

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Sixteen: Weekly Planning

One of the most important organizational tools in any teacher's toolbox is that of routine. Yes, it could also be a key ingredient for drudgery and never failed to kill that buzz students carried in from summer break, but you added whole days of instruction to the instruction calendar simply by training yourself and your students in behaviors. When passing up papers, put yours on top so that stacks remain organized for return. In your seat, not in the door, by the bell. Nobody leaves until desks are all in their proper space. Use the proper header so your poor teacher doesn't go prematurely gray trying to enter grades when he inevitably mixes up stacks of homework. Don't throw chapstick. And so on.

I didn't think of myself as a stickler, but I stickled for those behaviors I wanted to stick. Every student in my classes had heard my spiel that they were to guard their "6 Traits of Writing" rubrics with their lives, sparing me having to print off another two hundred copies every time we did peer review. "If – when – I come to you on your deathbed and ask you where it is, you better be able to point to it with accuracy." That line cut down the needed number of extra rubrics in half. Teaching was always an exercise in organized chaos, and the only way to muddle through it all was to minimize time and energy wasted on the things that didn't enrich lives.

I was quickly learning that maintaining a half dozen sexual relationships with students, coworkers and neighbors was far more chaotic, and impossible to organize. Nevertheless, I stickled.

Taylor left before dinner Monday evening, eschewing my invitation to order takeout since her parents expected her for dinner. She half-heartedly promised to convey my revised sentiments to Abbie regarding the incident over the weekend, though I expected to need to explain it myself later anyway. Megan had returned from her mother's with Robby by then. She stopped by to gripe about the mess Cassie had failed to completely conceal from the party Sunday, then mowed my lawn in lieu of a blowjob when I explained I had been well taken care of. Cassie texted me around nine with a pleasantly succinct request to come over and have sex with me, but I was already getting ready for bed. What was the rush? I had the world in my pocket, and now that things were calming down, I meant to take things one day at a time.

It was our last normal Tuesday of instruction for the year, with the following week set for e-learning and the one after as prep for final exams. The home stretch. I was looking forward to the end of the school year more than ever. Graduation made for a nice bookend for the student experience, but as a teacher, it meant vastly more time and freedom for my new hobby. I could have a different woman every day of the week and then recuperate on Sundays. When I felt like it I could mix things up with doubles – the buxom sisters, the mother/daughter neighbors, the lesbian coworkers. Surely we'd find fresh variations as time passed. Coach and athlete. Cop and troublemaker. Cool mom and impressionable friend of her daughter – was that a thing? Damn it, I'd make it one. This promised to be the best summer break of my life.

That Tuesday we started our final book of the year in senior English, *The Catcher in the Rye*. It was a quick unit, one of the few books where I had more troubles with students reading ahead than keeping up. A short book with fluffy assignments designed in part to shore up weaknesses in the grades of our graduates-to-be, *Catcher* was a welcome respite from denser material. Not only was it usually a crowd-pleaser, but with students on their way to starting jobs, college, families, the whole rest of their lives, it was a good opportunity to address the theme of growing up, its messiness and confusion and allure and unpleasantness. That I was sleeping with not one, not two, but three girls close to a decade my junior made the opening discussion of that theme feel rather poignant for me this year.

During my prep period, I popped by Isa's office.

She glanced up from her laptop. "I have to be downtown for a staff meeting in twenty minutes Canon, so whatever it is, make it quick."

"Hello to you, too." I closed the door behind me, settling into the oversized bean bag chair she kept in the corner to signal my intent to get comfy and stay as long as I liked. Then I got a whiff of all the dust kicked up by my doing so and regretted it, but I think I hid it well. It would appear this too-casual seating option was seldom exercised. "I wanted to talk about the Serenex."

"I wondered when you would. What all did you overhear Saturday night when you were playing possum?"

"Not enough. Start at the beginning. Tell me what you learned, how you learned it. Everything."

"Look, stop in tomorrow and maybe I'll have time for this, all right? Much as I'd be perfectly happy to fabricate an excuse to get out of sitting in the same room as you, I really do have that staff meeting."

"Tell them something came up. Or don't, I don't care. But you're going to tell me what I want to know. Unless you don't think I can bend you over your own desk as easily as I did mine."

The resource officer glowered, but her chin betrayed a tell-tale tremble as she set her jaw. “God, what did you do to me.”

“Same thing I’m going to keep doing to you. Whatever I want. Now talk.” I considered. It was taking real effort, overcoming my default fear of cops, to say nothing of affecting such poor social graces. (Girlfriends’ parents loved me.) Still, best to establish a baseline level of domineering behavior, see if I could push her to the brink right off or if she had to build to it. “Better yet, lock the door, come sit on my lap, then talk.”

It didn’t take thirty seconds for her to break, though a tense thirty seconds, to be sure. I really thought she might call me out, get in a good slap, maybe a kick in the nuts before Serenex caught up. Instead, I got a glare that soon reaffixed itself to her desk, to her lap, and then withered into a mere pout as she shuffled to her door, then even more petulantly to me. She landed in my lap a little harder than was comfortable, but there she was nonetheless, eyes dark but downcast.

I got to work on the buttons of her uniform casually, but nevertheless immediately. I’d been interrupted yesterday; today I meant to finish what I started for once. “So, Serenex. Go.”

She wriggled into a comfortable position. “Right. So what I told you before about my connection in the analysis lab was true. Her name is Shantel. She’s not employed by the department, just an outside contractor, which makes her more reliable.”

I untucked her shirt and targeted the previously concealed buttons, revealing the rest of her compression shirt. “Why’s that?”

“Because Shantel doesn’t answer directly to the department. She has a boss of her own at the lab, a civilian like her, so she’s less inclined to sniff out bullshit in my story or try to curry favor with my superiors. No loyalty to the PD. I kept it believable enough that she didn’t ask questions, and she can probably be bought if she gets too suspicious. Of course, if she figures out what your stuff does, we’ll probably have to dose her to keep her from replicating it for herself. It might not be the worst idea anyway, just to make sure. If, um, you think so, that is. Sir.”

She had to help me disconnect the radio from her shirt before I could toss it across the room, but once she did, I did. “Good thinking. I’ll consider it. Can’t solve all of life problems with mystery spray, after all. We don’t want to get too cavalier about it.”

“Too...” She grit her teeth at my deliberate hypocrisy, and I swear I felt the heat emanating from her lap ratchet up another dozen degrees. “Yes sir.”

“So, what did she tell you, specifically?”

“I’ll get you a copy of the full lab analysis, in case it interests you. She had to explain it to me. In summary, what you bought isn’t technically Serenex.” Her voice was muffled somewhat as I pulled the compression shirt off over her head. “That’s the base, but it’s only about eighty percent of the actual solution.”

I dropped her belt on the floor beside the bean bag. The thing was surprisingly heavy. “Eighty sounds like a lot to me.”

“Ok, so think of it like this. If you ordered a steak, and the waiter brought you a plate and told you it was eighty percent steak, would you still eat it?”

“Fair enough. So what’s the other twenty?” The implications were only beginning to catch up with me as I got to work on her belt. “Is somebody manufacturing this stuff on purpose?”

