels."

She took a breath at last. "So yeah, I guess that was just what I wondered with Taylor, like which kind of feels you have."

I blinked. It was early in the day to be bombarded with that many words. "You've been talking to porn stars on twitter? What on earth for?"

"Not tons of them or anything, but I've gotten a few to reply. Lots of dudes pretending to slide into their DMs and all, so they're pretty hard to reach. And I just have thoughts and questions, and I figured as a booty call and a daughter of a sex slave, porn stars would get it better than most people. But you didn't answer the question."

I shook my head. Best not to pursue every line of thought in that girl's head. "Sorry, what question was that?"

"What's Taylor to you? Do you, like, care about her? Or do you just really like fucking her?"

"What difference does it make? I'm still responsible for her, regardless of how I feel."

"Sure, but... 'responsible' is a teacher thing, not a lover thing. Right? So if you're just her teacher and her occasional sex partner and that's it, then yeah. That's it. So you just have to figure out how many chances somebody gets before their problems aren't yours any more. But if you actually care about her, then you gotta figure out how to make it right."

I pulled her in for another hug, planting a kiss on her forehead. “See? This is why I’m lucky to have you.”

“Yeah, and the butt slut thing,” she answered with a coy giggle, but I could tell the compliment landed.

“That doesn’t hurt. Now run on home. It’s finals week, so I want you focused on that this week. I’ll be busy, too, so don’t be surprised if you don’t hear from me until Friday.”

“Doesn’t school end Thursday?”

“For you guys, yeah, but I have grading to do Thursday night, and then teachers are in Friday to close everything down for the summer.”

“Oh. Well, if you’re getting stressed and need a quick ass-fuck to blow off some steam, you know where to find me.” She pivoted, hastily tugged down her pajama bottoms and the underwear beneath, then rubbed her bare ass against the front of my robe for a moment before recomposing herself.

“Hang in there, Mr. Canon. It’s almost over.”

The final Monday of the school year. The air in the halls and classrooms of GHS crackled with unspoken potential. This time next week, the annual miracle that was summer break would be here. This time next week, people would be embarking on family vacations, starting new jobs, spending lazy days fishing at Bear Lake, or simply sleeping in and taking it easy.

But to lay one’s hand on the treasure hoard, first, one had to slay the dragon.

Four days. Monday and Tuesday were split between exam preparations, final projects and presentations, and all those bureaucratic tasks necessary to close things out. Thanks to the foresight and leadership of Amy, our department even had a system in place for the inevitable mass drop-offs of past-due books Tuesday afternoon when the students were given time for locker clean-out. We were primed for smooth sailing this time out. On the last two days periods were extended to double length, with the exams for periods 1-3 on Wednesday, 5-7 Friday.

(Period 4 was lunch, a source of endless confusion to new students as the cafeteria’s three lunch shifts meant that for a given student’s schedule, period 4 might come after period 3 or 5, or in the middle of 5. It was a fine transition for students coming out of middle school, to remind them that life only got messier as it proceeded.)

Since my seventh period was my prep, I’d end the academic year a couple hours before the rest of the building. Until then, though, it was going to be hectic. Custodial was out in force, cracking down on students discarding the detritus of their lockers wherever it fell. The allure of impending freedom made paying attention all the more

difficult, while the stakes of final exams simultaneously meant it was more necessary than ever. The useless assholes down at state DoE did us an extra favor this year by distributing standardized test scores this week, prompting god alone knew how many panic attacks and crises of faith amongst students and staff alike. My students' scores happened to be up three points from last year, a statistic which was as relevant to my pedagogy as it was useful to me in the twilight of the school year.

After Friday's triumphant return in the cafeteria, I decided to keep it small and private that Monday. I invited Candy and Isa to join me in my room for lunch. They accepted, naturally. I wasn't sure they could refuse if they wanted to.

"So how's it feel to be back?" Candy asked as we settled in. Like many teachers, she'd gone extra casual for this week, some beat-up jeans and a GHS football t-shirt. Horen was ever a stickler for dress codes, but when we had our hands full filing away hundreds of pounds of textbooks and materials, she turned a blind eye to it these final days. Candy still looked very pretty in it, plain or no. She couldn't help it. Sometimes I could hardly believe I had so much pussy thrown my way that I was neglecting such an attractive woman.

I unpacked my lunch from my briefcase. "It feels a lot better than sitting at home waiting for a squad car to come pick me up, I'll say that much."

"Not something you'd have to worry about if you made better choices," muttered Isa peevishly. "Ahem. Master."

"Right, because if you say 'master' at the end, it's automatically respectful," teased her girlfriend.

I wasn't offended, though. The only reason I kept having her use the term was because she seemed to get off on it. I'd hardly noticed when she'd ditched "sir" for "master" when we were alone. "I did miss it though, honestly. It's the best and the hardest time of year, you know? Especially teaching seniors. Wild to think that in a few days' time, as far as the world is concerned, they're as much adults as any of us."

"Except when it comes to buying alcohol," Isa pointed out as she poured her dressing onto her salad. When she saw the two of us eyeing her, she made a face. "What?"

"No, you're right, mama. That's exactly what he was talking about. Buying alcohol." Candy shook her head, snickering as she took a bite of her tuna salad sandwich.

"I'm just saying—"

"I know, I know. Trust me, I appreciate better than most people that legal adulthood and actual maturity are two very different animals. And yeah, I know if I 'made better choices,' yadda yadda, so spare me."

Isa shot me a snide look, but didn't resort to a verbal retort. Candy made small-talk about whether I'd been keeping up during my suspension, her irritation that

she'd gotten a day behind herself, her anxiousness that her new exam was going to be too long for students to finish in time. It was the most normal camaraderie the two of us had shared since before I'd dosed her in that coffee shop last month. It reminded me that once upon a time I'd had a little crush on her, before I waited too long and Isa scooped her up.

Still, it was the abnormal nature of our situation that had caused me to call them here today in the first place, and when the conversation trailed off, I asked my question.

"Are you two doing OK?" I asked. Recognizing the ambiguity of my sudden pivot, I elaborated. "With our situation. Between you and me."

The two shared a long look, and there was a lot being communicated in their faces that wasn't readily apparent to me. They spoke in elevated eyebrows, tilted heads and twists of their lips that emitted no sound, their own intimate language. It was Candy who finally answered me. "We're holding up OK. Why do you ask?"

"Because a few weeks ago the two of you were so malcontent over my behavior that you tried to chop my nuts off. Figuratively speaking. I've been at this long enough now to know that things run a lot smoother when the other participants are happy. If you're still unhappy, I want to hear about it. After everything that went down last week, I'm sick to death of forcing miserable people to share my space, much less my... well."

Again, the looks. The two practically had a sign language. "So what is it you want? Our blessing to keep fucking us?" Isa asked. "Not sure how much it would mean, considering."

"No. I know you don't approve. So be it. I'm way past caring what you think about me and the girls. We're doing what we're doing, regardless of your opinions. But I'm asking about you two. What Abbie and Taylor did to you... it's pretty screwed up, I have to say."

"You got that right, master," answered Isa, the last word dripping disdain.

"So I ask again. Are you two OK?"

Candy's eyes flickered between the two of us. "Yeah, it's... weird. It's definitely weird. I... should I start, mama? Unless you wanna answer first."

This time the response came in words, albeit mumbled. "Go on, baby."

Candy set down the last bit of her sandwich, folding her hands together on the desktop and looking at me earnestly. "So, since there's no point in being coy, part of it has been really amazing. Our sex life has been absolutely next level. For me, at least. And even if it's this weird vicarious humiliation fetish that you, or the Sterns or whoever, put in my head, it's still hot. We didn't have this much sex when we first hooked up, and now..."

"I think he gets the picture."

"I don't actually. Not meaning to be nosy, but you're saying you two have been getting along better?"

“I think so?” Candy looked to Isa.

“Yeah. I guess so. Sexually, at least.”

We left that caveat aside for the time being as the social studies teacher continued. “Still, even if we’re having fun, I do worry sometimes. It can’t be healthy, can it?”

“What can’t be healthy? Sex?”

“No, I mean... well, the *way* we have sex now. It’s not just hands and tongues any more. Now there’s this psychological aspect to it, and I... I dunno.”

“Maybe walk me through it a little, because I’m not sure I get it. What’s happening that you’re afraid is unhealthy? Like, give me a for instance.”

Isa looked plainly mortified, but Candy was inclined to treat this discussion as some plan of mine, helpfully aiding it unfold. “All right, so... Saturday night, I think it was. Isa had just gotten home from the gym, and—”

“That was Friday.”

“Friday then, whatever. So we hadn’t talked since the morning, and I asked her how her day was while she was getting into the shower. Basic chitchat stuff. Except now, part of her day is what she’s done to keep you out of hot water, right?”

“It is?” I wasn’t aware there was on-going labor involved. It had always been on-call, so far as I knew.

Isa replied. “Of course there is. Patrolling outside your room in the afternoons so if you and the girls are getting frisky, I can deflect attention. I have a bug in Horen’s office now, so I have to go through and make sure she hasn’t discovered something we don’t want her to know. That’s easily an hour a day right there. Checking in at the station, seeing if there’s any fresh gossip about cases involving the school without looking too obvious about it. All sorts of stuff. It’s my top priority.”

“Damn. Well... thanks, I guess.”

“Sure.” She scowled at her fork, skewering a cherry tomato with spite.

Candy went on, “Right, so whenever she gets to that part of her day, she gets... I mean, you know how she gets.”

“Indulge me. How does she get?”

“Oh. Well... you want to explain it, mama?” Isa shook her head furiously, eyes low. “She’s acting shy about it, but at home, it’s... no. She’ll just sort of get overwhelmed, I guess is a good word for it. Can’t keep her hands off herself, can’t keep her clothes on, gets... I don’t know. Agreeable, you could call it. Wants me to tell her what to do. To use her, I guess.”

It certainly sounded like my own experiences with Isa. “That right?”

“I get off on being a submissive little bitch,” mumbled Isa. “I can’t help myself.”

“So yeah. And it’s weird, yeah, but it’s so hot watching her break down like that. It turns me on like crazy whenever you or one of your fantasy sluts abuses Isa. I can’t help myself.”

“So you’ve said. Both of you.” I rubbed my forehead, considering. “So it sounds like the sex is fun, but like you said, probably not healthy.”

“I guess not. But hey, it’s your plan. I’m just doing my part.”

“Candy, this was never my plan. This was Abbie and Taylor’s plan. And I think it’s about time we stop letting them call the shots.”

Isa looked up, eyes narrowed in suspicion. “What exactly are you saying?”

“I think we need to see about whether or not I can fix you. Officially, really fix you. We’ve had our fun and all, but the last thing I want is to sit back and relax while Isa’s on her way to a nervous breakdown or something.”

“You seem to have been fine with it so far, master.” Like that, though, what her lover had mentioned played out in real time. It all happened so fast. The widening of her eyes as the wave of lust built, then washed her down to her knees, hands rubbing helplessly at her crotch and her breasts.

“Knock that off, Isa. The door’s unlocked, for god’s sake.”

She winced, stung by the rebuke from her master as much as the brief dereliction of her duty, then hastily returned to her desk, hands folded demurely in her lap. “I’m sorry, master. It won’t happen again.”

I patted her arm reassuringly, though she winced at that, too. “Anyway, you were right. I have gotten awfully comfortable with too many unpleasant situations. I’m trying to get better about it. After all, somebody gave me some good advice about how letting those girls call the shots might have led to a few thrills, but it’s probably a bad way to run my life.”

She smiled thinly at that.

“So the way I see it, if we broke things with Serenex, it’s going to take Serenex to fix things. Now I think I have enough left to give the two of you another dose. *If*, that is, you’re interested in trying. Let me be clear: this is *not* my ‘plan,’ Candy. This is a suggestion, and you’re both free to refuse if you don’t trust me. I can’t blame you, after all that’s happened.”

“Dose us, and then what?” pressed my colleague curiously.

“And then... you tell me. I know we all had our fears about contradictory commands. We could test that, see if there’s anything to be afraid of. Or we could look for a work-around. Maybe I can’t stop Isa from feeling like ‘a submissive little bitch,’ but... I don’t know. Something so you aren’t being spun around. Untie your pleasure from your anger. I’m open to suggestions.”

The two shared another eye-conversation. I cut it short, though, this time. We only had minutes before lunch ended and students returned. “You don’t have to decide

anything now. Talk it over, think it over, and when you've decided, you know where to find me. It's a standing offer, too. No rush. I think there's been more than enough pain and aggravation in all this mess, some of which I can't pawn off on the Sterns. They may not have any remorse over it, but me, I'm cleaning house. I mean to enjoy myself, and if I have my druthers, I'd like for that to extend to the rest of our little after-school program. I want everyone to be happy, and to get along with each other to the extent we need to."

"Does that include the Sterns?" asked Isa.

"Did he just say 'druthers?'" asked Candy.

I stood, wadding up my trash and snapping shut my briefcase. "Just let me know."

"You look pretty today." It had taken almost an hour since I'd noticed for the two of us to be alone where I could say it. The final passing period of the day filled the halls with noise, but in my classroom, Tabitha and I enjoyed relative peace and quiet. "I should tell you more often."

"What, this old thing?" The girl acing AP chemistry and physics grinned, performing a graceful twirl that fluttered her dress up to flash her panties. A thong, fire engine red. It complemented her floral summer dress nicely, white but decorated with sinuous vines sporting countless roses. Not that anyone but the two of us knew she'd donned matching panties. The dress was exquisitely snug across the chest, displaying her perky bust fetchingly.

"Do I need to remind you about showing your underwear in this building, Ms. Hutchings?"

"No, Mr. Canon," she murmured in playful contrition.

"Good. Now what's up? You stuck around just to flash me, or what?"

"Actually, sort of?" She glided up to my desk, hands folded in front of her demurely. "My seventh period is doing final projects. I volunteered to go first, so I'm all done in there. Ms. McGough said it would be all right if I wanted to get some extra help for my other finals."

"Tabitha, absolutely not. Nothing in the classroom. How can you even suggest it after—"

"I didn't mean *that*, Mr. Canon," she corrected hastily. "But I thought I could at least help out. You were saying how hard this week is on you. What if I pitched in? I could help organize your shelves, grade stuff, whatever you want. Even if I'm only half as efficient as you, an hour of my time would still get you an extra half hour sleep tonight. Correct?"

Like ice cream on a fat guy, my hands went straight to my hips. “Do you really not remember my being fired last week because you had your ass out in my classroom?”

“I’ll pitch in with my clothes on, obviously!”

“No, you won’t, because if Principal Horen walks in here and finds you’re ditching class to do chores for the teacher you were bullied into flashing your thong at, how do you think that’s going to look?”

Her face took on a serious cast. So serious I was actually taken aback. “Listen. I am *mortified* by what Taylor made me do for you. Or to you, whatever. It was hard just to walk in here when you came back, knowing what you’ve seen. What I’ve shown you. I wanted to curl up in a ball in the women’s restroom and just ditch your class.” This was not a person who displayed emotional vulnerability casually, but in those wide eyes, I saw real shame.

I frowned. “Wait, really? I didn’t—”

“I feel like such an idiot. But worse, I feel awful for what my cowardice put *you* through. You are an excellent teacher, Mr. Canon. You’ve gone the extra mile for me all year, even before all this crud. I can’t tell you how much I appreciate it. My conscience would never fully heal if I graduated without trying to make things right between us, and leave you on a note that reflects both my respect, and my shame for my poor judgment.”

I was stunned. Had she really been burying all that? What had I been putting her through, without even thinking that she was still clinging to—

“And *that* is what I’ll explain to Mrs. Horen if she pops in.”

I rolled my eyes. “Nice, Meryl Streep.” Still, she’d been earnest enough to throw me, and I could use the sleep, so... screw it. I couldn’t spend the rest of my career afraid to ever be alone with a female student. “All right. But *no* funny business. I don’t want to see that thong again until I’m taking it off myself.” I winced. “I mean, off of you, by myself. Err, you’d be there, too. With my hands, that is—”

“You plan on undressing me later. Understood, and eagerly awaited. Now how can I help you with my clothes *on*?”

To my credit, I did reach out to Ms. McGough and make sure she was really on board with releasing Tabitha. If nothing else I wanted to be sure that if Horen did stop by and did decide to get suspicious, my defense would include that I had followed protocol. I set her to doing some of my organizational labor for me, tallying what books and supplies were missing, who owed what, and filing my few remaining papers in students’ folders.

I had to hand it to her. As much power as the girl had to arrest my attention when she wanted to, during that prep period, she was a ghost. Pretty soon, I forgot she was even in the room. Amy stopped in at one point to briefly touch base about the summer reading list for next year’s AP seniors; she merely smiled and waved at the comely

honors student as she patiently scrubbed at some of the graffiti on one of my desks. Tabitha Hutchings was above suspicion.

Unlike the person who entered my classroom next.

Though my initial reaction was shock at Taylor Stern being in the building, I couldn't help but register still greater shock at seeing the *way* she was being in the building.

To say Taylor was flouting the dress code would be the understatement of the year. The shorts, if one could call them that, were jaw-droppingly revealing. Once upon a time, they had been jean shorts. Now, they were the tattered remains thereof. It wasn't so much that they were short – though they were, the legs practically nonexistent – but it was the network of holes and threadbare patches on what remained, all of it strategically positioned to gratify the male gaze. My gaze. As she turned to shut the door behind her, it was clear that if there were panties beneath them, they were only barely present. The shorts were so tight that part of her ass was literally squeezing out of one such hole in the denim, a tan little bubble of butt.

And if the shorts were scandalous, I'd need a thesaurus for the top. In terms of fashion, I didn't even know what to call it. It wasn't a tube top, but that was probably the closest thing. It consisted of a band of aqua green elastic around her tits, probably only four or five inches wide in spite of her whopping tits' efforts to stretch it further. The poor thing couldn't fully cover them. Just below her nipples (as I happened to have memorized exactly where those were) was a filmy white bit of fabric that was entirely translucent. I could see her belly button with ease. Seated, my angle to her was just low enough that I could make out the underside of her breasts, jutting out proudly before her. The gauze portion didn't even go all the way around. Busty as she was, there were a few scant, mouth-watering centimeters of side boob hanging out by either arm. There was nothing on the shoulders, nothing on the arms, nothing but that elastic band on the back.

Her hair covered more than the shirt did, a blanket of wavy brownish blonde that I only belatedly realized had two pigtails woven into the sides. I almost didn't notice the calf-high red boots adding inches to her height, deadly seduction to her walk. The whole ensemble was a manifesto of arrogant sexuality, a middle finger to anyone who thought they might have a claim to being more worthy of being ogled than her.

“Sup, C-dawg.”

“What are you...” *Wearing*, I nearly finished. Of all the things she'd worn in my classroom that had sent me home apoplectic with pent-up sexual frustration, there had never been anything like this. In my life, no one had *ever* worn *anything* like this for me – and there was no doubt from that twinkle in her eye that it was for me, all right. If she'd worn a bikini, it would have been less salacious. At least a bikini was skimpy for some purpose. This was just a walking, talking reminder that sex was still a thing, and

this was who we all wanted to be having it with. “Um, what are you doing here?” I spit out at last.

My stammering wasn't lost on her. “Came in to clean out my locker. Good thing they didn't search it, or I'd be in trouble for more than just showing you my cooch.”

“And let's just skip right past whatever that means. I'm—”

“I got some edibles in there. Tests make me anxious, so I was gonna use it to get through finals. Guess now I don't need to keep saving it.”

I sighed. “And yet I can't help but notice you came here empty-handed.”

“You want weed, maybe you shouldn't have sicced the fucking cops on me.”

“Referring to the sanctioned contents of your locker, obviously.” I didn't know if recognition dawned on her face. I couldn't look up that far. When she didn't respond, I clarified, “Your books? Tabitha, you have the list. What are we owed?”

As Tabitha, who I only now saw was openly glaring at the newcomer, skimmed the papers in her clipboard, Taylor worked in a response. “So it's ‘we’ now, huh. You and Flatty Tabby?”

“That doesn't even rhyme,” retorted Tabitha coolly, not even looking up. “For a girl whose name rhymes with ‘nail her,’ ‘whaler,’ ‘impale her,’ is damn close to ‘failure’... that might not be a fight you want to start.” She tapped her lip, suddenly looking up with eyes sparkling. “Oh, if we went full name, we could go for Inhale Your Sperm. Reaching, maybe, but better than Flatty Tabby.”

“If I wanted to start a fight, toothpick, you'd already be—”

“That's enough.” I stood, interposing myself between the two. “What does she owe?”

“World literature textbook, number 19-104. *Raisin in the Sun* 81. *The Things They Carried* 30. *Frankenstein* 0-75. Two copies of *Beowulf*, number 57 and one that's just three question marks.” She glanced up contemptuously. “Did you return anything all year? There's more here.”

She rolled her eyes. “I guess I just fell in love with all these amazing books.”

“Just bring whatever you find, Taylor. I'll figure out the rest.” I shook my head.

Taylor took a step closer. “That's it? Not one goddamn word to me in that whole fucked as hell week, and *that's* what you got to say to me?”

“Language. And what else is there to say, Taylor?”

“Oh, I don't know. How about ‘thank you.’”

“Thank you? Are you seriously—”

But she wasn't having it. “Or how about ‘I'm sorry.’ Or maybe ‘I missed you.’ Oh, or you could try ‘I'm a little pussy who snuck in to have a nooner with your little sister and didn't even have the guts to look you in the eyes.’ Hell, I'd settle for a nice ‘You look so hot I'm coming in my briefs.’”

I took a step in myself, but only to loom. Shit, she even *smelled* good. That garden-variety teen perfume, the scent of which could only be called “baby whore.” That I’d complimented Tabitha on her dress and wasn’t expressing any appreciation for *this* was simply wrong.

Although this was Taylor Stern. Being in the wrong was one of the most consistent features of our relationship.

“Taylor, I don’t know what you hoped for, coming in to provoke a confrontation, but this isn’t the time. I’m honestly not sure after the way you’ve been behaving that there *is* a time.”

“So *make* time, Canon. You owe me that.”

My jaw audibly hit the floor. “I *owe* you? How do you reckon that—” I shook my head. “No. No, we are not doing this again.”

“Doing what again?”

“This, where you and Abbie do something terrible, I roll up my sleeves and find a way of seeing your side of things, we have sex, and you make me feel like an idiot for treating you like more than the bitch you’ve been to me since you walked in that door.” There they were again, hands on hips. I was turning into my mother. “Frankly, I’m done. I don’t know how you got into the building dressed like that—”

“Thank Barbie.”

“—but I’m tired, all right? You feel like you’re owed an apology? Is there no point at which you begin to take responsibility for yourself? For what you’ve done?”

“For what *I’ve* done?! I’ve—”

I thundered over her, though I quickly lowered my volume in case any sound carried beyond the confines of my room. “You, Ms. Stern, have abused my trust countless times, and done unspeakable things to your classmates. You’ve bullied people, deceived people... Taylor, you’ve *enslaved* people! Do you even understand how wrong that is?”

“Don’t look to me like the skinny bitch got complaints.”

Before Tabitha could get into it again, I snapped right back at her. “You removed their capacity to complain! I don’t pretend to grasp the precise ethics of all this, but... Oh sure, give me that look, because I’m the jerk who’s reaping all the rewards.”

“Aren’t you? You talkin’ big shit now, but I ain’t hear you bellyaching when you were basking in all that pussy in the locker room after Saturday class. Aw, but shucks, then you gotta rinse a little yolk off your house, so suddenly it’s boo hoo, fuck Taylor, fuck all she’s done for me, fuck the best mother fuckin’ thing you ever had come your way!”

“Don’t you put this on me! We’re all of us making the best of a situation *you* caused! With your recklessness. With your *arrogance*. You and your sister are two

tornadoes, whirling across the landscape sewing destruction wherever you go, and I'm sick to death of it!"

"Don't you drag Abbie into this! You leave my sister's name out your fuckin' mouth!"

"Right, because she's clearly innocent in all this," Tabitha said dryly.

"Bitch, don't make me—"

I cut in. This couldn't become an actual fight. Besides, my beef with her took precedence. We'd been at this for two years now. "Believe me, I'd love to leave her out of it, Taylor. Wherever I look, though, there's some fresh chaos the two of you have collaboratively concocted. For the life of me, I don't know how you could think there would never be any consequences, no end to my willingness to indulge your tantrums and your vindictiveness, but at some point, I don't care if it's the best sex I've ever had! I just want to teach my classes and live my life without constant terror and harassment! I am *done* tolerating it, you hear me? Done!"

She was quiet for a moment. Inscrutable. I willed Tabitha to stay silent; mercifully, she had the sense to do so.

"Best sex you ever had, huh."

"That's not the only factor, Taylor. I gave you a hundred chances. You blew them all."

She moved forward. I didn't give her the satisfaction of flinching away, even as she closed to the point where her scarcely concealed breasts pressed into my chest. "But you agree it was the best."

"Tabitha's still new. She'll be able to do what you can do."

She didn't press further. Her hands, her eyes behaved themselves. Her tits were soft and inviting against my chest, impossible to ignore. They always had been. "You and I both know she ain't never gonna be what I can be."

"What, a hooligan? A vandal? A druggie?"

"A goddess, you fuckin' asshole."

I didn't like the feeling, deep down in my gut, that her words had struck something. This wasn't the time to back down, though. "Maybe not. But at least I know I can trust her."

"And I trust my vibrator, but I wouldn't take it over your dickwad ass. Just 'cause it can get me off doesn't make it a worthy partner."

My eyes narrowed. "Worthy? How exactly did I set myself apart from the, oh, I'm guessing hundreds of other men who've looked at you and thought about throwing you down and fucking the hell out of you?"

She looked up at me evenly. "You did it."

We locked eyes for a long, tense moment. I didn't know what to say to that. Again, there was that feeling in my gut. The same idiot place in my gut that made me

buy that Serenex in the first place. The place that did all my worst thinking, and most of my best fucking.

“Fuck me, Mr. Canon.” Her gut must have been feeling the same as mine.

“Taylor, he’s not going to—”

“Don’t say another mother fuckin’ word to me until I say you can,” snapped Taylor without so much as glancing toward the girl. Tabitha fell silent instantly, cowed.

“Fuck me,” she repeated. “Right now. Don’t think about it. Just fuck me. You know you want to. Shit, I ain’t even gay and I wanna fuck me in this thing. Just get out of your own fucking way and take what you goddamn want for once without me having to drag you to it.”

“We’re in *school*, Taylor. We can’t—”

“So the fuck what. I’m worth losing your sad little life for. Whip out that fat fucking dick and fill me with it. Right here. Right now. Be the fuckin’ man. You won’t regret it. I will be to you what you never knew you could have. Fuck. Me. Fuck me like I was begging you to when you stole my chapstick, you ungrateful fuck.”

Suddenly, the door opened. I could barely make myself turn to face the woman opening it, even with this student’s tits pressed against me. It was only Isa, though, thank god. “Horen’s moving down the main hallway. Don’t know if she’s coming this way, but head’s up.”

Then the door closed. There it was, the protection I hadn’t known I’d had. Or else she’d simply been ordered to escort Taylor so she didn’t cause trouble. I stepped back. “We can’t,” I croaked, throat dry.

“Fuck Horen. Fuck Tabitha, and Barbie, and Detective Whatshisdick. Take the goddamn life you want, right now. Fuck me.”

God, did I ever want to. This close, she flooded the sum of my senses until nothing else was perceptible. That pretentiously displayed visage of sensual perfection. That slutty fragrance. Her proud, perky tits pressing into me invitingly. The urgency in her voice as she demanded I do exactly what I wanted to do. Hell, I could taste her lips without even putting my mouth to them. They tasted like rain, and strawberry chapstick.

“Psst!” hissed Tabitha.

“Shut up.” Taylor looked back to me immediately. “Who cares who sees it, C. You wanna fuck me; I’m not even a student here any more. There’s no excuses left except being too much of a pussy to take me on. So drop your bullshit, and fuck me.”

“Taylor, I...” Her chin tilted up not hopefully, but expectantly. Of course. How could a woman be *that* sexy and not anticipate compliance with such an offer? I leaned down. She was right. My job could never satisfy me the way this woman could.

Tabitha stalked into our peripheral, flapping her hands in a paroxysm of anxiety.

Shit! Isa had just said... something. Horen! Horen was coming. Maybe not in here. But maybe! Shit!

“We can’t.”

I don’t know what I expected. An angry denunciation, a sob of despair, maybe even a sucker punch to the gut. What I did not expect was for her to take a step back, jam a hand down the front of her shorts, and retrieve – of all things to pull out of one’s pants – a tightly rolled, badly crumpled bundle of papers. With a hard thrust, she jammed one end of it down the front of my own pants before I knew what was happening.

“You know what? Fuck you. Fuck your class, fuck this whole bullshit school. I didn’t want to come back here for another year anyway! You ruined *everything!*” she yelled. Then she turned to Tabitha. “Looks like he’s all yours now. Why don’t you start off writing something a hundred times on the board while he checks out that narrow ass of yours? That really gets him off. Oh yeah, if you didn’t know, he likes to sit back and watch and not do a fucking thing.”

I pulled the wad of paper out of my pants irritably. “Taylor, you’re being unreasonable. We can talk about your enrollment here later after–”

“You been talking at me for two years, Mr. Canon! Just when you finally start saying something worth listening to, you let these fools cram you into their bitch-ass box. This whole fucking place is full of whiny little sheeple, doing what they’re told, playing by some loser’s loser-ass rules, making themselves into whatever you all tell them to be. Guess that’s how you like it, huh.”

“That’s not fair and you know it.”

But she was back after Tabitha. “Go on. One hundred times, nice big letters: *I am a stupid easy flat-chested cocksucking whore*. OK? And use the lower part of the board, so you gotta bend over. Right, C-dawg? That’s where the good shit is.”

I glanced at the door anxiously, but it held. “Leave her out of this. You have a problem with me, talk to me.”

“No no. I’m leaving her in this. You’re welcome, by the way. Guess you’d rather have a pathetic little fuck toy than someone who... just... fuck you, Mr. Canon! And fuck high school!”

She stormed out the door, slamming it so hard behind her that it shook the whole room.

“Are you all right, Tabitha?”

“I’m OK. Are you OK?”

“I’m... I’m not OK.”

“It’ll pass, Mr. Canon. You still have me.”

I was staring at the door, the after-image of Taylor’s departure burned into my eyes. When she spoke again, however, I realized something was amiss from the muffled sound of her voice. “She said, ‘I am a stupid, easy, flat-chested cocksucking whore,’ right? I think I heard that correctly.”

I turned. Tabitha was at the board, dry erase marker in hand, writing those very words along the bottom of the board.

“What on earth are you doing?”

“Huh? She said to... you know. Write.” She gestured to where *I am a stupid, easy*, was already enscribed in red marker. “A hundred seems like a lot of times. Is it OK if I stay after school, or should I come back to finish in the morning?”

“You don’t have to write that!” I snapped.

“I do whatever Taylor tells me to do,” she replied with chilling casualness, and resumed writing. “Though that goes for you too, obviously Mr. Canon.”

