



Twenty-Seven

A Non-Canonical Novella About Canon

By Isaac Byrne

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All characters participating in or observing sexual activities are at least 18 years of age.

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Part One: School Supply Shopping

“The man already has his own goddamn *harem*, baby. What more could he possibly want from us that he doesn’t already have? But no, he ‘needed’ *this...!*” Isa sneered coldly at her fresh decoration.

“I’m sorry, mama. I wanted it to be a surprise.” Candace wrapped her arm around Isa’s waist, careful to avoid the sensitive patch, still bleeding beneath the medical wrap.

“A surprise. That’s why you’re sorry? Because that so-called ‘artist,’ wouldn’t let you put... *THAT*... on my body without my say-so?” She didn’t break free from the comforting grip of her lover, however. This obscenity, this indelible *insult*, had her so livid she could practically come merely from having Candace look at her; she was powerless to resist a touch. Ordinarily Isa was not one for public displays of affection, but they’d gone to the Great Oaks Mall almost an hour away so no one would recognize them.

“Quit dragging your feet, Barbie! Do I have to get out the leash again?”

Almost no one. To their surprise, Abbie Stern had been waiting for them at the tattoo parlor. It was the first they’d seen of her since graduation a few weeks earlier. When they’d demanded to know what she was doing there, she’d replied that Mr. Canon had appointed her Isa’s babysitter for the day, since she was acting like such a big baby about getting her first tattoo. Candace had gotten hers months ago, a splash of sweetheart candies and other confections right above her slit. At Mr. Canon’s direction, naturally.

Isa hadn’t been meant to know what they were putting on her body until it was done, but apparently even mall tattoo artists had ethical codes. Once she’d found out, she’d been so outraged it had sent her running for the nearest ladies room to furiously grope at her lower belly, where the offense was to occur. Then her hand started moving lower still.

Right up until Abbie caught up with her and affixed the leash. It wasn’t a pet leash, though that would have been as bad. No, it was one of those harnesses for wayward toddlers, except that evidently one of Canon’s craftier ladies had lengthened the straps to fit the police officer’s torso. She’d been led back to the parlor on the thing, fists clenched to keep from cold-cocking that smug teenage cunt. In the end, the Serenex decided it for her. She was a submissive little bitch, and her master wanted to decorate her as such.

After a hard slap on the ass from Abbie that promised more humiliation to follow if she dragged her feet, she’d told the artist to get on with it. When the fellow balked, she’d had to convince him. When her sudden shift from sulking to pleading put him off,

she'd had to beg. Beg even through the awkwardness of it, choking down her embarrassment at what precisely she was begging for.

By the time he'd relented, she was halfway to losing control so badly that she shifted to begging Candace to rip her clothes off and fuck her then and there. Abbie too, if she wanted. She was a submissive little bitch, and the girl was nothing if not domineering. Yeah, yeah, it was weird and creepy and a violation of them both. Hot as hell, though; Isa had always liked big tits on a woman. Vanity, probably. She hadn't insisted that Candace get hers done yet, but the topic had come up as early as their fourth date, and Isa wasn't ready to drop it. As for Abbie, her sister might be out of the picture, but that had only induced her to step up and assert herself as master's new enforcer. If there was one sure way to light a fire in Isa's pussy these days, it was master, and enforcement.

"No, ma'am," Isa mumbled.

"Good. Now wipe the sulk off your face. You're pretty, for an older gal. You really oughta smile more."

Isa hastily plastered an idiot grin on her face. She looked more deranged than happy, but it nixed a fresh excuse for Abbie to publicly humiliate her. Discounting the permanent ink job aspect, almost nothing pissed her off more than outings like these. The way Canon – through his ever-expanding harem – treated her, a grown woman with a degree in criminal justice and a position of respect and authority in law enforcement. A woman who had until very recently commanded respect. Canon, though? He treated her like a naughty child. Like a petulant brat. Like a simpleton. Thanks to that Serenex garbage of his, she endured it.

In fact, she did her best to make sure she took all the blame for even her most depraved behaviors. She *had* to protect his secret. Nobody could be allowed to wonder if he was the reason why Isa now mowed their lawn in a string bikini; why she ditched a bra and wore her hair up in pigtails whenever she visited the station; or why she nixed her gym membership so she could work out at the GHS gym with the students and faculty, always in tight or skimpy shorts and a sports bra with ample cleavage oozing out. They had to believe she was nothing more than a garden variety slutbag who simply hadn't given them their turn yet. Nothing could point back to master.

Worse was the fact the man knew perfectly well how goddamn horny it all made her. Every annoying, degrading, whorish depravity was a fresh thrill for her. She'd just spent her Saturday afternoon allowing the man to, in effect, brand her as his property. In fact, she'd begged to be allowed to be branded for him. Once it healed up well enough, surely she'd be parading it around wherever and whenever she could. It would be often indeed if he went through with those school reform measures he and Candace had been discussing – which Isa had roundly condemned, as any decent person would – except

Candace, who didn't have a choice but to help him plan, which was infuriating, which was so fucking hot. Soon the whole school would see it on her.

S L B

The acronym might not make sense to most people who saw it emblazoned on her stomach. They would speculate, though, and she'd wager most students would get at least one or two letters right even with a joke guess. In fact, the taunts would likely be *more* accurate than good faith efforts to decipher the barbour codex. Stupid Little Bitch? She knew plenty of kids who'd go right to that guess. Taylor Stern, for instance. And that tyrannical cunt would be one third right.

God, how it made her want to sit on Candace's face for a day.

And master knew it.

That was bad, knowing she'd soon become a popular topic of giggly teenage speculation. It wasn't the worst part, though. The worst was that that evil, rotten, controlling, slaving asshole Canon was doing it all, on some level, as a *kindness*. He knew full well how much, deep down, she fucking loved it. Isa couldn't even get turned on any more unless she was pissed off about something, or better yet dying of shame.

He'd invited ("invited") her over last weekend to wash his car. In a bikini. A skimpy one. And her best heels, which she'd ruined in the process. Meanwhile he and Candace sat inside, enjoying the show, much as every leering perv in his neighborhood did. (It had been a gorgeous day. *Lots* of people had been out.) When she finished, his shitbox of a car gleamed. She'd gone right inside and dropped to all fours, where she begged him to fuck her while she ate out Candace. That was one of his favorite arrangements. Being penetrated by a man still creeped her out, but it was the deepest violation of her will he could muster. Nothing came close to making her come as hard. Sometimes she hoped she'd never get used to it so it would always make her cunt pop so fucking hard.

That ink seared into her belly was a favor from her master. She would be getting off to it for the rest of her life. Or until the Serenex wore off. Though Shantel had assured her that the imprinting pattern ought to be indelible. Until she started to have dementia, she'd be covering for Canon's secrets. Then she'd forget what they were.

"Well? You coming, or are you just saying you're coming? 'Cause it's a fine-ass summer day out there, and I mean to avail myself to my people. They need theyselves some Abbie." The girl jerked on the lead again, causing Isa to stumble a few steps forward. Once she was moving, being towed through the mall like a dimwitted child, it was easier to keep moving, to wade through the stares and whispers, than to stop.

"I can't believe this," she grumbled, rubbing the aching spot again. "This is a new low, even for him."

"If you're going to keep sulking back there, Barbiekins, I'll give you something to sulk about."

Isa cocked a fist behind the girl's back, but quickly dropped it. If she was caught in an act of defiance, the girl really might spank her in the parking lot. Or maybe even right here in the mall.

Still, she was master's little demon, not master. "You know I don't actually have to do a single thing you say, you little felon in training."

Isa was wincing before the words were even out. That was not the tactic to take with Abbie Stern. "This bullshit again? Do you not remember what happened last time you threw yourself a one-dyke pride parade?"

"Right, because you would never do anything intimate with another woman," muttered Candace peevishly. She'd been the one to break the girl in, while that pig Canon sat on what had once been Isa's favorite chair, right up until Taylor Stern stained it with all of his cum leaking out of her pussy from when he fucked her while they watched the show. Since then, she'd fucked her own sister more times than Isa could count.