She shrugged. “Shantel didn’t seem to think so, but that’s not really her area of expertise. In the spirit of keeping you safe, sir, I encourage you not to go poking around.”

“Well why didn’t she think so?” The zipper stuck when I pulled; she had to give me a hand finding the proper angle.

“It’s what was in the rest of it. In short, it’s a party cocktail. Some of it’s just water, standard procedure for that sort of thing, but there was some other junk in there, too. Heroin, something that is a less potent chemical compound born out of PCP and some of the stuff in Serenex – still not great for you though.”

“Isn’t the point of filler to make it cheaper? That sounds like the opposite.”

“You think rare black market chemical weapons come cheaper than street grade heroin?”

“Um... no?”

“No is right. It’s probably just in there to make the crap more addictive for people who are using it recreationally, bring them back for more. But you cut me off about what all’s in it. Here’s the kicker – it’s also got LSD, and that stuff had a reaction that mutated the base chemical.”

The scent of her arousal was obvious the moment her pants came off, even if I couldn’t see the wet spot on her panties. Not keen on having to explain a wet spot on the front of my pants, I went ahead and bumped her off of me for a moment so I could get them off.

“How is that ‘the kicker?’ Not that I want to be doing acid or anything, but tell me why that’s the scary one.”

“It’s less about the LSD itself, but the chemical in it that, as far as we know, causes acid flashbacks.”

I paused my work on her bra. “Wait, are you saying we’re going to have Serenex flashbacks or something?”

“No no, not that. But it’s that chemical that, for lack of a better word, sticks to the brain. Most of it passes right through the system, but this stuff, it gloms on, sticks to portions of the central nervous system indefinitely. For common street doses of LSD, that’ll get you flashes of color, geometric shapes, that kind of thing. And the twist in your canister has a *lot* more of that chemical than regular LSD. While Shantel didn’t

understand what Serenex does well enough to state it so concretely, this stuff basically never fully goes away. It might – *might* – get weaker, but there’s no guarantee of that.”

There they were, those perfect tits I’d been waiting to see in the flesh since Saturday evening. I helped myself to a couple handfuls. And a mouthful. “So you’re saying you’re going to be my submissive little pet cop for the foreseeable future?”

The woman practically snarled at my characterization, but it faded as quickly. “Yes, master.” Her eyes widened. “Fuck, *really*, subconscious? ‘Master?’ Fucking *really*!?”

“You don’t like it? I think it suits you,” I ribbed her, placing a hand between her legs. They spread instantly, and she pressed her pussy against my fingers needily.

“Mm, thank you, master,” she moaned.

“So. We don’t have to worry about re-applying, at least. Did she say anything to suggest we could counter one round of suggestions with another? I wasn’t sure from what you were saying Saturday.”

Isa was practically panting as I released her long dark hair from its confinement against her scalp, blonde streaks shimmering throughout. “I couldn’t really ask her that without saying more than we wanted her to know. It doesn’t seem all that likely – you don’t hear about people curing their flashbacks by taking more LSD. Shit that feels good, master. Thank you, master.” Her eyes squeezed shut in shame after realizing how easily the words had slipped out. “Anyway, that doesn’t mean it’s impossible.”

She was plenty eager to help me rid her of her panties, and hastily pulled off my underwear at no more firm a directive than a gesture with my finger. Just like I’d commanded, she had shaved. The skin was naturally golden brown, but now smooth as glass. I traced my fingers over it appreciatively. “Anything else I should know?”

Isa remained on her knees before me, shaking her head meekly. “No, master.”

“Could she make more, do you think?” Not that I wanted more. I honestly hoped I didn’t need it. The past two weeks, however, had demonstrated that it never hurt to be over-prepared.

“She’s already busy, master. I could try pressing her a little, see if she could rush some to you...”

“Not for now. We still have a bit, and maybe it’s for the best we don’t have an ocean of the stuff. Stop that.”

Isa guiltily withdrew her hand from between her legs like her pussy had scalded her. “Sorry, master. I’m just so goddamn horny, master.”

I nodded. “I can see that. And smell it, frankly. But you know what? I think I like ‘sir’ better. It’s better being my toy cop’s commander than some I Dream of Genie fantasy. Though hey, let’s go with master when Candy’s around, yeah? It’s definitely sluttier. Give her a little thrill.”

“If that’s what you want, sir.”

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on my knees as I inspected her. “Anything else I ought to know from your Serenex inquiries?”

She considered. “I don’t think so, sir. Her report was clinical, and only focused on chemical analysis, not effects of ingestion.”

I was quietly relieved there was nothing more to discuss on the subject. Interesting, perhaps useful, but I had other things on my mind. “Good. Now, what to do with you, Isa. I have to say, you’re giving me a lot of ideas. Have you ever sucked a cock before?”

She shook her head. “No, sir.”

“And were you bullshitting me about being a virgin, or is that for real?”

She rolled her eyes, but to my surprise, then held out her left hand and slapped it hard with her right, rebuking herself. “I’m not a virgin, obviously. I’m twenty-eight years old. I’ve been with a number of women. But in the archaic sense that you meant it, sir, yes. I have never let a man have sex with me before.”

“Apologies, officer. So... do I fuck you,” I pondered, taking a slow tour of her dripping wet pussy. “Or you,” I thrust the same finger between her lips. She sucked it automatically. “Or these babies.” I gave her tits a soft slap with my spare hand. Isa squeaked in surprise, but didn’t stop sucking.

In the end, it was the sucking that decided me. “Oh, hell. What kind of friend would I be if I didn’t let your little girlfriend be on hand to watch me deflower you? Now I don’t want to be too presumptuous. I’d like a blowjob, but only if you want to give me one. Consent matters and all. I’d hate to be – how did you put it? – archaic.”

“I can give you a blowjob if you’d like, sir. I don’t really know how, if there’s any skill to it. I guess it doesn’t seem that hard, though.”

As she leaned forward, mouth opening, I stopped her with a restraining finger in the middle of her forehead. She looked up irritably, and with some consternation. “I don’t want you to humor me, Isa. I said I want a blowjob, but only if you *want* to give it to me.”

Comprehension slowly dawned at the distinction. “I... I’m not sure that I...”

“Fair enough. Say no more – I’ll leave you be. You have that meeting after all, right?”

I was still trying to haul myself out of that infernal bean bag chair when she threw me back into it. “No! No, I... I want to.”

For once, I got to be the one smirking. I waved my dick at her like it was a sausage taunting a fat kid. “Want to what, Isa?”

“Want to give you a blowjob.”

“You do? Why? I thought you’d never done it before.”

Her words tumbled out in a whisper. “Because I get off on being a submissive little bitch. I can’t help myself.” I didn’t miss their rote quality, however. It had Serenex written all over it.

“What did it feel like to ask someone to wax your pussy?”

She started at the unexpected question, then looked down in embarrassment. “Slutty. Sexy. Pathetic. I could barely stop myself from masturbating until I got back in my car.”

“Did you show Candy?”

“No. I worried she’d make fun of me. And I worried that would make me lose control again.”