Still trying to wrap my head around what she was saying, I glanced down at the rolled up paper in my hands. There at the top was the standard header and a recent date. This past weekend. Taylor’s long-awaited essay. Taylor, the girl who had taken it upon herself to transform a smarter classmate into an automaton. Never mind that Tabitha’s rote obedience was the trait I found most alluring in her, but still. If she had secretly done this, what else had she done, and to whom? Was Tabitha the only one with those words burned into her head?

I suppose I should be glad that I evidently didn’t, since somehow I’d let her walk out of here.

I walked calmly over to my desk and threw her essay in the garbage. Right where I should have thrown the one she’d plagiarized all those weeks ago.

It took some convincing to have Tabitha continue her assigned writing project while following her writing hand with the eraser. Taylor hadn’t said *not* to, I’d reasoned, and it had evidently been deemed sound logic. On she went, helpless to do anything but comply with Taylor’s final, degrading command. I left the room while Tabitha worked and made her promise that if anyone else came into the room she’d pause until they left. Taylor hadn’t told her not to, after all, and if she didn’t pause, someone might react in a way that she’d be forced to stop. That argument had also resonated with her, though she plainly didn’t enjoy deviating from the letter of that particular law.

Disobeying Taylor, it seemed, was not an option for her. When I returned from the teacher workroom with the copies of my final exams an hour later, however, she was gone.

I buried myself in my work. It was going on eight o’clock before I left the school, though I saw I wasn’t the only one still there. Not quite. Randi actually left the building a short ways ahead of me, done with her shift that had started six hours later than mine. I didn’t have enough gas left in the tank to make myself thank her for vouching for me. I would, though. Otherwise, I might have been as screwed as Taylor and Abbie.

I drove home in silence, wondering what fresh hells my rejection might visit upon me. Back home, however, there was nothing. No eggs, no TP in the trees, nothing uprooted in the garden. *FUCK YOU CANON* wasn't spray-painted on my garage door. Just home, quiet and empty.

I ordered takeout for dinner and kept working while I ate. Grades needed to be completed, and scores needed to be entered. Missing four days had left quite a backlog, but I wasn't about to slack. Those kids had done the work; I was going to honor the effort, even if a bunch of it was nonsensical worksheets my sub had found for *Catcher* that I never would have squandered their time on. My seniors had missed the whole point of the story, thanks to me.

Well, no. Thanks to me, and to Taylor Stern.

I scrolled down to her name in the gradebook. There at the left was her point total, and next to that, a percentage and letter grade. 54%. Not even an F+. There were no grades entered for her in the past five weeks, ever since we'd started our after school sessions, and our illicit relationship. The whole stack of work I'd collected from her in those weeks, hundreds of points' worth of assignments, quizzes, tests and projects, still sat in the past due tray on my desk, poised right above the discarded essay in the trash. I still hadn't ever passed any of it along to her other teachers. No point now. Taylor deserves to fail all her classes.

Across the line where the blanks were situated for her missing work, I filled in zero after zero. I went ahead and created the entry for the final exam and slapped a zero on that, too. Combined with third quarter's D+, the second highest grade she'd gotten in my classes in five combined semesters, she would finish the year with a 43% in my class. It sounded about right.

I slept alone that night, trying not to think about her. Trying not to get too angry to go back to sleep when I did. Trying not to get too horny when I woke up from another dream where I'd taken her up on her offer, fucked her right there on my desk. Tabitha tried to distract me, but I wouldn't have it. Isa darted in to plead with her master to stop before it was too late. Principal Horen gasped in horror (or awe?) at the sight of me plowing one of her precious students. Candy, Megan, Cassie, Abbie, all of them joined in to implore me to quit wasting myself on this undeserving creature of mine and come shower that same attention on them. Taylor and I only laughed at their entreaties, rutting away uninhibited. Our glee multiplied along with the audience, swelling at just how perfectly we fit together.

Then I'd wake up again, remember who I was and who she was to me, and then fume, and then dream it all over again.

I took a cold shower that Tuesday morning, and was back in school before the sun was over the horizon.

Part Twenty-Six: Multiple Choice Tests

I cleared my throat. “This has been one heck of a ride, I have to say. Sometimes I wasn’t entirely sure we were going to make it. Or at least that you were going to make it with me.” I paused for the ensuing mild laughter. “We didn’t always make it easy on each other, did we? That’s good though. Anybody can do easy. Yet here you are, and we’re gonna do this thing. I’m excited to see how you handle it, truly, but whatever you do I know is going to be great.

I took a long breath and made it a point to assert eye contact. “Now I don’t say this easily. Or often. And I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable or anything either, but... so you know, I care about you a lot, and I loved being with you. Giggle if you have to, yeah yeah, old Mr. Canon’s some kind of simp. (Am I using that right? From your expression, I’m guessing no.) Anyway, whatever, I said it, and I’m not taking it back. You’re great, and I hope I didn’t permanently corrupt you in our time together.

“All right, mushy stuff out of the way. Who’s ready to take their last high school English test?”

It was a mixed chorus of feigned enthusiasm and sincere disgruntlement, but I loved them for it all the same. I’d had great kids this year, with a few notable exceptions, and I hoped to have a lot of these juniors back in senior English next year. (For a couple, I wasn’t even dreading having them back for a second crack at junior English.)

I distributed the exams and explained the various sections, trying to keep the class from starting early and ignoring my instructions. They did, after all, have over two hours to finish the thing, and I expected that most would be done with ample time to spare. Once I explained the essay selection process for the final section, I had everyone take a nice, deep breath, then set them loose.

Only one in my whole first period had forgotten a pencil on finals day, an improvement over their first semester exam back in December when I’d needed four. Progress, I supposed. After making sure everybody was set and ready, I made my way back to my desk and settled in, rubbing bleary eyes and taking another long sip of coffee. This was going to be the longest couple hours of the next two days, barring any more fitful nights like last.

I had managed to finish my backlog of grading the night before, an escape from the libidinous nonsense my brain had been trying to fixate on. Grades were entered, and since I’d arrived at school at the crack of dawn, all assignments were now filed in students’ folders for returning. Most probably wouldn’t bother checking them anyway, but for the few who would, I felt obligated. It was my own fault I’d fallen so far behind this past month (though there was ample competition for an assist on that score), but for now, I actually had no more work to do until those exams were back in my hands.

When second period arrived in a couple hours, I'd give another speech, hand out another exam, but then first period exams would give me something to do while they worked. For now, it was only me and my old friend finals week exhaustion.

I really was tired, too. Those dreams had been intense, but they'd made damn sure my heart was too active for any quality sleep to occur. To keep myself busy, I started going through days of backed up mail from my school slot. That took almost six minutes. I tidied up my desk quietly so as not to disrupt the exam. That took four. Email was a more generous twenty. Short of tidying up the room itself, which would be way too disruptive, I was out of distractions.

Social media was blocked by the school internet server (plus it was pretty hypocritical to chastise them so many times for being distracted by it if I was going to do the same), so that was out. My work laptop was a simple machine, but it had a browser. Out of options, I pulled up a news site and started catching up on the world. Not surprisingly, it seemed little had improved.

I was in the middle of an article on summer travel trends when I fell asleep at my desk.

The second worst thing was that when you fall asleep sitting upright, in a place you know you shouldn't fall asleep in, you wake up in that moment where your chin slipped off your fist and you have that tenth of a second falling dream. Even if you had managed to escape notice dozing off, your sudden jolt to consciousness cannot be missed.

The worst thing, of course, was that I fell asleep in the middle of a final exam. For over an hour.

"Ummmgbumng!" I stammered as I started myself awake.

Laughter rippled through the room. "Morning, Mr. Canon," said Kaya. "Partying hard last night?"

"Um, no talking during, um..." I shook my head. No sense trying to be strict at this point. "Sorry, gang. That was unprofessional. Been up late, um, grading, and..." I yawned in spite of my best efforts. So much for good last impressions. "Anyway, I'm so sorry. Did anybody need anything? Have questions?"

Kennedy explained that she'd already quietly worked out a system for handing in the tests, one stack for exams, one for scantrons, one for the essays. Perfectly handled. Sure enough, a half dozen or so kids had indeed been banking questions for me, which I busily answered. I assigned myself a seat at the stool in the front of the room. High as it was, the thing always made me a little nervous sitting on it to begin with. No chance of a repeat here.

Then I remembered that time I'd had to reprimand Taylor for trying to sit on it with a short dress on. That girl's exhibitionist streak would have been a lot more appealing in almost any other context than a room full of students.

Oh fine, so it was actually even more appealing in the classroom. Nothing wrong with admitting it. Still, I'd learned my lesson, both about displays of sexuality in the classroom, and about Taylor Stern. I was done with both.

What color had her panties been that day with the tantrum over the stool?

It didn't matter.

First period ended for the final time. A number of my kids came over to high five me or in a few cases share a quick hug. Several jokes were cracked at my expense over the napping, but nothing really mean-spirited. Roberto was still working, hand scribbling furiously, but passing periods were extended to ten minutes during finals week so I shut up and let him keep going. With three minutes to go, he suddenly darted across the room and slapped his test materials on their stacks and barked a quick "have a good summer, Mr. C!" on his way out the door.

Second period was seniors; they got a slightly more flowery speech, but otherwise it was the same drill. I drank in the surprised, perplexed, and intrigued expressions as they read through the essay question options. It was a stark contrast to the shame from first period's nap snafu, seeing those bright, determined faces mulling things over, grinning with determined cleverness.

The schedule being what it was, they were given a break in the middle for lunch. Teachers had complained about the possibility of students using the down time to look up answers or discuss the exam with friends, but as my mentor had taught me during my student teaching, no test ever enriched a life, but a hot meal just might. I made sure nothing left the classroom, but otherwise, if they wanted to talk about books and ideas and writing techniques, I was all for it.

I was just laying my head down on my desk to try to squeeze in another power nap during my own lunch when the door swung open.

"Mr. Canon? Do you have a minute?"

I sat up, stretched. "Sure, Tabitha. What's on your mind."

"You look..." *Like hell*, I thought. And she thought. But tactfully, she finished, "...tired."

"Mm. Long night."

The girl gently closed the door before her. She was a vision today. Clearly she had spent some time on hair and makeup this morning, volume and accents enhancing her natural beauty. Her outfit was a simple heathered cotton dress in a cream color even fairer than her complexion, hanging straight down off her shoulders to mid-thigh, coupled with a pair of strappy sandals. She looked amazing, even if not in the same porno-mag way that Taylor had shot for yesterday. Wholesomeness and fuckability combined in the vision entering my room.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

I ran my fingers through my hair; it helped keep my head upright. "Do you?"

Tabitha's lips twisted somewhat, and she crossed the room and pulled up a student desk next to my own. "That was pretty intense yesterday, huh."

"The part where Taylor stormed my classroom and demanded I have sex with her and go directly to jail for it, or the part where I found out she's had you under her thumb this entire time?"

"I'm happy to hear what you have to say about either, but if you have questions, I'm much more capable of providing answers in regards to the second part."

"How long has that been going on? Since the beginning?"

Tabitha took a deep breath, let it out, and false started one more time before finally managing words. "Pretty much? At least I think so. You know how it is, how everything feels normal even if you know it's nuts. It's been this way ever since the party, if that's what you mean. No second dosing later or anything. Though I guess with 'I'll do whatever Taylor tells me to' there's not much finesse required on their part."

"Has she abused it?" Before she could answer, I had another thought and blurted it aloud. "Wait, just Taylor? What about Abbie?"

"Abbie Stern can't tell me to do jack squat." She sneered coldly. The girl had an excellent sneer. "But if Abbie's the boss of Taylor, like Cassie told me, then maybe she simply wanted middle management. Or, honestly, Taylor just hates my guts and Abbie didn't care enough to get involved. Occam's razor and all that."

"You two never have gotten along," I granted. "I tried sitting her next to you when I did the seating chart for first quarter, actually. I hoped you'd rub off on her."

"There's some excellent pun waiting to be made with that lead-in," she observed, "but anyway, looks like it didn't take. Except perhaps for my taste in men."

I rolled my eyes. This young woman knew how to play me pretty well, but sometimes she got cocky about it. "What, I suppose you had a crush on your teacher before it was cool."

Her head cocked back. "Mr. Canon, please. Half the girls in this school would sleep with you if they could. You're basically the embodiment of every schoolgirl's teacher fetish."

"Oh, shove off. My ego is already just fine without all that, thank you."

"Suit yourself." She shrugged.

"So has she been coming after you? Obviously she gave herself the power, but has she actually taken advantage of you?"

"Yesterday was the worst of it. I don't really think she likes being around me, to be honest. She knows you like me, and it threatens her because she doesn't understand it. Why would a man want to have sex with me when they have her as an option." Her tone confirmed she absolutely did not share Taylor's appraisal. Tabitha was nothing if not self-confident. It was well-deserved confidence, at that.

“Well we’ll see if we can’t find a work-around. I still have a little bit left. Last thing I want is for Taylor to go off the deep end and take it out on you. We both know she’s capable of it.”

“It’s fine,” she said quickly. “I know you mean well, but you can’t solve everything by mind-controlling people. No offense or anything – I trust you, Mr. Canon. Really. But it’s also a huge liability, opening up your mind to absorb any old thing that gets said. You could be completely on the level, but then a car drives by blasting *WAP* and suddenly I have to wear a diaper for the rest of my life to keep my vagina from dribbling all over the place.”

“What’s *WAP*?”

“Oh, Mr. Canon.” She patted my shoulder. “Anyway, it’s fine. Pretty soon, I’ll be in college and she’ll be in prison with that sister of hers. Good luck pulling my strings as a pen pal.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m OK. Really. Thank you, though.” Her hand lingered on my back, rubbing it softly. “You know, sometimes I think it’s too bad you’re not looking for romance, because a sweet guy like you would be easy to fall for. I don’t know what a serpentess like Taylor Stern got so fixated on, but for us normal girls, you can be a lot to take in.” She cut off a giggle by biting down on her lower lip softly. “Sorry, another pun opportunity. You’re big, but you fit perfectly.”

“So what did you come by for, Tabitha?” I rolled my shoulders, gently bucking her touch. It was nice and all, but still. School.

“To check on you.” She sounded surprised I had to ask.

“Sweet, but trust me, I’ll be fine.”

“Really? I mean, I was here yesterday. I saw... that. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a girl throw herself at a guy that hard before, and certainly not get rejected for it. Not looking like *that*, anyway. Are you really done with her, or was that just ‘no’ for yesterday, but this weekend, back at it?”

“No. I mean... just plain no. However good the good parts were, that was an abusive relationship, and I can’t let myself – or the rest of you girls – go down with her.” I sighed. “I just don’t give up on my students easily. Stings to admit you failed them, even if they’re bound and determined to fail themselves. And Taylor Stern deserves to fail if anyone does.”

“You don’t seem to give up easily on your lovers, either. Remember that first night? I was reading you the riot act, heaping all that derision on you for taking advantage of us poor innocent young women. Ugh. Churns my stomach to think how close I came to losing out on all that’s happened since.” She smiled sweetly. “Say, speaking of, is there any chance we could...?”

“That we could what? Wait, you mean... *that?!?*” I threw up my hands. “Tabitha, we’ve been over and over this! Am I the only one who appreciates that this is not the place for that?!”

“No, I realize. Only stupid people take risks like that willy nilly.” She didn’t have to mention Taylor to have her target rendered obvious. “We do, however, have on-call security and lookouts available to us. The risk can be reduced, even eliminated if we plan and act cautiously.”

“Are your teen hormones really that out of control that you can’t wait until after finals? For crying out loud, Tabitha!”

She shook her head. “It’s not that. Well, it’s that, but also... I’ve gathered that doing it here is a turn-on for you. And why wouldn’t it be? It’s the seat of your authority. Literally,” she laughed, smacking the backside of my chair. “Cassie has gone on and on about your orgy in the field locker room, and how amazing it was, how satisfied you were... I don’t know, I guess with school about to end, I want the two of us to have a memory like that. I want you to end the school year on a high note, living out one of your fantasies. And what’s more fantastic than the teacher taking the teacher’s pet on his desk?”

She ran a hand back and forth across my smooth, bare desktop suggestively. “A little cold, but I bet we could warm it up.”

“Look, I appreciate you’re in the mood, but we really shouldn’t. How’s it going to look if Officer Barbour is standing watch outside my room all the time?”

“She watches the halls, like, constantly. Not as if the woman needs to stand right outside your door. And ‘all the time,’ really? We have barely twenty-four hours left in the school year. She’d have to stand right outside your room for all of them for it to seem weird to anybody.”

“Tabitha...”

“Look. I’m not trying to pressure you, Mr. Canon. You can say no and it won’t hurt my feelings.” Her button nose wrinkled momentarily. “Not much, anyway. But I’d like to, and I think you would like it, too, if you let yourself.”

My star pupil rose from her desk and gracefully spun around the back of it to position herself on the edge of my desk. In doing so, she confirmed that she definitely was not wearing any panties, and also...

“Wait, hang on a second. Was that... did I see a tattoo?”

She grinned. “Sharp eyes, Mr. Canon. As you know, I’ve been gathering notes from your other girls, and Ms. Salata told me about her little brand. I’ve wanted to get a tattoo for a long time, but I knew my parents would lose their minds if they found out, so I figured, why not get one somewhere they’ll never see, and one that I very much hope you will see often?”

“Ms. Salata just opened up and shared that with you. Really. What on earth did you say to her to make her open up like that?”

“It wasn’t hard. You just have to know how to reason with people. I strongly implied that your ‘plan’ was to amalgamate me, from your kinks instilled in your other pet sluts, into the perfect sex toy for you. Once she believed it was part of the plan, she opened up good and wide.”

“And how did you know to put it to her like that?!” I snapped.

“You had her programming papers sitting out on your desk when I stayed over one night. I had to match the handwriting, but it was easy to get a sample of hers. And now, voila! I’m inked.”

She uncrossed her legs enticingly. “Wanna see it?”

Like that, any irritation about her intrusiveness was forgotten. I peered, but until she opened her legs, I wasn’t going to see anything but a shadow between her thighs. Damn it, as much as she managed to put me on the defensive by openly displaying what a conniving little brat she could be, I really did want to see what had come of it.

I picked up my desk phone and hit the speed dial for the resource officer’s extension. Tabitha grinned patiently as it rang, but after four it went to voicemail. Meanwhile, I fished my keys out of my pocket and thrust them into Tabitha’s hands, pointing to the door. She trotted off and deftly locked it. Then I tried Isa’s cell next, and this time received a quick answer.

“Barbour.” From the cacophony of voices in the background, she must be in the cafeteria.

“I need you to stand guard for me.”

There was no hesitation. “On my way, ETA ninety seconds. That fast enough, or should I run?” Her voice dropped considerably in volume. “Master.”

“Walk, but walk quickly.”

“On it.”

I hung up the phone. “She’ll be here in ninety seconds.”

“I heard.” Tabitha nodded, standing a few feet away, hands clasped in front of her. “I can’t wait. I think you’ll really like it.”

“Well, go on then! Nobody likes a tease, Ms. Hutchings.”

But she shook her head. “Eighty seconds. I’m not going to expose you to risks like that ever again. I respect you too much to endanger you.”

I actually smiled at that. Whether she was only posturing herself as a foil for Taylor or if she actually meant it, I didn’t even care. It felt nice to be in the company of a woman who was concerned for my well-being in any sense beyond the carnal.

We watched the clock together. Each tick was audible, we were so quiet. What had she gotten? A heart? A mermaid? Some Asian character? I doubted, at least, that I was about to behold another homage to the late Juice WRLD.

“That’s ninety.” Tabitha hopped back onto my desk and, with aching gradualness, parted her thighs. As they widened enough that I could see some dark smudge at the top (and, of course, the outline of her sweet little pussy), she slowly peeled up her dress until the thing was fully visible. She beamed proudly as I took it in.

“A cannon.” I chuckled, shaking my head. “A little on the nose, don’t you think?”

“But what else?” She ran her fingers over it. The tattoo was about three inches wide, pretty large considering the region serving as its canvas. In neatly etched lines was a civil war style cannon, complete with a pair of cannonballs resting by the wheels. The fuse was ablaze; that and the burst of fire spitting from its mouth were the only sources of color.

“I thought I saw a pussy tat,” she quipped lamely, though at least had the grace to look embarrassed about the attempt. “So do you like it?”

My fingers traced along the contours of it as my student held her dress up to permit me access. It was paper smooth, and scorching hot. “Take your dress off.”

She smiled broadly. “Yes, sir.” In one smooth motion, Tabitha lifted it off over her head and folded it neatly on my desk. She gestured inquiringly to her bra. I gave her the nod, and moments later a white cotton bra was laid atop the dress. Her nipples were already hard. I could taste her arousal in the air.

“Sit on my desk, spread your legs, and masturbate.”

“Gladly.”

Tabitha settled on the edge of the desk, then scooted herself backwards. Her bare ass squealed with the friction of it. After a moment of indecision about her positioning, she scooted still further back until she could plant her feet on the desktop, leaning back on one arm while the other received a sensuous lick along the fingers, then thrust itself between lean thighs.

At first her eyes fixed on mine. Her lust was written there plainly, as was her submission. *I’m doing what you said. Do you like it?* asked those baby blues. Soon, however, as her fingers started doing their work, eye to eye gave way to eye to lips, eye to chest, and eventually, eye to dick. I indulged her with a very deliberate removal of my own clothes, starting with the belt to give her what she needed. Her eyes never did make it back off of my cock.

As it came into full view, she whined needfully even as she panted, letting herself slide down onto her back so her other hand could paw at her breasts. I helped her with that. While I preferred the look of great big tits, I had discovered that a cute little set like my Tabitha’s had a small edge in feel. That little bit of extra firmness went a long way.

Tabitha’s jaw contorted into a variety of positions as she translated the bestial moans she couldn’t let herself make into open-mouthed expressions of lust. Not one to waste an opportunity, I adjusted her a bit closer to the edge of the desk and took advantage of that wide open mouth to slip my cock in. Her cheeks pinched inward as

sucked down hard on it, eyes squeezing shut like she'd been starved of this for days. Maybe she had been. She couldn't do much about technique under the circumstances, so I indulged her by gently thrusting into her face as she vigorously frigged away at her freshly tattooed snatch.

It wasn't long before I needed more. Tabitha's mouth was easily a match for her pussy when she was on her knees applying herself, but this sideways, passive face-fuck was not on the same level. Her long neck craned after me as I withdrew it from her mouth; her eyes looked afraid that I was taking it away. When she saw what I meant to do – it was fairly obvious as I twisted her body onto her side, one slender leg hanging down and the other draped over my shoulder – she sighed rapturously and moved her masturbating arm aside.

Having just been forced to stare at my clock for over a minute, I was keenly aware of how short the lunch period had grown. There was no time for a leisurely half-hour screw. No, we had enough time to drive in a couple of orgasms and get dressed and groomed before her classmates came back to finish their exams. I drilled into that tight teen twat like there might be an oil reservoir at the bottom. Her eyes flew wide at my unexpected intensity, but the poor girl couldn't clench her jaw as hard as was needed to refrain from screaming while leaving her eyes open.

"Yeah, you like that, little teacher's pet slut," I grunted, barely aware of what I was saying.

Tabitha nodded for me, but even now, holding on for dear life as she was fucked harder than her young body ever had been, that big, sexy brain of hers was working. I hadn't meant to be instructing her, but evidently our student-teacher connection was so strong that being in this place, it kicked in automatically.

"Oh, wow, you look really nice today, Mr. Canon," she said in an almost off-puttingly chipper voice. Except after another half dozen pumps, I realized that it was only out of place because that was her normal voice. Maybe slightly exaggerated, but the utterance rang all too familiar, especially in the confinement of these four particular four walls.

"Have you been working out, Mr. Canon?" she asked. Oh fuck yes. This. God, how had I not realized I'd needed this. I redoubled my dicking, spurred on by her on-going flattering.

"You're one of my favorite teachers, Mr. Canon." I squeezed down on her tit.

"Maybe this sounds lame, but I look forward to your class all day, Mr. Canon." It took her a while to get through that one, as her voice was quavering hard from exertion. Or maybe just from her lithe body being pounded by a jackhammer.

"I wish my other teachers were more like you, Mr. Canon." One palm closed over her tattoo. My fingers followed the cannonball's path right to her clit, but I let up occasionally so she could keep going.

“Mr. Canon, you’re seriously so smart.”

“You guys, shut up! Mr. Canon is trying to tell us something!”

“Do you have a girlfriend, Mr. Canon? What? No way!”

“That haircut looks really nice on you, Mr. Canon.”

“If you were a student here, Mr. Canon, I bet we’d be friends.”

“Mr. Canon, I wish I could take your class over again.”

“Does this violate the dress code, Mr. Canon? You’re the only guy teacher I trust to ask. I feel like it’s a little too revealing, but... what do you think?”

For the life of me, I don’t know how I knew to do it, but there was something in the ether that made a demand. Suddenly I seized her by the back of her neck and jerked her upright, thrusting her face toward mine. But she knew, and somehow I knew, not to meet at the lips. No, I deposited her mouth right at my ear, where she whispered the exact thing we knew I needed to hear her say.

“I’ll do *anything* for an A, Mr. Canon.”

I sprayed the depths of her pussy so hard it made her butt bigger. Her self-control finally broke, and one brief, staccato grunt burst out of her lungs as she spasmed in my arms. Her fingers sank into my shoulders like talons, leaving long scratches as she fought to hold herself in place to ride out a life-altering orgasm. She finally let go and I staggered back, landing bare-ass against my cabinets and nearly toppling over. That had been one hell of a workout. More than that, a headrush. How she’d played the part so perfectly, no planning, nothing but pure instinct and laser accuracy on the nature of her sex appeal to me.

“Oh my god, you’ve never come that much in me,” she giggled as she stood up and found my cum instantly trickling down her legs.

“Shit – and you didn’t bring underwear. Fuck! Can you, I dunno, borrow some, or something? Damn it, we can’t have you leaking my jizz all over school!”

“You want me to ask someone to borrow their spare panties?” She looked at me like I was an idiot, albeit an idiot she was enamored of. “Mine are in my purse in my locker, actually. Relax. Just hand me some kleenex.”

We both took a few moments to clean ourselves up, such as we could. The scratches weren’t bleeding, quite, so that was good. There wasn’t much I could do about the cum she’d dripped onto the carpet, but the two of us at least were more or less sex fluid free. At least for long enough for her to waddle back to her locker and put her panties back on to catch any stragglers. She helped me adjust my shirt, and I pinched her butt playfully once we were dressed.

“I feel so much better,” she asserted. “And before you tell me my grade, I know the ‘I’ll do anything for an A’ line wasn’t actually a suck-up thing to say, but it seemed—”

“It was perfect, Tabitha. A goddamn plus. Extra credit, even.”

A pleased smile bloomed on that lovely face of hers. “Yeah? Awesome. Thank you, Mr. Canon.” She giggled. “You’re my *favorite* teacher, Mr. Canon.”

This time I went from pinch to swat. “Don’t over-do it, you.”

She squirmed back. I followed her eyes to the wall clock. Less than two minutes to the bell. “What about you? Do *you* feel better?”

I considered. “You know, I really do. I really was feeling bummed over... you know.” It felt crass to mourn the loss of my favorite sex partner in front of another one who was doing such an incredible job, so I omitted Taylor’s name. Way classier. “But you’re really good at reminding me that I really don’t need her. You’re... a treasure.”

“OK, now who’s overdoing it.” She leaned up and kissed me on the cheek, then wiped it with her thumb to make sure she didn’t leave any incriminating lip prints. “Have fun grading tonight. My grandparents are going to be in town this weekend for graduation, but you can still call me whenever, OK?”

“OK. Good luck today and tomorrow, huh?”

“Pfft. Luck.” The sneer returned, so proudly it remained in the room for a minute after she left. I popped out the doorway a moment later and saw Isa standing a ways down at an intersection. Indeed, as Tabitha had assessed, I’d seen her standing there in passing periods a thousand times. Nothing suspect in the least.

The bell rang, lunch ended. It was another long passing period, and I didn’t let anyone into the room until all were back, just to make sure nobody’s integrity need be called into question in those minutes of temptation surrounded by unattended exams. I welcomed them back and bade them to dig right back in without ceremony. As I waited to make sure everyone was back to work, I heard a mutter from the side of the room, back in the corner near my desk. It stopped my heart dead.

“Dude, do you smell something?” asked Sasha.

Naturally, everyone around her was immediately distracted, sniffing the air curiously. More than a few registered that they did indeed detect an odor.

“Is that...”

“What is that...”

“Smells kinda like...”

“Smells like sex is what it smells like!” blurted Larry, class cutup. “Mr. Canon, did you get busy at lunch?”

His attempt at shock humor was met with mixed guffaws, *oooooh*’s, and glares from those more interested in working on their essays. Still, there really was a smell, and with the joke made, ignoring it would only look like I was hiding something. Luckily, a lie came handily. “Mr. Keyes, if you can’t tell the difference between sex and a tuna salad sandwich, I truly pity whatever poor woman settles for you.”

A teacher making a combination sex joke and sick burn was always cause for an uproar. Thank fully it caused more than sufficient commotion that before anybody could

see I was sweating like a pig with nervousness (and from having finished fucking one of their classmates a few minutes earlier), I was grouching at them to pipe down and get back to work on the test. It was the last anyone brought it up. It most definitely did not smell like tuna salad. It smelled like cum, because it was cum. It took another twenty minutes before I realized there was a little spatter the size of my pinky nail that we'd missed on my desktop, right about where Tabitha's pussy had been. I wiped it up as subtly as I could and let out a sigh of relief when the bell rang for the end of their second final.

Third period, by some miracle, I managed to say goodbye and administer a test without humiliating myself in the least. How's that for growth.

It was going after nine when I threw in the towel for the day. I'd gotten through about three quarters of the grading, including the entirety of my junior exams. The sun had only set an hour ago, but it felt like ages. Arriving and leaving in the dark was usually a feature of the winter months in teaching, not the summer, but such was the life of an educator.

Other years, I packed up my fat stack of exams and trudged home to grade in comfort, but I was too accessible there. Everybody knew where I was and had proven far too casual about popping in whenever they felt like it. Much as I was enamored of my women, I had my hands full with responsibilities that night. Tabitha's lunch sex was more than enough to tide me over for the day. So I turned on some music, turned down the AC, and grinded through the stacks at my desk.

By and large, the scores were promising. It was a comfort knowing my brief termination hadn't damaged their performance on exams. I hadn't realized how much of my anxiety had stemmed from that fear until I was entering scores and smiling at semester grades creeping upward. As usual, I went after all those percents ending in 9 and rounded them on up. Essays graded in haste were bound to be at least a bit arbitrary, so why not err on the side of generosity. Tabitha had shown me how much a teacher's approval could mean to a student.

At last, I was satisfied that I'd done what I had the energy to do and told myself I'd be grateful tomorrow for not staying up all hours finishing. I very much did not desire a repeat of this morning's episode, and both the sleep and the stack of essays to plow through would help keep me alert on what otherwise promised to be another slow day.