"That's different. Where Canon's concerned? I'm tits and ass. A sex object." A passing gentleman choked on a sip of his slurpee. "Objects don't bitch about what drawer you put 'em in, do they? As for you—"

Isa held up her hands. "I remember, OK? Sorry. Forget that I—"

"Hey. HEY. Let me finish. I fucking hate it when people talk over me. You get me?"

Isa trembled. Or quivered. There wasn't really a difference any more. "Yes."

"You know that's not what I want to hear, Barbie..."

Isa's smile made her look more and more like a lunatic by the moment. Eyes of fire, teeth of ice. "I get you, ma'am."

"Atta girl. Now, as I was saying, last time you started dragging those size twenty super-boots of yours on doing something I told you to—"

"She wears a size ten, Abbie." Candace gave her a reproving look. She always acted like Canon and his girls ought to be more civil about their enslavement, even if the lack of civility was the part they each liked best. The woman was a paradox.

"Size seventy-thousand gargundo clod-hoppers," Abbie continued with a harrumph, "I had to call Taylor. Do you remember what Boss Bitch said when I told her how you were misbehaving? Why don't you tell me what she said, because I know your fat ass remembers."

Candace didn't bother sticking up for her this time; all of them knew that of the women present, Isa was by far the most fit, and Abbie the least. The girl liked her curves, she insisted, never mind that Isa's tits were very nearly her equals in size, and far perkier.

"Taylor said to do whatever you tell me to do as long as it doesn't contravene any of my other orders." She expanded in a less defeated, more passive aggressive tone.

“And then, if my fat ass memory serves, she instructed me to tell her what all you had me do afterwards. Seems like there are some trust issues there. I wonder why that is.”

Taylor was a sensitive subject in all kinds of ways. After the falling out between her and Canon around graduation – not that the lazy bitch had achieved that feat herself – she’d not been seen by any of the harem since. Except for Abbie, who’d kept quiet on the girl’s activities. To quell Isa’s paranoia, master insisted he was keeping an eye on her, considering the volume of Serenex she had at one time possessed. Isa was no help to him on that score. Taylor was the one whose Serenex-enforced identity crisis had inspired today’s tattoo. It left no room for her to interfere in the girl’s business.

“Excuse me, young ladies.” The three of them turned as one to find a pasty, pudgy mall cop approaching them in a go-cart. He put it in park nearby, then strode over.

“Something wrong, sir?” Candace asked innocently. The dickhead probably thought the three of them were friends. Candace had a good five or six years on Abbie, and Isa more than that, but this fellow had to be closing in on twice Isa’s years. It wasn’t a distinction he’d find meaningful. Candace had trouble convincing people she was a teacher as it was.

“You can’t have your little friend wearing... that.” He pointed to the harness.

Before Isa could defend herself (was there a defense for this?) Abbie was already up in the man’s face. “I’m sorry, my ‘little friend?’ This is my Aunt Barbie.”

He put his hands on his hips, though clearly didn’t like the proximity to her. “Well, still.”

“Still what? Not that it’s any of your business, but Aunt Barbie is hella retarded. If we don’t keep her leashed up she could wander into one of the fountains, or chase a strand of her own drool and fall over the ledge to her death. Isn’t that right, Aunt Barbie?”

Isa redoubled the dopey grin she’d been wearing and waved at the man spastically. Her tits bobbed around like crazy. The man noticed. What a fucking pig.

“Oh. I didn’t...” He pried his eyes off her boobs at last.

“Yeah. You didn’t. We don’t let her out too often. These little trips out in the real world like a normal girl mean the world to her. Right?”

Isa nodded so hard it almost kinked her neck. Back down went the man’s eyes.

“I... see. Well, all right then. I didn’t mean anything by it. You all have a nice day. And be nice to your aunt, young lady. She seems sweet. Aren’t you, sweetie?”

“I’m a sweetie,” Isa repeated, mouth still beaming, eyes still scowling. She must look insane. Aptly.

Abbie watched him go. So did Isa, though not because she was worried he’d do something to her. She was a real cop, after all. He had about as much authority as that mulletted horse-face leering at her from behind the counter at the Cinnabon.

Suddenly her tether was being jerked on again. “What the fuck, Abbie!” she snapped.

Abbie grinned. It was the provocation she’d been seeking before they were interrupted. A moment of self-respect was all it took. “All right, fine, I’m calling Tay. See what she has to say about this. She was in a bad fucking mood this morning, too,” Abbie muttered at full volume.

“Wait wait wait!” With a strength of will that surprised even her, Isa forced her crazy woman smile to spread to her eyes. Abbie always enjoyed seeing contrition in action. The punk had an oppositional defiant streak so wide it amazed both women that even Serenex had been able to suppress it, albeit only in the cases of Canon and Taylor.

“I’m sorry, Abbie. I promise, I’ll behave from now on. All right? No more attitude, I swear. No need to stress out Taylor, right? We’re having such a fun girls’ day out, the three of us. Aren’t we, baby?”

“We sure are, mama.”

“Which reminds me, did you get a haircut? It looks like it has more volume than usual. I was saying to Ms. Salata that I really liked your new look earlier, at the tattoo parlor. Wasn’t I?” Sometimes when talking to the kids, she slipped and called her lover by her professional name like they did when they were at school. Once upon a time in a world that made far more sense, it had been a fun opportunity for roleplay. Back before their sex life had been completely subsumed by GHS staff and students.

Candace nodded far too seriously. “She sure was. And I agree, totally.”

“Oh quit buttering my muffin already. But good, glad to see you getting with the program, recognizing whose tushy get besmooched. Now do you think you can keep up with me without your harness, Barbie?”

“Yes, ma’am.” She almost saluted by reflex, some buried instinct to respond to perceived authority. She *would* salute, if that was what it took to get this humiliating, unbelievably sexy harness off of her.

Abbie gestured for Candace to help her unbuckle it. “All right then. Come on. We got one more stop to go before you’re all set up for his big day, and I don’t want to have to make a second trip all the way out here because you two are worried kids from school will see you being trampy back home. Les’goes, lesbos.”

Abbie’s pace was brisk. She was, as always, eager when it came to opportunities to enact Mr. Canon’s fantasies. Isa allowed her enough of a lead that she felt safe murmuring to her girlfriend, “I can’t believe I got myself a tattoo for someone else’s birthday. A *man’s* birthday.”

“Welcome to the club, mama. Don’t get all huffy about it. I think it’s actually kinda cute, myself. Besides, he and I were talking when I was helping him plan this out—”

“And I can’t believe my girlfriend had a hand in planning it!”

“—and I think it’s gonna grow on you if you give it a chance. He even, um, had an idea for a cover story for it.”

“Cover story? For why I have ‘Submissive Little Bitch’ tattooed on my stomach? This is gonna have to be a hell of a tale.”

Candace gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. “The SLB is all anyone will see. The rest of the letters are super tiny and all safely beneath your swimsuit parts.”

Parts which stung like someone had stuffed a shovel load of fire ants down her panties at present. Her stomach hurt, but her mons pubis fucking burned, even though the letters there were a tiny fraction of the size of the acronym on her belly. “All right, let’s hear this story then. Convince me.”

“You told me you could keep up!” Abbie snapped from where she’d been forced to wait for them a short ways ahead. “I hate being lied to. I fucking hate it, Barbie. Get it on, and from now in, it stays on. Keep wasting my time, and I’ll get him to weld the damn thing on.”

“Abbie, please...” Isa whimpered. On again, off again, at the whim of a teenage bully.

Candace shook her head. Not the time to seek mercy. Bite the bullet and get it over with. The teacher helped her girlfriend, the police officer, get her arms through the holes of the ninja turtle toddler harness. When Isa collapsed forward into her arms, she helped her stay on her feet. “God, you’re such a pathetic little slut,” she whispered, but it was pure affection.