“Show her tonight.”

“Yes, sir. Can I blow you now, sir?”

I ran my fingers through her hair. It was like silk. “What do we say, Isa?”

“Please, sir?”

“Please what?” Damnit, I was going to come before she even touched my cock if I kept this up.

“Please may I suck your dick, sir?” There was raw need in her eyes. If there was any defiance left in her, it was buried deep beneath layers of her new kink.

“You may.”

Thanks to the bean bag, I was already so low to the ground that she had to bend herself double to get me in her mouth. I’d expected her to hesitate, be nervous, or shy, or unsure how to approach her first ever cock in the mouth. Instead, she opened wide and sucked me all the way down on the first try.

As Cassie might have told her from her fresh studies, it was a rookie mistake. Hashtag amateur.

“I’m sorry, sir!” Isa sputtered once she stopped coughing. Fresh tears ran down her cheeks – a physical reaction, I hoped, not a psychological one. Her second attempt was more successful. This time she merely licked, watching my eyes to study my reaction. I favored her with the slightest of nods as my cock jumped beneath her tongue.

As somewhere across town her staff meeting commenced without her, Isa slowly, dutifully licked up and down my cock. “It’s like candy,” I joked. She didn’t laugh. She simply licked, and licked. At one point I moaned softly, and her entire body shook with vicarious pleasure. She murmured a hasty reminder to keep quiet – “thin walls, sir” – then went right on licking. Still the vigilant protector of our secret. In fact, if I strained my ears, I could just make out the soft drone of the guidance counselor Mr. Minott in the next office. Not clearly enough to make out words, but moans would be another story.

“Turn sideways, like... yeah, like that. I want to play with your tits while you suck me off.”

“Of course, sir.” She swept her hair to the far side of her face so that my view remained unobstructed. Had she, like Cassie, learned that from watching porn? Or was that simply an instinct to serve me? I didn’t have the heart to share aloud my observation that her exquisite tits were merely incredible in profile. Still, I had never in my life passed on an opportunity to fondle a woman’s breasts, and that extended to far less perfect specimens than these. I took hold, guiding my hands to the nipple, gave a little pinch and a sigh of contentment.

“For a first-timer, you’re not doing half bad at this. We’ll make a cock-sucking slut out of you yet.” I gave her tit a hard squeeze. “Good girl.”

Her entire body suddenly froze, tongue extended, breast quaking in my hand as she locked into her position. Had I pushed her too far?

Then I saw her hips moving. Thrusting. Shuddering. The faintest of whimpers froze in her throat.

Isa was having an orgasm.

When it subsided, she knelt upright, mortified, “Oh my god, I can’t believe I just...”

“Made a puddle on your office floor from finding out how much you’re loving your first foray into the wild world of blowjobs?” She scowled, but it vanished in the next instant. “So. What do we say *now*, Isa?”

“May I please continue, sir?”

“No, not that. What do we say when I let you come?”

Her cheeks flushed in fresh embarrassment at the realization that this was exactly what had just happened. I’d given her leave to feel pleasure, and she had. “Th-thank you? Sir?” she guessed, eyes wide in disbelief.

“Would you like another one?”

I could literally watch her nipples harden at the mere suggestion. “Please, sir.” The words were punctuated by staccato gasps as she shivered with need.

“Then I guess you better start practicing.”

Practice she did. In time, she moved from those seductive licks to true cock-sucking, sliding me inside her drool-heavy mouth to bob and slurp. Her inexperience showed only once in a relatively minor scrape with teeth, but the sincere outpouring of remorse quickly moved me past it.

“It... is it... close?” she asked, pulling back, gasping for air too long abstained.

My response was to grasp her hair and hold her in place as I sprayed. I grunted (as quietly as possible, per my security advisor’s counsel) as I jacked every dribble I could coax onto the target I envisioned on her chest.

She didn’t need my permission. Before my spunk could begin to cool upon exposure to the air, Isa inhaled a river of air and held it lest she scream with the force of

the climax that overtook her. She collapsed backwards, fingers reflexively diving into her freshly denuded pussy to ease a few more seconds of bliss with the help of her clit.

I was still watching her frig herself stupid when the bell rang. It was quieter here in this nook of the main office, but unmistakable. I'd given up my entire prep period to teaching Isa how to suck me off, but now it was time to meet up with Taylor. I sponged myself off with a wad of tissues from her desk, then recomposed myself.

"Thank you, sir," she murmured toward the ceiling, eyes fluttering.

"Now I want you to leave that on your tits when you get dressed. And no more compression shirt. Burn it. Burn them all. And show them to Candy tonight when you two get home."

"Yes, sir."

I knelt down and patted her head. She simply stared past me at the ceiling, thunderstruck both by the intensity of her pleasure and its source. "See? And this is what you missed out on Saturday night."

Two hours later, I received a text from Candy. It was jarring, seeing right above it my stealth command to dose Isa and then herself. Beneath that, the new message read, *I can't believe you came all over Isa's tits. I can't believe you got her to show me. That's the hottest thing I've ever seen. Can I (we??) come over? Please? I need it. ;)*

Myself, I was enjoying watching Megan sashay around the house in cutoff denim shorts and not a stitch else, dusting and vacuuming and scrubbing and polishing. She had to go home to feed her kids soon, but I wanted to at least let her pay off a little bit of her debt while we were both available.

Not tonight. I'll let you two honor your obligation – dinner and a threesome – but not tonight.

Megan crawled along the floor of my living room, pausing every few feet to scrub the trim. Her matronly chest jiggled like crazy in time with every stroke, every awkward crawl-step.

Tomorrow?

"You missed a spot, Meg."

"I did?" She turned, peering for the offending scuff mark, but soon realized my intent. With a coy wink, she pointed, saying, "Oh, so I did. Good eye." She scoured the phantom spot at length, treating me to an eye-popping display of low-swinging boobs.

Not tomorrow. We'll see.

"I should probably get going soon. Cassie will be home from track any minute, and she can be such a crabby pants if dinner's not waiting for her when she's out of the shower."

I grinned. "Have her come shower over here. I'll help you buy some time."

“Thoughtful!” She beamed. “I appreciate it. I tell you, buddy, they ever catch you fucking all these teenage girls and can your sorry butt, you’re going to make a killing in the babysitting arena.”

How about lunch? Can we meet in your room tomorrow? Pleeeeease?

I guided her back to where I’d had her shed her top in the kitchen with a hand in the back pocket of her shorts. It took us a bit to find the thing; somehow it had been tossed in the refrigerator of all places. Must have left it open when I decided to tear the thing off of her. Her nipples tented out the thin t-shirt fetchingly. though I conceded it might be the cold fabric rather than my animal magnetism.

I typed out a reply while Megan tied her tennis shoes. *Thursday. Tomorrow I’m meeting with ACB about reworking end of year inventory. Should be a hoot.*

“I’ll send Cassie right over. Are you ever going to ass-fuck that poor girl? I think she’s going to blow a gasket if that butt plug doesn’t yield fruit soon. Frankly, I’m tired of hearing about it.”