Maybe tomorrow I would have Tabitha join me for lunch again. It would interrupt her own class's exam. We could see what being impaled on my dick did to her ability to simultaneously write a cogent analysis of a text.

It wasn't until I packed up and stood, stretching my legs for the first time since I'd run out for dinner several hours earlier, that I realized Randi had never cleaned the room. Not her fault, really. The building took a beating this time of year as trash cans overflowed and soon became nexuses of detritus. We'd gotten an email today about graffiti in the upstairs B hallway boys bathroom, which had probably also taken some elbow grease. Our classrooms, which only needed to last one more day of instruction, were a secondary consideration at this point.

Remembering her charitable testimony to Shipman, I rolled up my sleeves and took it on myself. (Heroic, I know.) Some discarded scratch paper for essay pre-writes and old worksheets littered the floor; those went in the recycling bin. I wiped down desks, swept up a few small messes, collected a number of discarded pens and pencils, sprayed and cleaned the whiteboard, and at last, went to bag up the trash and recycling. I figured I could dispose of them in their respective bins in the lot on my way off-campus.

Briefcase in one hand, trash bags in the other, I wearily shuffled out of the building. The eve of the end of another school year. Only forty more to retirement. By that time, I'd be pleading with my young colleagues, folks not even born yet, to help me figure out how to connect my lesson module to the students' learning chips. (Or whatever the hell education in the bottom half of the twenty-first century would look like.) Cassie's grandkid would be sitting there giggling at my technological obsolescence, while Taylor's pelted them in the head with a chapstick.

Still, between then and now, there was no way I would ever have another year like this one. It was hard to imagine exactly what my future held. How long could I keep sleeping with this many women before emotions ran high and decisions needed to be made? What would happen when my lovers moved on with their lives, found new boyfriends and husbands of their own? How long could these good times roll?

Life, after all, was long. The seniors I'd taught in my first year were now twenty-three. The age gap between us, which had once seemed so crucial and so vast, was now trivial. If I was still fooling around with Cassie or Tabitha when they finished college, it would hardly occasion comment if we started dating like a normal couple.

Man, dating Cassie. Dating Tabitha! It was wild to contemplate what adventures might lay down such eventualities. If it didn't involve me fucking their peers, it would make for a fine illustration for "The Road Not Taken." It was hard to imagine normalizing our relationship to that level, simply acting like a regular old couple. Or would we? Would we just invite Isa and Candy over for a foursome one evening, then watch a late show and hit the hay? Tabitha and I having a get-together with the neighbors and tag-teaming the Browns over brunch? Or Cassie suggesting we take a weekend trip to the city to Tabitha's posh highrise apartment, the three of us living large by day and retiring to a shared bed at night?

Tabitha's little role play at lunch had done a lot to make me feel better about the future, at least in the short-term. There was still going to be sex. Hot, dirty, illicit sex, with multiple partners, sometimes simultaneously, all sorts of kinky acts and scenarios and settings. I didn't need the Sterns to have wild, incredible sex. Yesterday Taylor had really done a mind job on me, but now it was clear that things were really going to be all right even without her and her sister.

Yet as I thought about the future, I wondered if ten years from now, when I was thirty-six and they were twenty-eight, if Serenex worked like Isa's friend at the crime lab predicted and we all clung to these mindsets, could I pop in at their place and see if they'd settled down and become halfway tolerable?

Would I even want to?

I got so caught up in my musings I drove right by the dumpster and recycling bins behind the cafeteria. When I got home, I emptied them in my garage. I was exhausted, though, and lumbered inside and fell asleep straight away.

In the morning, I woke up feeling refreshed. It was the final day of the school year! Tomorrow was clean-up, Sunday graduation, and then two and a half months of total freedom, all the time in the world for me and my lovers to have all the sex we could handle. There was a spring in my step as I made my way downstairs for a quick breakfast, and I was whistling on my way out to the car.

In my fatigued state from the night before, I had forgotten to close the bins. I flipped the trash can lid shut; as I went to do the same on the recycling, I saw that right there on top was a sheaf of papers, curled into a loose roll and badly crumpled. I eyed it for a long moment before, with a shrug, I snatched them out and tossed them in my briefcase. If I had time and energy after I finished my actual work for my actual students, maybe I could see if the girl had actually produced, at long last, an original idea. There was no point to it, but just so I could feel like I'd taught that cantankerous, quarrelsome bitch *something* in this whole crazy experience.

If I got around to it. Which I probably wouldn't. But if I did.

Part Twenty-Seven: Student Essay

Taylor Stern

Canon

English 12 Period 6

2 June, 2020

“There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion.” – R.W. Emerson

The essay from which this is excerpted, “Self Reliance,” might be the only old-timey thing we ever read in class that actually spoke to me, so I am going to quote the hell out of it. I didn't really get it at first, another lame nonfiction piece my teacher tried to make us read. When I heard that quote, though, and once I followed what Emerson was saying, it was like he was in my soul. I think he's been in there for a longer time than I would have ever imagined.

When I was a little, I was big. The worst part about it wasn't being out of shape or unhealthy. (Those were bad, though. I dreaded gym class so hard.) No, the worst thing was the way people treat you differently. After all, everybody knows that little girls are supposed to be thin and pretty. As we get older, we're supposed to be thin and pretty and have big boobs. That's the template, this set of traits we assign to the ideal person type, the criteria we agree to aspire to and judge ourselves accordingly.

When I was big, other kids called me names, which still piss me off so much I can't retype them even for this dumb assignment. My parents were always giving me this Look when I snacked on anything. When boys started noticing girls and vice versa, I got laughed at when I told the first boy I had a crush on that I thought he was cute. He wasn't even popular or anything. One of the pretty girls laughed right in my face and said I would die a virgin, which at the time I didn't even know what it meant. She probably didn't either. I was humiliated anyway though. My teacher Mr. Embree saw it happen and told everybody they had to be nice to me, and then he took me aside and tried to make me feel better about my size, because that's what teachers have to do for

fatties and dorks and losers. I really liked Mr. Embree, but he didn't like me. He pitied me. So he protected me.

So in middle school, I dug down and made myself thin and pretty. I timed it exactly right, too, because by 8th grade I was the only girl in class who had D cups and wasn't also a cow. My uncle told me I looked like I was 20 when I was 13. Creepy, yeah, but he was sort of right. By the time I started high school I'd worked off the last bits of excess baby fat, and voila. Killer legs, flat tummy, big boobs, thick hair. Even my face had lost weight, and it made all the difference in the world. You can stick ScarJo's face on Rebel Wilson's body, but no, it ain't all about that bass. It's about girls like me.

Boys didn't laugh at me any more. My parents looked surprised, not concerned, if they saw me eating candy. I didn't need protection from teachers any more, and though I still got called names, it was from flatties and fatties who called me a slut. I hadn't ever even kissed a boy then, but those jealous nobodies were only hating because they knew I could simply say "yes" and get all the action they wished they could. The boy I told I liked in grade school, four years and 5 notches higher on the babe scale later, asked me to go to homecoming with him freshman year, and even had the nerve to talk smack about me when I did the laughing that time. It didn't stop his friends from throwing their digits at me, though. So I did what thin, pretty girls with big boobs are supposed to do and went to the dance with the cutest boy I could land. We danced, I let him feel me up, we made out some and thought we were super grown-up and cool. Everything like it was supposed to be.

The only problem was, I hated myself for it. I'd become the kind of shallow, petty, self-important and totally uninteresting c*nt I'd always been treated like crap by. My reward for doing everything I was supposed to do, becoming who I was supposed to, was to find out I was just as lame as all the other thin, pretty girls with big boobs. Those things had become my identity. I'd wrapped up all my emotional energy in becoming *that* to the point where I wasn't anything else.

That was difficult to swallow, but what really sucked was finding out that somehow, nobody else minded. People actually seemed to *like* that empty, pointless, hot person I'd turned into. Even strangers were way nicer to me. I have no idea how it gets in a man's head that if they give this random girl an unsolicited compliment, even if it wasn't straight-up sexual, that it's going to get them somewhere. No matter how sincere it is, it can't, because girls like me hear that crap a bajillion times, along with a hundred bajillion more who *are* straight-up sexual. Personally? I prefer the second guy. "You're so beautiful, Taylor" is just wimp code for "Your tits are amazing and I wanna motorboat them while I f*ck you." At least it's honest. Either way, it's all directed to a

body, not a person. I'd played the world's stupid game and I'd won, and my prize was getting to be the prize in everyone else's games.

"Imitation is suicide," warns Emerson. He was right, because by thirteen, I'd killed that fat, weepy kid. I don't even remember her all that well any more. What I do remember, she wasn't any more interesting than the tweenager. She had pink walls in her bedroom, a unicorn poster on the wall, and idolized Taylor godd*mn Swift because omg not only did we have the same name, but the same initials, too! *gasp* So suddenly, I was thirteen, made straight A's, a three sport athlete, the body of a hot 20 year old, and no clue at all about who I actually was. Home life was hella easy, too. I don't think my dad ever loved me as much as he did when I was in eighth grade.

It was my sister Abbie, of all people, who saved me. My dad married her mom when we were in sixth grade, right as I was struggling to reinvent myself. Having a new stepsister in the same grade, one who was way prettier than me, who was funny and clever and made friends at our school really easily and picked fights and won them... it would have been inspiring if it wasn't so intimidating. At the time, I told myself I didn't want to be anything like her. She seemed mean, apathetic, and kind of dangerous. I wanted nothing to do with her. That she kept getting in trouble all the time only cemented that feeling. While I was finally gaining people's approval, she was always getting yelled at and sent home and lectured. I was the Brag To Your Coworkers kid; she was the Sure I'll Take the Weekend Shift one.

Abbie, though, actually liked herself. Too much, maybe, but she had this huge aura of confidence about her. Say what you want about my sister, but she's got self-esteem for days, and she knows exactly who she is. So while I'm floundering around freshman year having an existential crisis, she's repeating eighth grade at catholic school and can't get enough of making the nuns suffer for it. She was unapologetically herself, uncompromising.

Emerson writes that society is in conspiracy against its members, demanding that they surrender their liberty and conform. Conformity, I think he would agree, is the currency of conventional success, in all its mediocre glory. That was how I felt in those days. Like everyone around me only valued me for conforming to the ideal. I started resenting them for it. They'd hated me when I was heavy, and they'd hate me again if I broke from their stupid template. I know this sounds sort of pathetic, and yes some people had it way harder, being handicapped or retarded or whatever. The assignment is to relate a text to my life, though, so that's what I'm doing. Knowing other people have it harder didn't make me any less unhappy.

One day freshman year, we had this sub. I forget his name now, and he doesn't work here any more after this incident when he had Abbie in two classes in one day that I won't get into. Anyway, our class was being rowdy, and he got nastier and nastier with everybody, even us kids who weren't doing anything wrong. I was getting stressed out and plus I really had to pee, so I raised my hand and asked to go to the bathroom. He laughed. He literally *laughed*. He told me that the class had given up bathroom privileges because of how we were behaving. I said it wasn't fair; he said he didn't care what I thought, and then he got distracted by somebody doing something bad again. I sat there and squirmed in my seat and started asking myself what Abbie would do if she were in my shoes.

So I stood up and walked out. Once I peed, I was too afraid to go back, so I didn't return for the rest of the period. That was how easy it was. Nobody chased me. He got my name, or maybe he just remembered me, and left a note for Mrs. Fedoro. When she got back the next day she told me she was disappointed, but that was it. I was blown away. I hadn't just done a bad job or made a mistake, I'd flat out disobeyed a teacher and the world hadn't ended. "The power which resides in [her] is new in nature, and none but [she] knows what that is which [she] can do, nor does [she] know until he has tried." – Emerson.

It really did feel powerful. I had never thought of the world as a place where I could do what I felt like doing even if I wasn't supposed to. Abbie was that way, and she got in trouble all the time and was always getting yelled at. It had always seemed like the worst way I could be. Until that day, I'd never gotten why she kept doing it, kept going out and pissing everyone off when it was so much easier to just do what you're told.

The next day was the first time I ever skipped school. I didn't even do anything bad with my day off. I just waited until my parents would be gone at work and went back home and watched TV in my underwear. Daytime TV is lame, but finding out that I had that power was better than any drug. My parents flipped out, but I'd already decided I wasn't going back. It was like what we read about the allegory of the cave, spending my childhood chained up in a hole and thinking that these rules on the wall were real, but they're only shadows of rules made up to force conformity. Sit in your assigned seat. Diet and exercise. Shave your legs and armpits. Smile more – you're prettier when you smile, don't you know. I had believed in those things for so long that it felt like everybody who had left me chained up in the dark was either an @sshole for keeping me prisoner, or was another pathetic loser chained up there with me. I didn't want to have anything to do with either kind. I'd broken the chains and come into the light. Even if it meant I was alone, it was better than what I'd been before. Like Emerson said, "When we have new

perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish.”

Some people who've only gotten to know me more recently might have a hard time believing some of this, that I was a good kid and a rule follower and a people pleaser, but it's all true. It hasn't been easy, though. There's a lot of reasons to slip back and do the “normal thing.” I remember when my dad looked at my report card junior year. I'd gone from honor roll first semester frosh year to C's, D's, and F's in two years. Instead of yelling at me again he shrugged and just said “I give up.” Then he walked out and hasn't said anything about my grades since.

Not that my dad and I were ever super close, but that day still hurts to think about. Part of me hopes that someday when I'm out there living life my way, he'll see that I turned out good anyway and that I'm happy and he'll see I'm not a b*tchy little f*ckup like he thinks I am now. I'm not changing course, though, not even for him, or to get my teachers off my back, or to straighten things out with this guy I kinda like sometimes, or anyone. “No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.” – Emerson

Emerson also wrote, wisely I think, that “It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great [woman] is [she] who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.” It's definitely been lonely. Most people, almost all of them really, are still living by those shadow rules that they think will bring them as close to those idealized templates that they can get. They're convinced that if they learn enough trigonometry and don't use cuss words in front of adults, that bullsh*t is going to make them happy or successful. Maybe they just hope it will keep people off their backs. I can appreciate that last one somewhat, at least. I felt like that before, too, but now my back can take the weight. Like in middle school, I worked at it and made myself stronger, except this time on the inside. “It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as the weak man to be weak,” writes Emerson.

Junior year, I think it took me two weeks max to realize my English teacher had the hots for me. It's not surprising to find out guys want to sleep with me, even if they're way older. One time I caught my next door neighbor's kid watching me laying out in a bikini in the backyard, just peeking out between his blinds. The kid was maybe 12. Eventually I realized the upstairs window had a split in the blinds too, right in mommy and daddy's room. I'm pretty sure some guy recorded me in short shorts walking around the mall once. It could be on pornhub for all I know. It happens. In some ways, that's part of the game. They see a thin, pretty girl with big boobs, and they play their part according to their assigned templates. Creepers creep, players play. But when a

teacher started noticing me, it felt like something outside the norm. He wasn't supposed to notice me like that, but he did, and he couldn't stop himself. He paid ten times more attention to me than any other member of the class.

I liked it, so I gave him reasons to keep noticing. He was cute, in an academic Yes Daddy kind of way, so I played back. That was as far as it went, though. He was still conforming. It didn't matter that he wanted to throw me on his desk and f*ck my brains out. He was *supposed* to not want that, and even if I flirted at him harder than I'd ever flirted with anybody since that @sshole who laughed at me in grade school, he couldn't do it. So I did what I felt like doing, he followed his shadow rules, and life went on. I amused myself with my games, and I guess his rules must have done the same for him, somehow.

I don't think I learned much in his class (not that I was trying to) but I did like the Emerson essay we got to early senior year. Our textbook only had an abridged version so I went home and read the whole thing online. I even clicked on a bunch of the links and footnotes. There's a lot of "god" in it, which is where Emerson and I go our separate ways, but reading it gave me a vocabulary and a mindset for how I'd been living my life. I'd sort of thought myself as this renegade bad@ass who didn't take crap from people, but then I saw that without knowing it, I'd been trying to embrace transcendentalism and live life according to my own rules, that the best version of myself was the version I'd chosen instead of being assigned. I have to say, seeing a respected philosopher tell me to "insist upon [myself]" made me see I wasn't some spoiled b*tch going "YOLO" and flipping off the world, but maybe I was just the sort of person Emerson saw himself as.

Henry David Thoreau, in *Civil Disobedience*, which we read around the same time, let himself be thrown in jail instead of paying some stupid taxes for some stupid preacher. But while he was in there, he said that because he was in there by his own choice, living under his own terms, he was really the free man, while everybody else was a prisoner. Like sure, I kept eating right, working out enough to keep the pounds where I wanted them, but now I was only doing that because I liked looking good for my own reasons. Then there's all these other girls chained to their treadmills and starving themselves so they'll fit in a dress or get asked out by some boy or whatever, and if they weren't so disgusting and smug about it, I might feel bad for them. I don't.

I think that's part of why I don't get along with many people. Yeah, I can be a lot to handle, but also because I don't have patience or respect for these prisoners, paying their taxes, worshipping their shadows. It's why I gave my English teacher such a hard time. I could see exactly what he wanted plain as day, but he'd rather not rock the boat,

settle for the same empty life all his coworkers had instead of trying to claim something great. (Not to be too arrogant, but I think he would agree with me.)

Until one day, out of the blue, he did. I don't even know why. Maybe he was feeling bored and depressed and unfulfilled like I was. Maybe he just got pissed because I didn't want to waste my time on another one of his stupid essays, or I stood up to him when he tried to embarrass me in front of the class, or because I accidentally hit some kid with my chapstick. Heck, maybe he went for it because I climbed into his lap and begged for it. (The chapstick, that is. I don't beg for *that*.)

Next thing I know, he's got me after school, and my head is just swimming. I didn't know why at the time, but my teacher, he took one look at the little blue gym shorts I put on for him and I slayed him right there. I don't think he could see how turned on I was, seeing someone have that same Emersonian (if that's a word???) awakening that I'd had. F*ck the system that made us both unhappy. Anybody who wants to give the finger to the whole thing can chill with me any time. I didn't find out until later that he only thought I was playing along because he'd drugged my chapstick. At this point, who of us can say what they would or wouldn't have done before that stuff got pumped into them. We've done what we've done, and there's no point asking why. That day, though, as I felt his eyes drilling through my shorts and into my ass, I wanted to grab a textbook and tear out *Self Reliance* and shove it in his face and yell out "YES YOU FINALLY GET IT ABOUT FREAKING TIME YOU UNDERSTOOD YOUR OWN LESSONS!" Instead, I let him stare, and counted the minutes until my next detention. He was waking up. I could feel it.

It was at my next detention, the day after, that I actually found out what he'd done. I flipped out a little at first, because my head was telling me that he was going to force me back into the cave. Only instead of trying to remake me into the template, instead he started creeping on Abbie's naked selfies (slut), and made me take my shirt off and film it for him. He wasn't dragging me down. I was pulling him up. He wanted me so bad he couldn't help but ignore those shadow rules on the wall.

He'd gotten a taste, and I had gotten a taste of him. I wanted more. So yeah, I pulled. Maybe he would have come along on his own, but I wasn't going to let somebody throw themselves back in that prison. I knew too well what it's like in there, how false and pointless and dead ended it all felt. It wasn't easy bringing him out of it. Once again, it was Abbie who inspired me, only this time, it was because when she finally snapped out of that druggie trance that evening, she kept repeating stuff she'd heard me say while she was out of it. Not just repeating, but she actually meant it. My sarcasm about what a stud he was and how he objectified girls like us hadn't translated

at all. Without even meaning to, I'd given her a bigger crush on the guy than I'd ever had.

It was weirdly exciting. Not the stuff about my sister (yuck!), but about seeing this man go feral like that. He couldn't help himself. Once he'd had a taste of that sweet air outside the cave, he'd gone nuts with it. "The secret of fortune is joy in our hands." – Emerson, though I don't think he meant it quite that literally. I wanted to see where it went. It made me nervous since he was my teacher, but I knew the consequences would be way worse for him than for us anyway. So I "loaned" my chapstick to Abbie that evening, let her get "high" on the stuff he'd put in it, and hatched a little plan. I parked down the street from his house and I hopped in the trunk, praying Abbie was still level-headed enough to drive the rest of the way. Sure enough, he bought it, that she'd gone mad with lust and had kidnapped me to stop me from stopping her. Then she threw herself at him. I hadn't told her to do that, but the seduction worked basically like we'd hoped anyway. I'd been ready to have her slather the drug-laced chapstick on him, but he got paranoid and made her improvise, finding his stash and using it ourselves. Still, it worked. We got him, and I tried to roll that boulder over his cave for good to keep him from slinking back inside.

Though we rendered him completely helpless, we didn't do much to him. Like I said, I really was vibing the whole transcendentalism thing, and it wouldn't be fun if I just made him trade his old template for a new one of my design. Instead, we gave him a little nudge towards what he so obviously wanted. "Don't be a p*ssy." It turned out his idea of being a p*ssy was pretty different from mine, but it would hopefully keep him going in the right direction. We weren't sure how he would react, though. He's not the not-a-pussy type to hulk out and try to kill us for dosing him or anything, but since he'd already drugged us once, I didn't want this new, liberated fellow turning me into a bondage slave or something freaky like that. So we let him think that Abbie had dosed the both of us and I gave myself hand cramps writing up some fake notes with fake commands. They said that Abbie was my boss, and that he could do whatever he wanted to me. I hoped it would give him the freedom to keep pursuing me, plus, if he got pissed off about anything, he would just blame Abbie. She was the "boss," after all. God knows she didn't mind pretending to push me around in front of him, but I kept her in line in private. Usually.

I wonder what Emerson would have said about all the wild stuff that followed during this past month. On the one hand, my teacher and I, and in a lot of ways Abbie, were more free than we had ever been. We had amazing sex, got to share real intimacy like I never knew I wanted. On the other hand, we also sort of took a bunch of other women and turned them into sex slaves. It would be fair to blame a lot of that on Abbie,

since I'd accidentally given her those screwed up ideas about how hot girls ought to be the guy's "fantasy sluts" (although if I never hear those words again, it will be too soon). Still, I was the one who didn't stop her from lashing out. It ate at me at first, because unlike with my teacher/lover, we really did force them into some behaviors they never would have done otherwise. Except as time passed, I saw that even that, having these other women join this guy's harem, actually brought them closer to freedom.

My middle school PE teacher Mr. Baird told us during sex ed, "sex is a good thing, and I recommend you all try it sometime." He admittedly did then go on to encourage us to wait for a very long time and find the right person, but to a middle schooler, it was an eye-opening admission that this scary Just Say No wasn't a trick to make girls pregnant and give everyone AIDS. I was weirded out at the time, but in hindsight, I'm grateful. Sex is great. It's one of my favorite things. I don't believe in god, but the closest I've ever come to a religious experience has been sharing an orgasm with another person. I had some *gooooood* orgasms with my teacher. I honestly think these other women, pulled into this by circumstance and random chance (good or bad luck I can't say) moved closer to self reliance.

Take for example, this one student. We'll call her "Casie." You couldn't find a better example of a conformist than Casie. I'd bet that before we dosed her, in her whole life she had never thought about what she wanted for herself. Everything she did was because her mom said so, her teacher said so, her coach said so, society said so. Suddenly, someone green lit her for sex – for dirty, not-supposed-to, illegal teacher sex! – and she came *alive*. Cassie discovered her real passion. She shed her inhibitions. She probably even fell in love somewhere along the way. The drug took away her freedom to keep living as a prisoner.

Whatever Casie and the others lost, they made up for it in new perspective and a liberation from the template they'd been pushed to conform to. When I saw the life and purpose it had given them, even when it wasn't what I personally wanted for their contribution to our cause (maybe *especially* because of that), it told me that I was doing something good. In the spirit of Emerson, I persisted: "Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times."

Admittedly, I was a bit less charitable in one case. This one girl, I went all out. At first I thought it would be nice to have someone to give out blowjobs in my place (not exactly my thing, and I couldn't exactly tell the guy that no, I don't really have to let you do whatever you want to me, without spoiling the whole thing). Once I had this chick drugged up, Abbie actually had to reel me back in after a point. I took this intelligent, proud, passably attractive and conventionally "promising" young woman, and I

re-pinned her entire sense of self-worth on her ability to satisfy her teacher. I made her his b*tch, and my b*tch too.

(In my defense, maybe the c*nt should have thought twice before she told me I was going to die a virgin.)

She hated me for it. I know that. Still, gun to her head (by which I really mean I told her to be honest with me and she had no choice but to confess because once again, she's my b*tch), she's *loving* it. She'd never rebelled against an authority figure in her whole stupid pre-planned life. She'd never let herself chase her own pleasure, never realized what turns her on or gets her excited, never taken herself off the defensive and been vulnerable, or really worried herself over someone else's happiness. If I'd left her alone, she would have turned into another boring money-grubbing corporate parasite, just like her rich pr*ck daddy. Who knows, maybe now she'll actually start re-examining her goals. We'll see.

It sure went over well with her teacher. It was naïve to think he would share my philosophical outlook, I know that. After all, he was suddenly drowning in more p*ssy than he knew what to do with, and I suppose it must have been distracting. Besides, real people – real self reliant people – are problematic. We're unpredictable, volatile. The call of the wild doesn't cry out to everyone, just as I didn't read that stupid book when we were assigned it. Though he assigned us to read *The Road Not Taken*, just like every English teacher since sixth grade, he wasn't ready to walk down my road to where it bent in the undergrowth. Or, to get back to Emerson, he "shunned the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born."

Not everybody can be in it for the principle, I suppose. He kicked me to the curb and settled for a thin, pretty girl (one with unremarkable boobs, I might add), and also a thin pretty girl with decent ones, and a thin pretty cop with an actually pretty ridiculous rack, and a thin pretty teacher who I guess is doing alright. Also my sister, when he can sneak in behind my back like the p*ssy he somehow returned to being, whose boobs I've seen way too much of since all this began. She's much too proud of those things.

When all is said and done, I'm glad for the experience, even if it ended in heartbreak. I learned a lot from him. I knew when I let him in that it would change me, but while I really thought those changes were going to come from my lover, somehow, they came from my teacher.

Thanks to the decisions I made about him, I am about to flunk my senior year of high school. However, I do so as a genius – at least according to Emerson, who defines it as, "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private

heart is true for all [people], that is genius.” I did what I thought was best, and chased after what I wanted. I even got to have it, for a while, and hold onto it until it felt the need to squirm loose. That’s more than most people can say, I guess.

I realize I’m way past the required number of quotes and maybe even getting to the point of too many, but I have to include one more. Emerson wrote, “Truly it demands something godlike in [her] who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust [herself] for a taskmaster.”

I am a goddess.

Part Twenty-Eight: Summative Evaluations

“Damn it, Taylor.”

A few students looked up at my unintentional outburst. Justin was one of them, an open glare on his face. “Language, C-dawg.” His tone conveyed that he did not take kindly to either word in my pronouncement.

“Sorry, gang. I, um... just keep going.”

Only Justin and Tabitha dwelled on it. My cursing about Taylor wasn't exactly unheard of, though was more unusual on account of her not having been in class in a week. Justin held the indignant scowl until I returned eye contact and acknowledged it. Tabitha likewise, though only to smile at me out of one side of her mouth and briefly let her thighs spread apart enough to let me – and anyone on the opposite side of our U-shaped seating chart who happened to glance up – a glimpse up her dress. White panties today. Some kind of pattern on them, I was pretty sure, since she'd flashed them at me half a dozen times, basically whenever I glanced up. Reading through Taylor's description of her brazen, vindictive brainwashing, it had less to do with the pale path of thigh and panties visible up her dress atop her stockings, and more with the contents of the essay. I'd meant to talk to her when I let the class go for their mid-exam lunch break about not distracting others, but then the conspicuously empty seat next to Justin broke my willpower and made me pick up that damnable essay.

I'd read it three times now. The only thing that had kept me from shredding it to pieces and throwing it in the air were the facts that it would cause a scene and that I'd be the one cleaning it up.

Lunch was only a few minutes away now. In fact, I went ahead and moved to the front of the room, a subtle reminder of the impending interruption. I kept my eyes on the clock as I...

I...

Damn it Taylor! There was no ignoring what I had read.

“Um, Mr. Canon? Are we...?” Jesse nodded to the hallway, where the soft stampede of the lunch rush was audible.

“Oh. Uh, yes, go ahead. Wait! Leave your materials on your desks, um, and... yeah. Eat well. I...”

“Get some sleep, C-dawg,” said a sympathetic Anton on his way out with a pat on the shoulder.

The class filtered out, except of course for Tabitha. Nobody had asked her to linger, but after yesterday, it was anticipated. She floated over to me, a thin smile on ruby red lips. “Are you doing OK? What'd the bitch do this time?”

“It’s nothing, Tabitha. You should go get lunch. It’s your final high school lunch ever – wouldn’t want to miss your last shot at beef stroganoff.”

“It’s mac and cheese, and I won’t miss it. If you’re up for it, I’d much rather get another tutoring session in with my favorite teacher. You sound like you could use a good distraction. I already spoke to Officer Barbour this morning, bumped into her on my way in from the parking lot. She said she could keep an eye out for us. I took care of everything for us.”

She planted her forearms on my shoulders, delicate fingertips teasing against my scalp. The girl made sure she was well within kissing range. Her perfume really needed to be mandated as the standard for the lot of them. She smelled like freshly fucked lilies.

Classroom sex with a student. My last opportunity for the year. Possibly ever. With Cassie and Taylor graduating and the Sterns expelled, this could be it, my last fix without smuggling my girls in after hours or the like and doing some role play. It wouldn’t be the same. Now, they were the fantasy. My very own willing, beautiful, pliable schoolgirl. It would be memorable, too; she would make sure of that. Yesterday had proven that she knew how to milk that kink cow dry. Tabitha understood me, and was at the ready to fulfill any desire I made known to her. She’d do it, do it well, and be grateful for the opportunity.

So why was I even thinking of doing anything else? Because my resident rebel had revealed she’d paid attention three days out of the year and that she could string a few sentences together? Even then, only to say...

Damnit, Taylor!

“Well, Mr. Canon? We can make a good start on the summer. And hopefully the fall, and the winter, and as long as you’ll keep teaching me how to be a woman. You going to let me take care of you?”

Fuck it. And fuck Taylor Stern.

I disengaged from her arms. Before that sulky look could settle in, she realized I was looking her over, inspecting her body. She stood in place as I did a lap around her, examining her lithe young body from all angles.

“I don’t think that outfit is long enough for the dress code, Ms. Hutchings.”

The rules of the game were immediately clear to her. The goody two shoes’ eyes widened in fear at getting in trouble for perhaps the second time in her young life. It was a perfect imitation of the woman she’d been before Taylor had... before all this. “Oh! I’m sorry, Mr. Canon. I don’t have anything to change into, though! Can’t we let it slide, just this once?”

“You’re going to distract the boys, teasing them like this. I can’t have it, especially not on finals day.”

“But Mr. Canon!” she protested. “Please, I promise I won’t flash my panties at them any more. I’ll keep my legs together *really* tight. OK? Would that be enough?”