Later on, she’d tell master all about it, hopefully while he gave his lesbian personal security chief the rough, merciless fuck she so desperately needed. She’d tell him what an asshole he was to demand that tattoo, to send his meanest goon to chaperone her, to conspire with Isa’s own girlfriend to find the thing that would make her rage, and her cunt, burn hardest, longest, and hottest. Master would probably want to come on it, healing process be damned. If he didn’t suggest it, she imagined herself, bucking her hips plaintively against his cock, inviting him to.

Then Abbie was tugging on her lead again to go fetch the final piece of her slutty ensemble for master’s big party. With her head lowered, Officer Isa Barbour followed on to the scene of her next degradation, lest she be dragged. She wasn’t sure she could handle that.

Part Two: Staff Selection and Retention

“Mr. Canon, I’m sure that I speak for every member of the faculty when I say that we, all of us, value your perspective, and consider ourselves lucky to have you,” Principal Horen said to the assembled educators. A good many voices murmured their agreement. Not that everyone was even here, barely enough for quorum. Officially, they shouldn’t be. Any work teachers did over the summer was off the clock, unpaid. So for the principal to call a faculty meeting like this, outside the contractually obligated days of work? It was the sort of thing the union ought to be clamping down on hard.

However, the meeting had been announced as entirely optional, though advertised with big news on some new initiatives for the fall. The email hadn’t come out and announced that there would be a vote – votes weren’t for “optional” meetings – but with a quorum of the faculty present, as well as the president of the local chapter of the teacher’s union, there had been several votes so far.

None of them going Canon’s way.

“That said,” Principal Horen went on, “I really must ask you to take your seat and let us proceed. You’ve raised your concerns, and your proposed solutions, and the faculty has voted. As... unorthodox as some of your suggestions were, I’m frankly shocked you gathered even a single other vote on behalf of your proposals.”

The eyes of the gathering all shifted to Mr. Hardwick, who had been paying so much attention to his sudoku during the discussion of Mr. Canon’s first proposal that he’d reflexively voted in favor of converting the skirt length minimum to a maximum.

Principal Horen directed a pleading look at Mr. Canon. “Content yourself that you made your pitch, and let us conclude this, erm, gathering.” No, she mustn’t call it a meeting. After attempting to terminate one of the best-beloved teachers GHS had ever had – she was so lucky to have kept him on staff after all that she put him through! – matters between the principal and the faculty were incredibly tense. Give them no excuses. In time, she would regain the upper hand in negotiations with these entitled prima donnas. For now, accommodate. Later, convert that catastrophe to a catastrophunity.

Canon took to his feet, nodding somberly in acceptance of their rejection. “All right, then. Thanks for hearing me out, everybody.”

A rumble of mostly good-natured responses came back as the rest of the staff took to their feet. Most figured he’d been joking, if not in the best taste. A man who worked with young people, especially on the heels of that scandal with the naked students waiting for him in his classroom... Well, they could see why *he* thought it was funny, anyway.

Canon approached his boss and offered a quick handshake. “And thanks again to you, Principal Horen. I have to say, I’ve been on the fence for a while, feeling like I’ve done all I could do here. It looks like I have.”

“You’re wel–” She froze mid-shake. “On the fence? May I ask what you mean by that?”

“Well, I’ve been entertaining an offer from another school – looks like there’s an opening across town. Same district, technically, but I’ve been leaning toward–”

“You can’t leave!” she exclaimed. Like the needle had been pulled from the record, the faculty froze as the principal’s voice pierced the gathering. Mrs. Nunn dashed into the hallway to cry out that the few who’d exited more hastily needed to return.

“Leave?”

“Leave? You can’t leave.”

“Mrs. Horen, do something!”

“You can’t leave, Mr. Canon!”

“We’re so lucky to have you! If you left...!”

Mr. Canon held up his hands, waiting for silence. It took some time. People had strong opinions. Thanks to Taylor’s well-intentioned but psychotic plan to Serenex the entire faculty to get him his job back, they were one and all convinced they were “lucky to have him.” The more he thought about it, and the more he pulled on that thread, the more he realized how much a lucky affiliation meant to folks.

Once they settled enough to be heard, he called out to the gathering, “I’m sorry, everybody. I didn’t mean to make that an announcement as yet. It’s not that I haven’t enjoyed my time here–”

“I told you not to rake him over the coals for that bullshit stunt by those awful Stern girls!” Amy Cook-Burfield planted her hands on her hips. To look at her, one would think department head outranked principal. Maybe she did, in the present climate. It had been over two months since Horen burned every bridge she had with her teachers, prosecuting him for what had turned out to be a simple case of that awful Stern brat setting him up. Inwardly, Horen was glad the girl was re-enrolled for a second senior year. She’d have two more semesters to exact revenge.

(Assuming she could SRO Barbour to assist her, though she liked her odds. That was one woman at GHS who was anything but enamored of the popular English teacher. If only she weren’t setting an indecent example for the children with that pretty young social studies teacher.)

Amy regarded her next-classroom-door neighbor pleadingly. “Mr. Canon, please, let’s talk about this. You’re practically an institution around here.”

He shrugged. “There’s not much to talk about, Amy. Now it’s nothing personal, but–”

Principal Horen, however, already saw the obvious solution to Canon's threat. A bluff, maybe, but then again, she was also seeing the bigger picture. The usually unflappable principal suddenly raised her voice, calling out to the assembly. "In light of this new information, I move that we vote again. Now I wouldn't dream of coercing anyone," at present, "but... now that you realize the alternative, perhaps..." She grimaced. "Perhaps we can find some...wiggle room. On... some of your... proposals."

It clearly galled, entertaining his outlandish ideas. But they were all of them lucky to have him. Besides, this would be win/win for her. She'd get the credit for retaining the beloved Mr. Canon, and the faculty could take the fall for any of his policies they voted to enact. Only one member of the faculty knew why, but they loved him, one and all.

Well, all but the new P.E. teacher, hired only weeks ago to replace a forty-year retiree whose name Principal Horen had already discarded from memory. Candace was waiting to dose this new fellow until they were alone in the parking lot after the meeting, then bring him back to her house where she and Isa could process him properly.

For now, it was time for Canon to sit back and marvel at the faculty's commitment to retaining talent. Aside from Ms. Salata, there were no others who'd been selected to show him exactly *how* lucky they considered themselves to have him, though perhaps that would change soon. It wasn't right, he knew, taking advantage of them like that, except he had with five students, one of their parents, a teacher, and the SRO. One and all, they were glad he had (though Isa would never admit it, and Candace would only admit it in front of Isa just to get her going).

Like Megan had said when she was massaging away some of his anxiety over all this, just because he was positioned to be able to take advantage of people didn't mean he had to. Serenex had turned her from his blackmailer to his most devoted servant. These votes, this bluff about quitting, they were a stress test of his influence. That was all. Not like he needed, or even much wanted, more women in his life. Probably not even the recently Ms-ed Mrs. Crovetti. No, almost certainly probably not.

The stress test commenced as Principal Horen took charge, revisiting his proposals now with the realization that refusal to vote might cost them the Canon himself. Some of these decisions would need to be ratified by the school board; Candy and Isa would be jointly tackling that group at their July meeting. The agenda would likely draw out the more engaged parents, so they could nab a good chunk of them, too.

Had Taylor felt this nervous, taking their synthesized Serenex to the masses? It felt like so much could go wrong. Like any second now, his colleagues would march up and expose him for the pussy he really was.

Mr. Canon retreated to a lurking position at the side of the conference hall's massive white board as Mrs. Horen went back to his slides. "Very well. On the subject of

instituting a, erm, college credit course, taught by Mr. Canon, who will hand-pick his students...? And implement a custom curriculum of his own devising?”

“I can’t be the only one who chafes under all that oversight,” he opined.

“All in favor?” Principal Horen asked resignedly. One by one, hands slunk into the air. “All opposed...?” She looked pointedly at the innocently smiling Mr. Canon. Hands went down.

So it went.

“All in favor of an after-school mentoring program, in which recent graduates provide support and education to current seniors, to be overseen by Mr. Canon?”