“Soon. I’m a little tired tonight, but soon, I promise.”

“I’m going to hold you to that.” She poked me in the chest, but gave a laugh. “Say, and it’s none of my business, but you may want to think about getting a drawer. Maybe two drawers, all the action you’re getting.”

“A drawer?”

Thursday! I can’t wait. What kind of underwear should I wear? (Should I wear any???)

“You know, a drawer? Somewhere for them to keep their necessities for when they stay over? At least a change of panties so she doesn’t have to come home dribbling spunk down her legs.”

“Oh. I suppose I could try to make some room.” For all three girls? Would Isa and Candy get drawers too? Would Megan? I only had so many drawers. It seemed crass to make them share.

“It’s your house. But I know it would mean a lot to Cassie. Speaking of, I’ll send her right over. I was thinking tomorrow I might see about that mildew on the north siding? Have to keep the tatas tucked away for that one, I’m afraid, but you won’t believe how much nicer it’ll look.”

“Sounds great, Megan. See ya then.”

The brief conversation had been time enough for Candy to snap a picture and send it my way. It was Isa, shirtless, glaring in frustration at the camera, which was zoomed in enough to show a mesh of off-white flecks clinging to bare boobs. *She’s so fucking embarrassed – you have no idea OMG*

I shook my head. Man, we fucked those two up good. But hey, why stop now? I did a quick image search, then sent a link to her. *Wear something that shows off your*

new tattoo. Can't wait to see it. Now go comfort your poor girlfriend already. See you in the halls.

I was still staring at Candy's picture when Cassie came over. Her hair was in a messy bun, and she was wearing knee socks, athletic shorts and a sports bra much like she had on Saturday. It made me wish we were all back in that locker room.

"Heya, Mr. C! Mom said you wanted me to shower over here?"

"Sure did." I allowed myself a perverse grin for prodding Megan's daughter with a hand on the ass the same way I had her mother mere minutes earlier. "Say, I thought you said you showered in the locker room."

"Only if Mom's picking me up. Philippa doesn't mind if I'm a little sweaty in her car." I turned on the stream for her while she undressed casually, not making any undue fuss. Abbie liked to preen, Taylor to watch me for ego-inflating reactions; Cassie merely removed clothes and let her natural beauty do the lifting. "Did she say what's for dinner?"

"She did not, sorry."

She held out her fingers to test the temperature, then stepped in head first. Her red hair turned almost black as the water plastered it to her body. "Bummer. Hopefully it's not that beef stroganoff. Do you like beef stroganoff?"

"It's OK."

"I don't like the texture. And there's so many carbs! Ugh. I think I spend the first half of my workouts trying to defatten myself from my mom's cooking some days. I shouldn't complain. She's a way better cook than most of my friends' moms. Plus none of their moms would be cool with their daughters being a teacher's personal booty call. It feels amazing, though. Oh say, speaking of, did you wanna fuck my hot wet tight slutty dirty cunt?"

"Cassie!" Should I throw in a *language!*...? "Where in the hell did all *that* come from?"

"Sorry, I've been brushing up on my dirty talk. Not very good yet, huh. It's hard to know what the sweet spot is. Too much and you're a tryhard, too little and you're... well, you're me before you let me learn how to pleasure a man. I'll get better at it." Water was splashing off her body onto the bathroom floor as steam began to fog up the mirror over the sink. Cassie bent forward, planting her hands on the wall and arching her back. She was presenting herself, plain and simple. It was strange to think there was no visible sign of her anal training, but I guess it would be something more felt than seen.

"Do you wanna have sex before dinner? I have to help Robby with his homework, but I can come back after if you'd rather do it then. Then I have some homework myself. If you don't fuck me too hard, you could probably do me while I finished it, if you want."

"That. Yes. Let's do that one." She hadn't even been trying, and it was the hottest suggestion I'd heard all day – and I'd had a cop beg me for permission to suck my cock.

“Cool! All right, I’m gonna scrubby up.”

“Get to it, Cassie.”

“Yep! Fuck ya soon, Mr. C!”

Wednesday morning, Cassie and I showered up together. She really did like getting wet with me, and I didn't have the heart to deny her. We made a note to get moving earlier on mornings she slept over so we didn't have to risk anyone seeing her sneaking out of my house at dawn. It would be so nice after graduation with the reduced pressure to hide everything. For now, though, it was off to work.

It was a stormy day, but that was fine by me. Rainy days were always more subdued, the students calmer. I'd even managed to line up reading days for all six sections for once, which meant I was only standing in front of the class and teaching for a brief window at the beginning and end of class. The rest was spent catching up on long overdue grading and administrative paperwork.

Amy Cook-Burfield and I had our lunch meeting. Elsewhere, Isa and Candy were sharing a meal, daydreaming about submitting and watching that submission respectively. Amy wasn't as thrilling as that company promised to be the following day, but it was nice to sit with my amiable colleague and be a normal, boring teacher. We banged out the inventory issue quickly, then frittered away the rest of the lunch period on idle gossip.

"Did you hear about the fight yesterday?" Amy asked. I shook my head. "Alex Barrett and Will Griffin of all people. Started out by the baseball lot, I heard. Sounds like Alex accused Will of fooling around with that girlfriend of his."

I narrowly maintained my composure. That girlfriend of his was none other than Abbie Stern. They were a well-known couple around school, a pair of good-looking hellions, GHS's own Bonnie and Clyde. "That doesn't sound like Will."

"Oh, I expect the accusation has more to do with it sounding a good deal like Abbie. Either way, they're both suspended for the rest of the week. Word has it Abbie dumped him soon after, so I'd be finding a bunker to hide in if I were Will."

For a second, I wondered if there would come a time when Alex Barrett would come knocking on my door. I wasn't afraid, of course – I am not a pussy – but it was a strange thought, a dust-up with a high schooler over a girl. What had tipped Alex off to her unfaithfulness, I wonder? I'd taught Alex junior year, and he'd put me through enough crap in my struggles to keep him from failing (and to keep from smacking him upside the head) that I really could have felt worse. He and Taylor had been in the same class, a perfect storm for drama and disruption.

Suddenly, I remembered the time he'd called me a "beta cuck" – I'd had to google what it even meant at the time.

"What's so funny?" Amy asked.

I waved it off. "Oh, nothing."

It did remind me that I was overdue for a one on one with Abbie. (Had I ever had a one on one with Abbie?) I texted her a request to pop by my room after school.

“Yeah?” she demanded impatiently a few hours later. Taylor snickered from behind the cover of *Catcher*. Not what she was supposed to be working on, but I could address that once Abbie left.

“Well hello to you, too.”

“Oh, sorry. Hi! Hello. How are you?” She flashed the most brilliant, most thoroughly sarcastic smile I had ever seen. It vanished so fast I wondered if I’d imagined it. “There ya go. So... yeah?”

“You know, this is definitely not how the sluts behave in my fantasies.”

“Evidently they do, because here I am.”

“So you’re the arbiter of my fantasies now?”

“Tay didn’t tell you?” She glanced to her sister. “Yeah, I got a good handle on your fantasies now. You’re a lot less cagey when you’re under. Some pretty good shit hiding in there once you got out of your own fucking way.”