“After the way you’ve carried yourself thus far, I can’t trust that you’re actually contrite and not simply playing me for a fool. I have no choice but to send you home, and give you a zero on your exam.”

“I would never tease! I’m contrite! You can punish me, even, just don’t make me stop the exam! I need this test for my transcript, Mr. Canon, please! My future is in your hands!”

No playing hard to get about it. This girl wanted her absolution, and she wanted it now. The dress came up; the panties came down. Tabitha’s long, slender fingers gripped the edges of her desk, braced. I wasn’t about to say no. I unloaded all the stress and frustration that her class, mostly one student in particular, had engendered in me over the past ten months. Her ass was beet red before I was through, but I kept on smacking it while I fucked her after. Her bare tits gradually slathered sweat stains on her exam papers. I finished in her mouth, ordering her not to miss a drop. She splashed on more perfume, yet nobody complained about sex smell this time when the class came back for the remaining ninety minutes of the exam.

The little minx even managed to get out of her seventh period exam early. While the rest of the school was finishing tests and holding their breath for that last bell, I was succumbing to Tabitha’s self-debasing pleas for an opportunity to sell her body for a few points of extra credit. She might have come again as she watched me open her entry in the gradebook and tack on 3 meager points. It elevated her from a 101.03% to a 101.28%.

I finished grading and entering finals at two in the morning. Without skipping a beat, I contacted Tabitha, Cassie, Megan, Isa and Candy and issued a straightforward command to come over to my house, now. Wear something slutty. While I waited, I broke down and even woke up Abbie, too. Not her fault Taylor had dragged her into all this, as I now knew at last. If she’d caused some mayhem along the way, most of it had been in service of bringing me more pussy, an honest interpretation of Taylor’s inadvertent brainwashing that girls like the two of them were supposed to be sex objects and fantasy sluts. Any blame or resentment I’d ever heaped upon her had now been redirected where it had always belonged.

There was no more talk from Isa and Candy about moral dilemmas when faced with the cunt buffet that awaited them in my bedroom. The six of us fucked until dawn, a slow-moving, quivering dog pile of asses and tits and pussies, and somewhere in there, a lone dick fighting to keep up with the endless demands on it. I denied Cassie her request to film the proceedings, wanting her to be a part of them, but I did surreptitiously grab someone’s phone from the nightstand in the midst of it and took a few high angle shots. Most were too blurry, but one was still enough to actually capture the essence of it.

At the bottom of the pic was my cock, splitting wide the labia of Isa, who in turn was slurping away at Abbie's dangling tits while she smiled slack-jawed with heavy-lidded eyes at the camera. Tabitha had gotten ahold of a sex toy somewhere and was in the midst of casually plunging it into Abbie's pussy as the over-achiever leaned down to lap at my dick as it thrust. On the other side of the bed was a sort of triangular sixty-nine. Cassie's face was buried between her coach's legs, whose head was just out of frame but was indubitably the source of the blissed out expression on Megan's face as she gasped momentarily free from her daughter's slit, which, at a closer zoom, still showed traces of the cum I'd dumped in her not long earlier.

Summer arrived. Orgies at my place became a staple of life for the seven of us. On the rare occasion I was free from casual drop-ins, I could call them one at a time or in a group whenever I liked. Tabitha took up private tutoring from Candy in order to brush up on her lesbian skills. Even when assured that bisexuality wasn't essential to gain my approval, she insisted that when I wanted a show, she meant to make sure that she looked as sexy as possible. If it made my climax 1% sweeter, she would master it.

By the end of the summer, the girls had worn me down. Cassie and Tabitha were allowed to enroll in a local college so they could remain on hand to be my respective booty call and pet slut. My place sold by early August, so after an all-night farewell fuckathon, the three of us and Abbie moved into a three bedroom house in White Oaks. It made for a longer commute to GHS, but it also meant fewer nosy students, former students, parents and coworkers to notice the many gorgeous young women coming and going from my place all the time. It was too late in the year to install a swimming pool, but the girls were insistent on it. At Cassie's urging, she and Abbie each started an OnlyFans, and later a separate joint one for the two of them to appear together, to save up for one in the spring. Tabitha said she was pretty sure she could coax the required money from her dad, but recognized that her playmates wanted to contribute. As such, seeing the lusty gleam in my eye as I watched them posing, she started one of her own, though tastefully made sure not to show her face.

I didn't keep tabs on their finances; by spring, the three of them had saved up enough that they told me to put my wallet away and paid off the whole thing, along with a privacy fence and a pair of maple trees by our sole two-story neighbor so our endless fuckfest wouldn't be contained to the indoors when weather permitted. A single complaint was called in about us once, one night when I was fucking Cassie's ass in the pool and she got a little too vocal, or rather, too loud about her usual state of being too vocal. By then, however, Isa had transferred to the White Oaks PD and fielded the call personally. She addressed our nosy asshole of a neighbor with horrifying efficacy, quickly turning it around on him with a lecture about the criminality involved in making a false report. She was so aggressive that it nearly started a fight. The uptight jerk was

only spared the taser because of my direct intervention, but I think he got the hint about where I stood in the eyes of local law enforcement.

The girls and I rewarded Isa with a weekend slumber party during which we let her wait on us hand and foot in a fetish cop uniform Candy had purchased for her birthday, complete with cleavage threatening the integrity of its buttons and navy shorts so brief she couldn't leave the house in them. The two of them never did ask me for that Serenex "cure." I never brought it up again. I gave Isa away at their wedding that fall, then took her right back during our threeway honeymoon in Cancun.

Tabitha soon dropped out of school, citing that the community college was a waste of her time when she had admissions at far more prestigious institutions. Besides, she could always simply get a job at her father's company if either of us bored of our situation as sex mentor and sex mentee. She continued to put her best effort into everything she did, and drove up the performance of the others by setting a high standard for my attention. She learned it all, but even after she finally passed my course with a 113% following the final exam (a three-day weekend of fucking, sucking, spanking and wanking) she never tired of practicing. Blowjobs, handjobs, I even let her learn how to give footjobs. Tit-fucking remained on deferment to her peers; on my orders, she never put in for the breast augmentation, but she always made sure I knew it was an option, that her tits were mine to redesign at my pleasure. Her charity didn't stop in the bedroom though. Being the perfect sexual partner meant mastering the art of seduction, attire and costuming, role play and theatricality, and the challenge of seeking out any and every kink or quirk I might harbor or develop never dulled.

Abbie was a big help to her in that regard. No longer kept at length by her jealous sister, she was finally allowed to get to work on my, and her own, fantasy slut checklist. Some weeks we made it shorter; other weeks I'd get caught up with the other girls and her imagination outpaced us. She wasn't the best roommate, sloppy and almost aggressively inconsiderate, but with intervention and consequences, we kept the worst of it confined to her room. Besides, Isa was only too happy to come over and tidy up master's harem – the more degrading the chore, the better. Abbie had developed a real bi side herself, seeded by her first tutorial with Candy, then kept watered and verdant by her live-in co-sluts. She never spoke up about finishing high school or getting a job, and whatever her online persona as a "hashtag e-thot" (as Cassie dubbed it) brought in was more than enough to pay for her end of things, so I let it slide.

Cassie herself delved deeper and deeper into her own site, picking up shifts at Jumping Jack's stripping. She was a natural. Comfortable in her skin, radiant in her sexuality, sweet as cream, and endlessly chatty with the regulars. She kept her tips in an empty cheesy puff jug in her bedroom, and when it filled up, she started on another. Meanwhile she'd done her work on creating a brand for herself. The girl started a "fitness" stream of her exercising or running on the treadmill in skin-baring spandex; a

blog about her sex life that her fans devoured as fictional erotica (I even anonymously guest wrote a few columns); and yes, eventually I gave the poor dear her fondest wish and co-starred in a sex video with her. (It was POV, so the only way anyone would know it was me was if they recognized my cock.) She threw herself a coming out party for her official entry into pornography, which was basically just an orgy, and the six of us tag-teamed her atop a pile of four emptied jugs worth of assorted sweaty cash.

As for Taylor, I—

“Well, Mr. Canon? You going to let me take care of you?”

I jumped at the sudden sound. Tabitha was still peering up at me over the frames of her glasses, smiling seductively, her fingers still teasing through my hair. It took a moment to reorient myself in reality. I was in my classroom. It was the last day of school. My sixth period final was on hold for lunch. Taylor was missing it.

“I’m sorry, Tabitha. I can’t. Get some lunch.” I kissed her forehead, snatched my briefcase and was on my way to the door before she’d even recovered from the sudden rejection enough to turn her head. “I have to run.”

I left my car running in the Sterns’ driveway. By the time I’d gotten here, my heart was racing from the terror of driving that wildly. My car’s clock was synched with the one in my classroom, so it was with certainty that I knew there were barely fifteen minutes until lunch ended. Then there would be a five minutes transition from the cafeteria back to class, where the exam would resume. It had taken me nineteen minutes to get here, including the dash out of the building. No time for niceties.

The door was unlocked; I hadn’t bothered knocking. Mr. and Mrs. Stern would be no barrier to me, if they were even home on a weekday morning. I passed Abbie in the living room. She was slouched into the corner of the sofa in a thin t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants that had sunk lazily halfway down her hips to show her frumpy boxers. Her hair was an absolute mess. I caught the Hallmark logo in the bottom corner of the TV screen, an anachronistic sprig of Christmas holly in the opposite one.

“C-dawg? Hey, hot stuff. Uh, you sneaking in for a nooner or somethin’? Shit, if you’d told me you were comin’ I woulda tried to look cute.”

I ignored her, striding down the hall toward Taylor’s room. She wasn’t there, so I had no choice but to double back. “Where is she?” I demanded back in the living room.

“Who? Tay?” I didn’t waste words responding. “Oh. I think she’s out back. She was grilling us some—”

I was already gone. Mercifully, she wasn’t following me. There wasn’t time to batter down the gates. Though unfamiliar with the house, it wasn’t hard to find the back door. There, on the other side of a sliding glass door, was Taylor’s ass. As if fated, it was

covered in the thin, clingy blue fabric of the very athletic shorts she'd worn the first day I'd kept her after school. When she turned, my attention was arrested by the sight of those proud, preposterously perky tits of hers bulged out of a neon yellow tube top that only covered the bottoms with a couple inches to spare.

"Um, isn't this a school day? The fuck you doing here?" she snapped, glaring over her shoulder. Her focus remained on a pair of brats sizzling on the grill.

"It is. So you're coming with me, and you're taking your final. We don't have time to argue. Let's go. Now."

"What? I got kicked out. No finals for me. If you wanna hang, cool. I'd offer you a brat, but we only had two left and also you're an asshole."

My schedule had exactly zero seconds allotted for argument. Instead of joining her in snarky banter, I reached into the pocket of my slacks, withdrew the canister of Serenex I'd brought along in my briefcase, and sprayed. She glanced back just in time, ducking down and avoiding the first blast, which went right through where she'd been standing and splashed across the grill in a hiss of acrid steam. I corrected my aim quickly, spritzing her bare arm.

A brown stripe bloomed on her tanned skin, and then the canister went silent. Shaking it did nothing but rattle. It was empty, the last remnants soaking into my student's skin.

"Fuck me... You really wasted the last of your shit on me," she said, dismayed. "I can't believe it."

"Believe later. For now, grab some appropriate clothes. You can put them on in the car." I snatched an oven mitt from the grill stand and used it to wipe off the rest of the solution, then seized her by the arm. It was already doing its work; there was no resistance. I pulled, and she let herself be pulled.

The two of us rounded the corner into the living room en route to her bedroom, and a sudden hiss was all I heard before a sepia-toned fluid flew from the nozzle of a white canister and right across my neck. It had missed my mouth and nostrils, but only barely. Abbie frowned, as cold as the liquid already soaking into my skin, and set down a canister of her own. "Sorry, Tay. Took me a sec to find it, and I had to pause the movie so I didn't miss the end."

"You seriously wasted time on your stupid Hallmark Christmas movie. Seriously."

"I didn't know he had his shit on him until I heard you squealing and I peeked! Why would I think we needed it?!"

"I dunno, maybe because the can's the size of his dick and he had it in his goddamn pocket when he walked past you?" The tone was far less feisty than the content, however. Someone who didn't speak the language would be more likely to guess she was lamenting gloomy skies than that she'd been exposed to a mind control drug.

“I got it as soon as I saw him get his out! You know, you are such an ungrateful bitch!” She winced. “You didn’t swallow any, did you? Shit, I don’t want you bitching out on me any worse than you are now.”

“Nah, only got my arm.”

I listened to them discuss with a sense of growing calm. My time crunch felt more distant by the moment. The fact that I was this vulnerable in front of them hardly perturbed me. All my thoughts felt like they were going through ten filters before they fully formed. The dominant train of thought went something like: *This is a setback. I do not like it. My neck is tingly. Serenex smells bad, but not as bad as it tastes. I wonder what they’re going to do to me. Can I run, or... no, one step at a time. Don’t make waves. If this were scary, surely my adrenaline would be pumping. Must be OK. So. A rapidly closing window in which to get back to school. Unfortunate. Ah well, whatcha gonna do. They’ll figure it out. Someone will cover for me, and I’ll just be here, getting my mind scrambled by the Stern girls. No big whoop.*

Yeah, I was dosed all right.

“What do you want me to do with him? He still got more of his stuff? I could use it on him.” Abbie asked.

“There’s none left,” I answered. I wanted to point out that she was the reason for the shortage, but not like it mattered. She had a canister of her own somehow. Hmm. Would it be too confrontational to ask...? Nah, not for my fantasy slut. She’d tell me if I stepped out of line. “Where did you get that, out of curiosity?”

“You think you got the market cornered on this crap, C-dawg?” She laughed tauntingly. “Hell nah. Isa’s got her connections. She hooked us up.”

Strange. It seemed like she would have told me that. They must have done something else to her. No, not *they*. Taylor must have. Abbie wasn’t the boss. It was so obvious now, seeing them interact. An overlord and her minion. They’d really duped me good, I had to hand it to them.

Hmm. What to do? I was really boned here. I might have gotten Taylor, but she could still speak, which meant she could have Abbie enact her will. They had me dead to rights. I’d pissed off two of the most unhinged women I’d ever met, tried to drug one of them, and failed, leaving myself drugged in the process. I was so fucked here. Very unfortunate.

“The brats are going to burn if you don’t take them off,” I blurted.

The two of them looked at me like they thought I might have gotten a concussion.

“Don’t gawk at me like that. I know, this is a tense situation, but a grease fire isn’t going to make it any better. Do what you want; I’m just sayin’.” I shrugged. That shrug took real effort.

“Grease fires.” Taylor rolled her eyes, but gave a nod. “Yeah, go take care of it. We’re not going anywhere.”

Abby tugged up her baggy sweatpants so they didn't fall down while she hustled toward the back of the house. For a moment, Taylor and I were alone. She was frowning at me. Not glaring, quite, but a frown. For my part, a look of mild rebuke was all I could muster. Neither of us said a word.

Abbie strolled back in, the two partially blackened brats on a paper plate in front of her. "Got 'em. Crisis averted, a town saved. You're welcome, yo."

Taylor wrinkled her nose. "Gross. They're burnt to shit."

"They look fine to me," I said casually. Casual was pretty much all I had in me at this point.

I waited for Taylor to say something. This was easily the dumbest plan I'd had since the beginning of this whole mess. It shouldn't work. It didn't deserve to work. It was stupid for a dozen different reasons. All I had was the faint hope that some of the Serenex had gotten on the brats, that it hadn't been cooked right out of them, and that—

"Mm, crispy. Abbie likey." Abbie snatched one and took a bite. Taylor opened her mouth to stop her, but with her spirit dampened by a mist of Serenex, she didn't react in time. I said nothing as the girl chewed with relish, swallowing it down and taking a second bite.

Seeing it was too late, she shook her head contemptuously. "You fucking idiot. I swear to god."

About three chews in, Abbie's jaw went slack, her eyes glassed over, and a vacant stare settled onto her face. Thank the lord for my crappy aim and Taylor's instinctive mistrust.

What followed was simultaneously the most epic battle of my lifetime as well as the most pathetic attempt to exert authority in recorded history. With Herculean force of will, I gently grabbed Abbie's brat from her hand. She was barely holding onto it, but it took everything in me to spread her fingers and liberate the thing. Taylor countered by narrowing her eyes and stating, with low to moderate firmness, "Hey, stop that."

I didn't stop it. I am *not* a pussy.

I whirled on Taylor – but gradually, so as not to cause a fuss or anything. Her instinct, spot on, was to back away. She technically did, taking a simple half-step back. I pursued, taking a three-quarter step after her. I told myself I wasn't being combative; I was feeding her. The lie did nothing to make this easier, raising the contaminated brat toward her lips. She stumbled backwards, well aware of what I was trying to do.

"Seriously, Canon. Not cool."

I didn't slow, in part because it was difficult to go any slower and still be moving. How much time did we have? I glanced around for a clock, and eventually saw the time on the TV screen, paused on a scene of a generically handsome fifty-something and what could only be his young daughter smiling at a frazzled-but-elegant woman who probably split the difference in their ages. The scenery had all the trappings of an office Christmas

party, or the Hallmark version of one where bringing an eight-year-old was no problem. Oh, Abbie.

Oh, right, force-feeding Taylor. Focus.

Eventually, it reached her lips, smearing grease across them when her teeth refused to let it pass. She couldn't talk though. That was the main thing. I didn't need her throwing a tantrum and further fucking up Abbie's head. If Taylor's sarcasm could turn her into a fantasy slut, I'd hate to see what her active malice could do.

Anyone watching would have seen a man nonchalantly smudging a brat on a girl's mouth as she made an attempt to politely decline. Inside, though, I was a hero.

"All right. Now let's get you dressed. In the meantime, you open your mouth and I'm going to shove this in there." I very much doubted that would be how my pathetic, fumbling attempt to gently place the butt-end of a bratwurst between her lips could look like, but her defenses were no more robust than my attack. "Maybe you'll swallow some and maybe you won't, but it's your choice if you want to gamble."

As the blunt sausage gradually wormed between her lips, I was ashamed to feel a bit of *deja vous*. At least she had the sense not to unclench her teeth.

She refused to budge, however. Crap. I hadn't counted on that. I managed to nudge her – really more herding her ahead of me with my larger bulk – but pushing someone was suddenly so *difficult*. By the time I got her to her bedroom, the class would be lined up outside my room, wondering why they were locked out. Shit.

This... had not gone like I had hoped. Why they had their own Serenex and what they'd done with it, I would ponder later. For now, Taylor and I were both too doped to drive anywhere, especially not in any sort of hurry. Abbie had her mind split wide open to suggestion. If we left her here in the living room and that Hallmark movie started playing again, she could be a very different sort of man's fantasy by the time we got back. I had no intention of bringing her along to the faculty holiday party.

"Hmm mm mm mmhmm?" Taylor tried behind clenched teeth. She put her hands on her hips to show her strained, but enduring, patience.

I narrowed my eyes. "Forgive me if I don't trust you not to further warp the poor girl's mind." I looked around, but there was no miraculous headset or earphones sitting nearby. Crap. What to do? The final exam would be resuming shortly and we were a mile and a half away, the path riddled with stop signs and traffic lights with a very compromised driver. For Abbie's sake, I didn't dare risk removing that Serenex-soaked bratwurst. Yet for my own sake, I had to do *something*.

Nearby, the front door of the house creaked open, then closed again.

Taylor and I watched the door to the room, and moments later, preceded by heavy, booted footsteps, entered Mr. Stern. His shoulders were stooped, and there was mud, or maybe oil, caked under his fingernails. Night shift, just now getting home. He looked at me, at the girls, back at me, back at them. I braced myself to fail to brace

myself for the coming onslaught that... whatever this must look like would provoke. A strange man alone in his home with his teenage daughters, one obviously zonked out on something, the other with my sausage being thrust into her face.

“That your car in the driveway, buddy?” he asked.

I nodded.

“You left it running.”

“Ah... yep.”

Right. Dad was as screwed up in the head as the rest of us.

But not *presently*.

“Mr. Stern, we met the other day, remember? I’m Taylor’s English teacher, Mr. Canon,” I reminded him.

“Oh right. You stopped by to poke my stepdaughter.” The words, however, did not match the tone. *I remember you*, he was saying, not *I’m going to kill you*. The extent to which I owed the manufacturers of Serenex was getting to be rather cumbersome.

“Um, right, well, here’s the thing. I dropped by to take the girls in for their final exams. And they’re happening really, really soon, like right now actually. Only, you see, none of us are actually in a condition to drive, so...”

“You guys need a lift,” he supplied. Then, after a sigh, he nodded to the door. “Let’s get going then, before I kick my boots off.”

It was an undertaking, getting everyone into the car. At some point we managed an amicable exchange, swapping a brat to the face for my hands over Abbie’s ears. As Mr. Stern drove a pickup truck, that left Abbie sitting on my lap in the cab, Taylor sliding around in the cargo bed. With her still taciturn as ever and the knowledge of my exam countdown in mind, if not the appropriate level of panic, we never did get another outfit for her. I simply couldn’t make myself put my foot down.

“I appreciate your doing this. I know this is all really, really unorthodox, but it’s a huge help. Not to rush you or anything, but we do have about eight minutes to get there, so anything you can do to hurry will be a big help to me and to Taylor’s exam, Mr. Stern.”

He slowed, slightly, for a stop sign, but judged that nobody was coming and ran right through it, heeding my request for haste. “Stan’s fine. And don’t mention it. You know, they told us they were kicked out of school. Even had the principal, or I guess must’ve been some lady pretending to be. Should’ve known it was bullshit, just ditching. Again.” He shook his head.

Ordinarily, I would grimace, or wince, or anything but nod placidly as he ran a red light with traffic close enough to cause a screeching of brakes, honking of horns.

“It’s... complicated,” I replied. Even the cliché, verbal ellipsis and all, didn’t spark a grimace on this English teacher’s lips. This stuff was potent. “You should know that they *are* suspended, pending expulsion, at least last I heard. I wanted Taylor to take the exam anyway, though.”

“Why, didn’t get to punish her enough when you had her, now you gotta drag her back in?” He chuckled, glancing at where Taylor’s was ricocheting off the side of the truck bed as he rounded a corner at thirty. Abbie’s head banged against the window, but after a momentary frown at her stepfather, she went back to comatose.

“Something like that.”

“Yeah, well, don’t let her get away with snowballing you. That girl will plant a knife in your ribs then demand an apology for dulling it if you let her. Same as this one.” He nodded to Abbie. “Should’ve had my head examined, letting that kid into my home. Taylor used to be a good kid before she came along. Did good in school, grade-wise anyway, and she wasn’t getting into scrapes so much. Did better than I ever did.”

I made sure to keep Abbie’s ears good and covered before a casual utterance of *Abbie’s a bad influence* woke her up long enough to absorb something and did who the hell knew what to her. Between the roar of the pickup’s engine and my hand placement, she seemed pretty safe. Not that I could manage to worry any more than I was. The *shit happens, meh* attitude from Serenex was intense.

“So I’ve heard. Hard to imagine.”

“Yeah, well, they’re lucky they got me with that stuff, that... whatever you call that junk. The crap you tucked in your briefcase.”

I didn’t supply him a name. The less anyone knew about it, the better. It was somewhat troubling he recognized the canister. Leave it to Taylor not to bother with subtlety. Could’ve slipped a few drops in his coffee, but no, they wanted to march up and spray it down his throat. “It’s potent stuff all right.”

“Gotta say, been looking forward to them two being out of school for a while now. My dad kicked me out when I turned eighteen. Stung at the time, but nothing teaches you to get your feet under you like a good hard shove.”

My thought was that a good hard shove seemed like a good way to knock someone *off* their feet, but he was giving me a ride, and between my very tangential affiliation and the Serenex clinging to his brain cells, I very much doubted I was going to be improving his parenting at this point. I simply held Abbie in place as best I could and let him continue.

“I’ve been counting the days, myself. Literally, on my calendar and everything,” he said with a little laugh. “Finally a little peace and fuckin’ quiet, no more strangers coming and going. Emphasis on the coming,” he added dryly, glancing at me and Abbie as we careened wide around a woman on a bike.

I was quiet for a moment. There was no defense to be made for my having sex with his stepdaughter right down the hall from him, but as for the rest of his casually cold commentary, it didn't sit right with me at all. I wasn't about to start an argument with Stan Stern about how to raise his hellion daughters – couldn't if I wanted to – nor did I feel especially of a mindset to defend Taylor at the moment.

Nonetheless, I had come today as Taylor's teacher, and so as her teacher, I had to say something.

"Taylor's not always so bad, you know. Some girls, they aren't wired for high school. Sitting still eight hours a day, doing what they're told all the time, raising their hand to speak, permission to use the bathroom, all the tedium and the drama... Taylor's a very smart and ambitious young woman, but I think she may simply need a little time, and patience, and love. Some people don't really figure themselves out until they step out into the real world and find their tribe, so to speak. A place to fit in."

Mr. Stern seemed to mull that over for a few blocks. Or maybe he was just focusing on the road. That was good, considering he was doing forty down an alleyway and had already hit a couple trash cans. "Evidently you found someplace you fit just fine." I didn't miss his not-so-casual glances to his stepdaughter and at where Taylor was clinging for dear life in his rear view mirror.

He rounded a corner, and GHS was visible in the distance. "The north entrance would be fine, Stan." Good talk.

Isa met us at the door; I delivered Abbie into her custody with explicit instructions to keep her in strict quarantine, and to say nothing to her. We'd find out soon enough if Isa was truly as obedient as she'd made herself out to be, I supposed. If she took revenge on the girl in her compromised state, I would simply have to add it to whatever punishment I devised for supplying them with Serenex. It wasn't truly her fault, but still, she liked being punished. Win/win.

The halls were empty as Taylor and I far too gradually made our way toward H121, the site of our final class period together. We'd made good time, though. Only four minutes late. Plus two more, because even sneaking in the north door so we wouldn't pass by the front office or the watchpost of Mrs. Pedretti, we couldn't make ourselves walk faster than a casual shuffle. Someone could have pulled me along faster, but there was no one left to do it.

"This is really fucking stupid, you know," commented Taylor as we rounded the corner into the H hallway.

"Why? Because you're used to giving up before you start, or because you got yourself expelled?"

“Because it’s even more pointless than if I was still a student here. I can’t pass, so why bother?”

“If you need a reason, then it’s because I said so. Take the goddamn test and try not to call attention to yourself.”

“People pay attention to me. Not my fault.”

We were outside my room. Apparently in my haste to leave, I’d left it unlocked. Muted voices issued from inside, students no doubt perplexed why their teacher wasn’t present on the austere occasion of the final exam. “Buck up. You can do this, Taylor. You’re smart, and you’re articulate. You’ve at least been in the room when we talked about this stuff, so... try, OK? Just try for once.”

I patted her on the butt, gave it a little squeeze, and in we went.

“Sorry about that everybody,” I apologized. “Had to track somebody down. If you need extra time, you’ll get it, but now that the gang’s all here, let’s all please settle in and get to work.” Did I sound like I was still in charge? I couldn’t even tell.

Justin brightened considerably at seeing his friend and waved her over to the empty desk beside him, greeting her with a hug. The other males in the room watched in only mildly disguised envy for him as the half-naked self-proclaimed goddess bent down to reciprocate the hug. I couldn’t appreciate it from where my desk was situated, but I knew exactly what he ass looked like in those shorts. Or without them, for that matter. The skimpy boob tube received as many leers when she sat down, though at least they had the class or the sense of urgency to get back to work ere long.

Tabitha’s reaction was less obvious, but nevertheless discernibly in the other direction from her male peers. No matter. I grabbed a pen, an exam and some paper, set it all on Taylor’s desk, and put her to work.

For a time, I let myself simply sit back and breathe. For a chemical that had been designed for riot suppression, the stuff sure seemed to cause more chaos than it had ever quelled. I sent an email to Isa to explain the whole mad situation I’d once more put myself in. Much as I was nervous to expose my vulnerability to her, I couldn’t send a vegetablized student into her custody and not explain myself. I really hoped she didn’t lash out at Abbie. It would be as good a test as any to see if she could be trusted to obey her master.

I tried not to think about what might happen if she failed the test. She responded promptly, at least, promising that she’d keep Abbie secure until my prep next period.

It was easy not to focus on Taylor as she scribbled words confidently, purposefully across her paper. (It was hard to focus on much of anything, actually.) At least she was making an attempt. Still, she was going to have a lot to answer for after the exam, not the least of which was that other canister. Was hers contaminated like mine was, or was it the standard issue? Abbie had said something about wishing she’d had access to mine, hadn’t she? That would seem to suggest mine was distinct, or rather,

that it had been before I used the last of it on Taylor. If I'd even heard right. Everything was so fuzzy. If the building caught fire right now, I'm not sure I'd make it outside without someone carrying me.

Happily, time passes quickly when one is in a drug-induced stupor, fading in and out of the present. Thanks to my delay, Taylor's late start and Tabitha's usual fastidiousness, there were students working all the way to the bell. When it rang, I did my best to issue a few kind words on my seniors' way out the door, and again, the customary few handshakes and hugs from the more sentimental ones. Justin waited until he was in the hall before yelling out, "suck ya later, C-dawg!" The will to chase him down and rebuke the little bastard was miles away. Let him have the last word. After all, in his weird little world where he'd gotten the best of me because *he* had sucked *my* dick.

Tabitha attempted to lag behind and take part in whatever was happening with Taylor's perplexing presence, but thankfully, she interpreted my bland stare as a rebuke and stalked on out the door. There was no need for her to be a part of this. That girl was on firm ground with me; lingering to sabotage her perceived competition was totally beneath her at this point.

Meanwhile, Taylor pretended to ignore us, still working, but now with a smug little grin at my refusal to indulge the waif. She was still working though. Her hand never let up.

I gave her the extra half hour that she'd missed before lunch, and then an additional five minutes for our late return. Not as if she had another exam to take, or I more students waiting on me. My next class was in August. Hers, maybe never. Meanwhile, I thought about what I wanted to say. The smart thing to do would be to wait until we'd sobered up and then hash it out clear-headed. As I found myself salivating over the long-denied sight of those long, tan legs, or the swelling cleavage being compressed out of the upper end of the top, however, I knew there was no waiting. Weeks of frenzied debauchery had proven I couldn't trust myself when it came to such temptation, least of all with Taylor Stern.

"That's time," I announced as the second hand hit twelve.

Taylor looked up, nodded, and calmly walked across the room to place her essay atop the stack that I had since moved to my desk. It was thus far untouched. Grading on Serenex had already proven impossible; there was no way I could make myself be sufficiently critical to provide honest evaluation. Everybody would get an A.

I looked down to Taylor's essay, and quickly amended that. Everybody but her would get an A.

I don't give a fuck. This is stupid. I hate this class. Eat my ass. This exam is lame. I'm the most bored I've ever been. No wait, now I'm even more bored. Now more.

More. More. Even more. Sooooooooooooo bored. I hate this. This is pointless. The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell. Nobody cares.

That's as far as I read.