“All in favor of establishing a committee to explore our... ‘woefully outdated dress code...’ and other adjustments to the hidden curriculum?” She shook her head ruefully as she repeated the phrasing from his presentation. “Hidden curriculum” was a term referring to all the things learned in school not explicitly taught in class – walk on the right side of the hall and apace with one’s peers; wash your hands before and after going to the bathroom; fuck around, find out. That sort of thing.

She finished, “To be selected and chaired by Mr. Canon?” Canon could get more specific about what he’d like to see enforced later, once his committee began meeting, under his close personal supervision.

“All in favor of tasking the science department with this, erm, engaging new laboratory procedure?” Mrs. Horen looked at the screen in plain confusion. “You’re sure this is safe, Mr. Canon? This program you’ve discovered sounds, ah, intriguing? But this stuff it has them brewing, it’s not going to cost us an arm and a leg, is it?”

He shrugged. “It costs what it costs.”

“All those in favor of setting aside funds for the sound-proofing of classroom H121, to reduce disruptive noise transference in a high traffic area?”

“All in favor of recommending a... a \$30,000 pay raise... \$30,000? Really?”

Canon nodded.

“Very well, a \$30,000 pay raise for the SRO?” Candace’s groan was mistaken for indignation, when in fact it was a tiny orgasm triggered by the thought of watching Isa sign over a huge portion of her inflated pay to her master.

“All in favor of eliminating the...” This time she pinched the bridge of her nose and muttered the rote utterance into her wrist. “The ‘so-called professional dress standards’ to allow faculty to dress according to their preference?”

“And staff.”

“... and staff.”

The last one was actually popular even before Canon’s coercion, but Mrs. Horen had denied a vote on it the first go-round. To retain Mr. Canon, however, she was willing to embrace a more casual style. At least until she could persuade him of the good sense of returning to slacks and button-ups.

“Next up...” She took a deep breath. “All in favor of, um, pitching in to pay for a GHS face tattoo for the... um... for...” A deeper breath. “For me.”

Canon waited until a reluctant majority’s hands were up before interjecting with a laugh. “That was a joke, Mrs. Horen. I would have thought it was pretty obvious.”

Her shoulders slumped with relief. “Oh thank god.”

“Yeah, you know me. Always kidding around. Here, let me pare down the other jokes for you, so there’s no confusion.” In the heat of the moment, he’d forgotten how many outlandish demands he’d proposed to offset the ones he meant to see passed, in case he needed to negotiate. Would they really have instituted a maximum dress length? Install a foldout sofa in his classroom? Allowed Canon to deliver corporal punishments to students *and* faculty?

Surely not. Right? He imagined bringing Isa along with him into the gym, walking right up to P.E. teacher Kasi “Hardass” Hardison, pulling her tight purple gym shorts down around her knees, and paddling her bare-handed over the bleachers while her students did their stretches and warm-ups.

No, he wouldn’t do something like that even if he’d let them. It didn’t make him less of a man not to pounce on every last opportunity. That’s what he’d said over and over while discussing it with his girls, and it remained true. No matter what Abbie had implied with all her sniffs and eye rolls.

Mr. Rohani, one of the social studies teachers, made his way down to Canon as the faculty was noshing on the cake, saved for a post-capitulation surprise. “Gotta say, Canon, you sure you’re up for all that? New curriculum, after school programs, committees... Hell of a lot of work. Oh and happy birthday, by the way. Good frickin’ cake.”

“It’s not until next Friday, but I figured if I could get everybody some cake, may as well, right? From Donaldson’s Bakery.” He shoveled a bite into his own mouth.

“Hell yeah, buddy. Seriously, though. You’re not worried about burnout? I can barely do everything that needs doing as it is, and you just took on another two, three dozen hours a month on.”

“You know, Ro, I was talking it over with some friends, all these things that I wanted to see happen around here There’s always so much that needs to happen, and it feels like so little does. For so long I didn’t think I could do it myself, or that I should, and I just...” Canon shrugged. “I was tired of being a pussy, you know?”

“Heh. Well you’re sure going ironman mode this fall, man. Badass.”

“I am *not* a pussy,” Mr. Canon reiterated.

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.

Part Four: Mixed Aptitude Partner Exercises

“In’s mot mair, Mifther Manon,” Tabitha Hutchings attempted around a thick peach-shaded dildo sliding back and forth between her lips. Her setup wasn’t bad, really. Laying on her stomach on the bed of her hotel room, fellating the plastic cock while Abbie did her best to match her activities on Canon’s side of the monitor. She was wearing what might be a string bikini or perhaps very skimpy lingerie, and whatever lighting she’d gotten on her was impressive. He could see everything, vividly. The sound had some annoying background interference, but Tabitha was wearing a gamer girl style headset with a microphone that gave him excellent audio on every wet, squishy noise her lips made. With the signal inbound from Europe, though, there was a noticeable delay that frustrated Tabitha more and more by the slurp. Canon didn’t mind it much; he was happy to make this video chat a lengthy one.

“I know, Tabitha. We’re past rectifying it, though. Even if we were willing to Serenex your mom and dad over it—”

“That woman is *not* my mother,” Tabitha retorted hotly before lodging the dildo deep down her throat. Abbie was patched into the conversation on her phone; her teacher for senior English held it where she could watch and imitate. She winced as Canon’s girth filled her airway, tears quickly leaking out the corner of her eyes.

Tabitha knew how much he liked gagging Abbie.

“—and we had the stuff in your hands right now in... Where are we this week? Barcelona?”

“No, back in Monaco. Guess last week’s meeting went well; they wanted Daddy back for a long weekend.” Her microphone amplified the already noisome sound of her lips smacking around her stand-in for Canon’s cock. That thing was no slouch, though she swore she’d picked it based entirely on its likeness to him. Flattery? He wouldn’t put it past her. Abbie seemed to be struggling to deep throat every bit as much as her partner on screen, though.

“Ah, putting Madame Dupuis’ lessons to use?”

Tabitha nodded, he thought, but didn’t bother pulling her lips off to use words. Abbie’s eyes were riveted on her phone, so she could mimic Tabitha accurately. There was only the slightest delay between when he saw Tabitha do something and when he felt Abbie repeat it.

“Anyway, my point is it’s too late to whisk you away in time for the party. All I can say is that you’ll be missed. Much as I wish you could be here, doing that in person, and much as I know you wish the same, you’ll have to content yourself with a months-long

European vacation. Somehow” He patted Abbie’s hair consolingly; Tabitha interpreted it vicariously, as intended, and nuzzled her head at the phantom hand.

They’d been over it and over it; she was free to come by and service him any time she was in the area, but she was not to start a war with her controlling father over it, nor bail on her collegiate responsibilities come fall. The first couple weeks she’d been away, she’d grown seriously depressed. Tabitha was heavily dependent on her former teacher’s approval of her, so much so that he worried that it might be difficult for her to get by on the lesser relevance of her professors’ approval. They’d worked out these long distance fuck sessions to keep her from suffering withdrawal.

“Do you think you’re getting close yet? Ugh, I hate how I can’t read your pleasure by the feel of your cock against my lips. My memory can taste you. It *always* tastes you. But only my memory.”

Canon let out a little moan, partly a reflex, but partly a reward for her as usual spot-on talent for her ostentatious brand of dirty talk. “Not too far. Why, you getting tired?”

“Tired of having to settle for blowing and fucking *this* stupid thing instead of you, sir. But... if you are getting close, I want to tell you...” I’m afraid I haven’t been entirely honest with you about something.” She thumped the length of the faux phallus across her face as she elaborated. “There’s no need to be upset – I simply wanted to let you know I’ve been engaging in a little white fib.”

As she parroted smacking her own face about with Canon’s rigid cock, Abbie sneered at the girl’s ingratiating behavior. For some reason. Canon ignored the cattiness, as always. That Abbie let Tabitha use her as her long-range sex puppet was the only reason he tolerated the perpetual nuisance of their association. That depriving him of an opportunity to live out a fantasy was the only reason she tolerated Tabitha’s intrusion on her turf.

“Oh?” he prompted Tabitha.