I’d been letting her stand over me, but that brought me back to my feet. Taylor and I were very nearly eye to eye, but Abbie was a good deal shorter. She showed no deference, but at least I wasn’t any more either. “You think that’s funny? To go rummaging through somebody’s head when they’re helpless?”

That brought an outright guffaw. “Seriously? Fucking seriously?”

“Language...”

“I’m sorry, it sounded like Mr. I-Have-My-Own-Mind-Fucked-Harem Canon was talking to me about respecting people’s boundaries! Shit, dawg, do you even hear yourself?”

An irritatingly fair point. I took a deep breath. Smoothing things over with Abbie would be a lot easier if I didn’t approach it as a confrontation. The halls of GHS were saturated with the shattered dreams of teachers who’d tried to browbeat the Stern girls into compliance. I took a step closer and gently laid my hands on her shoulders, trying hard not to remember her sister, whom I’d vigorously fucked a mere forty-eight (forty-seven?) hours earlier, was watching. Abbie permitted me, at least.

“You’re right. Look, I wanted to talk to you. Saturday was messed up, I know. I do appreciate you taking the risk you did. Truly.”

Her hard eyes softened, albeit a hair. “There’s girls doing six to eight for pulling half the shit I did on that cop cunt, so you fucking better. ”

“I do.”

“So why’d you wait all week to say it then?”

I rubbed her neck softly. This technique alone had gotten me out of the doghouse more than a few times. “I tried to talk to you Sunday night, remember? But you weren’t in a talking mood.”

Her eyes flickered to Taylor. “Not when you come at me like that.”

“Hey. Now you know as far as I’m concerned, I’ll let you use my Serenex whenever you want. But you had to know I’d prefer you not use it on me. I appreciate you used a light hand. Light-ish, anyway. Unless there’s something you haven’t told me?”

To my relief, Abbie shook her head. “Nah. We done fixed you up good already last time around.”

“Then thank you for that, too. And yes, however unorthodox, your handling of Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour was effective. Having seen the results firsthand... it’s something all right.”

She grinned. “Yeah? You made Barbie crawl yet?”

“A little.”

“Nice.”

“I heard you and your boyfriend had a falling out.”

“You checking up on me?”

I rolled my eyes. “You’re popular. Deal with it. So what happened?”

Her eyes sparkled darkly. “He found out I was cheating on him.”

“How?” She wasn’t being careless with our secret, was she?

“I told him.”

I gave her arm a squeeze. “Conscience caught up with you, eh? I get that.”

Abbie merely laughed, however. “What? No, I was tired of sneaking around. Besides, the sex was just... bleh. Once I got a taste of that Canon cock, there was no going back to little boys. Hey, speaking of... what you up to tonight?”

Like that, she’d moved on from anger and back into casual acceptance of her role as my fantasy slut. “Unfortunately, I have plans. Getting together with some friends.”

“Other teachers?”

“Normal people, actually. Believe it or not, I did not pop into existence as an English teacher at GHS. They’re nobody you know, Abbie. They don’t even live around here.” Was that ever true. Some of us lived almost two hours apart, so we met up at a bar in White Oaks, where ironically none of us lived. It was the best compromise we could manage for our rendezvous.

“So can I come?”

“Can you... what?! No, you can’t come hang out with my friends!”

Her finger jabbed my chest. “Why not? They don’t know I’m a student here, right? I’ll just be your insanely hot slightly younger girlfriend.”

“Your humility is commendable. And no. I don’t want to have to explain to my friends why I, a high school teacher, would be in a relationship with an eighteen-year-old!”

Abbie stepped back and started fishing in her purse. What was she... Oh. She held up her driver’s license. “Twenty-two, beeyotch. See? Only four years younger.”

“Are you seriously showing me, a teacher, your fake ID?” I squinted at it. “Nicole M. Inaj. My god.”

“Oh come off it, already. I pass for twenty-two no problem. Never been caught.” Taylor snorted suddenly. “Oh shut up. So once or twice I had to flash a bouncer my tits, but still, I got in, didn’t I?”

Her sister shook her head, muttering, “Classy as fuck, Abs.”

“Regardless,” I interjected, “no way. Fun as it would be to show off a smoking hot babe of a girlfriend to the gang, it raises too many complications. Not worth the risk that someone will find out about my relationship with the Stern girls.” I realized I was parroting my Serenex programming. “Err, you, that is.”

Her lower lip thrust forward. “Lame.”

“Soon. I promise.”

That was that, the best confirmation I’d get that I wasn’t any more messed up than before, plus both Stern girls mollified.

Or at least, I’d thought that was that. I kept thinking so right up until we were ordering our second round at Gooses.

Sean couldn’t make it, but Alice, Jacqui, Jay, Roddy and I were all there, all punctual as usual. Gooses was a decent little bar. Since none of us lived in White Oaks, we’d chosen it only because it was near the highway and Jay had thought the lack of apostrophe in the signage would drive my English teacher sentimentality insane. (It did, but I seldom gave him the satisfaction of admitting as much.) The food was good, the drinks reasonably priced, the staff friendly, and the company top notch. I’d bought the first round; when Jacqui grew suspicious of the impoverished teacher’s generosity, I shrugged and said I’d been having a good week. I was spared further interrogation after Roddy piped in with the story of his week, which seemed to be going tragically the opposite direction – but the telling was up to his usual comedic standard.

Then, suddenly, in walked a woman who was the visual equivalent of a needle pulling off a record. Roddy trailed off mid-sentence in his vivid description of the smell of his patient’s foot fungus and stared. It was a very male stare, so Jay and I followed him first, but the ladies soon after with curiosity as to what had arrested our attention so.

The woman was gorgeous. Long chestnut hair ironed flat, wrapped in a thick, ornate braid that lay across her left breast, leaving her whole back exposed. Her body looked like it had been poured into her dress, the contents sloshing around and threatening to spill over the rims with every movement. It was a hell of a dress, too – solid black, backless, ankle-length. The neckline hung down past her breasts and partway down her stomach, but was also slit to the hip on the left leg, like her thighs had refused to be out-advertised by her incredible swell of cleavage. Cut like that, there could be no bra beneath it. Tight as it was across a tantalizingly ample posterior, I very much

doubted there were panties either. Only the dress, gaudy jewelry, and a pair of spiked heels that made every step an act of charity to the male eye.

“Somebody doesn’t want to go home alone tonight,” muttered Jay.

Alice shook her head. “Oh please, they’ll have her out on her ass the moment she hits the bar. That girl is seventeen if she’s a day.”

Roddy pounded his shot and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. “Oh please be at least eighteen.”

“She’s twenty-two.” All eyes were suddenly on me. Oh shit, that had been out loud. Damn it, Abbie!

Luckily, Jacqui’s assumption that was sharing Roddy’s optimism saved me from having to explain the specificity of my guess. “Oh, please. She looks like she’s on her way to the prom.”

“Senior prom is still eighteen,” Roddy pointed out.

Alice laughed. “Normally I’d tell you to quit staring, but... shit, girlfriend didn’t come in like that to avoid attention.”