"Determined to fail," I said with a sigh. "Should have seen it coming, I guess."

"It's what I deserve, right?" she answered with a smirk.

"You do deserve to fail, but... god damnit, Taylor, you could at least try. You'd be surprised how often people will cut you some slack if you at least make an effort." She looked on as I flipped through the pages, the scores of meaningless, sulky lines of words. By the final few pages, she'd begun drawing instead, a crude but unmistakable rendition of her launching herself like a rocket, only in place of rocket flames was a cock. Mine, I supposed. Classy.

Instead of trying to walk out like the rest of the class had, however, Taylor hopped up on my desk with her peculiar talent of graceless dexterity. She folded her legs beneath her and, I discovered a moment later once I managed to look up, smirked down at me as I tried and failed not to be mesmerized by her bared legs. For as much as I obsessed over her boobs, those things really didn't get enough credit. Except then her tits were right at my eye level, and it became a toss-up. It was all I could do to keep my hands off her. Knowing she couldn't stop me if I did made it so much worse, though knowing that she wouldn't try if she could help keep me in check. This was not to become a reward for her.

Once she was satisfied she had my attention, she addressed my comment. "You know, C-dawg, I made an effort at quite a few things lately, and it'd blow your goddamn mind how much some of my teachers didn't seem to notice."

Earlier today, I'd been ready to blow up at her. She probably would be doing the same. Instead here we were, discussing our whole messed up affair like we were discussing a cake recipe. *Too much sugar? No no, not enough, madame.*

I shook my head. "Made an effort.' That's your categorization for how you've behaved yourself. Effort."

"You bet your ass I did." She sighed irritably. For a moment, I thought the deep breath was going to squeeze a tit right out of that spandex. "You didn't read my essay, did you."

"Oh, I read it." I fished the thing out of where I'd stuffed it in a drawer before lunch, setting it neatly in her lap, right where it had come from. "I read it several times, just to make sure I hadn't missed any details of the bullshit you've been putting everyone through."

She cocked her head back, brushing the essay onto the floor dismissively. "First of all, language. Second, you read it, and *that* – sorry, didn't mean to raise my voice – that's your response? I poured my heart and soul into that thing, didn't plagiarize a single word for once, and you're pissed at me for it?"

I placed my hands on her knees familiarly. Then I thought better of it, but it felt like it would be more confrontational removing them now. They stayed. “Look, Taylor. I’m not saying none of what you wrote was moving. You gave me some insights I had lacked. There’s a lot about your life I didn’t know in there, and I am...” I hesitated. I didn’t want to oversell or undersell this. Honest and constructive feedback on essays was kind of my thing. “I am glad you were willing to share all that with me, and I acknowledge the emotional courage that must have taken. Really. Still, you paint a rather one-sided portrait of yourself, don’t you think?”

Her hands closed over mine, long nails grazing across my skin. “All portraits are one-sided. What in the hell is a two-sided portrait?”

“Sorry, my metaphors aren’t quite up to snuff. See, somebody had their minion drug me earlier.”

“Really Weird. Some prick broke into my house and drugged me, but my analytical skills seem to be working A-OK.”

“Anyway,” I said, careful not to come across as too combative. Somebody had to keep this discussion moving. “For instance, you talked about getting bullied in elementary school. Which sucks, it really does. Still, a little bird told me about a girl scout camp where somebody teased you and you hacked off their hair in their sleep. Or was it everyone’s hair? I forget.”

Her nose wrinkled. “Nobody said I was a saint. Besides, that was when I was transitioning! I’d lost like twenty pounds, which is practically a whole leg for an eleven-year-old, and those Brownie-ass bitches *still* made fun of me. Was I supposed to just let them? Talk shit, get hit. Law of the jungle. Eye for an eye.”

“The law of the jungle is survival of the fittest; I think you’re referring to the law of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Regardless, I’m not looking for a blow by blow account of your life here. What I’m saying is, I’ve seen you in class these past two years. You’ve bullied your classmates plenty of times, and made my professional life hell. If you expect me to raise you up on a pedestal of victimhood when you’re guilty of so much of what you’re complaining about... well, it’s a tough sell.”

“I wasn’t writing it to make you feel bad for me, you... jerk,” she retorted, mumbling the last word. I didn’t miss that she was transitioning my hands to the sides of her legs, and slightly up. Enough that my desk chair had to roll forward a couple inches. “I was writing it because... fuck, C-dawg, I wanted you to *get* me. Or at least, to *want* to get me.”

“I do. Taylor, even before all this, you were my student. How many times have I told you, all of you, that I’m here for you if you need me? Did you think I was saying it to be nice? You know better than anyone that if I’m pissed off, I’m going to give it to you like I think you deserve.”

“You wanna fuck me so bad right now, don’t you,” she said with a wry grin. Damn her for picking up on my phrasing. Damn my subconscious. Damn those legs. The movement was even less subtle this time, my fingertips right up to and inside the hem of those powder blue shorts. “C’mon babe, is it so much to ask, after I fucked you a hundred times, had an orgy with you in the locker room, did some pretty fucked up shit in some fucked up places, that I rate a little more consideration than the rest of the class?”

“You do. And maybe you’re right, I haven’t always given you your due. Being with you, *that* part of things, that’s been incredible.” I managed to withdraw my fingertips a half an inch or so. Maybe I only thought I did.

“Let’s just fuck while we talk. OK? We both want to, and we get along so much better when we got your dick in me. You can keep grilling me. Just fuck me while you do.”

“What? No! Have you learned nothing from the whole flashing the principal incident?”

“I don’t care. I’m not embarrassed of anyone finding out I’m fucking you. More than you can say, which is something to keep in mind while you’re up on your high horse. Come on. Whip it out.”

“You’re being childish.”

“Childish, huh?” Still holding my hands on her thighs, she slid forward until her feet touched the floor, standing with her legs straddling mine. With a casualness that only belonged in the privacy of her own bedroom, she teased and tugged at the bottom of the tube top, peeling the skin tight fabric upwards until it was a yellow ribbon bunched around the very top of her breasts. It squeezed in such a way as to make them look even bigger. I finally managed to issue a word or two of protest by the time she leaned forward and wrapped them around my face.

I should struggle, I tried to scream at myself. You’ll get fired. Prosecuted. Get away. At least try to make it look like you’re not going along with it. Is it weird that I love the smell of the sweat between her tits?

At last, after what felt like a full week of slurping on Taylor titties (but was probably merely an iron-willed five-ish minutes in reality), it occurred to me I ought to try harder to extricate myself. Very careful to avoid running over her bare toes in their flip flops, I began to scoot my desk chair backward. Tits followed. Soon I bumped into the cabinets behind me, and they were already right on the heels of my lips. No. Don’t let her in. I made to stand up. She helped me.

Wait. Why was she helping me?

Taylor crouched low and got to work on my belt and fastenings.

Oh. That was why.

“Please don’t take my pants off,” I demanded blandly.

“Your mouth says no, but your... oh, *dayum* C-dawg, you pop a boner pill or something? Because your boner says hurry the fuck up.” She gave it a soft kiss. “You got it, buddy.”

“An erection is not consent.”

“Of course. You can say no whenever you want.”

Maybe she was feeling generous. Maybe she thought it would make me more pliable. Maybe she was simply that horny. Whatever the cause, for the first time, Taylor leaned forward and gave me a blowjob.

That wasn't to say she hadn't sucked my dick. There was a big difference, though, between getting your dick sucked and getting a blowjob. She licked her way up the whole length, then ever-so-patiently, oh-so-lovingly swallowed her way back down. She moaned. Taylor Stern had moaned around my cock like it was doing her a favor. It was so slow, so painstaking, so motherfucking *wet*, I forgot what I was supposed to say.

“Yes,” I guessed.

She laughed, but it didn't stop her. Thank god. Or, no, I wanted to stop her. Yes. I had questions. Just... not yet. It would be rude to interrupt. Darned Serenex. At the rate she was going, I didn't think I would ever get off. I didn't want to, because it might end this.

Suddenly, it ended. My eyes opened, and there was Taylor on her way to her feet, two hard nipples dragging up my chest. Then she took away even that – which, um, I wanted, we should not be doing this – only to turn around and pull down her shorts and the pale pink thong she'd worn beneath them. I took a step forward, cock in position, but she was already turning and it only poked her in the hip.

Taylor laughed. “You fucker! You were gonna do me from behind. We can't talk if we can't look at each other. Plus this crap has me feeling like such an obedient little bitch that if you try to do me doggy style I might start barkin'.”

She, or maybe I, guided my bare ass down into my desk chair. Luckily the arms of my desk chair could be folded out of the way, because Taylor sidled up over my waiting prong. Her hand gripped my shaft, slick with her own drool, and eased it into the entrance, and then she plunged down onto my lap in one go.

“Sorry, muscles super don't wanna cooperate. Gonna have to take it easy this time.”

I was sitting at my desk with my pants and underwear around my ankles. I was steel hard, and balls deep in the cunt of Taylor Stern, a student, one whom my boss believed (correctly) that I'd had a sexual relationship with her younger sister. And I didn't have the strength to stop us.

“I still have words for you. You can't stop me from speaking.”

“No, of course not. Wouldn't dream of it.”

Then, as her formal education drew to a close, she began to fuck me. With her arms draped around my neck, nothing had to move but her hips. It was far less stimulation than if I'd been able to give her proper thrusts, but the girl had wide and flexible hips. She wriggled them in slow circles, eyelids lowering.

"Yes, yes, you're very charming, but this doesn't change the point I was making."

"Which was that you find me irresistible?"

"Because you gave me a drug that makes me unable to resist anything," I retorted. It was less intense than the blowjob, and lacked the enticing perversion of her brief submission, and "And my point was that whatever your childhood was like, that doesn't excuse what you've been doing since this all started. That is what I'm trying to say, Taylor."

"Like what? Getting you pussy? Protecting myself? Protecting *you*?" She plucked her hair back over her shoulders. She knew how I liked an unobstructed view of those things.

"Protecting me? Taylor, you lied to me. You lied to me so much I'm not even sure I fully comprehend the scope of it all."

"So ask me." She tousled the back of my hair. "And touch me, if you want. You know you missed this bitch."

I did not indulge her. "Was Abbie really your henchman this whole time?"

She licked her lips, nodded. I'd been licking mine, too, I realized. "Since day one. No, day two. Day one was just you and me. Remember?"

"I remember." Was she rubbing her tits on my chest like that on purpose, or was that an inevitable feature of this lap dance style of sex? "Why, though? Why make your own sister your fall guy? Why deceive me about it?"

"For Abbie, 'cause she owed me. I've been her bottom bitch plenty of times before. Plus, once we accidentally did that whole sex object T&A lucky to have you thing to her, there was no keeping her out of it. So I made a role for her, and figured if you got pissed, you'd be pissed at her and not me."

"I've been pissed at you a thousand times, Taylor. Me being pissed at you is what started all this."

"You wanting to fuck me is what started all this," she countered. "You remember? You'd stolen my chapstick, and I threw myself at you? I wanted to see what riding you felt like. Or maybe just get in your head. I dunno. But it was right like this, except we had all those stupid clothes on. Remember?" She ran her hands down my arms, stretching them backward. It was eerily like her effort to pry her property out of my hand the day when I'd caught her plagiarizing that essay.

"You know I remember. But you can't fuck your way out of this, Taylor."

Taylor shifted to a front to back maneuver. With every forward movement, her tits squashed against my chest, her lips separated from mine only by our breath. "What

else? You said you got questions, and you asked one so far. What else got you so worked up you drove out to my house in the middle of the day to drug me into taking your stupid final?”

Right. Questions. She'd have a harder time lying to me while she built up an orgasm – she always came way before I did when we fucked – and likewise under the influence. This was my chance to get answers. “What else did you put in my head? The don't be a pussy thing, that Abbie could use my Serenex and I couldn't use it on her. What else is in my head that I haven't realized?”

“Why do you think there's more?”

“Because I've seen what all else you've done. Do I really have to name all the times you've–”

She giggled. “All right, all right, I'll grant you that one. To you, though? Nothing. That first night at your house, just the stuff you said. That night at Barbie's place, when we got you again? Then I wanted to do some stuff. Really wanted to. You can thank Abbie for talking me out of it, though.”

“What did you want to do?”

Her pace slowed, and after a moment stopped altogether, no more sensation except my dick throbbing idly against her cunt. “I was... upset. Could've done some bad shit.”

I'd actually expected her to say something halfway sweet about making me obsess over her, or something less comforting like a compulsion to obey her, like she'd done with Abbie and Tabitha. Perhaps even that she'd thought of using me to get all that coursework done, the small mountain of it that I'd compiled on behalf of the rest of her teachers. She'd clearly not done that, though; I'd thrown every last bit of it away. So to hear what was almost a threat instead was perplexing, and a bit chilling.

“Why? I read your essay. I get that you have a chip on your shoulder about authority figures like cops and teachers. That's no reason to lash out at someone, though.”

She rolled her eyes. “You would be trying to talk about essays and Emerson while I'm fucking you.”

“All right. So why, then? Just because I was going to pardon Candy and Isa–”

“Because you *never* pardoned me!” She snapped, her voice a fierce whisper. I felt its air on my lips. She winced immediately. “Sorry. Fuck, hard to stop myself from bitching out right now. We're back on our battlefield and all, so... old habits. But shit, dawg, you been riding my ass for two years, and I don't just mean with your dick. Every little thing that grinds your gears, you're on me about it. ‘Taylor, stop talking.’ ‘Taylor, take your seat.’ *Language*, Taylor!’ But those two bitches almost cut off your nuts – *my* nuts – and you're like nah, whatevs, it's cool. What made those two cunts so goddamn special?”

Leave it to Taylor Stern to take an interrogation about her own misdeeds and spin it into a plea for more attention. Still, there was a look in her eyes I hadn't seen before. Maybe once, that lazy Sunday afternoon. It could be the Serenex, but no. No, it took more than military grade chemical weapons to make Taylor Stern look... vulnerable.

"Taylor... I don't hold them to that standard because I just..." I sighed, my hands sliding to her bare hips unbidden. "I honestly don't care what happens to their futures. That sounds harsher than I mean it. I *care*, but it's not my job to care about them."

She sat up, indignantly, triggering a chain reaction of appeasement. Her posture made her pussy grinded on my cock; my cock twitched in her pussy; she realized she had stimulated me; she gazed into my eyes to confirm I had liked it; it would be rude not to acknowledge it; we were fucking again. Or maybe she simply remembered friction felt good. Either way, it resumed in the drawing of a breath.

"What? That's all it is? Your stupid little job?" she demanded.

I gave her ass a pat with just enough force for it to be clear it was meant as a smack. "No. Of course not. Yes, you're a giant pain in my ass, and yes, you've made that job a lot harder sometimes. But I still care about what happens to you. You're eighteen years old, have your whole life ahead of you. High school may not be the place for you, but I want you to be ready when you find someplace that is. To take it by the reins and get what you want out of life."

She licked my cheek. I hated having my cheek licked, as she knew. She really was handling this stuff better than I was. "Well aren't you a shoe-in for teacher of the fuckin' year."

"Oh, don't give me that. Do you see me try half as hard with any other student in this school as I do with you? Put up with half the crap? Hell, leave teaching aside – have you seen me go as wild for any of those other *women* as I have with you? Of course I care about you as more than just another student."

One corner of her mouth ticked upward, then Taylor kissed along my cheek until it wasn't still all spitty. "What, you saying you, like, love me or something?" One side of her mouth was a smirk. "Gross, cooties."

Why hadn't I drugged her more often? "I don't even know what the word is for what I felt about you Taylor. You're... horrible, frankly. You're mean, and dishonest, and selfish, and arrogant, and—"

My neck received a pinch, if only a mild one. "I'm sure there's a *but* coming somewhere soon, yeah?"

"But, you do something to me that nobody else ever has. I lose sleep over you, wishing you were somewhere I could fuck you, touch you, even just look at you. That's coming from a guy who's had six other women servicing the hell out of his cock for weeks on end, and I still can't get you out of my head."

Why was I saying these things? I was trying to break up with her, not endear myself further. The goddamn Serenex was making me a little too comfortable with honesty, and as it turned out, the truth was usually more complicated than Taylor Stern was ready to acknowledge.

Meanwhile, Taylor's hips picked up the pace. It was objectively quite casual, but by Serenex standards it was a rodeo. High-pitched gasps accompanied her breaths.

I obligingly took hold of her hips and did what little I could to help her. I could at least be a halfway serviceable fuck even while I was being a bummer of a lover. "Only then, we could look at just the past two weeks, during which you got me fired, egged my house, vandalized my car, and, oh yeah, revealed your multitudinous layers of deceit in your essay like being a liar and a manipulator was something to be proud of!"

"So close..."

"Now here, you're using me--"

"Use me."

"--and making me play twenty questions like knowing whose lives you up-ended now is some kind of game."

"Play with me."

"I'm being serious, Taylor. Come on!"

"Come in me."

"God, you are the most egocentric, selfish brat I've ever--"

Her head suddenly whipped back, eyes wide open and then slammed shut. Her body trembled so hard that the plastic desk chair rattled beneath us. When she noticed she was scratching my neck, she threw arms wide, hands opening and closing spasmodically. Then she lost her balance and flopped backwards; I only barely caught her, or more accurately, stopped her from slamming her head on the edge of my desk. Her climax was hands down the most sudden vigorous movement either of us had made in hours.

"Taught," I finished.

I helped ease her onto her back onto the desktop. Belatedly, I realized that our cum was dribbling down her innermost thigh and onto my stack of sixth period exams. Recent occupational hazard. Cocking my head, I realized that having taken Taylor's off the stack, that left Tabitha's on top. That would be fun to explain when the approval-seeking academic all-star inevitably demanded to see it.

Eventually, Taylor returned to reality long enough to realize I was standing over her, cock twitching in shattered anticipation of my own orgasm. "Right. Um, so you had questions. Keep 'em coming."

Her slow recovery from what had looked to be a truly breathtaking orgasm had given me time to muster my limited resolve, however. Indulgence for Taylor Stern was all out of stock.

“You know what? No. What happened just now, it’s a perfect symbol for my entire point. We have me, doing my best to keep you out of trouble and moving in the right direction, but instead you recklessly pursue your need to rebel. You get all the fun you crave without bothering to think for a second about the consequences to people you profess to care about.”

She propped herself up on her elbows, frowning. “What, you didn’t...? Well shit, bring it on over and I’ll—”

“No. Taylor, I tried to help you today. I felt bad about you and your sister being expelled, and I tried to make it right. What do I get for my troubles? Another outlandish stunt.”

“Is this about the Serenex? Because it’s just the one can, and it’s not like yours or anything. Just seemed smart to have an insurance policy if something went tits up, that’s all. You’re the first person we even used it on.”

“I’m flattered.” I did believe her, at least about it not being used. When I’d picked it up from the living room floor, it had felt heavy. That was a relief, at least. “But it’s not that. Taylor, you reached into my head and forced me to ‘not be a pussy.’” *I am not a pussy.* “Why? Because you think that I’m a pussy for having a job, and caring about teaching young people. Because to you, only a pussy would be enforcing rules and, god forbid, trying to follow a few. You think the only reason I am who I am is because I’m some sheep.”

“So prove you’re not one.”

“See, that’s just it. I don’t need to pull some spectacle out of my ass to prove it. I choose to be a teacher, and I choose to care about my students. Including you, and yes, even Tabitha, with all of the who-knows-what you stuffed in her head.”

“Don’t you even want to know why?”

“You said why in the essay. She said you’d die a virgin. Good job making sure she won’t graduate high school as one. Feel better?”

At last, she managed to sit upright. “It’s not that. I mean, a little bit that, and if you don’t see what an empty, shitty, cunt she was probably going to turn out to be, you’re deluding yourself. But that’s not why I did it.”

I glowered over her. “If you need to get it off your chest before we conclude here, do it.”

“All right, so yeah. I made her obey me, and want to please you. I made out like it was some ‘approval’ thing, and that’s in there too, but...” She took a deep breath. “I am going to say something, and if you say the wrong thing back, I am going to wait until this shit wears off and then I am going to...” She frowned. “To do something I can’t say out loud right now.”

Much as I wanted to scold her about once more centering her own emotions and no one else’s, the ambiguity of her threat was more ominous than anything she might

have explained in greater detail. It didn't take much to cow me right then. "All right. Shoot."

She closed her eyes. "I knew you liked me. Like I said, you suck at hiding it. And once we fucked, I just *knew* it was something... badass. Next level something, understand? Like, the way you'd look past those other bitches. That time when you had Abbie right here on your desk, fucking her tits, making me suck you off when your cock slipped out or whatever... you were looking at me the whole time. Tits so big she has to custom order her bras, and you were on my eyes.

"But like... what if it was just hotness? Laugh if you want – but fucking don't if you're smart – but I know I got it. You know I know. What if what you liked was just being able to fuck the It whenever, however, like I made you think you could, but nothing to do with *me* me?"

"So I followed your example, came up with a test. I gave you an easy bitch who'll be totally content to act like the perfect little fuck toy for you. Pretty, if you don't mind the boobs (or lack of boobs), but definitely hot. So I gave you somebody who's, like, the opposite of me. A dork, like you. Gets off on your stupid book talks. Has a five-year plan. Does her homework, flosses daily, in bed lights out by nine thirty. Does exactly what you tell her to, the best she possibly can.

"Nothing against Cassie and Abbie and the old bitches, but they weren't a real test for us. Side pieces was all. I wanted to know, if you had the perfect pussy, total free usage of it but mounted on an emotional black hole, if you'd take that over me. I figured if you did, fine. Move on, whatever, fuck you. If not... then ya know, maybe we got a thing. A thing that's good."

Her cheeks puffed out as she let out a breath. Her eyes watched me closely for a reaction; even if she hadn't made her warning, I would have seen the danger in this silence.

"Taylor Stern. Did you honestly think that you could come into my classroom, get me hard, strip out of your clothes, give me a blowjob and fuck me, and think that I'd let a construction like 'We got a thing that's good' slide? Here, in the very classroom where I've been teaching you English for two years?" The joke got a smile out of her. A sweet one. She really was pretty, even when she was hot.

It was a good thing, too, because the other shoe was about to drop.

"You are special, Taylor. In the abstract, and to me specifically. You are." I wiped at my brow, feeling like there was sweat there, but finding none. "But you also completely disrupted an innocent girl's life. Two of them, with Cassie because you also messed up Abbie and then couldn't control what you'd made. You gave Candy and Isa fetishes so bizarre that even the man benefitting from their psychoses is moved to try to cure them."

"C-dawg, hold up."

I held up a hand, but softly. “Fair to say, it’s hypocritical of me to get on my high horse about who fucked with whose head. I’ll grant you that. Still, you violated my trust. You nearly cost me my career. Hell, you could have sent me to prison, all because you had to adhere to your twisted Emersonian creed about not fitting in when you could because you couldn’t fit in when you wanted to.”

“Don’t–”

“I care about you Taylor. Love, attraction, self-defeating personality, call it what you want, but I do. But you’re not being fair to me if you think I have to throw away my whole life just to prove to you that I’m as hardcore of a rebel as you. If the fact that I drugged you, ogled you, stripped you, and fucked you on the very first day I realized I could doesn’t show that I’m willing to go against the grain, then nothing will. Even if I could get past everything you’ve done, and who am I kidding, I’m sure I would have the next time you kissed me, you and I do not work.

“I can’t stand out in the storm and splash around in puddles.”

“What does that even–”

“ We’re done, Taylor. You and I are done.”

For the rest of my life, I would wonder what Taylor might have said or done in that moment if not for the Serenex. Would she have stormed out? Slapped me? Burst into tears? Torn off our clothes and showed me how wrong I was? A more superstitious part of me wondered if she might have revealed her true form and dragged me down to hell.

Instead, the poor, numbed girl snatched up her minimal clothing and tugged it back into place. Little as there was, it didn’t take long, drug or no. Once clothed, Taylor shuffled slowly backwards toward the exit to the classroom. “I thought we were pretty good in the rain.”

Then, like the lightning, she was gone.

Part Twenty-Nine: Cultivating an Atmosphere Conducive to Learning

I dressed and composed myself. The door wasn't locked. Hell, it wasn't even fully closed. Yet nobody popped in, nobody squealed in alarm that my penis was exposed to the light of day in my classroom. We'd had sex in my classroom without even the slightest precaution for secrecy, and we had gotten away with it. Taylor walked off angry and dejected, I sat there simmering in all those conflicting feelings, and we'd both had some pretty memorable sex. It was symbolic of this whole crazy final term.

The final bell of the school year rang not a minute later. Students flooded the halls. I bided my time, said farewells to the few who popped by, exchanged sighs of relief with Amy when she popped her head in from next door to congratulate me on another year under the belt. If Taylor had taken much longer to get off, she would have seen the girl impaled on my cock like a severed head atop the walls of the dark lord's castle, a grisly confirmation of what one already had cause to suspect was going on within. Instead, she bustled back to her room to get to work on her own last bit of grading and left me in my room with our commingled cum still drying on my flaccid shaft.

What a note to end on.

I dialed Isa's cell.

"About time, master," she answered.

"I had to deal with the other one first. How's Abbie? Is she awake yet? Please tell me you didn't do anything to her." Prior experience suggested that background noise didn't seem to do much, if anything, but if you said their name or snapped your fingers in their face, whatever it took to get their attention, the things they heard stuck to their brain cells like superglue.

"I couldn't risk taking her into my office with Horen down the hall, so I left her in a mop closet for the past couple hours," she replied.

You WHAT?! I should have shouted. Instead, still good and Serenexed myself, I said calmly, "Oh. Oh my."

"Yeah. Once the coast was clear, I went to get her, but I couldn't get her to follow me. I tugged, but she wouldn't budge."

"So where is she now?"

"Now I know you said not to say anything to her, but I only said enough to get her to follow. All I said was, 'Abbie, come out of the closet.'"

Oh god. "Isa..."

"'Abbie, you don't belong in the closet. Come out of the closet.' I must have told her a hundred times, master, but she wouldn't budge, just stood there repeating after me like some idiot."

Fuck. This would be very, very alarming indeed when this crap wore off. “Is she still in there?”

“In where? In the closet? Yeah, I’m looking right at her.” Her voice grew quieter, evidently holding the phone away from her face to address the girl. “Abbie, Mr. Canon wants you to come out of the closet. Or are you saying that you are out to make him as unhappy as possible? If not, then you better do as I say. I said, do as I say, Abbie. Come out of the closet. Just do what you’re told, damnit! Ugh, I’m going to kill you, Abbie. If you’re lucky, I’ll be gentle.”

Instead of freezing, my blood merely dropped five or six degrees. I almost dropped the phone in panic. “Please, please stop, Isa,” I insisted blandly.

A weary sigh blew from the speaker. “Oh my god, master, you are no fun to screw with at all, I swear. I figured you’d be screaming at me, not taking it on the chin.”

“So... she’s not in a closet.”

“She is in a closet, actually, but the rest of it was for goofs. Smuggling her into my office was a no-go. Taking her through the halls at all was risky in her state, so I stashed her in the file closet by the H hall. Well out of prank earshot, I assure you, and I’ve got my eye on things.”

“Goodbye.” I wanted to hang up wordlessly, but Serenex insisted I not be so rude. Just as well I was out of the stuff; after that stupid joke, I wasn’t in a mood to make good on my offer to fix her and Candy anyway.

The closet in question wasn’t fifty feet from my classroom, designated for the use of the English department. We mostly used it for storage and to file away student papers, a file the district started in kindergarten and returned to graduating seniors. (In my case, since I’d been out most of last week, my substitute had gotten to distribute them and revel in that moment. Not that I was bitter.) As locations went, it ought to be safe, or at least as safe as one could hope for in a building with over two thousand people roaming around in it. At least there were until a few minutes ago. Now the students were gone, and any papers graded and returned. Nobody should have a reason to come in here until August.

I tried to glare at Isa, identifiable by her uniform even from a couple hundred feet down the school’s central corridor, but her exposure to Serenex did no more to suppress her laughter than my own did to ignore it. As she’d said, Abbie stood by in the dormant closet. She didn’t even glance up as I entered, standing there in her dingy old faded pink t-shirt and gray sweatpants, staring at a blank spot on the wall. The closet was more of a room, really, probably a third the size of my classroom. In addition to the file cabinets, it contained piles of disused books, surplus classroom supplies, holiday decorations... and two people doped to the gills on Serenex.

With the Taylor situation in front of me, I hadn’t put any thought into what to do with her little sister. Nothing, I supposed, was an option. Probably the best option. As it

stood, Abbie saw herself as my fantasy slut, happy to be used for any sexual purpose I might have for her and quick with suggestions if my imagination wasn't up to the task. Hard to improve upon that from my end, and she'd certainly seemed to enjoy herself. Knowing now that her misbehavior had been largely dictated by Taylor, there was no cause to either correct her or punish her, either. Yes, she was the one who'd taken advantage of Cassie's compromised state to make her my 'booty call,' but even that was still Taylor. Maybe it had been on direct orders, or maybe she'd done it in the spirit of her original programming from her sister, all that sarcastically misogynist tripe about what girls like them were supposed to be like. Either way, only one Stern's fault, and it wasn't Abbie's.

The right thing to do would be to keep an eye on her while it wore off, then send her on home.

Except... at home, there would be Taylor. Her "boss." Someone who had demonstrated time and time again that she was a bad influence, and an absolutely brutal mistress. I was the one who'd put her in this position. The more I thought about it, the more I felt like it was up to me, with the last of my mutated Serenex in her bloodstream, to help her out of it.

It had been almost three hours since she'd been dosed. The others had started coming to not long after this point, and they'd gotten a direct dose, not tainted bratwurst juices. I didn't have time to conduct a thorough analysis of exactly the words to use. It was now or never.

"Abbie?" I had to repeat it before her eyes focused on me. "Abbie, Taylor is not the boss of you."

There. At long last, after weeks and weeks of constant wondering, it was time to learn what oppositional commands would do to someone who—

"Yes she is," she murmured. "I do whatever she tells me to."

I sighed. All right, so much for that. I'd always imagined Serenex like some kind of indelible ink, making things stick to the brain, impossible to get off. In light of Abbie's response, I adjusted it to be more of a weather sealing paint, impossible to penetrate with more liquid once it dried. (As an English teacher, it was comforting to feel like my metaphors did anything to make me less ignorant of the sciences.)

Also, good god, Taylor. Also also, I couldn't help but notice that once she'd focused on me, she didn't trail off as quickly as the girls had other times. The closer she grew to consciousness, the worse I expected this would work. Time was running out. If undoing was out, the next recourse was a workaround. If she felt she had to do whatever Taylor said, though, how did one get around that?

"Still with me, Abbie?"

"Nyuh huh," she said. There was a slow bob of her head that I took for a nod. Good enough.

“OK. So I want you to remember, Abbie. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. Understand?”

Again, the bob. I looked around the little-used room until I found some markers, then a piece of brown construction paper. I thrust a blue marker into her hand and set the paper atop a file cabinet, tapping for her attention. “Write it. Write down what I said.”