“I’ve been using a filter,” she explained, caressing the dildo up the bridge of her nose. She went-cross-eyed, but somehow awe-struck at the same time. “You see, I’m not actually in my hotel room right now.”

“What? What do you mean? Whose room is that, then?” Not that he was jealous. How could he be? She wasn’t *his*. Except in every way that mattered.

“Abbie... go.” In a flash, the Stern girl kneeling at his feet went from cock nuzzler to cock guzzler. Her licking and sucking took on a theatrical bliss that no blowjob had ever bestowed upon any woman since the dawn of time. As Canon’s vision swam at the sudden frenzy of friction, he had to blink, twice, before making sense of what he was seeing on the monitor.

She was on a beach. The hotel room was gone, a digital deception that vanished in a blur of pixels. Suddenly there were beach-goers, gulls, and in the distance on either

side of Tabitha's slender hips, the sea. (Also a tiny triangle of sea in between the cleft of her buttocks, where her tight, lily white ass was trying to swallow her string bikini whole.)

It wasn't easy, making sense of it. That excellent lighting on her porcelain skin suddenly clicked, what with the sun and all. Could this beach scene be another filter? Why would she... No, it wasn't. It only took a moment of study to see that the people there were reacting to her. Heads turning, women looking in shock, men leering at the teen slut sucking off her dildo on a public beach. A fellow sitting on a towel not far behind her was licking his lips like he meant to take a bite out of this little American snack.

That was the answer to his unspoken *why*. She didn't need to say it. He knew her. This was the closest Tabitha Hutchings could come to blowing him live and in public for the world to see how committed she was to being his adoring cock-worshipping slut.

After graduation, she had begged – *groveled* – for him to publicly make her his girlfriend. Isa had lectured her time and again on the need for secrecy, but the girl didn't care. She considered it an affront that they had to sneak around, acting like they were doing something shameful.

“For the first time in my life, my sexuality is something I'm actually proud of. I know, you think it's only the Serenex talking. Maybe you're right. But I don't care why. This is the best I've felt in my entire life. Ever. I want to be able to go places with you. Out to eat. The movies. A day trip, picnicking at the lake. And if we're sitting there in the sand, and you decide you want to touch me, to kiss me, I don't care if people see.”

Then, right before he thought she was about to profess her love...

“Because I'm good at this. You've taught me to be sexy. Fearlessly sexy. I thought it felt good to have the answers, to be the smartest one in the room, to know the question before it was asked. That's nothing. I'm better at being a cock-worshipping slut than I ever was, ever will be, at academics. And I want them to see the bliss on my face, and know that I was better than them before, and I'm even better than they are now.”

Abbie squealed for air. He hadn't realized he'd been holding her head in place while he fucked her throat like an especially elastic cunt, and then he'd flooded her airways with the cum Tabitha had so richly earned. “The fuck, C-dawg?!” she shrieked indignantly after coughing up several mouthfuls all over her big bare tits. Moments like that, it was hard to believe she wasn't Taylor's sister by blood.

“I miss you *so much*, Mr. Canon,” Tabitha announced. Loudly. The people around her heard that.

“I miss you too, Tabitha. I wish you could be here for the big day. But I think you better get moving before somebody calls the police. Even in Monaco, I don't think you're allowed to lounge around half-naked brushing up on your cock-sucking skills.”

With an indignant sniff, she sat upright on her beach towel. The camera was now pointed right at her crotch. In the front, her bikini rode so low that her tattoo, a cannon she'd gotten where she'd lasered off her pubic hair for him, showed over the top of it. An inch lower, and he'd be able to see the edges of her labia. Then she leaned down to adjust the camera's position, and only then did he realize she was topless. Her nipples were two achingly hard pink pebbles, begging to be sucked.

"Half? I know you're an English and not a math teacher, Mr. Canon, but you still ought to know your fractions better than that." She blew a kiss to the camera. "Tell Abbie I said thanks."

"Tell Tabby she can eat my ass," Abbie grumbled, sponging the errant jizz off of her front with her wadded up t-shirt. She'd been doing that more and more lately, using her clothes to mop up his cum. He suspected she thought that he thought it was hot to watch her stumble over to Megan's house with no shirt on to borrow one from Cassie. Cassie, whose shirts were so tight across Abbie's massive chest that the fabric distended between them, and hugged them top, sides and under like they were painted on. It was hot as fuck, but he didn't like to encourage her. One of these days someone would notice a topless teen girl leaving a high school teacher's house and have some questions.

It would get annoying having to keep dosing people into compliance. It troubled him sometimes, the morality of it all, but... well, he was no pussy. A man did what he had to.

As he was admiring Abbie's clean-up efforts, a male voice sounded through his laptop's speakers. It was muffled pretty badly, but from his shadow looming over her, the angle at which her neck craned upwards, he must be close indeed. Canon didn't speak French, so even if the sound quality had been sterling, it would have meant nothing to him.

Tabitha smiled at him, then grabbed her camera as she rose to her feet. She pointed it at herself and the speaker, a fellow who probably split the difference between their ages. He was shirtless, good-looking and proud to show it off. Canon would be too if he had abs like that.

"Thank you," she answered in English.

"Oh, you are American?" the boy asked, his grin widening. Canon was aware of the stereotype of French attitudes towards American tourists, but apparently it wasn't so severe it extended to gorgeous topless g-stringed American teenagers.

"You speak English? That's nice. I was just talking to my English teacher."

The boy squinted; it was probably hard to make out the image on her monitor in such bright sunlight. "This is your English teacher...?" he asked incredulously.

"He was. Now he's teaching me to be his perfect cock-worshipping slut."

"Eh... oh. That is, ah, kinky. I knew I liked the look of you, pretty American schoolgirl, but now I think I like the mind of you as well."

“Aw, you’re sweet. But I’m afraid my pussy belongs to Mr. Canon. And my tits, and my mouth, and my ass. If I make him jealous, I’m worried he might just give me a spanking. Would you hold this?”

She’d gotten more and more melodramatic about her submission while away. Hopefully once she got back, she’d get a handle on herself. Even Isa wasn’t this servile, not even when he’d humiliated her to the very brink of orgasm.

Before the fellow knew what was happening, her phone (or tablet? hard to say) was in his hands. She was still miked, though. “Would you mind pointing it... there, yes, perfect. You’re such a sweetie, thank you.”

It was her ass. To call the strip of bikini disappearing into it a ribbon would be to massively inflate its width. That was all there was. A string, and Tabitha Hutching’s perfect bubble booty. Canon laughed to himself at the site of a middle-aged fellow gawking, clearly hastening his pace through the sand so he could get a look at Tabitha from the side she was now displaying to him.

“What’s your name?”

“Dimitri,” Canon thought he said.

“Dimitri, I’ve been a very bad, very slutty girl today, showing you and all these people my tits, my ass, showing them how good I can suck Mr. Canon’s big, delicious dick.”

“I, eh, don’t think the people seem to have minded, Miss,” he said with an awkward chuckle.

“Would you mind giving me a few slaps? Please? I need to be punished, and my man is all the way across the ocean from my poor unreddened ass.”

Abbie stepped back out of the bathroom. “Hey, new toothbrush thingy. Cool. Whoa, ass. What’s she doing?”

“She’s trying to remind me how much I miss spanking her.” Canon said, not taking his eyes off the screen as Dimitri waffled over her offer. “She’s doing a good job.”

Abbie stopped next to him, and just a bit in front. Her own generously proportioned butt was right there, even happened to have a bit of a wedgie from when she’d been crouching under his desk. “Hey, you got an ass-slapping fantasy, I’m ya gurl, C-dawg. You know I’m your T&A, playa slaya.”

Canon gave her a little squeeze, though he missed by a little. God, was she really going to...

“I must say, I come to this beach every week, but you are not someone I have ever seen the kind of her before,” Dimitri said, dutifully aiming the camera at that heavenly butt. Then he went on, but in French. Tabitha replied in kind, and not long after the boy left, ass untouched. She sat herself back down, ignoring the omnipresent male attention she was attracting. He had finally caught sight of another nude beach-goer, a couple

walking past hand in hand. Apparently one of those kinds of places. Tabitha was back on her towel, nipples still aching to be sucked.