Abbie made her way to the bar, boosting her short self up to a stool. The portion of the dress beneath the slit hung low, displaying her entire leg. She posed sideways, glancing around the bar but carefully avoiding dwelling on me.

“Attention?” Jacqui arched an eyebrow. “That’s what you call euphemism, right C? That girl wants some dick, and she wants it ten minutes ago.”

“So you’re saying I got a shot?” asked Jay.

“I’m telling Sylvia you said that.”

“If Sylvia could see *that*, she’d be more disappointed if I didn’t at least try,” he quipped.

“What do you think that back tattoo says?”

Roddy squinted, then shrugged it off. “I’ll check it out tonight while I’m... you know, never mind. Too crude, even for me.”

“Whoa, hey, where are you going?” demanded Jacqui. But I wasn’t waiting to explain myself. There wasn’t any explanation I could give. I walked up to the bar, leaving a quartet of gaping friends in my wake.

Abbie didn’t so much as look in my direction as I strode up beside her. I didn’t even sit down; I shoved the stool out of my way. “Do you mind telling me what in the fuck you’re doing here?” I demanded in a low voice.

Only then did she glance over. Her expression was one of bemusement, curiosity why a churl like me would approach a queen like her. “I’m sorry, do I know you?”

“How the hell did you know where to find me? Did you follow me here or something?”

“Look, guy, I don’t know what you’re talking about, but if you’re trying to *cause a scene*, you’re going about it the right way.”

The veiled warning registered in spite of my rancor. My friends were all watching on tenterhooks, but were too far to be able to hear us over the music playing in the background. They would, however, have questions about why I was accosting this seeming stranger if I didn't switch up my approach. I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern girls. So instead of dragging her to the parking lot as I was inclined to, I forced a smile. "Abbie, I swear to god, you have about ten seconds to explain your presence before I—"

"Excuse me, miss?" interrupted the bartender, stopping in front of us – in front of her – with a drink in his hand. "This is from the gentleman down yonder."

We both looked to where a man easily another ten years older than me was seated, grinning broadly. He lifted his own glass to her when she made eye contact. Abbie raised his gift in salute, then, without a word to me, walked down the bar with it and took a spot next to him. I watched helplessly as she let him engage her in conversation. About what, I couldn't guess.

While I waited for her to finish amusing herself by putting me off, I ordered myself another drink and settled in. I tried not to look back to the group, but when self-consciousness got the better of me, it was confirmed that all eyes remained on me. No doubt they were waiting to see me make an ass of myself, crashing in the style of Icarian legend. As Abbie giggled and flirtatiously placed her hand over the man's (*he was old enough to be her father, for pity's sake, and definitely not as good-looking as me!*), I wondered just how far my friends' jaws would drop if they had an inkling what all I had been up to the past couple weeks. I barely believed it myself, sometimes. They stared in disbelief that I would try, and here I was already awash with carnal knowledge. Seldom had the possession of a secret given me such an overweening sense of myself.

Roddy made his way to the bar after a few minutes, ordering a round for our table at my side. "Damn, man. You're really doing this, huh?"

"I... am?" I hadn't meant for that to be a question. I harrumphed away my uncertainty. "Err, yes. I am."

"Does she know that?" He nodded to where Abbie was laughing much too hard at something the man had said.

"Am I supposed to go over there and drag her off of him?"

"I dunno, buddy. But it doesn't look like it's going so hot with the long distance eyeballing strategy. If you find a way to make it work though, let me know. I would nail that girl six ways from Sunday."

"Doesn't sound like Jacqui and Alice would approve of you shtupping the kid."

"Jacqui only gets a say if it's her hubby doing the shtupping. And Alice? She's only hating because she's jealous of that girl, man." He eyed Abbie hard as he took a swig from his bottle. "And good reason. My Lucy can get it."

I laughed. "Lucy?"

“Any woman that dangerous gotta be a Lucy. Shit, banging her would be an act of bona fide heroism.”

The bartender set down a trio of bottles and took a bill from Roddy’s hand. “Yeah?” I asked, rising to my feet.

“Fuck yeah.”

I pounded the rest of my drink, mostly managing not to wince. “Well then, ready my cape.”

“Get ‘em, Tiger.” He clapped me on the back as I made my way past him.

“...in finance, but I’m looking to open my own business soon,” the man was saying. Lying, probably.

Abbie leaned in, breasts threatening to burst free from her neckline. “Oh really? Businesses are so interesting. What kind of business did you have in—”

“Hey.”

The two looked over at me. It was the man who responded, immediately recognizing me as a threat moving in on his would-be conquest. Poor guy had no idea. “Excuse us, but the lady and I were having a conversation.”

I kept my eyes right on Abbie’s. The man barely existed. “Come with me,” I commanded.

“I don’t think you were listening, pal. I said, the lady and I were talking. Why don’t you take a seat.” He probably sat up taller, or cracked his knuckles, or some other macho posturing bullshit. I wouldn’t know. I wasn’t looking.

“You heard the man.” But her eyes signaled her mirth.

“I heard him. He said you were talking. Were. Now, we’re talking. So let’s... talk.”

The man said something, but Abbie spoke right over him. “You have something you want to say to me, Mister?”

“Matter of fact, I do.” I took a step closer and tilted her chin up so that our eyelines met. “You’re incredible, and I want to buy you a drink, and take you home with me,” I stated plainly. My desire to simply get her out of this bar and out of sight of my friends was a part of it, but really, the ambiance was working. Standing there with dozens of people watching or half-watching us, it was easy to forget she wasn’t simply some gorgeous woman at a bar, advertising her availability to us poor lonely slobs. If this were a normal night, and a woman like her walked in, with a body like hers, in a get-up like hers, with red, plump lips like hers... I’d be watching for her every time I stepped into Gooses for the rest of my life.

The man said something. I couldn’t have cared less what. From the way Abbie stood up, silencing him with a brush of her fingertips on his wrist, she couldn’t either. “So buy me a drink then, handsome.”

We returned to our seats. I could feel my friends’ eyes on me, but I kept mine on the woman at my side. Her former companion continued glowering at me from across

the way, though who could blame him. “You really do look great, by the way. You clean up pretty nice.”

“Thanks. It’s the dress I wore to prom.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. When she demanded to know why, it took some doing to dissuade her curiosity. I didn’t want Jacqui’s bitter comment to hurt her feelings. Not only to be polite, but because who knew what Abbie’s character’s policy was on knifing catty strangers in bar fights? “So really, what on earth possessed you to come in here tonight?”

Abbie sipped at her whiskey sour. That had been my pick. It had seemed the sort of drink high school girls who fancied themselves hard drinkers would fancy. “You did, dumbass. Weren’t you paying attention? I told you, I got all sorts of good shit out of you the other night.”

“And I said ambush me while I’m out with my friends? Because I don’t think I ever fantasized about that.”

“You said you wanted to make people jealous. I figured, I can’t exactly have you fuck me in front of the whole school while every boy at GHS fills their spank bank with a blur spot where you’re standing. So I could at least have every guy in this bar drooling over me while you walk me out the door with your hand on my ass.”