Abbie’s lips moved slowly as she wrote the words, exactly as I had said them. “Atta girl. Ten more times, now.”

That was all the more prompting required; her hand simply kept going as she hit the end of the line. Her handwriting was pretty large. It took two more pieces of construction paper to complete the ten.

“Good?” she asked when she finished. Hmm, crap. If she was lucid enough to ask a question, she was nearing proper consciousness.

“Now write, ‘If Taylor tells me to do something Mr. Canon won’t like, I’ll tell him before I do it.’ Understand?” I put a fresh sheet in front of her.

“If... Taylor... tells...” She mumbled the words as she wrote, but write them she did. This time, I told her to keep going. If this went like I intended – a big if – then maybe I could pull rank when Taylor went rogue, and with luck, get an early warning if she tried something awful. Maybe once Taylor realized her plans were no longer secret, it would even cause her to leave Abbie out of her mischief altogether.

As she went on through the ten copies, I wracked my brain for anything else to try while I had this final chance. My teacher instincts were kicking in, suggesting all the ways I could put this wayward girl on the right path. There were so many choices that would improve her life that I could cement with an utterance. Try hard in school. Ditch the homophobia. Juice WRLD wasn’t anything special. (I’d checked him out, just in case, but there was nothing there.)

“Next?” she mumbled, setting down the marker.

Decision time. Of all the voices that might have guided me in this decision – my teaching mentor, my favorite writers, my mother, my own libido – it was one from the distant past that reached out to me. One I had quite recently had hammered relentlessly into my brain.

I shook my head, then bent down and kissed the top of her head. (Then I stepped back, wrinkling my nose. Expulsion had not done wonders for the girl’s hygiene.) “No, that’s it. You do you, Abbie. You’re fine the way you are.”

I didn’t care if the Serenex was doing its work on those words or not. I’d do more than enough to try to nudge her in the right direction on my own. She didn’t need a drug to improve her any more than I did.

She glanced up to me, and slowly, a broad smile bloomed on her face. Not the sort of thing I'd ever say aloud, but it really was remarkable how much prettier she was when she smiled. A smirk may be the sign of her clan, but it didn't do her justice.

"How long have you been back with us?"

"You, my good sir, should call the Hallmark people. They finna make a movie outta you." She slowly rolled her shoulder, glanced around. "Are we in hell? Where the fuck is this?"

"It's a storage room for the English department at GHS."

"So next to hell." Her eyes rested a moment on the drying ink on the construction paper in front of her. "That was me, right?" She inspected it, smile fading as she read what I'd had her write. "Yep, that was me. Maybe don't wait on that call from Hallmark, C-dawg."

"Just so you know, that's not to abuse you or take advantage of you, all right? I'm only making sure Taylor doesn't drag you down with her. That's it. In fact, I'm telling you right now, if you feel like I am, I want you to tell me so I stop. OK?"

"We get it, we get it, you're a big-ass hero, yeah." She bumped her hip into me, only that impact bowled the both of us over when I completely failed to resist her. Evidently the dilution of my Serenex robbed it of the staying power hers was having on me.

The two of us sat there on the cold tile floor.

"Still under, huh."

"Yes I am."

"That shit dries your mouth out." She smacked her lips peevishly. "How'd things go with Tay? You two kiss and make up?"

"Close. We had sex, then we broke up."

"Damn, Dawg. Can't even keep a bitch when you roofie her. That shit's rough."

"I broke up with her."

"Da fuck?" She bumped me with an elbow, knocking my unresisting body onto my side. I lay there like a jellyfish on the beach.

"Please stop shoving me."

"Right, right, sorry. But you really...? She didn't tell you...?" Abbie shook her head disbelievingly as she helped me back upright.

"Tell me what?"

"You know. Feelings and all that shit."

"We had a talk. You can ask her how it went."

"Shit. That sucks, man. I'm sorry."

I accepted her help getting back into a sitting position. "Thank you."

"Fuck, she's gonna be in a mood. I'ma be cleanin' that bitch's room until it glows in the mothafuckin' dark."

“Huh. Suddenly that makes more sense.”

“So we gonna fuck in here or what?”

I eyed her askance. “The body’s not even cold, Abbie.”

“Well mine is – AC vent is crazy up in here. Hella wasteful, if you ask me. Climate change and all that shit. C’mon, warm ya girl up?”

I didn’t move away, but as with Taylor, neither did I encourage her. “I have a lot of work to do yet tonight, Abbie.” True. I was in no state to do any of that work right now, but I could forgive myself that one small omission.

“Oh, fine. C’mon, C-dawg, let’s get you out of here.” She stood, then hauled me up behind her. I brushed the dust off my butt.

“Thank you again. Before we go, though, I wondered if you might permit me one small question.”

“Go for it.”

“Taylor told me a lot of things. About how she’d been your boss all along, the stuff she did to Tabitha, to Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. Now I’d like you tell me if there’s anything else she did. Anything I *won’t like*,” I said, emphasizing the phrasing from the Serenex to help prompt her if she was taciturn.

She did seem to be thinking. I decided to chalk up how long she thought to her still recovering from the drug. “Nah, don’t think so,” she answered anticlimactically.

“Look, maybe Taylor told you not to tell anyone, something like that? I understand. But if she wants you to keep a secret, and I want to know the secret, whose desire is more important?”

“You know I’m a junior, not a kindergartner, right? Even if I hadn’t read it,” she held up one of the papers, “you jammed it in my head. Jesus. Anyway, no. Gun to my head, there was nothing else Mr. Canon won’t like that I could tell him about before I do it.” She tore the sheet in half and tossed the pieces in the air.

Right, oppositional-defiant. “Sorry. I wanted to make sure there were no more surprises.”

“At least no surprises you won’t like, eh?” She winked.

“Abbie...”

“What? Read it yourself, dude. I only gotta snitch when we do something you won’t like.” She pointed to a page.

I wanted to point out that I didn’t like secrets, but once again, starting an argument wasn’t presently in my realm of possibility. “Sure. I suppose that’s so.”

“Man, that stuff made you give up easy.” She stepped close and pulled my head down until our foreheads touched. Sharp blue eyes looked up at me pityingly. “You can relax, C-dawg. I’m fuckin’ with ya.”

“Seems your sense of humor is coming back faster than mine.”

“Can’t call it a comeback if it’s a neverwas.” She patted my cheek. “Now c’mon, all my friends are outta school. It’s gonna be lit a.f. tonight, I gotta get home and clean up. If you’re gonna play with my tits, just grab ‘em already. Nobody’s stopping ya.”

“If I’m... what?” I cut off her repetition before it could begin. “No, I heard you. I must’ve just missed the segue somewhere.”

“Missed the what now?”

“The seg... you know, never mind. Take it up with your English teacher.”

“Hey, maybe I’ll get lucky and get your class if I re-enroll.” She grinned. “Man, not sure if I should go with a ‘you could teach me all kinds of things’ come-on or a ‘I’m finna earn dat A’ come-on. Take your pick.”

It had occurred to me weeks ago that it might make for quite the awkward scenario having Abbie in class next year, though I wasn’t exactly thrilled about that ‘if’ in regards to her returning to school. Still, we could address that when I was capable of making a persuasive case. After all, it sounded like old Stan Stern planned on kicking them out on their own before that even happened, the prick. There were ten rivers of uncertainty to cross before we go to setting classroom behavior expectations for my least subtle student slam piece.

She poked at my belly. “C’mon, you know you wanna. Sexy time at work is hot, yo.”

“And you’d know that... how?”

“I worked at Subway last summer for a few weeks. My future boyfriend at the time Alex came by while I was working close one night and I jacked him off behind the counter. Asshole came without warning, too – had to wipe the shit off in some old bitch’s meatball parm.”

“I suppose I need not probe why you only lasted a few weeks.”

“Nah, manager didn’t see anything. Old bitch caught me stealing from the register. Allegedly.”

“Wow. Just... wow.”

Abbie made a frustrated noise and raised her shirt over her prodigious breasts. They gleamed in the soft yellow light filtering in through the closed blinds. “Come on already!”

“One, please keep your voice down, if you would, and two, I see we forewent the bra today.”

“Come off it, man. You saw ‘em the minute you caught me vegging on the couch. Been starin’ ever since you came in here.”

“I have not.”

“Well, ya sure as fuck are now, aren’cha? Come on, I’m having a super good titty day. Play with me.”

“Abbie, I say this with all sincerity: it is difficult to imagine this body ever having bad titty days.” Truth. Two broad, weighty tits hung in the air between us. In addition to holding her shirt up, she was pressing them together slightly. It gave them the illusion of slightly more buoyancy than they otherwise possessed, though some of that was simply being a teenager. Somewhere down the road, these monsters would have some serious sag, but it was impossible to look at that youthful physique and imagine such a day. Here and now, they were simply a pair of massive, pillowy, mouth-watering titties. Was her arrogance a result of growing these stupendous things, or was their arrogance consequent of growing on Abbie Stern?

The bottom of her shirt she held in place with her teeth, redirecting her hands to heft her boobs as an offering. “It don’t happen often. C’mon. Have at ‘em. You know you wanna.”

Oh, fuck it. May as well ride my lucky streak.

I buried my face in between them. She giggled playfully, shook them against my face and slapping me about a bit. It almost knocked me down again, honestly; I had to seize one in each hand for some nice, placid fondling to keep her from throwing me off balance. I fed one into my mouth; her showering lapse was less objectionable with my nostrils filled with tits.

It didn’t take long before I gave in to her unspoken pleas for more, slipping a hand down the front of her sweatpants, down into her boxers, then easing into her pussy. For once, it wasn’t already dripping wet for me; it was actually kind of nice to have to build her up to it instead of having that level of arousal up front as a given. I didn’t have to work for it nearly often enough. I backed her up against the door and sucked away on her fat brown nipple like I was still a teenager myself, working her clit with the slightly more practiced grace of a twenty-six-year-old. Her teeth locked onto my shoulder, an inadvertent but not quite gentle love nip that persisted as her pussy rang out its orgasm.

Abbie caught her breath slowly, tits heaving hypnotically.

“Taylor’s a fuckin’ idiot for letting you go, man. Even zonked out of your mind on that crap, you are still one fuck of a good time.” She stretched up to kiss my cheek as her shirt rolled back down over two tits glistening with fresh slobber. “I figure we’re both gonna be busy the next little bit with graduation and summer vacay starting, but don’t you forget about me, yeah?”

“What are you, Molly Ringwald all the sudden?”

“Who the fuck is Molly Ringwald? Jesus, did you bring *another* fucking bitch into this shit?”

“What? No, it was an allusion to *The Breakfast Club*.”

“Huh? Man, fuck illusions, real breakfast sounds fucking amazing. I only had that bite of brat all day. You hungry?”

I put it on my mental list right after segues.

“I really do have work to do tonight, Abbie, sorry. Can you get home on your own? Catch a ride?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll manage. Now be a doll and make sure nobody’s looking so I can creep on outta here.”

I was a doll. After checking the nearby intersection, I waved her out of the room. Nobody was coming closer in any direction, at least not close enough to recognize her or care. The only exception was Isa, who was pretending to text on her phone nearby as she kept watch for us. “It’s clear. Leave via the athletics area doors. If you open the E doors without the security code, you’ll set off the alarm.” I waved her toward the specified exit.

A short time later, from my classroom window I could see her strutting down the sidewalk heel-toe peacocked. She’d know I was watching, yes, but she’d walk that walk anyway.

It only took an hour of incessant, ear-splitting ringing for the alarm to stop.

And that was it. No more students until August. The end of an otherwise unremarkable year, save for one entirely accidental harem and nearly getting fired and sent to prison. Hell, after how things had gone with Taylor, I wasn’t entirely sure she wouldn’t find some way to flip this around on me yet. I didn’t think so, though. It was anyone’s guess whether that had been an amicable breakup, or the Serenex-induced calm before a truly terrifying storm.

Once my head was clear enough, Isa and Candy gave me a ride back to the Sterns’ to retrieve my car.

“So, you wanna explain what the hell happened with you today?” Candy opened. Isa gripped the steering wheel of her police issue SUV tightly, glancing at me in the rear view mirror. There was no cage or anything, but it felt like there was.

“Not really,” I said dryly. Only then, the silence grew increasingly uncomfortable. Finally, I released an exasperated sigh. “Fine. I wanted Taylor to take her final. I spent two years trying to teach her something, and I wanted to see if I had. I’m an all-day sucker, OK?”

“You wanted to see if she’d learned something?” I could see her eyes rolling through the back of her seat. “You spent a month having the girl do make-up work for her classes, and never passed along a single assignment for my class. Truly, your commitment to her education is legendary.”

Isa was focused on the more relevant aspects of the story, however. “Get back to the part where that entailed using the last of your spray on Abbie, and letting them use it on you.”

“I only brought the Serenex as a just in case, and she forced my hand. It took the last of it to fend her off. There was no other way.”

“And Abbie?”

“Caught in the crossfire, you could say. I didn’t do anything to her – except try to extricate her out from under Taylor’s thumb, now that I found out what all had been going on behind my back all this time.”

“What all did they tell you?” asked Candy.

I folded my arms. “Funny you should ask. They told me everything. I know Taylor was behind it all. Your reprogramming, corrupting Cassie, enslaving Tabitha... all of it Taylor. Which, by the way, thanks for not telling me about.”

“What is it we supposedly didn’t tell you about, exactly?”

“Oh, maybe that you were *supplying her with more Serenex behind my back!*” I thundered. Thank god that crap had worn off. I’d been holding that in for way too long. “That was really considerate, having me take her into my bed while she was spending her days trying to fuck me. Figuratively, I mean.”

“Yeah, fucking you literally is for the night times, right master,” she replied dryly, unrattled. I wasn’t the first person in the back seat of this police vehicle to yell at the driver, I supposed. “How Taylor ever overwhelmed your many, many layers of reluctance is one of those mysteries modern science can’t answer.”

I folded my arms. “While we’re lobbing insinuations, do you want to tell me what you did to Abbie this afternoon?”

Isa’s eyes narrowed in the rear view mirror. “What? I didn’t do a damn thing to that kid and you know it. I wouldn’t have messed with her even if you hadn’t ordered it. Unlike some people, I’m not letting what’s between my legs do my thinking for me.”

I hadn’t even meant it through a sexual lens, but it was telling that she took it that way. Evidently even the holier-than-thou cop was no stranger to temptations of the flesh. I issued my retort dryly, “Right, who could name a time where you tried to destroy someone whom you thought was abusing Serenex.”

Candy turned to face me heatedly. “Sorry, Canon. I guess it’s just that someone recently offered to help treat our slutty little compulsions, only instead used the last dose of cure to make a dropout loser take a test she couldn’t pass for a diploma she couldn’t earn!”

“You can’t undo what’s been done! I tried it on Abbie, and it didn’t do a thing!”

“Says you!”

“And says Abbie!” barked Isa on her heels.

So they still had a little fight in them. We could see about that. “Isa, pull over.”

“We’re almost there. I’ll pull over when—”

“Pull over. *Now.*”

“Mama, don’t—”

But we were already coming to a stop. We were in a residential neighborhood, shady trees lining either side of the street. The playful shrieks of children enjoying their first taste of summer could be heard in several directions, but not seen.

“You’re walking the rest of the way? That’s rather childish, don’t you think, master?”

“I’m not. You two are.”

“We’re... what?”

“Master, come on. Don’t be—”

“Out. Both of you. Get out.”

It was a chain reaction, and it happened quickly. Isa whimpered involuntarily, then scowled at the whimper, then whimpered at the scowl. The car shifted into park just in time before her hands were overcome with the need to touch herself as she muttered a curse. In the passenger seat, Candy was leering at her partner with heavy-lidded eyes, and soon was pawing at her own blouse as well.

“Get out. If I have to say it again, there are going to be consequences.”

They made me say it again.

As they fussily huffed out of the car, squirming with itches I had no intention of scratching, I hopped out as well, replacing Isa in the driver’s seat and rolling the tinted window down.

“Anything special I should know about driving a cop car?”

“That it’s illegal for you to do it? But since that obviously doesn’t matter to you, nothing you need to make it a quarter mile,” she answered glumly.

“Do you even have the address, mama?”

“Easy peasy, I assured her. We’re almost there. Turn right on Elm. Their house is a little ways down on the right. Now unbutton your tops.”

Isa’s eyes flew open. “What?! Are you out of your mind, master?”

“I was going to have you go down to your bras. Now I want those buttons down to your belly buttons.”

“You’re insane, Canon. No way we’re gonna—”

“It’s all part of the plan, Candy. I know what I’m asking. Now unbutton it. Hurry.”

It was watching Candy’s resistance melt into total passivity in response to that single four-letter word that fueled Isa’s rage to the point where she fell to her knees beneath my window, fumbling at her uniform with trembling hands. Candy’s blouse had widely spaced buttons, so she was done in moments. Except once she’d undone it, however, I saw she was wearing an undershirt. “Undershirt in the back. You, too, Barbie. Plus your bras.”

“What?!”

“Next time don’t make me repeat myself.”

A car approached, slowing to a near crawl in the presence of a uniformed cop standing beside her car, as if it were some sort of tricky speed trap where the cop lured you in with curiosity by kneeling with her back to you while, by all appearances, she fondled her tits. Once she realized she was being watched, she stood back up, seething at the lookie-loo; they did a double take at the sight of her ample cleavage emerging into view as the buttons continued to fall one by one. As she unfastened the final button, flat brown stomach emerging between navy flaps of fabric, her hand went to her taser, and they fled. She then retreated to the sidewalk side of the car to wriggle out of her bra without taking her top off while Candy groped along her lover's hips, her own petite bust protruding from between the parted halves of her blouse. She looked whorish.

Once my former seat was filled by the former underclothes of my former travel mates, I shifted into drive and left them in my dust. Isa raised a fist, shrieking some threat that didn't penetrate her car. By the time I turned onto the Sterns' street, the two were jogging after me. I squinted into the rear view mirror to take in the sight of their tits flopping and bobbling madly as they dashed after their vehicle. With a private chuckle, I pulled away.

I didn't get their messages until I was back home, my own car resting safely in the garage. I'd found it remarkably without punctured tires, broken windows or even a busted tail light. Taylor seemed to be taking it well. The girls' car hadn't been there; hopefully she was out with friends having a good time and taking her mind off of the whole mess. Mrs. Stern had been outside watering her plants; she had casually returned my wave as I pulled out of her driveway. With what had been done to her, she'd have probably done the same had she seen me casually pull out of her daughters.

Back home, I ordered dinner and got to work slogging through the remainder of my seniors' essays. My head was clear enough by that point that I was ready to levy judgment. Only took four and a half hours for my head to clear. Once I was settled in and fed, I read the texts.

You're lucky I can't kill you for that, Isa had written. She'd copied Candy on it as well, who had followed moments later with a bitmoji of her avatar pointing a slingshot in the direction of the viewer.

You're lucky I changed my mind and didn't leave the flashers and siren running. It had crossed my mind. The whole neighborhood peering out their front windows to see what the police were doing at the Sterns' this time, only to find two women with their tits hanging out of their tops jogging down the street and diving into the police SUV.

It took a few minutes before either of them replied, and it came from Candy. *You should have seen how bad she got lol*

Promise me you won't humiliate me like that again, Isa wrote. Before I could come up with a good reply, she continued, *I was so fucking horny I barely made it off the block before I had to get myself off.*

Both of you, quit you whining and send me a pic with your tits out. Then I reconsidered. *Actually make it a video, and apologize for being bad bitches.*

I made it through another couple essay questions before I received their reply. There they were, posing in front of their bathroom mirror, recording their reflections with Candy's phone held out to one side. Both of them were completely naked, and Isa had even let her hair down from its tight cop bun, the blonde-streaked brown strands dangling between those stupendous breasts of hers. Candy, just a wee bit taller, cleared the counter with her pussy just visible, while Isa's was tantalizingly out of sight.

"We're sorry, Mr. Canon," they said in a sing-songy unison. Candy even thrust her lip out poutingly, tapping it with a finger. Isa's recitation had a bit of a sarcastic tone to it, a fact which wasn't lost on her girlfriend.

Candy's free hand came down hard on Isa's bare ass, a *clap* echoing in the small room; the police officer squealed and jumped in alarm at the rebuke. "What the fuck?!"

"Say it like you mean it, you submissive little bitch. Your master said so."

"I swear to god, baby, I am not going to stand here and be—"

Another blow landed; it was remarkable how little Isa did to dodge it despite the ample warning she was given. She groaned, bending double as the rage hit her full in the clit. It only allowed Candy keep going. Isa braced herself on the countertop as the smacks rained down. Eventually, after entrancing me with the wobbling of her hanging tits as she came from sheer mortification, Candy let up long enough for her to work out any sound more substantial than squeaks and moans.

"Say it, mama."

Isa remained bent over, by all appearance eager for it to continue. Candy's finger with its cool blue nail polish weaved between her thighs, teasing her.

"I'm very sorry for my behavior, master. Thank you for teaching me."

The finger disappeared inside her. She moaned helplessly, collapsing tits down on the sink as she came. "Atta girl," said Candy, winking into the mirror.

The recording ended. I watched it three times – just long enough to rub one out – before I read the texts they'd sent during my viewing.

This is going to be a good summer if you keep that up, wrote Candy.

Isa was more direct. *Our place, Sunday night after graduation. Non-negotiable.*

I replied with a thumbs up, though they'd learn soon enough that there would definitely be negotiation. What would come of our bizarre little relationship, I had no idea, but I expected it would make for an interesting summer indeed. The mystery was intriguing and all, though I did mean to sit them down and talk out basic arrangements and probe comfort levels sooner rather than later. Maybe without Isa present, so Candy could advocate for her without dimming Isa's sensation that she was, as Taylor had remade her, my submissive little bitch.

As it so happened, I'd see them before Sunday anyway. After all, we worked together.

I finished grades around two in the morning and immediately collapsed, utterly spent. That had been one of the longest days of my life. Like Isa and Candy's tits, however, its gravity only increased in the rear view mirror.

Friday was the final teacher day. It was almost off-putting seeing the faculty milling about in comfy old house clothes, weaving around the busy custodial staff beginning their deep cleanse before the milder mayhem of summer school. Some of their kids were around, too, future GHS students presently running around squealing delightedly with free reign of this huge school full of distracted but trustworthy guardians.

(Mostly trustworthy, anyway. Still, I'd only slept with a handful of them, and all of them eighteen-year-olds. In terms of age, I didn't know where the hard line fell on scandalous vs. evil, but I was quite comfortable using the government's prescribed limits.)

I reported to Principal Horen first thing. Teachers with seniors were required to, so they could confirm who had and hadn't met graduation requirements so that the printing of diplomas could commence. She had access to the online gradebook in SchoolWays, but the formality of reporting in ensured nobody was still entering a few final scores that might make a difference. Horen was nothing if not attentive to minutiae.

"Everybody met requirements, Mrs. Horen. Good to go on my end."

She didn't turn to face me, browsing something on her computer. "Oh? I thought there was one failure."

"Nah, we had a couple near misses, but everybody got the minimum. Felix Gupta wrote some fairly impressive final essays, brought himself up all the way to a D. No minus even, solid sixty-three percent."

"And Ms. Stern?"

"Oh. Well, no, I suppose she didn't. I thought she was expelled?" I had seen she was still in the gradebook while entering scores the night before, bleary-eyed, but I assumed that was an oversight.

She swivelled to face me at last. "Her suspension carried through the end of the year. We're allowing the police investigation to handle the matter. Legally speaking, she's a student here until removed by the state. I imagine it won't be long."

"I imagine not. So then yes, one failure."

She regarded me evenly, attempting that age-old trick of letting silence do her intimidating for her. “You don’t sound disappointed.”

“She nearly ended my career, on top of which, she deserves to fail. It’s all of it right there in the gradebook. I’m not losing any sleep over it.”

Again, the silence. I gave her nothing for it. When she realized I wasn’t cracking, giving her whatever tawdry admission she might be hoping for, she pivoted back to her screen, returning to her task. “Thank you for your report.”

“Anything else?”

Mrs. Horen didn’t look back, but she did at least halt her typing for a moment to address me. “You may not care what I think, Mr. Canon, but for what it’s worth, I do think you’re an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have you.”

It was a good thing she wasn’t looking, because I completely failed to mask my surprise. “Um, thank you.”

“But don’t take that to mean that I think you’re an innocent man.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that. She didn’t elaborate, however, so I simply said, “Have a nice summer, Mrs. Horen.”

“Mm.”

The remainder of the morning was spent in the usual end-of-year activities. Reporting missing materials, organizing returned ones, tidying up so August would be one iota less of an ordeal. Amy was in and out, flitting between all the members of her department.

She leaned around my doorway; finding me in the midst of re-stacking heavy piles of textbooks, she let herself in. “Hey, you’re back. While I have you, we had a couple updates to your fall schedule I wanted to run by you.”

I set down the pile of textbooks with a thud. “I saw you’d emailed me, but I hadn’t read it past the subject line. Is this something else?”

“No, it’s in the email, but some people don’t check over the summer, but better yet, I wanted to share in person anyway. So it’s good news, I think. Next fall, you’re dropping one of your junior English sections for another senior. You’ll be co-teaching with Mrs. West’s replacement, once she has one.”

Mrs. West was a GHS institution, retiring as the special education department chair at last after forty-three years in the district. She was also about that many years behind the curve, though it was blasphemy to point it out. I wasn’t the only one looking forward to new blood, and my special ed integrated classes were usually a fun challenge.

“Sounds groovy. So they haven’t said about who’s coming in? Last I’d heard they were moving Mrs. Colloca up.”

“There’s nothing official, but it sounds like she’ll get the department head but not the mixed classes. Plus it looks like she’ll be out on maternity leave most of the fall

semester anyway. Just keep checking that email – you’ll know a name when we know a name.”

“Cool, cool. Thanks, Amy.”

“Oh, but that’s not all, kiddies! Remember last fall when we pitched the American History/American Lit block class?”

“Nope, I only spent weeks prepping the presentation and then forgot all about it. Just like Horen did the minute we finished,” I added, grumbling. “Wait, you’re not saying…”

“Bing! We got it!” She darted over and we exchanged an exuberant high five.

“No way! What the hell changed? I thought guidance was dead set against incorporating it into the curriculum!”

“They were – they are – but apparently word got out to the PTO and somebody with a big voice started barking into a phone. Don’t ask me who got a bug up their butt about it, but the point is, it’s going through! Which means you’re losing your other junior section – sorry! – and one of your senior’s is going to be the block, two periods back to back, just like we pitched.”

“That’s great news. Man, just when you think the sticks in the mud have all the power...! So, who’s my buddy in the social studies department? Mois? Racine?”

“I’ll have the other section with Coach Mois. You’ve got Salata, actually. You two are buddies, right?”

“Uh, yeah. That’s right.” Candy? As if we weren’t going to have enough excuses to spend time together this summer, now we had an entirely novel course to plan. “Should be great.”

“I can’t wait to see what we can cook up. Are you going to be at the thing this evening?”

“Wouldn’t miss it!”

“Great! Then we can talk more there.”

Nothing like a little good news to make sweaty drudgery pass quicker. As for “the thing that evening,” I’d actually forgotten all about it. Every year, as teachers finished up at school, turned in their room keys and required materials and checked out for the summer, our first stop was at Chili’s. We trickled in throughout the afternoon and into the evening, one long train of comings and goings as we toasted to another year under our belts. I’d missed it one year, too tired from an all-nighter grading essays, but this year, it was on.

It was, as ever, a heck of a party by teacher standards. Drinking in moderation, unlimited chips and queso, and best of all, food not served with a ladle drawn out of a metal tub. I stuck around long enough to have lunch and dinner. I got to retell the fiction of being mass flashed three separate times as the crowd changed over the hours and demanded salacious gossip. I poked a little fun at Candy while a big group of us

were gathered, claiming that I'd bumped into former student Xavier Burney not long ago, and he'd told me she'd gotten herself a new tattoo. A crimson-faced Candy sputtered out a lie that it was private, something she'd gotten to commemorate her grandmother in a place she'd rather not show us. I let her off with that bit of improv, though Isa promptly excused herself to the women's room immediately after, returning a few minutes later with one fewer button done on her blouse.

It was a heck of a good time, cathartic and relaxing. Teachers from every department were in attendance, along with some of the administration. (Not Horen, though. We were all pretty sure she'd never let her guard down enough to drink.) Isa was along, too, and I even saw Randi there. I waved her over to a small table for just the two of us.

"Oh hey, Mr. Canon," she said, shedding her jacket and taking a seat. I wondered if Randi seeing me out of khakis and a polo shirt was as strange to her as it was for me seeing Randi out of her usual coveralls.

We exchanged a few pleasantries, talked about summer plans, and when a waiter came over, I asked him to put her meal on my check.

"You didn't have to do that, Mr. Canon," she protested. Her smile, however, was pleased.

"You can call me by my first name, you know," I laughed. One of the strangest things about becoming a teacher was suddenly becoming Mr. Canon instead of who I'd been my whole life to date. "It's—"

"Don't bother, I'm awful with names. Besides, pardon my French, but Canon's a pretty badass last name. You should own it."

"Language!" I gasped, scandalized, before giving her a laugh. "I do my best. And you know, I just wanted to say, I can't thank you enough for going out of your way to talk to that detective on my behalf. I think it went a long way to getting me out of that whole mess."

"My pleasure," she insisted, reaching across the table and giving my hand a comforting squeeze. "You're an excellent teacher, Mr. Horen."

"You'd be surprised how often I hear that." I flushed slightly at the compliment.

"I'm serious! I'm in and out of all these classrooms every day, and I don't see many teachers going that extra mile trying to drag a hellion like Taylor Stern across the finish line."

"Apparently I'm not much of a dragger." I shook my head. "Gave it a heck of a try though."

"Say, speaking of, I was hoping you were going to be here. I found this on the floor under your desk when I was finishing up in there this afternoon." From her purse, she produced a badly crumpled sheaf of stapled papers. I recognized it immediately.

Taylor's essay.

“I wouldn’t have bothered, but I knew how hard you were trying with her, so I figured, just in case I bumped into you.”

“You didn’t read it, did you?”

Our waiter chose that moment to return with our drink orders and some chips and salsa. I snatched the paper out of his way and stuffed it under my leg on the bench.

Randi took a sip from her margarita. “Mm, that’s not bad. Not enough tequila, but hey, we just started.”

“Randi? Did you, um, read it?”

She nodded. “Sure. Way better than her last try, that real smutty one. Sorry, but the way you two were fighting over it that one afternoon when I popped in, I got nosy, so when I emptied your bins, I fished it out and gave it a read. Smart kid though, right? I was the exact opposite. Hard worker, minded my teachers, but nothing ever clicked right for me. Such a waste.”

Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh GOD! “Um, look, you should know, all those things she said, they’re not real,” I began, but I was stammering so badly she had no trouble finding a moment to cut me off.

“Look, whatever you do with students and staff is for the best, and nobody else’s business.” She raised her glass to me. “You’re an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have you.”

My stomach dropped.

They’d gotten to her.

“I... who... when did they...”