“Do I get to know what you two said there at the end?”

Tabitha smiled, tight-lipped. “He wanted to know if I would tutor him in English.”

“As if he could afford a student of your caliber.”

That brought her teeth back out, white and sunny. “Have fun at your party, Mr. Canon.”

“I’m sure I will. And Tabitha?”

“Yes?”

“A+ work today.” This was her first A+ over video chat. She insisted on honest feedback, and while he’d drawn the line at employing a rubric and typing up commentary as he did for her classwork, both of them knew the distance negatively impacted their time together. He wished he could have bullshitted her a little, but this was Tabitha Hutchings. Unlike the woman who’d turned her into his devoted dick disciple, she actually cared about learning to grow her skills. She’d out-done herself today, though.

“Really? Oh... Oh god...”

In fact... “Plus some extra credit for the filter trick.”

“Oh *GAWD*...!”

The slender brunette’s body flopped backwards onto her towel. For a moment, there was nothing but a clear blue sky on the monitor; then, a pussy, filled with elated fingers, thrust up into the air. Her cries of bliss blared through the mic.

“You know, I’m *almost* starting to like that one,” Abbie said, shaking her head and the spasming cunt on her phone screen before disconnecting and shoving it in a pocket. “Oh, and I’m s’posed to ask if you’re set on the party tomorrow? Meeting at school at 3ish?”

“I have a meeting first, but I’ll be there at 3ish sharp, emphasis on the -ish. You know, I’m really glad you all talked me into changing the venue.”

“Yep. I know you don’t like me mentioning the name of She Who Shall Not Be Named, but Tay would be so jelly if she knew. I can invite her, if you want, make an exception for your big day. Not looking to fuck my sister again or anything, but I know how you like that lil stepcest fantasy of us, and it is your big day and all.”

“The guest list is fine as is, Abbie. I told you, my decision’s final. I got paid to deal with her bullshit at school. I’d like to not have to keep dwelling on her in my own home.”

“You know, you’re ‘I’m so over her’ crap would play a lot better if you weren’t always rewatching that video you made her do in the school bathroom. You know, the one of her begging you to slap her tits or whatever, that’s always on the recently viewed list on your phone?”

“You... what?! You’ve been snooping on my phone?!”

Abbie grinned. “Nah, but looks like I don’t need to, do I. Anyway, I’ll brb. Shirt’s all cummy. Gonna see what the Cassanova has in her drawers. Feel free to watch out the window. I know you like to.”

Part Five: Committee Productivity

“I must say, Mr. Canon, while I have the utmost respect for all that you’ve done for GHS in your short time here, this is... *not* what I expected when you proposed relaxing the staff dress code.”

Canon, clad in jeans and a fundraiser t-shirt for the GHS Science Olympiad team. It read *Science is for Girls*, in commemoration of the year the entire varsity squad was comprised of women. “What’s wrong with it?”

Principal Horen folded her arms. The joke had not landed. “No, not *your* outfit. *Hers.*”

Mr. Canon looked where she pointed, where SRO Barbour was leaning against the back of the front desk. There was no one behind it, not this late in the afternoon on a Friday during summer break. It was a good thing, too. Anyone seated on the other side would have two big overflowing handfuls of Isa’s booty right there in hand-filling reach.

It was a work of art, that uniform. Candace had been the one to push him to it, then begged him not to rat her out. Privately, she assured him, Isa positively fed off of their steady volley of slights. They fucked constantly. Every night, most mornings, regular evenings. Isa would come home from work, regular patrol stuff during the summer, and Candace would ask her about her day. If she’d had a stressful enough day – and being a sexy female cop, one who’d quietly transitioned from that dreadful minimizer to no bra at all, stress was plentiful – then that would be their foreplay.

If not, all Candace had to do was bring up Canon. Old embarrassments, like the time he’d made them run down the street in their underwear. Upcoming events, like his birthday party, where she’d once more have to watch him fuck her girlfriend. Or looking down the road, like all the work she’d have in front of her in the fall keeping his mass indoctrination program running smoothly. The night before, Isa had come home from work in a good mood. Relaxed. Then Candace asked her what her plans were to make sure new hires and transfer students didn’t slip through the cracks. Isa had been begging her to don the strap-on in minutes.

Candace was planning on popping the big question soon. She didn’t need some silly fight about whether or not she was in the right to covertly coerce Isa into this new uniform. She’d told her intentions to Canon one weekend while they were waiting for Isa to finish up washing his car, sudsing it up in her skimpy bikini not even in the driveway where the magnolias would give her a little cover, but out on the street. She didn’t know his demand for Isa’s salary increase was his engagement gift; as far as the couple knew, Isa would be signing that all over to him. He didn’t enjoy being the fall guy for Candace’s efforts to enrage her fiancée-to-be into bed, but he couldn’t begrudge them unusual

means of showing their love, considering what he and Taylor had done to their social dynamics.

For instance, that uniform. Candace would have to fuck Isa in her office twice a day if he could snooker Horen into allowing that.

Left to his own devices, he would have simply picked out some generic uniform from a party store or something and left it at that. The attention to detail in this, however, was painstakingly exquisite. Literally capping it off was a policeman's hat, laughably too small. It nested atop her head and would fall off if she tried to walk too fast. The top was a pale blue button-up that ended not quite below her breasts, which threatened to break free from their confines not only in the opening at the bottom, but at the middle as well. The buttons positively strained to contain Isa's huge, round tits, letting plenty of light hit the exposed skin in between them.

Below that was a much larger expanse of exposed skin, upon which sat a mostly healed tattoo reading *SLB*. the bottom edges of the letters flush against the waistline of her policewoman shorts. Skimpiness aside, they were festooned with police regalia. A baton, a shiny pair of chrome handcuffs, her walkie, myriad belt pouches which Canon happened to know contained crisis intervention tools ranging from bubblegum to a small Serenex canister (to be used exclusively on his behalf and/or at his discretion), and a handful of condoms – for emergencies, he'd told her as he tucked them into her pouch. Skimpiness not aside, they were *skimpy*. Her butt cleavage hung out the bottom, and the V of her pelvis hung out the top.

Torn-up fishnet stockings covered her from a few inches above the knees down to a pair of stiletto-heeled black boots buckled most of the way up her calves. He'd seen her try them on at their house earlier in the week; she had no skill at all at walking in them. If a perp wanted to get away from her, all they'd need would be a semi-confident amble to leave her in their dust.

“What seems to be the problem, Principal Horen?”

“Well, she's wearing a weapon on her belt, for one,” Principal Horen began. Not where he would have begun his list of improprieties.

“What, the baton?” Canon arched a brow and raised his voice so he could be heard more easily down the short hallway separating them. “Officer Barbour, hit the counter with your baton, would you?”

She nodded. The moment she unholstered it, there was clearly something off about it. It moved like a noodle, wobbly and loose. When it hit the counter, it squeaked rather than thudded.

“See? It's a toy. Kind of the whole theme of it, you know? Toys. Stephy and I were talking, and she shared how oftentimes students find her role as a cop intimidating. We thought that playing up the fun, playful aspect of it would help her relate to them, one on one.”

“Stephy...?”

Mr. Canon crooked a finger. Isa came at his beckoning, pushing herself off the counter and hesitating until she felt balanced before taking one teetering step at a time toward them. The hat fell off about halfway there; she turned, bending at the waist, to pick it up. Horen immediately averted her eyes. It took her an embarrassingly long time to saunter haltingly down the short hallway.

“Ah, that’s right. Though I guess we should let her tell it. Officer Barbour, what does that tattoo mean?”

Submissive Little Bitch, she thought. Was she ever. She got off on it, on being a submissive little bitch. That she knew that horrible cunt Taylor Stern had drugged that thought into her brain didn’t make it any less there. It was so *hard* not doing what she was told. Hard, and unrewarding. Obeying, though... that always felt *right*, even if the order she was obeying so often felt wrong. For instance, wearing this whorish thing into the school. Canon had asked her for a ride to the party, then said he needed to pop in to talk to Horen for a minute. Then he’d asked her to come with. Now, here she was, face to face with the woman who was her boss ten months out of the year, with her ass and her boobs all tasting open air.

