

Twenty-Seven

Part Three: Permission Slips

A rhythmic sound that could only be a pair of balls slapping against a woman's ass permeated the entire upstairs. It was louder here in the master bathroom than it had been in the hall. The woman in question was uncharacteristically quiet save for an occasional squeal she failed to suppress. The man made only a little more noise, though Mr. Canon had never been much of a talker when it came to fucking. Not when he fucked her, anyway, nor by the secondhand accounts Megan received from her daughter. During foreplay? Sure. The man was a teacher, after all. Teachers liked to hear themselves talk. Megan had been out of school for twenty years now, but she hadn't forgotten that.

Teachers didn't, however, like to clean up after themselves. No excuse for it, considering he was on his summer break. For three hours now Megan had been tidying up for the big party on Friday, and she didn't feel like she'd be done any time soon. Especially considering how particular the man could be, often over the stupidest little things. She supposed with all the brainwashed women coming and going, he must be getting used to all the foot traffic.

In fact...

Megan rapped on the door as she opened it. "Hey, sorry to bother you again, but I was just getting to the master bathroom, and I was thinking—"

"Moooom! How many times do I have to ask you not to butt in while Mr. Canon's got his cock in me?!"

Megan smiled at her daughter. This was a new position for her. Usually their neighbor ass-fucked Cassue either with the girl flat on her back, or in doggy style. Today, he was standing beside the bed, in which Cassie was nearly doing the splits with her ass hanging out over the edge. She had just enough lift to be at the perfect height for him. That was important. Her nextdoor neighbor wanted a good, enjoyable fuck from her daughter, and Megan enthusiastically cooperated with and supported anything Mr. Canon wanted.

Anything.

She was so proud of her daughter for how hard she worked to provide him the same. Mr. Canon *really* liked fucking her. Megan didn't know what had happened to remove Taylor Stern from the picture, but Cassie seemed to be stepping in to take the girl's place as his mainstay. Maybe it was simple convenience, her being right next door and all, but from how much work her kid put into honing her cunt into a perfect

Canon-gratifying instrument of pleasure, Megan liked to think it was more than proximity.

“Unlike some people I could name, sweetie, I’m not going to wile away the evening fucking Mr. Canon and shirking my share of the chores, so yeah, I’m gonna butt in with questions when I have to. Though if I’m seeing the hole he’s picked out aright, maybe you’re not one to be lecturing anyone about butt-ins, hmm?”

Mr. Canon laughed, though Cassie groaned at the pun. Or no, she was groaning about how deep the man’s cock was up her asshole. Still, if not distracted, Megan was confident she’d have earned the groan. “Mom, oh my, ungh, oh my god. Oh... Oh my god. Oh my god oh my god ohmygodohmygodohmygod!”

“Go ahead and come, honey.” Megan fuzzed her daughter’s sweaty, disheveled red hair affectionately, smiling up at the man fucking her. “Lord knows I won’t get a word in until she does.”

It didn’t take long before Cassie came, her face drooping down on the sheets as she twitched and thrashed. As Cassie’s cum gushed out onto the sheets (yet another chore they’d need to see to), Megan wondered if her eldest produced that much when she came vaginally, or if it simply looked like more because nothing obstructed it. Either way, Cassie couldn’t do much more than that with her legs spread that way, nor with her arms pinned behind her back, held in place by the commanding grip of her adult neighbor.

Not that Cassie wasn’t an adult, per se. That cock up her tight, athletic butt was proof of how very adult she’d become these past few months. But for all Canon’s lame insistence that he was closer to Cassie’s age than to her mother’s, the two of them nevertheless both belonged to the Adult adult category, in which Cassie had yet to tread.

The girl subsided before long. This was pretty typical Cassie fucking, a bunch of half-orgasms before timing her big release to coincide with Mr. Canon’s. It was another touchstone of her innocence; the girl had told her mother flat-out she felt rude doing otherwise. Someday, she’d have a husband of her own, and learn to come when she felt like it. (That is, if Cassie’s husband turned out to be a better lay than her father and kept it up long enough for her to finish, anyway.)

Sometimes, Megan almost wished Cassie had a future with Canon. Lord knew Cassie wished it, even if she always blushed and fell silent when Megan ribbed her about her little crush. If the man wanted her to be his bride, Megan would be the first to volunteer to give her away, but he seemed far too enamored of his growing harem to want to promise to have and to hold any individual in it long-term. He made her so happy, though. To Megan’s thinking, he’d make the perfect son-in-law, too. A teacher, so he’d be good with their children, and as a matter of sheer pragmatism, Megan couldn’t imagine Cassie would ever find another man they felt comfortable sharing like this. It

was a pity she'd never get to become Cassie Canon. She was so squeamish about it as was with the two of them compelled to regard their arrangement as normal.

As Cassie recovered, she delivered a frosty teen glower at her mother and went back to milking a cock with her ass. Megan finally got to talk to Canon uninterrupted. "So like I said, master bathroom. I couldn't help but notice the lid of your toothbrush cup only has four holes in it."