She somehow followed my incoherent stutters. “You asking about that stuff? Oh, that was so long ago, I can’t...” She took a drink, mulling it over. “No, you know what? I think it was that same day, with that whole essay kerfuffle. Funny, right? Yeah, the little fox waited until I was doing one of the bathrooms, snuck up behind me and...” She mimed spraying her face. “Don’t you worry, though. Nothing’s more important to me than making sure you and your girls can have your fun.”

My god, when I was poised to listen for it, hearing the way Serenex twisted speech with its rote repetition was just detectable enough to be utterly chilling. “So you knew, this whole time, that we...?”

“Sure, sure. You aren’t nearly as subtle as you think you are. Classroom doors got that big gap at the bottom, ya know, and there’s a little sliver between those papers you got over your windows that you can see right in. Don’t you lose any sleep over it though. If I saw you were up to anything, I kept out of your hair and ran the vacuum so nobody’d hear nothing.”

Shit. So Taylor – or Abbie, which was still Taylor by proxy – had gotten to Randi all the way back toward the beginning of all this. Taylor was the reason she’d submitted

that statement on my behalf – and it had been total bullshit. Yet it had worked perfectly, right up until I made them take the fall for me.

No, I told myself. You're not forgiving her. This is just one more innocent person she brainwashed to get what she wanted. It's more proof that she can't be trusted and you shouldn't let her within ten miles of you. No.

“Well, thanks for that too, then, Randi.”

“No problem, Mr. Canon.” We clinked glasses, and I downed mine in a gulp. By the time I let Candy and Isa drive my thoroughly inebriated ass home, no pranks this time, I'd succeeded at convincing myself about Taylor. There was no going back.

Part Thirty: Distribution of Diplomas

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you: the graduating class of 2020!”

There was no applause. Into the silence, someone made a fart noise blowing into their palms. I was pretty sure it was Justin.

On stage, Principal Horen glowered in the direction of the disturbance, then resumed. “So then, everyone will applaud, you’ll stand up, we’ll allow a moment to smile at where your family is sitting so they can get a picture, then begin ushering out. It will follow the same order as the procession to stage; just turn the opposite direction. We’ll lead you back out across the lot to the fieldhouse, where we’ll distribute actual diplomas. There will be four tables...”

Mrs. Horen rattled off details to her disaffected crowd. The graduation rehearsal, a formality to reduce the chance of anyone making a fool of themselves during the ceremony, was always like this. It was attended by seniors who were burned out and way past ready to be done and gone. Any fondness they harbored for their four years at GHS was wrapped up in the people around them, not this ritual of academia. If we had some quality speakers this year who knew how to stoke the fires of those connections, they’d warm to it, but for now, they were simultaneously tense yet bored. This, they tolerated solely because they were inured to regulated tedium.

I’d volunteered to be a graduation usher a couple times in the past, but today, I was merely another spectator. Like a lot of teachers, I was in the auditorium for the rehearsal ceremony simply to have one last opportunity to see all of them in one place one last time. In a little while they would line up, proceed out to the football field, and commence the austere festivities.

I stood towards the back of the auditorium in a dimly lit nook. In a year that had been so fraught with my own drama, particularly of late, it was good to have time to see my students – former students – here in school again. Some I hadn’t taught in years, sophomores who’d taken speech and dodged my classroom in junior and senior English. Others, I’d seen only Thursday while I’d been forcing a blearly smile from a heart dulled by Serenex. Fresh faces or students whose names were already beginning to slip from memory, our time together was at an end. All we had now was history.

As we waited for the go-ahead to mobilize, students shuffled over to say farewell, exchange handshakes or hugs, invite me to their open houses to celebrate their graduation, or, in Justin’s case, to make a hushed word of gratitude for not flunking him.

“*You* didn’t flunk you, Justin. I had nothing to do with it.” He’d finished with a D+, as I recalled, but still, fail or flourish, it was my go-to line. In any case, it was better than Taylor had managed.

He glanced around. "Oh, and hey, about that thing..."

"I really don't want to talk about—"

"Nah, nobody's listening, C-dawg." True, we had a little space around us; the presence of others had nothing to do with my disinterest in discussing the topic, however. "I wanted to say thanks for being cool about it." I gritted my teeth. Still, there was enough background noise that it was safe enough so long as nobody came closer.

"I wish I could say the same," I said dryly.

He chuckled, grinning that irritating Justin grin of his. Lord, how I couldn't wait to never see that again. "Come on, buddy, relax. I was just busting your balls a little. Only not with my mouth this time."

My hands clenched.

"Look, I'm just joshing you, man!" he protested, slapping me on the arm. Like the reminder of what had happened between us, the slap was harsher than I was comfortable with. "Don't hold it against Taylor, though. She was only trying to do me a solid. Not easy to figure out if you're gay or bi or whatever without nobody finding out about it."

Much as I was inclined to be flippant with the little prick, especially now that I wasn't his teacher any more, his words engendered just enough sympathy that I held my tongue until I could compose something less snarky to say. "And the verdict?"

"You hitting on me, C-dawg? You're not my type, brah!" This time, his voice carried plenty loud, as did the ensuing guffaws. He lacked the fans he'd cultivated in my class; the only students near enough to overhear him glared at him for his crude suggestion. My empathy dissipated.

"Good luck out there, Justin," I said, and walked away.

I almost immediately bumped into Tabitha. "Hi, Mr. Canon," she said brightly. In a room full of people who'd been forced into antiquated ceremonial garb, she might be the one person who was pulling off the look. "How do I look?"

"Like a graduate."

"So, you approve?"

"Always."

Her smile warmed. "Are you coming to my graduation party? Daddy's going to be gone for most of the summer in Europe. He says it's to visit his mom and dad, but it's really for business. so we're doing it next weekend while he's still home." She took a half step closer, enough to lower her voice to intimate levels while maintaining a respectable distance. "I thought maybe you'd like to see my bedroom."

"I would like that."

Her smile brightened. "In the meantime, do you think, maybe, we could sneak out for a few minutes and I could go down on you? I could try to finish you really fast."

"Don't you worry about me, Tabitha. This is your day."

“I know. I want to be able to taste you on my tongue while I walk across the stage.” The brief lick of her lips was subtle, but sufficiently suggestive to leave me forced to hold my hands in front of my crotch.

I shook my head. “A for effort, but I think you’ll have to settle for a tic-tac.”

“But you’ll call soon, right? My grandparents – my mom’s parents, that is – leave tomorrow, so then there’s nothing standing between us. I’m yours for as much as you can handle me.” She smiled hopefully.

“Oh, Tabitha. You know I will.” I spread my arms, figuring her body would work as well for covering my erection.

She squirmed in surprise as she felt my hands close in on her ass. “Mr. Canon!” she squeaked quietly in my ear.

I enjoyed a few more seconds of fondling, then released her. With my back to the auditoriums’ occupants, it was naught but a hug as far as they were concerned. Her face was suddenly flushed, and I knew well that the intense look on her face was not the righteous indignation that once would have been there at being publicly felt up by a teacher. It was arousal. Savage, urgent arousal.

“Congratulations, Ms. Hutchings. See you on stage.” I walked by, and left her in my wake.

A few rendezvous with fond students later, I finally bumped into the fondest of them all. She disentangled herself from a cluster of friends to dash over to me and unabashedly wrap her arms around me in a truly fierce embrace, practically a tackle. “Mr. Canon. Hi.”

“Hiya, Cassie.” I hugged back, skipping the grope this time. She’d already arranged a sleepover tonight; I’d have plenty of opportunity to enjoy her ass then.

“Can you believe we’re here? I mean, gosh, this is probably the last time we’ll ever be together at GHS. Not that we were ever *together* together here. Which sucks, you know? Well, no, there was the locker room. That’s technically GHS, even if it’s way out past the parking lot. Wasn’t that awesome? Do you think we’ll ever do something like that again? I’m not good at hashtag roleplay – yet – but it was still fun. For me, anyway. You looked like you had fun, but I don’t wanna be assumptuous. Presumptuous? That sounds better. You know, I bet I’d know way more vocabulary if I’d had you for English.”

“I had fun,” I assured her. Had her friends heard her? It had probably come out too fast for them to make sense of it.

“So I was thinking maybe tonight, if you wanted, I could wear this leather–”

“It’s time, everyone!” called Mrs. Horen from the stage. She began bellowing out instructions for alphabetical lines to reform.

I squeezed her shoulder. “Wear it.”

She giggled happily. “Goodbye hashtag schoolgirl, hello hashtag bondage slave!” She rushed off towards the front of the line. I got out of the way, and soon enough, the

alphabetical procession formed and made its way toward the exit, and from there, out into the parking lot and over to the football field. It was a gray day, but the forecast promised minimal chance of rain until this evening, so outdoors it was. It was warm out, and a bit humid, and altogether the sort of day that made for bad pictures. Ah, well.

The other teachers and I not involved in the ceremony shuffled along in their wake. Space was always at a premium for graduation, so in absence of a ticket, I used my status as a teacher to get past Mrs. Pedretti, then simply stood off to one side to observe. By summer's end, I'd be back to normal human tolerance for standing in place for hours at a time, but for now, my knees were still in teacher mode. Three hours was nothing.

The ceremony commenced. It was about the same as years past. An opening address by Principal Horen, brief remarks from the superintendent. The valedictorian and class president gave speeches. Then it was time for the distribution of "diplomas," which were really only empty holders. They'd get their diplomas afterward; the withholding was our last means of coercing their good behavior for this final stretch. Parents were asked not to applaud for individuals so the reading of names could proceed quickly. Or less slowly, anyway. Most parents listened. Nobody tripped. I only caught a single name mispronunciation, and it was promptly corrected by another teacher on stage.

There was, for me, a conspicuous absence between Valerie Stenson and John Stettman-Boggs.

Somewhere in the middle of it the sun peeked out, though it didn't last long. When it left, it was grayer even than before. Just like that, it was all done and over. As Principal Horen took the mic to make her final remarks and instructions, I quietly excused myself from the field.

She was waiting for me by my car. Somehow, I wasn't surprised.

"Hey there, C-dawg."

"Hey there yourself."

"How was it? I miss anything?"

"A diploma." I looked her over. "And apparently a copy of the dress code."

Taylor smirked her radiant smirk. Amazing how different it was when she was smirking for you instead of smirking at you. She hefted her breasts in their turquoise bikini top demonstratively. "All those fuckers coming out here ready to throw their success in my face. Figured I'd make sure they knew I still got something over on 'em."

"Well, you're doing a good job of it. If boobs were in the core curriculum, you'd have at least aced one subject."

"Aw, you say the sweetest things."

I stood by, waiting, but when she said nothing further, I prompted her. She was blocking the door, after all, which was not an accident. “Was that it? You waited here for me just to show off your tits?”

“First of all, don’t act like you don’t love it. Your ass is stuck with all them other flat-ass bitches now, so take ‘em in while you can.”

“Abbie is flat?”

“OK, flat or droopy.”

“Oh god, Taylor, she’s not droopy.”

“Just admit you’re gonna be lost without ‘em.”

“I still have Isa.”

She frowned. “Fuck. OK, you got me there. Maybe. Anyway, I was just waiting for some friends. Saw you coming and figured I’d try not to be a bitch for once.”

“Trying something new, eh?”

“Blow me.”

I folded my arms. “Taylor, you were standing by my car. If you want to pretend it’s coincidental timing, fine, but if you have something you wanted to say to me, say it.”

She frowned. “Way to be a dick about it. I *was* going to give you something, but if you’re gonna be a prick, then fine, fuck you, too.”

“A present? For what? I’m not going back on what I said, Taylor. Maybe you thought drugging me and forcing yourself on me—”

“Right, because you were totally cool to drug me and forced me to take your stupid test.”

“The two are not even close to the same thing!”

“Right. You just hated it, I bet. That must be why you came inside me. Twice.”

“I stand by what I said. Yes, we had fun, but no, I’m not changing my mind.”

Her hands balled into fists, and a primal growl issued from deep in her throat. A few hundred feet away at the other end of the parking lot, the procession of graduates began exiting the field wearing their caps and gowns, empty diploma cases in hand.

“I swear to god, you are the most selfish asshole I’ve ever met!” Taylor roared. “If you even knew half the shit I did for your ungrateful fuckin’ ass, you’d—”

“You mean like drugging Randi?” I interjected calmly.

Taylor froze, head snapping back warily. “Um, what do you... I mean, I never...”

“You did. And if you’re going to lie to me, then we have nothing to talk about. I know all of it now, so don’t embarrass yourself by being coy.”

She planted her hands on her hips. “OK, fine! So what? So I dosed a janitor. Big fucking deal. Not like anybody got hurt by it.”

“That depends on one’s perspective on the merits of free will.”

“Overrated. You of all people should know that.” She shook her head irritably. “So how’d you find out?”

“You left your essay on the floor. She returned it to me, because she thought you and I might be continuing to get together even after your dismissal and that I might want to return it to you. Which begged the question why she wouldn’t object to such a liaison, but she assured me that I was an excellent teacher, and that you were lucky to have me. I asked if she’d read it. She commended your hard work, but felt like you’d over-relied on quotation.”

“Harsh criticism from a bitch that mops up piss off the men’s room floor for a living.”

“She’s a hard worker and provides good service. Two things you’ve yet to learn anything about.”

“Ooooh, sick burn there.”

“At any rate, the way she reacted made it too obvious what you’d done to her. In short, you were sloppy.”

The procession was passing us by now, though it didn’t come close enough to allow us to be overheard. One of her friends called out a greeting, but she barely acknowledged it. “Sloppy my ass. That’s just some good sleuthing on your part.”

“Oh, that’s only where the sleuthing began. You see, something Abbie said yesterday as she was coming around... it got me thinking. She acted like there was some big secret she’d figured you’d tell me, something that would have forestalled the breakup. So once Randi revealed her little slice of the secret, I thought, there has to be more to it than that. Brainwashing Randi worked out well, but it’s a cover your ass move, not a romantic gesture. So as I thought about it some more, I remembered that Randi wasn’t the only person who told me that very thing that day. Excellent teacher, lucky to have me. Care to guess where else I heard it?”

Taylor shrugged. “Your mom?”

“Principal Horen, as a matter of fact. As I reflected on it, I was pretty sure she’d used that exact same wording, too. Struck me as a little bit suspect.”

“Are you accusing me of dosing the principal, too?”

“Yes, among other accusations. So I had to ask myself why. Randi, all right. In and out of the room every afternoon, in a position to see and hear things you – we – didn’t want seen or heard. But Principal Horen? I think in five years of teaching at this school, she’s been in my classroom twice that I recall, and only for planned observations. She knows as much about what I do in my classroom as I expect your parents do about your participation. So what for?”

“What for?” Taylor sneered. “Um, you don’t remember her catching me showing you my pussy? Firing you? Kicking my ass out of school?”

“Sure, there was that, only that very afternoon when she walked in on the lot of you, your sister returned the Serenex to me. It’s been in my custody ever since. So I knew it had to have occurred before all that. I wouldn’t have put it past you to dose her

for your own ends – straight A’s, immunity to disciplinary action, that kind of thing – but that you’d come at her to instill a high opinion of *me*... that didn’t register.”

“Yeah, well, like I said, you’re welcome.”

I disregarded her deflection. “So I put a pin in that and then asked myself: if you went after her, then who else? So I picked up the phone and called up Mrs. Cook-Burfield, my department head. Direct supervisor, and the classroom next door. Maybe you’d thought *she* was a threat, too. I point blank asked her what kind of teacher I was, and I bet you’ll never guess what she said.”

“A ball-busting asshole?”

Families were milling out of the gate now, some of them dispersing toward vehicles in the lot, others making their way to find their students in the fieldhouse.

“Excellent teacher, lucky to have me. By then, I was starting to get paranoid. Who all had you gone after? By the time Ms. Salata and Officer Barbie... sorry, Barbour–”

“Ha! Gotcha.”

“By the time they made me pour most of my can down the sink, there was hardly any left, so I know you couldn’t have done much with it. I was guessing maybe a half dozen doses, tops. I used at least two or three simply bringing you in for the final. I’m not a math teacher, but I can add and subtract.”

“Don’t sell yourself short, C-dawg. You’re multiplying my boredom with all this.”

“So I figured I’d check with the usual suspects. I swing by Isa and Candy’s house, to ask Candy what *she* thinks of me as a teacher.”

“God, I didn’t re-dose Ms. Salata!” she protested angrily. “What would be the fucking point? That bitch is as owned as owned can be.”

“I know you didn’t dose her. Her answer was not that same rote recitation. The immediate look of guilt in her eyes, however, said a great deal more. Same for Isa. They knew something. Plain as the tits bulging out of that bikini top of yours.”

“Hey, tuck that away for your refresher on similes next year.”

“But what? I already knew that they’d hooked you two up with the canister after Abbie used on me. They’d admitted it, and made a very reasonable claim for innocence on the grounds that you mind-controlled them into it. I’d already forgiven and forgotten supplying you with more of the stuff, so why those evasive looks over old news?”

“HEY TAYLOR!” yelled Justin from a couple aisles over. In unison we held up a single digit each to ward him off, albeit not the same digits. For once in his life, he took the hint and swaggered off into the building to retrieve his diploma.

“So? What’d they say?” she asked evenly.

“Oh, nothing at first. You have them good and cowed. I pulled out all the stops, though. Started with the basics, a little corporal punishment, the old ‘Hey, Candy, I *planned* for you to tell me Taylor’s secret,’ all that bullshit. Took some naked photos of

them, faces and all, sent them to every number on their contact lists. Still wouldn't break."

Taylor gaped. "You did fucking not."

"Of course I didn't. But so long as they only thought I was being a tyrannical overlord, they couldn't control themselves, fell to frigging themselves into a coma. Moreover, they handed their phones over, where I looked through their call logs. Specifically, their call logs with you."

"Jesus, fucking invade people's privacy much?!"

"Spare me. For the love of god, spare me." A couple approached the vehicle parked next to mine; we stood aside so they could get in; I calmly delayed my recrimination until they were in their vehicle and on their way.

"What I found interesting, even more so than the sight of those women sixty-nining their tongues off, was a pattern a few weeks back, shortly after the dinner party. A pattern of calls between you and Isa, and then this other number and Isa, and vice versa. Minutes apart. Almost as if there was some causal relationship between them."

"This is some paranoid-ass shit, Mr. Canon."

"Since there was no name attached to the contact, I asked Isa who it was. She acted like she didn't know. Acted badly, I might add. So I did the logical thing and gave them a call. I'd say you'll never guess who answered, but I'm sure you know exactly whom."

"I don't have the slightest—"

"She was confused, hearing a man's voice coming from Isa's phone, but I managed to get a name out of her before she hung up. A first name, at least, though that was plenty. The call seemed to really freak Shantel out for some reason."

The car beside us pulled out. I broadened my stance. Right now, with that look of consternation on Taylor's smug face, it felt like my ego needed a whole parking space. "You dosed her, didn't you."

The young woman merely glared sullenly. It was as much confirmation as I'd gotten when I pressed Isa on it, but that too had been sufficient. "Makes sense. With a trained chemist on your side – one who works in a drug analysis lab, with access to all the contaminants she'd need to replicate my mutated Serenex, one whom you thought I'd never encounter or question, so you could keep marching to your twisted Emersonian drummer. Even if the woman found a way around your control – which I doubt you'd give her – she'd think to go after Isa, and no way that submissive little bitch was going to rat you out. Hell, you probably even had Abbie handle that, scapegoat for life."

"Almost out of the good stuff, so you move heaven and earth to get your hands on more. You make all these big plans for a grandiose gesture to impress your new

boyfriend, mind-fucking the entire faculty and staff just so you and I can hook up in the classroom without anyone getting nosy.” I shook my head. “Or something. It’s so insidious and fucked up I can’t even begin to fathom what you were thinking when you did it. But I spoke with a dozen of my coworkers today at the rehearsal, and every last one parroted that same ‘excellent teacher, lucky to have you’ bullshit. By then, I was checking out that other thing, too – what Randi said about how whatever I do is for the best, nobody’s business. Again, there it was. Horen, too, once I cornered her.”

“Maybe they were just...” But she didn’t have any excuses left.

“Maybe nothing. Mrs. Meaden retired, effective Friday, so I flat-out asked her if she’d heard about the flashing incident. She said she had. So I asked, ‘and what if I told you the girls were in there waiting to have sex with me?’ I’ll give you three goddamn guesses what her answer was.”

Taylor had been so certain she’d gotten away with it all, she was stunned speechless. I had her on the ropes, and pressed the attack. “You had Candy get them at the faculty meeting, the one to explain my absence the week before finals. Was that it? That’s the only timing that makes sense to me. If you already had Horen, and I can only assume that you did, it’s the easiest way. Lure in the bulk of the faculty, then send Isa after any stragglers and the shirkers who missed the meeting. Twenty-four hours, and the whole faculty was corrupted, thanks to you.

“Oh, and I found out about Shipman. Got to him, too, huh? I couldn’t get anything out of Isa about whether she dosed him after he was called in on my case, or if that whole getting fired and investigated by the cops thing was one big stunt you set up before it even happened. Either way, fuck you for that, too. On behalf of both of us.”

“I... It was...”

A few tiny droplets started to fall on us. “Was that why you stormed in the other day, tried to get me to fuck you with Horen roaming the halls on the warpath? Because you knew full well you could get away with it, and wanted my help looking for the boundaries of your bottomless ego? Because you wanted to show off how completely, utterly, remorselessly self-important you can be? Because you thought it would be funny?”

“It’s not *not* funny...”

“Why, Taylor? Just... why? Help me understand what motivated this. Tell me—”

The band, on hand to play “Pomp and Circumstance” for the ceremony, was the last out of the football field gates, shuffling along with their instruments in the direction of the band hallway entrance. Some kid with a trombone gave a look at Taylor, half-uncovered tits gleaming from the wetness, and played what I could only interpret as a wolf whistle. I gave him a hard look and he darted away giggling.

“Actually, you know what? Screw the explanations. I don’t care any more. Christ, Taylor. Do you have any idea what kind of damage you could have cause? Still might

cause, frankly. I don't know if you've noticed, but this stuff has an uncanny way of blowing up in your face the first chance it gets. I can't even begin to imagine the ways this might have gone to hell."

"But it didn't. Unlike you, I went in with a plan. The plan *worked*."

"Don't think that the potential catastrophe is my sole objection, Taylor. I only point it out because god only knows how many more gallons of that crap you have back home, and whatever other casual cruelty you might plan. Or use on a whim, for that matter."

"I don't have much – and I *don't* use it on a whim. I'm not stupid."

I closed my eyes for a moment, and let out a long sigh that built up almost instantly. "I know you're not stupid. As a matter of fact, Taylor, I think you're brilliant. And you're beautiful. And you're cunning as hell, and I should clarify that you may be the only person I have ever met for whom I mean that distinction as a compliment."

A tiny smile threatened at the corners of her mouth, so I pounced before it could spread. "You're also ruthless, egotistical, thoughtless, and cruel. You *frighten* me, Taylor. Do you realize that? I care about you – more than I've ever told you, more than I've ever cared about most people." That was a realization I was having even as I said it. "But I am genuinely frightened by the lack of compunction you have exhibited."

Her eyes glistened. "You're afraid of me?"

"Yes. I was worried about you – and I still am – but after what I've learned these past few days, I am more worried about what you might do."

The parking lot had quieted down. By now, almost everyone had either moved inside for the diploma dispersal, or gotten in their cars and headed home. Good timing, too, because it was then that the weather forecast failed altogether. Raindrops began to fall, pinging off the cars of the lot, sprinkling onto student and teacher alike.

She didn't flinch though. "So, what, you gonna follow me home, force me to get rid of the rest of it? Because there's barely any left."

"I'd be an idiot to take your word for it after everything I've learned, but regardless, no. I'd be a bigger idiot to think I was going to get somewhere by forcing Taylor Stern to do anything."

"But you said you were afraid."

"I am. Which is why I hope you'll do the right thing and get rid of that stuff. You have more than enough to make it on your own in the world, Taylor. You don't need that junk. Whatever you've gained from it, it's cost you more. You lost out on a diploma you spent thirteen years pursuing. You lost your parents' trust. Your sister's. Mine."

She forced a sneer, but it didn't reach her eyes. "Big deal, so my English teacher hates me now. I mean, what happened to your big speech from the other day about how as a teacher you want what's best for your students, huh?"

“Taylor, I do not hate you. Maybe I did once, though don’t insult me by pretending it wasn’t mutual. I...” No. I cut myself short. “I don’t know, maybe I could have loved you, even. Maybe. I loved being with you, at least. Regardless, I don’t give two craps whether you think that the teacher-student factor diminishes the sentiment or not. It doesn’t to me. I got into this whole stupid mess because of that feeling, and once I started, and I saw you as something other than a bratty little vixen, I couldn’t resist going further.”

The rain held itself to a mere drizzle, as if it worried about being seen as rude for interrupting. “I still want you to do well and find some peace and happiness for yourself. You don’t have to be Ralph Waldo Emerson to see that you’re not going to find it in that canister. I’m not going to try to force you to do anything. Lesson learned on that one, believe me. Just think about it, and make your own decision. That’s all I ever ask.”

After a moment, she wiped away a sheen of moisture from her forehead. “You ask a fuck of a lot more than that, C-dawg.”

I let myself smile. “I wouldn’t be much of a teacher if I didn’t.”

At last, she stepped out from in front of my car door. “C’mon, let’s go inside. My friends are waiting for me, and I’m sure your fallback bitches are waiting for you.”

They weren’t, but I had planned on going in anyway. I wouldn’t have even gone to my car if I hadn’t seen her standing there. Perhaps it was selfish of me, but graduation was one of those days that simply felt good to be a teacher. It would do my soul good to expose it to the joy of my former students, especially after what I’d just put it through.

Taylor and I walked inside together. If anyone thought it strange, a young, single teacher walking side by side with a dropout in a sopping wet bikini top, I didn’t care. Hell, thanks to her, my colleagues would think nothing of it, and all of her classmates were about to leave for good, and had bigger things on their minds, besides. Inside, there was a buzz of excitement, jubilant noise streaming from the fieldhouse doors ahead. As we reached them, however, Taylor stopped me with a hand on my wrist. I paused.

“You know, it’s a damn shame we hated each other before we liked each other. We might’ve done good, ya know.”

“Maybe so.”

“Guess you can’t reboot shit in the middle of it, though.”

“No, you sure can’t.”

Her head tilted to the side. “You sure you don’t want your present?”

“You mean the present isn’t a work place where none of my coworkers or superiors can find any fault with anything I do?” Not exactly what I’d had on my wish list. Honestly, I’d thought it would be that, or else a quick fuck in the backseat of my car. It would have been tempting. There really was no substitute for her.

“Nah. This is... well, let’s just say it’s not for pussies.”

“You’re not going to reverse psychology me into it, Taylor. I am not a pussy, but I’m not an idiot, either.”

She laughed. “Tell you what. I’m a leave you be. For good and all. Maybe think about some shit. Maybe read some more Emerson.” She smiled, and though her voice hinted at sarcasm, her eyes bespoke something else. “You decide you want it, talk to Tabitha. She’ll hook you up.”

“How long do I have to decide?” I asked, perplexed.

“It’s time-sensitive, you could say.”

“Meaning...? Come on, at least give me a hint.”

“I already gave you the hint. Your ass seems pretty good at figuring out shit, anyway.”

Cryptic. Nothing to be done for it, though. “All right. You have fun with your friends, Taylor. I suppose we’ll probably see one another around.”

“Yeah, if you’re gonna keep fucking my sister,” she said as we stepped aside to let Mrs. Pedretti past us. The words were said at full volume, mere feet from the passing parental volunteer; the woman simply kept walking, even as I sheepishly answered that I likely would. If the woman was offended at my admission, she gave no sign of it.

God, that girl.

“All right. Well... I guess see you later, asshole.”

“Later, bitch.”

She smiled, but the melancholy in her eyes was the same as I felt in my own heart. Breakups were shitty, regardless of the circumstances. For almost two years, I’d looked forward to the day when I’d stop having to see Taylor goddamn Stern five days a week. Now, I was sorry to see her go.

I was hopeful, however. I hoped she’d reflect on what I’d said. I hoped she’d figure out what she wanted to do with herself, or at least find something to bring her a little joy and satisfaction. I hoped she’d set down all that bitterness and fear she carried on her shoulders.

I *really* hoped I didn’t need to take action to stop her.

Somehow, though, I didn’t think I would.

I gave Taylor a headstart into the fieldhouse. Once I entered, it was a fracas of tearful goodbyes, farewell selfies, proud stares at hard-earned diplomas. This would be a day many of them would remember forever. Now that it was *real*, no longer the foreshadowed event of the rehearsal but the tangible fact of having graduated, students thronged their old English teacher. Megan approached me with Cassie, the three of us letting Cassie’s grandmother take a picture. As we posed, Megan murmured out of the corner of her mouth.

“My mom’s fine watching Robby tonight; told her I had to work a night shift. Got room for one more?” Somehow, her smile never faltered. The woman ought to be a ventriloquist.

“Ask Cassie about the dress code,” I muttered back.

“You think I got her that outfit without splurging on myself?”

Later, when Cassie tagged me in the photo after uploading it to her instagram, I’d shake my head at the look on my face after Megan grabbed my ass a split second before her mother hit the button.

I posed for pictures, congratulated elated students and proud parents, stashed still more open house invites. None were so alluring as the one for next weekend, with its promise of a bedroom tour. The young woman who had made that offer sought me out before long as well.

“Hey, Mr. Canon. Have you met my father?” She gestured to the man beside her, a dauntingly attractive man of delicate features but hard eyes. Beside him stood a woman that I would have recognized as a trophy wife without having heard a single word about her. Tabitha’s stepmother, the second Mrs. Hutchings, was a slender Asian woman who looked like she was a good deal closer to her stepdaughter’s age than her husband’s. Close to my own, if I had to guess. Mrs. Hutchings was intensely beautiful, and she wore an expression that was unimpeachably gracious yet simultaneously revealing intense disinterest in the proceedings.

Her father extended a hand.

“Mr. Hutchings! Good to meet you. I’m—”

“Say no more, Mr. Canon. My daughter’s told me all about you. Said you’re her favorite teacher. She wasn’t too much trouble, I hope?”

“Far from it. ‘Pleasure to have in class,’ as I’m sure you’ve heard a thousand times over the years.”

“Yes, well, let me say I had my doubts about letting her attend public school, but you people run a tight ship here, Canon. By all accounts you’ve done fine work with my Tabitha. You’re to be commended.”

By sheer chance, Amy was walking past in that moment. Recognizing Tabitha from her own honors level junior English, she leaned in to add, “Mr. Canon is an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have him.”

I managed not to choke on my tongue. Tabitha spared me from trying to reply to that, thankfully. “Daddy, if it’s all right, I’d like to stay here and hang out with my friends for a while.”

He smiled indulgently, the look of a man pleased with himself for having sired something so pleasing. “Of course, princess. Be home in time for dinner. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

He bent in to plant the briefest of kisses on her forehead, and with a magnanimous parting nod to me, gathered up his wife and made for the door with a bit more haste than was seemly.