It was one hell of a suggestion. I was sold on it immediately. But first... “Kiss me.” She smiled. “Cocky mother fucker, ain’tcha?”

“Kiss me, or I’ll leave now and go home and fuck Cassie instead.”

“The hell you will. You know you ain’t settling for less than all this now.”

I practically lunged at her, kissing her so hard it slammed her back against the bar. She saw it coming all the same, but she reciprocated with relish that was plain to not only me, but everyone else in Gooses. I hadn’t realized how exposed her hips were from that backless dress until I took hold of them and pulled her body against me. As it transcended from kissing to full-on making out, I slowly became cognizant of the bartender looming nearby. As someone who regularly enforced the PDA rule at my own place of employment, I recognized the look on his face and let Abbie go. Her lips chased after mine as I stepped back.

“Let’s get out of here.”

Abbie aligned herself beside me. I took a step, but when she didn’t follow, I remembered the condition she’d placed on it and pressed an open palm against her ass. Definitely no panties. I smirked over my shoulder at the gloomy expression of the guy who’d helped loosen her up for me with that first drink. Someone hooted. Roddy? No matter. I was walking out with the hottest babe who’d crossed that threshold all year at my side. I deserved hoots.

If it had been a little darker out, I might have fucked her right there in the parking lot. There was no way I was making it all the way back to my place, though; it

was almost an hour away, and an erection this severe could be deadly if put off that long. There was a motel within line of sight, though, right off this same exit off the highway. The clerk's expression said he knew full well why I was in such a rush for a room key, though when he caught sight of Abbie sitting on the hood of my car right outside the lobby, his jaw dropped. Did he think she was a hooker? Probably. Either way, he was plainly impressed.

I staggered backwards into our room as Abbie herded me in lips first. We tumbled directly onto the bed, and she had my pants down in seconds. "The door, Abbie, Jesus!" I snapped. I hurried out of the rest of my clothes as she patiently glided over and closed it, twisting the lock.

She tugged my socks off for me, completing my own undressing. "Well then, shall I?" She grinned, reaching behind her neck and undoing the silver clasp that held up that magnificently sexy dress. How she'd managed to sneak that thing past Principal Horen's censors at prom, I couldn't imagine. Knowing Abbie, she'd had Alex sneak her in one of the side doors.

"Wait!" I cried suddenly, before I even knew why. But Abbie halted gamely, lowering her arms to her sides. She stood in place, letting me admire her. Because of course she did. Like she'd said a dozen times since her sister accidentally put the idea in her head, she was a sex object. Tits and ass. There to be ogled – nothing inappropriate about it. As far as she was concerned, she was lucky to have me.

I walked around her in slow circles, admiring her body from every angle. There was no telling which one displayed her best. How her tits and her ass each thrust themselves out in their respective directions in profile. The way I could only just make out where her breasts curved away from her chest beneath her arms. How her ass was so plentiful, the dress so tight, that it tried to crawl into her crack. The sheer depth of that thin line of cleavage, a bottomless canyon centered in a deep oval rimmed by black fabric. Even the braid was surprisingly sexy, uncharacteristically sophisticated in its intricacy.

I pulled her down on top of me as I toppled backwards onto the motel room's creaky bed. Abbie slithered up to mount me in the next breath, her pussy effortlessly engulfing my pulsing cock, guided with pinpoint accuracy by the honest instinct of a true fantasy slut. As much as I would have loved undressing her, she was somehow even sexier with the dress on. The thrill of stealing her from another man at a bar subsided and became a waking daydream of sneaking her out of prom unbeknownst to her date, then smuggling her into this motel for a quick, cheap fuck before returning her, dripping with my cum, to the poor jerk who'd paid for her prom ticket.

Abbie was only a junior, though, so there was always next year's prom to do it for real.

"What do you think Alex would do if he could see us now?"

Abbie broke into grins. Sweaty, panting grins. “Try to beat the shit out of you.”

I sunk my fingers into the soft, round booty beneath that slinky dress. “Only try? What, you don’t think he could take me?”

“He’d have to go through me first, C-dawg.” Her laugh bespoke her surmise of his odds in that confrontation. Or maybe she was just enjoying herself. She did laugh sometimes when she was coming. It was about the closest that the girl came to being sweet.

Her ass received a reproofing slap. The filmy dress did nothing to protect it. “Guess Will didn’t merit protection, eh?”

“Guess Will shouldn’t have narked to Mrs. Hildibrand about me copying his work.” As if frustrated that her tits weren’t getting enough attention, Abbie moved my hands to her front, brushing aside the cups of her dress to make way for me. Their massive heft bounced in opposite time with my thrusts, launching upward and then slamming down into my palms as I pistoned into her pussy once again.

“I’m still a teacher, Abbie...” I warned. I think I even meant it when I said it, though the preposterousness of the warning sunk in the moment the sound hit air.

“And I’m still a set of tits and ass for your ogling pleasure. So shut up and fuck your hot little nympho bar babe already, yeah?”

“You got it, Lucy.”

“Lucy?” she grunted.

“My friend thought you looked like a Lucy.”

She slammed down onto my cock, all the way to the hilt. Her hips gyrated slowly as her pussy squeezed my cock like she was milking the thing. “Yeah, but I feel like a Tightly.” Then I was coming inside her, my beautiful stranger, so I didn’t have the wherewithal to laugh at the pun until after I recovered.

Each of my friends – and Sylvia – texted me before the night was out in a mix of incredulity, curiosity, and in Jacqui’s case, mostly jocular condemnation. I didn’t respond. What was there to say? I didn’t want to lie to my friends, and I certainly couldn’t tell the truth. I’d come up with something later.

As for Abbie, she wasn’t about to let me off so easily. No mere fuck and forget for my fantasy slut, no sir. I was still about two miles from her house when she paused her casual gift of road head – the safest way to keep anyone from seeing her in my car, we’d agreed – to push some buttons.

“So you’re not pissed I followed you, are you?”

I sighed. “No. Not much, anyway. Just... don’t do it again, all right? I’m going to have a hell of a time explaining that.”

“Just tell them you were tired of being a pussy and took what you wanted. I mean, that is what happened, right?”

“Thanks to you, I suppose.”

“I ain’t had nothing to do with that, C-dawg. But Tay’s right about one thing – you’re one hot-ass mother fucker when you take charge. I hope I get you for senior English.”

“If you’re as much of a handful as your sister, I’m not sure where I stand on that. But I guess we’ll see.”

“I fill them hands way better than her flat little titties,” she retorted with a giggle.

“Flat? She’s an E cup, Abbie.”

Abbie ignored me, softly stroking my spit-slicked cock. “So when we doing the next thing? I got some badass new material to try out once you finish wasting your time on Cassie and Tay and MILF-face and the cop and the teacher bitch. Huh. You know, when I say it out loud, that does actually sound like it could take a while.”

“Anything to do with this big secret you have Isa and Candy working on?”

I was watching Abbie closely for a reaction, but the back of her head was no more instructive than her response. “Nah.”