"Yeah? So?"

Megan flicked him with her finger. "So, wise-ass, it's not enough."

"It's one more hole than your daughter has, and it feels like plenty to me."

Megan rolled her eyes, but couldn't help a little chuckle. "Hardy har har. I'm serious, though. You have, what, six women routinely staying the night?"

"Six?" Cassie grunted into one of Canon's pillows. "Geez, Mr. Canon, it sounds like a lot when you put a number to it, don't you think? I think so. Did you have Krista Lemke as a student?"

He slammed his cock all the way in. Cassie's eyes flew wide, then shut; it gave him a moment to think. "Yeah, I think... sophomore year? Was she in your class, or is she a year behind you?"

Cassie went right on, her voice strained only a little from how deep the dick up her ass was stuffed. "My year. But yeah, she slept with three guys – I won't say who, that wouldn't be cool – and people heard about it, and everybody, and I mean *every* last *body*, called her a total slutbag. I kinda thought it myself, to be honest. But with you, and six, it almost sounds like it's lower than I expected, and I don't think badly about you for fucking all of us at all. Weird, huh? There's nothing wrong with it, though, and it feels amazing being your personal booty call. Do you think that's a double standard, like it's OK for you fuck me, and Abbie, and Taylor..." She wriggled an arm loose from Mr. Canon's hold and started counting on her fingers at three. "And Coach Salata, and Officer Barbour, and Tabitha Hutchings, and um, I guess my mom sometimes for some reason..."

With his hands freed, Mr. Canon helped himself to the hem of Megan's grungy cleaning day t-shirt, peeling it up and over those proud womanly tits of hers. "Two reasons right here, Cassie."

Cassie wrinkled her nose at the sight of her mom's boobs, like usual, as if she hadn't seen them dozens of times in the few weeks of summer break thus far. Everyone present knew she was jealous that hers had never sprouted quite so fully; nobody gave her any flak for it. She did her best with what she had, and her best was very, very good. Mother and teacher were both proud.

"So that's seven, then," Megan said as Canon fondled away.

"Well no, we didn't count—"

"Hey Mrs. Cassie's mom!" called a voice from the hall. "You in there?"

“Come on in, Katie!” Megan answered.

Katie Medina strode into the master bedroom. Unlike Cassie, she wasn't naked; unlike Megan, she wasn't fully dressed. She had on a pair of shorts which Canon had first mistaken for a teensy little skirt. The way it poofed out a little, even at its minuscule length, obscured the crotch enough that he'd missed the split. That she'd explained it was something from last summer's cheerleading camp only made it harder to see it for what it was. Aside from that, she had a durag over sunny blonde hair split into two elaborately braided pigtails.

That was it.

“So eight, then. Assuming we're still counting Taylor.” When Canon didn't immediately resume fucking her, she gave a few weak little bucks of her hips to spur him on.

“Did you forget a shirt, Katie?”

“Huh? Oh, that. No, Mr. Canon! I might be blonde, but I'm not *that* blonde!” She giggled merrily and konked herself on the side of the head. “No, it's downstairs, on the couch I think. I was washing the windows, and my boobs kept rubbing against the glass and I was like, the chemicals in this spray probs aren't very good for my shirt, you know? And besides, I'm in the one place where shirts are totally optional, so like, free the tatas, right? Remember when the squad did that fundraiser last year? I remember you got so embarrassed when I tried to sell you one. I don't remember if you bought it or not.” She cupped her well-tanned boobs playfully. “Guess you freed 'em anyway, though.”

“So you've been washing my windows... with your top off.”

“I was all done with the front ones already, and I figured you only have the two windows on one side, and they're in here, and the rest are either in the back where there's nobody, or facing their house. See? Thinkin'.” Another tap at her brain parts.

“Super, Katie. Thanks.”

“So... Eight what? What's going on?” she asked, hopping onto the bed and landing gracefully on her knees next to Cassie, who moaned delightedly at what the bounce did to the cock in her butt.

“Eight girls he's deep dicking on the regular,” Cassie explained. “My mom's worried we don't have enough spaces for toothbrushes.”

“Wait, am I allowed to leave some stuff here?” Katie brightened. “That'd be clutch. Sneaking a morning-after outfit past my folks is so annoying, and I don't wanna switch back to a bigger purse. Plus my mom still does my laundry? So I have to try to scrub all the cum stains out before she sees 'em.”

Canon shook his head. “Nobody's leaving stuff over here. This isn't a hotel.”

With him still not fucking her, Cassie rose up to her knees. She hadn't meant for his cock to slip out, but it did. She looked at it wistfully and turned to face him.

“Seriously, Mr. Canon? I forget my underwear over here all the time. There’s gotta be a hundred pairs hiding around the place.”

“I found one pair between some couch cushions, and another dangling from a curtain rod somehow,” Katie confirmed.