She was going to fuck the shit out of Candace when the party was over. That is, once Canon was done fucking them both.

To his question, she meekly gave an answer. “It’s my initials,” she explained, tapping each letter in turn. “Stephanie, Louisa, Barbour.”

“Your name is Stephanie? I always thought Louisa was your first name.”

It had been, she wanted to say. Up until Canon (acting once more as a front for Candace’s impish libido) thought up that little so-called cover story for the tattoo. Why had that even been necessary? Who would ever guess what it really meant? And how would going to the extreme of legally changing her name to Stephanie at the courthouse stop these punk kids from making up funny alternatives?

She tried not to think about it, the little scrap of paper on her home desk acknowledging that she had renamed herself for this man, simply because it amused him. Not because it was humiliating. No, because the humiliation felt so mother fucking good she was worried she’d come in her slutty little policegirl shorts right here in front of Principal Horen.

“Nope, Stephanie. Stephy, to friends, but I went by my middle name for a long time and now Isa is how most people know me. I’ll answer to S, L or B, as you like.”

“Huh. Well, um, Ms. Barbour, surely you can appreciate how that outfit is entirely inappropriate for a member of our professional staff. To be quite frank, you look more like you’re headed out to a costume party than to work. A very *adult* costume party.”

She was, though that was neither here nor there. “The committee that you approved picked it out. Not me.”

“What? That can’t be. Mr. Canon, is this true? I hadn’t been notified you’d even selected members yet, much less made any decisions. Much less decided... *that!*”

“It’s been moving fast. Sorry, I’ll type up a report, email it right on over as soon as I get a minute.” No he wouldn’t. It was a two-person committee of himself and Candace, and while she didn’t get a vote, it would have been unanimous anyway. “I was surprised myself, but you tasked us with modifying faculty and staff dress code, and I don’t have the authority to override the whole committee by my lonesome. Do I?”

“Well, no, but—”

“And frankly, with the pay raise you approved, we thought you’d be looking to get more out of the SRO position. I thought this might be the sort of thing you had in mind.”

“Rest assured, I have never in my life had something like *that* in mind, for anyone,” the principal huffed.

“Oh. Well, I guess that’s the democratic process for you, huh.”

“No, it isn’t. Mr. Canon, I’m sure you – and your committee – were, somehow, well-intentioned. This is not acceptable, though. I would lose my job if I allowed something like this to transpire in my building. It’s indecent, bordering on depraved.”

“I figure we’ll try it out in the fall, see how people respond. If it causes problems, I’m sure she’ll still fit in her old authoritarian digs. If not... Think about it. You’ll be making headlines as one of the most progressive principals out there.”

“That is not progress, Mr. Canon. You know I have the utmost respect for you, but no.”

“And if I insist?”

“Insist? You’re a teacher, Mr. Canon. An employee in my school. We’re lucky to have you, but I fail to see what good it will do our students when all three of us get fired over this.”

“But—”

“That’s final, Mr. Canon. I’m sorry.” She was not sorry, and did not sound it.

Isa, who had sat by idly fuming at having this misogynist fantasy of a display of her body discussed as if she had no part in it, caught Mr. Canon’s nod. It was only a nod, and subtle, but she knew what it meant.

“Canon...”

He nodded again. Firmer.

Principal Horen arched an eyebrow. “Is there something amiss?”

Isa shook her head as she reached into a pouch and pulled out a canister the size of her thumb. “No, Mrs. Horen. Not any more.” The woman hardly had time to flinch before she depressed the trigger. Single dose. Isa had a much larger one locked in a safe beneath her desk in her office around the corner, but this would be plenty for Horen. Like the last time Isa had dosed her, with Taylor Stern then, the woman frowned, wiping

at the reddish brown goop seeping through her clothes, into her skin. Within seconds, she stood stock still.

Isa turned deferentially to her master, gesturing for him to get on with the brainwashing of their employer. Mr. Canon took a moment, considering. That was something, she supposed. Better than some of the bungling his tendency to blurt at bad moments had caused in the past.

“Principal Horen.”

Slowly, she looked in the direction of Mr. Canon. There was hardly any light behind those eyes.

“You believe in my vision for GHS 110%,” he said firmly.

“Hundred... ten... percent.” she murmured.

“The best thing for your career is to get behind my plans, to push for what I want so hard that you get all the credit for them.”

“All... the credit... for them.”

Isa shook her head, but was quietly relieved. When and if this all blew up, now they might have a patsy to blame it on. From a security perspective, it was an incredible development. From a human rights perspective, however...

“Can we go to the party now?” she whispered.

Mr. Canon gently led Principal Horen back into her office. He sat her in her chair, lowered her blinds, turned off her monitor, and unplugged her desk phone. The principal sat passively as he went through her purse until he found her cell, powering it down. Back in the hall, he seized Isa’s ass in a broad grip and guided her teetering gait out of the office.

“She better not start calling me Stepby,” the SRO grumbled as the pair strode down GHS’s empty corridors. Summer school was already out for the day; the only other people in the building would be the custodians, working through their lengthy summer checklist of upkeep and renovations. “If the principal calls me Stepby, *everybody* is going to call me Stepby.”

“You want me to make an announcement, Isa, I’m happy to. I just thought you’d like it.”

“You thought I would *like* having my name, the most fundamental aspect of my identity, transformed into some girly-girl bimbo stereotype, along with the world’s most girly-girl bimbo uniform. That I would *like* this.”

Mr. Canon slid his grip on her ass down between her legs. “Feels like you like it to me.”

“I... Mm, that’s... You mother...” She sighed and let him maneuver her through the halls using her pussy as a steering wheel. When they passed a pair of custodians deep cleaning the desks in the freshman hallway, she failed to notice that she should object to this until they were already away around the corner.

That damnable loop! He did something chauvinistic to infuriate her, which turned up the temperature on her libido, which made her more distractedly horny (for a *man!* no less), which infuriated her more, which...

In the downstairs science hallway, he stopped to finger her across the finish line. He didn't need to take off the shorts; Principal Horen hadn't realized that there was a slit cut into the crotch so Canon could fuck her without making her take anything off first. So he could enjoy his little toy cop without stripping her of the outfit that announced her as his toy cop.

"To think, come fall? Right here in these rooms, we'll have GHS's students unwittingly making their own medicine."

Stephy – *Isa*, she corrected her own erring self-perception – panted, her face and tits smushed flat against the cold metal of a student locker as Canon pumped her pussy from behind. "I still say... too greedy. Too many variables. I, ungh, fuck, fucking fuck, you fucker... I can't believe... a member of the faculty... has so much faith in his students..." She howled as he pressed deep enough to brush her g-spot.

"Finish your thought."

Her mind was drowning in her own cum, but when he stopped, she found the words. *Isa* said them only to get him to keep finger-fucking her. And because he'd told her to, and she was a submissive little bitch. "Faith... not to screw up a batch and unleash chaos."

"We have your buddy Shantel doing quality control. We'll test everything before we deploy it in the field. Just means the first couple weeks while we get our ducks in a row, we'll have to play it careful." His fingers wormed deeper inside her. *Isa* rose up on her tip-toes in a feeble protest of his casual man-handling. "I'd think you of all people, my chief of security, would be glad of it. We won't have to be constantly looking over our shoulders once we get this done."

She shook her head. That stupid little hat fell off, again. "I still think you're not being careful enough. So many, mmm fuck yes, so many visitors. Parents. Non-GHS district staff. Contractors. Salespeople. Subs. Food service – who hires people outside the district pruh... pruh..." Her efforts to finish the word *procedure* became a trail of desperate, sobbing whimpers as he reached up the bottom of her shirt and squeezed a tit.

"I believe in you, Stephy. Now come on, quit being a greedy little slut. One more come, and then we have to get to the party."