“Sorry about that,” she said. “And sorry about this, too, but... well, you know how it is. Taylor said to remind you about the present? If you’re interested.”

“I suppose you’re not going to give me a hint either.”

Tabitha shook her head. “She told me not to. Even if I did, it would probably only... yeesh, that was almost a hint. Sorry. Though she did ask me to pass along a message. Hang on.” She fidgeted inside her graduation gown until she came out with her phone. Thumbing through texts, she seemed to find what she was looking for.

“She writes, ‘I got this for him back when it still made sense to get it for him. Then we broke up and fuck knows I ain’t got no use for it. Was finna just leave and never tell him...’” Tabitha wrinkled her nose. “Ugh, no wonder she flunked out. Anyway, she says, ‘I appreciate what he said, so fine, what the fuck ever, if he wants it, it’s his.’ Except she used its, not it’s.”

I waited for a moment. “That’s it? She didn’t say what it is?”

“Do you want it?”

My eyes narrowed. “Do I?”

“I don’t know, Mr. Canon. All I know is if you do, I have more instructions.”

I sighed. Here’s hoping it was a fruit basket or a gift card and not the deed to Mrs. Horen’s house. “Oh, good god. Fine. I’ll take it.”

“You got it.” Like that, Tabitha was back on her phone, thumbs tapping hastily at keys.

I didn’t bother to hide that I was reading over her shoulder. *He says he’ll take it.* The recipient, according to the contact name at the top of the page, was *Bitch, Stupid.*

“Taylor, huh. Does she know you have her saved like that?”

She shook her head and pulled up another contact. “No, that’s not Taylor, and no, she doesn’t know. *This* is Taylor.” *Bitch, Boss.* “If I enter them like that with the commas, they stay side by side. Convenient.”

“Dare I ask what you have me saved as?”

She smiled, scrolling down through her contacts and finally tapping on one and holding it up to me. *Free Tutoring Service.* “In case anyone snoops, I didn’t want them to find an entry for ‘Guy Who Spanks Me Until I Come.’”

Thank goodness everyone else was wrapped up in the moment and not paying attention to us. “I approve.”

The phone buzzed with the reply from Stupid Bitch. (Inwardly, I felt a bit guilty that I didn’t know whether that referred to Abbie or Cassie. Tabitha was not someone whose estimations of others’ intelligence was known to be charitable.)

tell him 2 go 2 his room, it read. Abbie, then. Cassie at least used words and capital letters. Hell, it automatically capitalized; Abbie just didn't like to be told how to punctuate.

"My classroom?"

Tabitha nodded. "I believe so, yes."

There was a problem with that, though. "Uh, I don't have my keys any more. I can't get in there. I'm not sure I could have gotten through all those doors and gates when I did. Horen doesn't place a lot of faith in us not to burgle the place, I guess."

Tabitha texted as much while I paused to greet another student, Dan Rietty, and his parents. "Mr. Canon's a good teacher," he told them. "I really liked some of the questions on your final, by the way," he added back in my direction.

I'd never felt so relieved to be demoted from excellent to merely good. "I'm glad. You had some sharp answers, too, Dan. I'm proud of you." I did not, in fact, remember Dan's answers, but he was here diploma in hand, so he must have done well enough.

Dan's family moved on. Abbie's reply was already waiting. "She says it's open?" The girl shrugged.

I sighed. I'd already said yes. Why the hell not.

Sure enough, the way was clear. Gates unfastened, doors unlocked. Taylor had once made a glib admission that she'd made copies of my house keys – which I was only now realizing I might need to have my locks changed – so I could only assume she'd done the same to Randi or Mrs. Horen and their keys to the school.

"So you and Taylor broke things off?" Tabitha asked quietly at my side. Not that there was anyone around. She could have screamed it and no one would have heard.

"Word gets around, it seems." I shrugged. "But yes. I told her I'd had enough. Twice, actually."

She didn't reply, but even in the farthest corner of my field of vision, the broad smile plastered on her face was unmistakable. "Schadenfreude?" I asked.

"No, just... it'll be better without her. *We'll* be better without her. I'll learn more. Get more playing time, too. Don't construe this as my having self-esteem issues, but she's, um, a lot of competition."

"Different men have different types, same as women, Tabitha."

"Yeah, well unfortunately, my type of man is into the whole perfect legs perfect ass perfect tits aesthetic."

"Believe me, Tabitha. I would never peg you for having self-esteem issues." I paused, pulling her in for a brief kiss. We were in the middle of the school's central corridor, but why not? Nobody was around. If they were, they would be a coworker, and would just shrug it off as nobody else's business.

Lord, Taylor. It was like she'd wanted to be able to fuck me in the middle of a faculty meeting.

“You’re much prettier than her,” I told her. So long as one confined prettiness to the face, anyway. And was generous with “much.”

“I know,” she said smoothly. “Though I’ll notice you didn’t challenge any of my other ratings. I really will get that tit job, you know, if–”

“I know. But no. Sure, I’ve always like ‘em big, but you’re on your way to convincing me I’ve been missing something. Keep building your case.”

She grinned, mollified, and on we went.

The door to my classroom was closed, but in the otherwise dark and gloomy corridors, it was the only one with light streaming from inside. The windows no longer had their paper coverings, removed in preparation for a redecoration in the fall, but we still couldn’t see anyone from the entrance. I braced myself.

If I’d had to make a guess, I would have guessed that I’d walk in to find Taylor naked on my desk, a last ditch effort to win me back, or maybe just a petulant demand for non-drugged breakup sex.

My second guess: Abbie and Taylor together, a gambit to show me she’d gotten over the step-incest thing and was willing to play ball, be chill about the status quo.

If I’d made a third, then maybe, just maybe, she’d have Candy and Isa in there with them, too, a full-on Stern-style “down with dykes” revelation of their awokening, a great big classroom orgy at the ready to usher in a summer of debauchery that would include her.

Fourth? She’d made Abbie take a dump on my desk.

I opened the door. “All right Taylor, let’s–”

Taylor was not in my room. Two other people were.

One was straight from my short list of suspects. Abbie sat on the corner of my desk in a loose-fitting t-shirt and denim shorts that went down nearly to her knees. That she wasn’t dressed to titillate was actually much more surprising than her being here. As I walked in, she looked up from her phone with a sly grin.

“Sup, C-dawg. Long time no see.”

The other occupant, however, was not on the short list. Nor the long list, nor any list at all aside from my second period class roster.

“Katie...?”

Katie Medina’s reply was muffled by her gag, what turned out to be a wadded up ball of paper towels from the dispenser I kept in my desk. Which, it turned out, was now sitting beside Abbie, who turned out to be offering to me the key to a pair of handcuffs which, it turned out, were the reason Katie wasn’t moving from her desk at the front of the room.

She was still wearing her graduation gown from the ceremony, though the cap looked to have tumbled to the floor at some point.

I dropped the key twice in my haste, but the cuffs fell open. She coughed fretfully into the paper towels, and though she immediately removed them, I winced at seeing that a layer of paper remained stuck to her tongue, and probably inside her cheeks as well. She rushed over to the wastebasket, attempting to spit the clingy bits from her now completely dry tongue. Removing the gag did nothing to stop her from gagging.

“Get her some water, Tabitha!” I snapped, patting the poor girl on the back what I hoped was comfortingly.

“Sure! Um, but I don’t have any way to...”

“There’s a bottle in my bottom right drawer. Hurry!”

Tabitha rushed to obey, squeezing past where Abbie nonchalantly sat back, popping a Flamin’ Hot Cheeto in her mouth from a bag in her purse. It crunched noisily. As Katie struggled to de-mummify her tongue, I whirled on her. “What in the name of all the fucks in hell is going on here?!”

“Surprise,” she said dryly. Some crumbs dropped out of her mouth; she lazily brushed them off her lap. “For the record, I told her not to do that.”

How unlike Taylor to ignore good advice.

It wasn’t often that I shouted. I raised my voice all the time, but that was an essential fact of life inhabiting a room with thirty energetic teenagers. Shouting, however, was rare. Taylor had often tried her best pushing me to that point, and it seemed she wasn’t yet done.

“You have about three seconds to start making explanations for why there is a student *chained to a desk in my classroom* while you sprinkle Cheetos crumbs on my floor *for the goddamn rats!*” I roared. I hadn’t meant for the crumb situation and the hostage crisis to receive equal weight, but it was what it was.

“Rats? You serious?” She raised her feet onto the desk nervously.

“One...”

“Jesus Christ, dude. Shoot the messenger, why don’t you.”

Katie wheezed into the wastebasket in the midst of trying to peel dry paper off her tongue. Or maybe she was about to throw up. I was just glad she wasn’t running out of the room screaming.

“I’m about to.” I thrust up two fingers.

Abbie drummed her fingers on my desk and gave me a look that bespoke how my counting at her was apt to go over. Goddamn oppositional-defiance! Goddamn Serenex! *Goddamn Taylor Stern!*

I forced my volume down as low as it could, around what I usually used for a full classroom. “Level with me here, OK? I am freaking the hell out, and I don’t think that’s just me being reactionary. Tell me something. Anything.”

“It’s Taylor, man. You know how she is. Told me what she needed, so here I am. I was in fuckin’ bed and she comes in barking at me at the crack of noon get get my ass

out here. And what's my thanks for a job well done? I got your ass all up in my grill. Fuck me, man, this job sucks. Need to fuckin' unionize."

"And what was it she told you to do."

"Just to bring her here and wait for you." She shrugged.

"Did she tell you to bind and gag her, or do you just walk around with handcuffs in your—"

Tabitha returned from the fountain, rushing over to Katie with the water bottle. The young blonde spritzed some into her mouth, swished, and spit it into the empty wastebasket. A few more times, and she seemed to have loosened the paper to the point where her tongue was free. Meanwhile, I tried not to notice how much cleavage was visible hanging beneath her gown. These girls had given me bad habits.

"Katie, oh my god. Are you all right?"

She remained bent over. "Ugh. Yeah. Man, that was nasty. Thanks, Mr. C." She kept at it with the water bottle, swishing the water around to get the dregs and spitting into the trash.

I pivoted to the others. "Both of you. Talk. Now."

Tabitha defended herself first. "I didn't know anything about whatever that was," she insisted.

Abbie shot her a swift glare. "Don't hate on me. I told Taylor this was a horrible idea from the beginning, C-dawg."

"Well you obviously know something! If you don't know the why, you can at least start with the goddamn how! I just watched her graduate! Did you chloroform her in the bathroom or something?"

"This school, man, people getting drugged all over the place. Somebody needs to crack down," quipped Abbie. I didn't laugh.

Screw it. I turned back to Katie, who seemed to have more or less recovered. "Katie, what did they do to you? Are you OK?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I think so, Mr. C. Those paper towels were frickin' gross. You know what it... Did you ever try the saltine challenge?"

"No."

"Oh, well it's this thing where you have to eat six saltines in one minute. It sounds really easy, right? Because it's just crackers, and I'd swear I've eaten six crackers in a minute like a hundred times – not literally a hundred times, because crackers are basically just pure carbs and who needs 'em – but man, suddenly when it's a challenge, it's impossible. Your mouth gets so dry after like three of them, and—"

"I'm familiar with the premise," I interjected.

"Oh. OK. Well anyway, it was like that, kinda of. But stickier."

"Did they hurt you? What happened?"

"Hurt me? Eh, the cuffs were a little tight, but I think it'll be fine."

“Katie. I understand you’re having a moment, but I need you to tell me... *WHAT. HAPPENED.*” I was this close to losing it.

“Oh. I was in the fieldhouse waiting in line for my diploma, and Abbie came over and told me you wanted to see me in your classroom. So I said OK, sure. Keyed us right in – though I swear, Mr. Canon, I don’t know *anything* about where she got those keys.”

I waited for her to go on.

She stared at me unblinkingly.

“That’s it?” I turned back to the others. “She just followed you down here? What the hell did you handcuff her for?”

The answer to my question, however, came from behind me. “Oh, that was my idea. I mean, Abbie’s cuffs, but she was just doing me a favor loaning them to me. Didn’t think the paper towel thing was gonna be that nasty, though. My bad, for sure.”

I was starting to get dizzy from all this spinning. Or maybe I was losing my mind.

“You... what? Why?”

“Taylor said you wanted to do me.” She suddenly gasped, mortified. “Oh my frickin’ god, was she punking me? My gawd I am *so* embarrassed! I can’t believe I... oh frick, oh frick, oh frick!”

“Katie, I promise you, I never said–”

My knees faltered, and I fell back onto a desk. Tabitha rushed to steady me, but I shrugged her away. My head was spinning. “When... when did she...”

“Who, Taylor? Oh, right before the thingy. During the rehearsal? She said afterward I should come down here so you and I could, you know, do it. Sorry, it feels so weird saying that to a teacher.”

“Oh my god, she didn’t...”

“Show him your tits,” Abbie instructed her.

Katie leapt into action. “Oh! Right, duh.” In the blink of an eye, she tugged the zipper of her gown downwards and shrugged it off.

“Katie, wait!”

Except I was already too late. Beneath her gown, Katie Medina, GHS’s now-former It girl, was completely and totally naked.

It was all of her almost exactly like I, and any hetero male at GHS, had imagined. (And we had all imagined.) A little bit thin, a little bit tall, and every single last piece of her about her just so goddamn *cute* you wanted to fuck it individually. She was almost the exact midpoint between Tabitha and Taylor. Tall, but not towering. Thin, but not skinny. Dark roots, but the bulk of her dyed pale blonde. Toned, but with all sorts of well-placed curves. Big tits, yet almost exactly one hair shy of being so big they distracted from the rest of her. A habitual smile from a lifetime of people who’d been unable to resist smiling back.

She flinched at my shout. “What? Oh frick, did you wanna take it off me, Mr. Canon?”

“No!”

“Oh.” She was obviously confused about my reaction, though she did nothing to cover herself. Did she always keep her pussy waxed, or was that for my benefit?

Stop looking at her pussy, Canon!

But Canon yelled back at me. *Stop being a pussy, Canon!*

I am not a pussy! we yelled in unison.

It wasn’t easy to turn away from the naked blonde cheerleader – now former cheerleader – standing in the middle of my classroom waiting for me to fuck her. Still, I managed. Abbie was popping another Cheeto in her mouth. Tabitha at least had the grace to look down.

“You two. Strip.”

“Yes, sir.” Tabitha immediately obeyed, deftly removing her gown and getting to work on the dress beneath it. A reproving look was all it took to communicate that she should leave her stockings on.

“Whoa, it’s getting crazy up in the heezy,” muttered Katie.

Abbie, meanwhile, dramatically imbibed another Cheeto, brushed her fingers off on her shorts, and hopped down from the desk. “Now you’re talking.” For her, I ordered no exceptions. She stripped bare, tossing her t-shirt, shorts, and underwear at random around the room. Slingshotting her panties by the waistband, Abbie laughed triumphantly as they landed draped over the American flag by the whiteboard.

“Oh frickin’ wild – is that a tattoo, Tabitha? I never would’ve figured someone like *you* would have a tattoo, especially not *there*.” Katie squinted. “Is that a...”

She recognized it, and fell silent, gazing at me in awe.

“Now me.”

Abbie and Tabitha understood me immediately, and worked in quiet unison on my own clothes. It was a formal day, so I was in a full suit save for the jacket. As they squatted to untie my shoes, Katie asked behind us, “Um, so... am I supposed to help?”

“No. I have other plans for you.”

“Oh. Should I text my parents and tell them I’m gonna be a bit?”

“So long as you don’t tell them why.”

She snickered like I’d said something ridiculous. “Mr. C, whatever you do with students and staff is nobody’s business. It’s for the best that way.”

Her purse was tucked behind my desk; she retrieved her phone and composed her message while the others finished undressing. My clothes went folded neatly on the desk, careful to avoid crumbs.

I pointed to a spot on the floor near the middle of the room, right near where I began classes on a normal teaching day. “Abbie, right there. On your back.”

“Hell yeah, baby. This is gonna be fuckin’ tits, yo.” She pranced across the room, her own tits bouncing madly, and plopped herself down. Her knees bent, thighs spread.

“Tabitha... sit on her face.”

“Wait, what? Oh this better be one of those things where you’re gonna fuck me while you suck face with the stick girl. Because if you think you’re gonna shut me up just by havmmf smmfmm...”

The rest of it was lost in Tabitha’s cunt. I gestured for her to spin, so she’d be looking away from Abbie’s body rather than across it. Nothing intelligible slipped out during the transition.

“Make her come, fantasy slut.” I raised my voice to be heard through the barrier of the crotch on her face.

Tabitha’s eyes fluttered as Abbie’s tongue got to work. Her chin jerked up involuntarily as she sucked in a sudden breath.

I took my position at the front of the classroom, walking my cock right into Tabitha’s mouth. “Now you, me,” I said simply. “If my cock leaves your mouth before I say so, you fail the course.”

Like that, she was deep throating me. She gripped my ass to hold me inside her mouth. I don’t think I could have bucked her if I tried.

I did not try.

“Have a seat, Katie.”

Katie, who by then had moved from texting to browsing social media, looked up as if stung. “Oh! Yeah, sorry, cool.” She scurried across the room, though rather than sitting opposite me, she sat off to my right, two seats back.

Right. Her assigned seat this past semester.

“Frick, that’s cold. Ya know, people think it’s weird that I wear shorter dresses in winter than I do in summer, and maybe this is weird to say to a teacher, but since we’re all naked and you’re, you know, in Tabitha Hutching’s mouth and all, I dunno. Anyhoo, this is exactly why. When the AC is on the desks get so mother frickin’ cold you don’t even know. But in the winter, I barely go outside, so like, who cares if my dress is short.”

She waited for me to speak, but when I didn’t immediately say anything – Tabitha was managing to engage her tongue and throat at the same time – Katie posed a question. That was almost too familiar of a sound. Her voice had a naturally questioning quality as it was, whether it was seeking agreement (“right?”), feigning confusion to get someone to do something for her, (“is this right...?”), or the real thing (“um, right?”).

“So, like, is this a regular thing for you guys? Abbie was telling me how you’re this amazing lay, and I guess you do have a pretty big dick, at least compared to other ones I’ve seen, which isn’t that many, but still.” She flipped her hair over her shoulder, as if it wasn’t the only modesty she had left to her. Her legs weren’t even crossed.

“Not as regular as it should have been,” I replied after a moment’s consideration. More specifically, I’d been considering the way Abbie’s tits flopped in synch with Tabitha grinding her pussy on her face.

“Oh. Yeah, that makes sense. And just so you know, I’m normally more shy about being naked than this, but you took long enough that I had time to psych myself up. That was why I took off my clothes under my gown, so I’d be, like, pre-naughty? Oh my gawd it’s weird saying the word ‘naughty’ to my English teacher.”

Tabitha’s azure eyes honed in on mine imploringly, pleading silently for my come, promising that she would never leave. A faint moan issued from between her thighs.

“Anyway, I was sort of nervous at first, but I figured since they said you’d already done it with those two, plus Taylor, plus some other girls, I didn’t wanna look like I was inexperienced. But now that everybody else is naked, it’s actually kinda no big deal, which is so weird considering you’re, you know, an adult and all.”

“We’re all adults now, graduate.”

“Actually, since you brought it up, I don’t actually have my diploma yet. Taylor said I was still a student until I had that. If they’re closed once you’re done doing us, can I get mine from you, or do I have to come back another day?”

“I’ll take care of it.”

“Thanks, Mr. Canon! You’re the best.” She bounced happily in her seat, blonde hair and apple breasts swinging side to side. “So, do you want me to help somehow, or...? I dunno what’s left with your thing in her mouth. But you know, my ex-boyfriend liked it when I put a finger in his butt, but then I did that to my new boyfriend and he like *freaked out*. Said it was a ‘gay thing,’ and I’m like, ‘buh...’ We’re doing a joint grad party though and everything’s all set up and paid for, so I figured it’d be weird if I broke up with him before that. Plus I’ll get way less stuff if his family hates me, right?”

I disregarded the questions. Katie, like Taylor, had been in my class both junior and senior year. She knew full well how susceptible I was to being lead away from my objectives. “When were you dosed? At Cassie’s party?” The memory was fuzzy, but I was sure I’d heard Katie’s name from Taylor’s mouth. I felt like it was around that time, but a few weeks ago was years ago in Serenex time.

“What party? You mean Cassie Brown?” She shook her head. “Nah. That party sucked anyway. I got pretty drunk, though. Anyway, no, it was... Thursday? Or Wednesday. What day did you come back last week?”

“Friday.”

“OK, so Thursday, then. I remember because I was really stoked we had a sub for most of the week until I showed up Thursday and suddenly I was like, what was I even thinking, Mr. Canon is an *excellent* teacher, and then you were back the next day and I was really glad.” Then she frowned, which since it was Katie Medina meant the lower lip

automatically thrust out in an adorable pout. “Where were you all week anyway, Mr. C? You never said. Three days is a long time to be out. Did one of your grandparents die or something?”

Even the casual mention of dead grandparents wasn’t enough to dull the heat throbbing out of me into Tabitha’s mouth. How could she breathe like this? Abbie was kneading Tabitha’s ass, and as I watched, she took a page out of Katie’s ex-boyfriend’s playbook. A high-pitched noise squeaked out of her throat, but soon became a low moan of excitement. She humped the younger Stern’s face with a bit more urgency.

“My grandparents are fine, thanks. Now tell me, how did they do it? Ambushed you in the bathroom? Call you down to Barbour’s office?”

She shook her head. “No, it was in Mrs. Hagan’s class.”

“You, um... I mean, did she...”

In the middle of my question, I completely lost my train of thought. Goddamn, Tabitha was too fucking good. That girl deserved her A+.

Except no, that wasn’t it. My teacher’s pet was earning her milkbone, but it was everything else, too. I was here, in my favorite place, doing my favorite thing. Namely, fucking two beautiful, enthusiastic young women in the manner of my choosing.

It was Tabitha. It was Katie. Abbie, too. It was seating charts. Fake blondes. Real blondes. Tattooed brunettes. Panties on a flag. Caps and gowns. Big tits, little tits, huge tits. Leaky pussies and tightly sealed mouths. Gradebooks and extracurricular lessons. The kinks of ex-boyfriends. Rewards for good work. Discipline for misbehavior. A meter stick. Dry erase markers writing and rewriting on a whiteboard. Engaged students. An excellent teacher.

I hated how well Taylor knew me. That this was everything I’d ever truly wanted, the intersection of my two great loves. Thank god the smug bitch wasn’t here to see her little plan succeed.

“Well, I guess they *dosed* me in Mrs. Hagan’s class,” Katie continued as I trailed off. “If you’re talking about the programming stuff, I don’t really remember it, but I guess that was in the gym with everybody else. You know, the big convocation.”

“The *what*?”

The question was reflexive. It required no answer. The full depth of her meaning was perceptible even to the limited brainpower I was devoting to anything but processing nerve endings and admiring the abundance of female flesh surrounding me.

Wednesday, I’d already deduced, they used the faculty meeting to get the teachers. Might have missed a few, but those were contractually mandated, so attendance was always at or near a hundred percent. There, they make the faculty accept with my every act, then set up a covert convocation for the next day. Did they go room to room, spraying unsuspecting students and then herd them in groups to the gym? Or did they simply conscript the faculty and have them tackle it all at once with their own

supplies? It didn't matter. The whole student body, gathered en masse, helpless and unresisting in one giant assembly in the bleachers. Taylor and whomever she selected to assist her going down the rows, a few drops on each tongue, then taking the mic and...

I came. I grabbed Tabitha's hair and smashed her face down, jizzing straight down her throat. The rough treatment was enough to push her over the edge, and when I let go, the final few spurts splattering across Abbie's tits, Tabitha collapsed sideways, thighs locked around her playmate's face, holding her in place until she was good and done.

"She did the whole school."

"Yeah, pretty much," Katie nodded. "So um, were you gonna do me next, or is there a line, or what? Or are you done now?" She telegraphed her disappointment with another simpering Katie-pout.

Tabitha at last released her death grip on Abbie's face. The girl rolled away, gasping, but giggling in the midst of it all. "Ladies and gentlemen, Taylor gives you: the graduating class of 2020!"

I stood over her. A dribble of cum trickled out; Abbie tried to dart over and catch it but it caught her on the nose. She wiped it off on her arm. "Only the seniors?"

"Well, no, that was just a cool line. Can't really hide all that noise if we don't get everybody."

"Everybody."

"Everybody who was in attendance," Tabitha amended, forcing herself back to her knees with a little help from Abbie. Then she coughed and some of my cum splashed down her chin. She grimaced and sucked it back down.

"Classy."

"Shut up, Abbie." She looked back up to me, as calm as if she hadn't just belched up my jizz on herself. "We were missing about thirty-some students who were absent or off-campus, so Officer Barbour called them down in groups to her office and took care of the rest Friday and Monday. We were so worried you'd notice something was going on, but we made sure not to call any of your students during your class. Guess it worked." She hazarded a grin.

"Did everybody know?"

Abbie snorted. "Yeah, like we could tell Cassie or her mom and not have you instantly find out."

"You're doing it with Cassie Brown, too?" Katie giggled, and it was such an adorable noise I couldn't tell if it was mirthful or malicious. "And her *mom*? That's frickin' crazy."

Tabitha explained, "We had Ms. Salata ask her for help with a side project during the, erm, convocation. Not to equate teaching with babysitting, but in this case, she babysat to our satisfaction."

“Why?” I threw my hands in the air. “What in the hell would possess her to turn the entire student body into... into my...”

“Into what? Is there some secret club or something? Of, like, F buddies? Not to get R rated or anything.” She gasped, grin broadening. “Is it like some exclusive thing for the hottest girls? Am I in? I’m in, right? Tell me I’m in. If Cassie Brown is in, I am so in.”

Tabitha and Abbie looked from her, then up to me. “Why? You really gotta ask? This one’s on you, C-dawg,” said Abbie.

“On me?! How in the hell is this on me?!”

“Day one, man. When you put the stuff on her chapstick? She told me what you said to her.”

“I’m pretty goddamn sure I didn’t say, ‘brainwash the whole school!’ I only made her promise to quit copying homework and stop misbehaving in class!”

“Uh, yeah. Exactly,” Abbie said, as if I were being obtuse.

“Exactly what?”

“Sometimes I feel like you don’t know her at all, C-dawg,” Abbie answered, shaking her head. “If she ain’t allowed to break the rules and stick it to the Man, whatcha gonna do but rewrite the rules and make the Man your bitch?”

Tabitha nodded, albeit somewhat guardedly, to second her support. “You did read her essay, right Mr. Canon? I mean, what did you expect her to do? Taylor Stern isn’t going to take that from you lying down.”

“That’s not what I heard,” giggled Abbie. “HEYO!” Katie laughed with her, and even Tabitha let a little grin slip.

She gave me the freedom to do anything I wanted with my students, so she could give it to me without breaking the rules. My god.

“Count your blessings, dude. She almost didn’t tell you we did it. She was *hella* pissed after you dumped her mid-coitus, C-dawg.”

“So what on earth changed her mind? Did repeating the dumping this afternoon toggle the switch or something?”

“Because of what you said. She didn’t tell you?”

“She texted Tabitha that, but I don’t even know what I said. I’ve been her teacher for two years, and her lover for two months. I’ve said a billion things to her!”

“Lover? Awww!” Katie gushed.

“To Stan,” she said. “In the truck the other day.”

“What?” It took me so off-guard I had to fight to remember the conversation. Except... “How did she know what I said? She was in the back end of the truck, zonked out of her mind.”

“Yeah, well... my own dosing may have been *slightly*, ya know, bullshit,” Abbie answered, grimacing. “Look, I’m sorry, OK? You just looked so proud of that stupid

bratwurst trick, and I figured it might get me out from the middle of you two if I played like it worked – which by the way it did – and yeah, so when she was throwing her big goddamn hissy fit all over the house that night once she came to, I told her what you said.”

“Why, what’d you say, Mr. C?” asked Katie, guzzling down the drama with relish.

I was still processing, so Abbie replied for me. “He told her dad she’s not a piece of shit like he thinks she is. Not sure how ol’ Stan’s gonna process it, but he did take her out on a daddy-daughter date that night. Hell of a lot easier to live with her after, that’s for damn sure.”

“So my prize for putting in a good word for her is...” I shook my head.

“Having sex with the one, the *only*, Kaaaaaaaatie Medina!” she announced boisterously, waving her hands in the air, delivering a sound effect for the roaring crowd. “That’s sort of romantic, actually, when you think about it. In a really weird kind of way.”

“I’m... I’m going to...”

I didn’t know. Like a hundred times before, here I was, standing in my classroom, confused and aroused and livid and enchanted by goddamn Taylor Stern.

Abbie finished my sentence this time. “You’re going to enjoy your summer off – scratch that. *We’re* going to enjoy your summer off. Then you two can figure out what you wanna do with it all in the fall.”

“I do not need her input.”

“Well you’re gonna get it,” Abbie countered. “She already re-enrolled for the fall before your fake firing, yo.”

Fake! I *knew* it! “You weren’t even expelled until after that!”

She rolled her eyes. “No duh. But you were gonna flunk her anyway, remember?”

“I’ve never failed a student,” I retorted, my rote response at the ready. I didn’t miss Katie surreptitiously inspecting my cock, which was well on its way to readiness for round two. “Unfortunately, some students do choose to fail my class. And I assure you, Taylor Stern–”

“–deserves to fail,” Abbie finished in perfect unison. She shook her head. “That stuff is a trip, huh? A month and a half of after school work sessions, and it never dawned on you that you hadn’t graded a single one of her assignments, never passed along a shred of makeup work to her other teachers? I tell ya, C-dawg, I expected more out of a fella smart as you. Wouldn’t have had to go through the whole expulsion bullshit if you hadn’t gotten the cops involved. Makes me a little nervous to think of my dear sister and I taking your class in the fall, entrusting our education to a guy whose students are running the table on him.”

“You... you’re...”

“I’m taking speech, too, so brace yourself for double the fun, baby.” She pushed herself up to her feet, but on her way up made sure to take a long lick, then a deliciously wet suck, on my cock. “Tell you what. Why don’t we leave you two alone for a bit, and if you’re still pissed off after Cheerleader McGee here gets through with you, we’ll do a little cheering of our own, huh?”

“Oh, that was clever,” Tabitha granted generously.

“Or hey, if you really wanna pitch a fit, then I guess we’ll see you in August. Every day.” She kissed me on the cheek.

“You’re so lucky,” sighed Tabitha as she let Abbie lead her out of the room. “Wasted most of the year in here.”

“Is he *that* good, you guys?” Katie called after them.

Abbie ignored her, opening the door to the hallway. “Call me clever, but I can’t wait to see what a cunning linguist you are. My turn, Tabby.”

“Fair enough, but do *not* call me Tabby.” The two sauntered out into the hallway, as naked as if the halls of GHS were the girls field locker room. Which they may as well be now.

Katie adjusted herself in her seat, posture erect, hands folded together cheerily.

“So... what happens now, Mr. C?”

I snatched the blue marker from the tray and uncapped it. “Come to the board. You’ll need this.”