“Yeesh. Have I been driving you crazy? It’s not on purpose. I think since I became your booty call, I’ve sort of been realizing that I don’t actually like wearing underwear. I know it’s not proper or what have you, but there’s something really freeing about it, you know? Plus it’s *really* hot knowing you could get to my cunt or my titties with hardly any effort at all.”

“Like mother, like daughter,” Megan said, sighing contentedly. Mr. Canon pulled each of the Brown women in close, sandwiching their tits together, then shoving the sandwich in his mouth.

When neither of the girls spoke up, Megan resumed her point. “I was only thinking, it’s a hygiene issue. They can use your soap and all, but sharing toothbrushes? We’re not animals, even if my daughter likes to claim she’s always getting fucked like one over here. They have bigger ones for large families; it seems like the least you could do. Cassie and I can pop back home for it easily enough, but the others have a car ride home. A long one, when you’ve got cum breath.”

Katie nodded, frowning poutily. “Ugh, totally. Cum breath is SO nasty. Don’t get me wrong, C-dawg, I’m lucky to have you – luckier still to *still* have you even after graduating! – but it’s so awkward having to make sure you have a mint in the car so your mom and dad don’t smell it on you when you straggle in.”

Cassie pulled her mother in for a lengthy, noisy, showy kiss. Not something she enjoyed especially, but she knew how Mr. Canon went nuts for it and she still hoped to get him to finish in her instead of busting his nut in her mom or Katie. “Speaking of cum breath,” Megan murmured, the two of them giggling into one another’s mouths.

“Is it weird that I’m almost jelly of how close you are with your mom, Cass? My mom would be totally freaked out if she knew what I did over here. Not that I wanna do it *with* her or anything, but like, it’d be cool if she were as cool about it as your mom.”

Mr. Canon snapped his fingers and pointed to his cock. Katie understood, wriggling herself under and through Cassie’s thighs and popping up to start blowing him. “See, this is what I mean about lucky,” she said between slurps up and down his shaft. “I would totally have never sucked a guy’s cock right after it came out of another girl’s ass, but... it’s weirdly not that bad? Goes to show how much you still have to teach me, huh, Mr. C?”

“Oh I totally make sure I clean out my butt for him every time I know I’m coming over,” Cassie assured her. “I’m really good at douching out my ass now, which is kind of a weird skill when you think about it, but you have to be careful or you can do all kinds of damage. High fiber diet helps, too. But anyway, you’re welcome, Katie!”

Katie murmured an acknowledgment into his shaft. She wasn't the best cocksucker of the lot, but she was a hot blonde cheerleader, and even if she were a troglodyte, he had the Browns' tits rubbing all over his face, in and out of his mouth as they made a production out of making out for him.

"Wow, he really loosened you up, sweetie," Megan said, withdrawing a couple fingers from Cassie's ass.

"Mom! Oh my gosh, don't finger my ass in front of...!" She pointed at Katie.

"Oh, hey, no, I'm not gonna get judgy, Cassie." She giggled between adoring laps on her former teacher's shaft. "Sorry, it's just... Remember the field trip to the Lakeside Zoo back in, what, third or fourth grade?"

Cassie nodded. Probably. She might have simply been investing herself deeper in her makeout with her mother.

"Remember how stoked you were to have your mom chaperone? It was like she was your show-and-tell, you wanted everybody to meet her. And I was just thinking, it's kinda funny, like here we are on another class trip, with your mom keeping an eye on us and making sure nobody gets bit." She ran her tongue back and forth across her teeth, then sucked Mr. Canon back in with a giggle.

"And this time, you girls don't need permission slips," Megan said softly as Cassie joined Canon in sucking on her tits. "Though I'd gladly sign one for you if you did. Heck, I'd forge one for you, too, Katie."

A few minutes later, at his direction, Katie jacked off her former high school English teacher onto two pairs of his neighbors' tits. With Megan's curly dark hair and slightly darker complexion, and Cassie's straight red pale-skinned look, it was sometimes easy to forget their connection. Watching them kneeling side by side, smiling brightly as Megan let her daughter suck her clean, the mother-daughter resemblance came out stronger than ever. At least it was one bit of the clean-up Cassie was contributing to.

"I'll get it ordered," Megan said as Katie slurped some dribbles off her forearm.

"Let me get you my card, Meg. Paying for it is the least I could do."

"Nonsense. Consider it a birthday present, from me to you. Now come on, girls. Ask Mr. Canon if he's done, and if not, rock paper scissors to see who's helping me and who's helping him."

Mr. Canon shook his head. "You know, forget the cleaning. I appreciate it, but I've been toying with the idea of a change of venue for a while now, and I think you girls convinced me."

Cassie brightened. "You mean...?!"

"Yeah. I mean. One of you mind notifying everybody?"

"All eight of us?" Katie grinned.

"Seven," he corrected. "There's only seven coming."

As Cassie and Katie shared a look and fell into hysterical giggles, as only students reading something dirty in their teacher's words can, Megan put an arm around his shoulder and gave a little squeeze. What kept him thinking about that bitch, heaven only knew.