Ah, well. Abbie can use my Serenex whenever she wants. “Fine, have your little secret. Don’t make me wait *too* long. I’ll try to make time this weekend. I’m backed up on work, and I do have to have final grades enter by end of the day next Friday, so—”

“Yikes, really failing to appreciate the line between being a take-charge stud and a limp-dicked bureaucrat.”

“So we’ll see. You have plans?”

She stroked harder. I was getting close. “If I make plans, you go right on and interrupt ‘em. I’ll ditch any lame-ass party for some rockin’ good sex with my favorite teacher.”

I patted her head gratefully. “Kind to say. Now hurry up and get me off before we have to finish in your parents’ driveway.”

“There’s my stud.”

“There’s my slut.”

Thursday I returned my seniors' letters to selves. It was an activity we did back in early September, once enrollment and class schedules were stable, where we turned off the lights and took half a period to write something down for student eyes only. They sealed the letters themselves, some employing all sorts of arcane methodology to ensure I couldn't open and read it. It was always a moving experience, inevitably a student or two (or half a dozen in fourth period) breaking into tears over something they'd said. We'd all been ready to support Greg in my first period, whose father had passed away from cancer back in January. I don't think there was a one of them who didn't join in the group hug. I had a good crop this year, all right. (Even with Taylor.) After, they scribed another letter to themselves, this time with the freedom to respond to the former, to address it to the future, or simply talk to themselves in writing. It was the sort of assignment that only worked in the emotional haze that accompanied the end of the school year, but work it did.

The emotional high that accompanied these off-the-curriculum exercises in self-reflection, I'd actually forgotten about my promise to eat with Candy and Isa. The two were there within moments after the bell sounded to start our lunch period. Despite my initial inclination to avoid starting another unfinishable sexual conquest like I had Monday, the sight of Isa's breasts in her uniform, no longer encumbered by bra or that sin of a compression shirt, wore me down. The assistant volleyball coach's pitiful ability to contain her desire to see me degrade her girlfriend didn't help. I settled for having Isa take her shirt off and eat kneeling on the floor, which was about all the stomach for that sort of thing I had. If Candy wanted dog collars, paddles and nipple clamps, she was going to have to find and use them herself. Still, her obvious enjoyment of me abusing my power was a little too infectious, so I let the woman sit her tight little ass on my lap and dry hump me while I ate, up until the bell.

"Please, Mr. Canon, you *have* to come over sometime this weekend. I swear to you, we will make up for everything and more. No more tricks. You'll see."

"Oh yeah?" The sounds of students in the hallways was plain to all three of us. As Isa hastily donned her uniform, I considered. "Show me the tattoo."

Candy frowned. "You... you were serious about that? I thought you had to be teasing."

"I told you he wasn't teasing," Isa chimed in, buttoning as fast as she could.

"You should listen to your girlfriend."

"I'm not doing that," she insisted. "It's degrading."

A sharp knock at the door accompanied a query as to whether I was in here. The handle jiggled, but we locked it now out of habit. "Admirable. Isa, I'll see you Saturday at seven. See if we can't have more fun than we did last time out. Be ready to make good on that promise of hot new lingerie. Candy... you can have a quiet night alone with your integrity."

“Mr. Canon, be reasonable,” she whined.

“Do you have a favorite color, Master?” Isa asked, eyes cast to the floor. Her girlfriend whimpered in unquenchable lust at the use of the term.

“I like surprises. Now get going. I have a job to do.”

Following Taylor’s after school session, in which she got fully caught up in missing work from her government class, I returned home with a light heart and a heavy briefcase. The night was spent in vigorous grading and enough texting to take me back to when I’d been a student myself.

Roddy wanted to know how things had gone with the babe from the bar. I told him we’d had a pleasant evening, and let him think what he would. The truth was far more salacious than his assumptions anyway.

Taylor proposed that she write her final essay for my class as a reflection on Emerson’s “Self-Reliance.” It was a text from second quarter, one which she’d not even bothered to plagiarize a submission and had instead taken a zero. Accordingly, I was hesitant to let her use it for a quarter four essay, but after some back and forth, I was persuaded to let her give it a go. At least she remembered the abstract treatise existed, which was more than could probably be said for a lot of her peers. Plus, I was genuinely impressed that she endured the negotiation without once resorting to her pussy, by far her best bargaining chip. True dedication right there.

Candy checked once more to see if I’d really meant it. I did. I had plenty of pussy in my life and most of it had never stabbed me in the back. If the woman wanted back in my good graces, that was the price. She told me it wasn’t fair. I agreed.

Sean wanted to know what the hell he’d missed last night that Roddy and the gang were blowing up his inbox with word that I was Gooses’ most successful new pickup artist. I told him that if he bought me a few rounds next time out, maybe I’d give him a couple tips.

Abbie wanted reassurance that I’d never fucked a girl with better tits than hers. I didn’t have the heart to tell her she had but to look across the hall. (The girl was prodigious in that regard, yes, but if I were forced to establish a gradation of perfection, there could be such a thing as too big, if only slightly. The curves of Taylor’s peaks were at the peak of that particular curve.)

Jacqui wanted to make sure that if that was how I was going to conduct my affairs – *plowing chicks barely older than your students* – that I knew to stock up on condoms and secure the number of a good babysitter. Her underestimation would have been the perfect example for when I had to teach situational irony next year, especially if Abbie were in my class, if not for that one niggling detail.

Isa sent out a snarky text asking if she would be reimbursed for the lingerie, or if she and her fellow sex slaves had expense accounts. I told her to come to school

tomorrow with no underwear of any kind beneath her uniform. She told me to go fuck myself.

Amy Cook-Burfield asked if I had taken the senior portfolios from the supply closet. I had not.

Cassie wanted to talk about whether I had ever had anal sex before. How excited I was to try it on a 10-point scale. If I minded that she was nervous. If having a sexier butt made butt sex more interesting, even though the sex part didn't happen with the butt cheeks but just the hole between them. If it was sexier to call it a butt, an ass, a booty, or something else. If I'd ever thought about fucking her mom's butt. If I was intending to fuck her mom's pussy. How weird it would be if I knocked her mom up. Her realization that if I married her mom but kept fucking her daughter, and then if I knocked up my stepdaughter, then the child would be both Cassie's sister and her child at the same time. If there was a special tax credit for giving birth to your own brother or sister. How dumb it was that schools taught about mitochondria but not how to do your taxes. I assured her I had no intention of marrying Megan, or Cassie, or anyone else, or knocking up anyone. She agreed that marrying her booty caller would be weird, as would marrying her next door neighbor, as would marrying a teacher at her school, but noted that if it would bring me pleasure, she'd be down with it.

Megan casually inquired if I meant to marry her daughter. I assured her that had been Cassie's fit of delusion, and that I had never suggested any such thing. In text, it was hard to tell if she was relieved, or disappointed.

Isa texted again, this time apologizing for her outburst and promising she would wear anything I commanded. I told her to show our conversation to her girlfriend. Candy texted me a minute later, promising she'd get the tattoo after school tomorrow and asking if she could join us Saturday night.

I slept alone that night. But I didn't feel alone.

At last, Friday.