She sniffled indignantly. Or what would have been indignation, if she had any dignity left to violate. "F-fuck y-you... master..."

The party wasn't far. Even moving at the pace of a wobbly-kneed, towering-heeled, come-foggy Stephy – *Isa* – Barbour, the party was still walking distance. Though they still borrowed a cart from near the athletics exit to drive out

across the massive school lot, with Isa seated sideways on Canon's lap. She insisted as a security precaution that he not suck on her tits any more until they were somewhere private. Thankfully, tragically, he was in a reasonable mood.

The girls field locker room was open, though Canon now had his own key. (He had a key to everything, now.) Isa pathetically tugged at her top, her shorts, her hat, trying to make any of it fit like clothing ought to, but it went right on fitting like slutwear. Mr. Canon waited for her to lead the way, then followed her into the locker room.

It was his party time, and Officer Stephy, his party favor.

Part Six: School Traditions

Admittedly, it wasn't the best-smelling place to have a birthday party. The girls field locker room was one of the GHS campus's most remote buildings, tucked away in a little nook at the far corner of the student parking lot, a squat brick building that hadn't seen significant renovation since the Eisenhower administration. It was vacant much of the year, in use for soccer in the fall and track & field in the spring, with the softball team preferring the more modern comforts of the girls locker room inside the athletic wing of the school itself, where none of the light switches buzzed when you flipped them on.

Nevertheless, this place was one of fond memories. Memory, really. The day he'd first fully embraced not being a pussy and enjoying this gift that had, however accidentally, fallen into his lap. The day he'd taken Taylor, Abbie and Cassie and roleplayed the part of the stern, attentive coach making sure his sweaty athletes got proper showers.

Then some not-so-proper showers.

Today, most of his women were already here waiting for him. For a long time he'd felt the notion of them being "his" women was more than a little misogynistic, but it was undeniably how they all thought of themselves. Besides, whatever his principles, it was tough to feel like an ardent feminist while maintaining your own largely teenage harem. Do as I teach, children, not as I do.

"Happy birthday to you!" The girls began singing the moment he entered. Candy was carrying a sheet cake – at least double the size that a group this big could eat – with what he presumed were twenty-seven burning candles. The smoke almost blocked the background mildew.

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear... mffmfmffmmm, happy birthday to you!" The singing blurred around his name. Abbie called him C-dawg; Katie Mr. C; Isa striding in beside him with "master;" and Candy simply used his first name like a normal colleague. One of these days he'd start the graduates on that, but for now, their teacher-student connection was fresh enough – and hot enough – that the other terms worked fine.

He blew out the candles.

"What'd you wish for?" asked Katie.

"Nothing."

"Aw, come on, Mr. C! You gotta make wishes when you blow out the candles!"

Abbie nodded. "Seriously, you can't tell me there ain't *sumfin* you still want."

It wasn't that Canon didn't have anything he wished for. It was simply that, as he told the girls, there was such a thing as being greedy. "Thanks, though, ladies. Looks great. Though I, ah, was expecting more of you? Cassie and Megan not make it?" Thanks to Isa's awkward shuffle and having to drag Horen around, they'd arrived plenty late.

"Mrs. Cassie's mom said they had to pick up one more thing but to go ahead and start without them," Katie clarified. "I offered to go with, but they said it was a big surprise or something. Guess I'm not on the trust-with-surprises list yet, huh."

"You're proving yourself more and more each day, Katie," Candy assured the girl. Since fucking her right after graduation, Canon had learned that she had been a pupil of Ms. Salata's for both of her two years at GHS. Not a favorite pupil – Katie had always been the sort of teenage girl that adult women instinctively disliked – but now that they were more colleagues than teacher and student, they were coming to tolerate her. At times, even appreciate. Katie's approach to serving Mr. Canon was far less erratic than much of what they'd seen these past few months with Taylor in control of his Serenex supply.

Someone suggested they dig into the cake while they waited around on the rest. Candy and Isa sat together off to one side, the former consoling the latter about her outfit and "Canon's" incredibly unfair decision to make her wear it every single day to school. Ironic consolation, considering her own attire. The costume contest was the theme of the big day, a collective gift from them to him, but the sole judge was forcing himself not to begin inspecting too aggressively too early. "Come on, mama, don't be sad. You look like such a hot, fuckable slut in that thing," she reminded her lover with a perky grin. Isa wrinkled her nose, but gave her girlfriend a deep-throated kiss.

Canon took a spot on one of the splinter-prone benches. Katie sat across from him, straddling the bench between her powerful thighs. To fill the silence, she shared memories of the cheer squad using this "super-spooky shithole of a locker room" for football games. Specifically, how the squad had stayed late after a brutal loss to Lakeview Prep, getting drunk and playing truth or dare which mostly wound up being trying to scare the crap out of one another with the lights off.

Abbie meanwhile straddled Canon's lap and, without being asked or even especially desired, where she hand-fed him his cake one spongy, messy morsel at a time, inviting him to suck her fingers clean every so often. Her own cake she extracted from his mouth like a baby bird; it struck him as sort of gross, but he had to concede her point when she insisted they swapped spit all the time anyway, so what difference did it make if there were cake in the spit.

When Katie's story finished, Abbie took the reins. She raised her voice to make sure everyone present heard every last tawdry detail of that Saturday afternoon when Canon had first allowed her to become his fantasy slut. Though he sometimes forgot, it had mostly been her idea, or at least her constant pestering him to come up with a

proper fantasy for her. She embellished her own contributions a bit, though not much. Canon's own recollection didn't have her taking so much of a leadership position during the frenzied orgy at the end, but there had been such a parade of tongues and tits and cunts on his face that he couldn't have really sworn who he'd done what to that day.

"Wow. With your sister, huh? That's fucking nuts," Katie said. Her face was flushed, though. The details had gotten to her. Anything touching on how Canon had taken someone always hit this girl hard. She considered herself lucky to have him, and was such a good cheerleader at heart that she wanted to spur on *everyone* to know that good fortune.

"Stepsister," Abbie amended.

"Right, 'step.'" Katie added finger quotes with a wink. She wasn't the only one who assumed the Sterns were full sisters. They looked it enough, certainly, and anybody even familiar with their reputation could be forgiven for not believing them when they said otherwise. "Man. So like, is that what we're doing here? I know it's not any weirder to fuck the SRO or my government teacher than it is to do you or Cassie, but it *feels* weirder somehow. Am I cray-cray?"

"Once Cassie and Megan get here, we'll do the costume contest judging, let them eat, see what this surprise of theirs is, and then anybody who'd like to join me in the showers is welcome to do so. No requirements, though."

"You kidding, Mr. C? I'd consider myself—"

"—herself lucky to have you. That's what you were going to say, isn't it? I swear, you're like a broken record. Tay must have really overdone it when she spammed the masses with that shit."

Katie frowned. Unlike most of the rest of GHS faculty and staff, she actually knew about the Serenex through her on-going association with Mr. Canon. "Says Little Miss Tits-and-Ass-Sex-Object. His little fantasy slut, right? Because you totally never mention that."

"Girls..." Canon rumbled. He got paid to stop teenage girls from bickering ten months out of the year. This was his time off.

"She started it," Abbie griped, stuffing his face with another wad of cake.

Katie shook her head, but her cheerful nature won out. "Sorry, Mr. C. I'm just sort of competitive by nature, and it's honestly kinda messing with me to be the walking embodiment of male fantasy – cute blonde cheerleader in the girls locker room – and feel like I'm, I dunno, second fiddle. Never had to share a boyfriend before, you know? I'll do better, promise."

"Yeah, you better step it up if you wanna stay in the rotation, blondie. Next time you think you're one of us, you stop and think again 'cause—"

This was not the first time Abbie had acted like being fucked two months sooner somehow gave her squatters rights to his cock. Thankfully, their bickering was disrupted

by the opening of the locker room door. For just a moment, a trace of the old panic set in, that someone other than his women would catch him with Abbie Stern nestled in his lap. It was fleeting, however.

Cassie and Megan entered, the former in the lead and practically skipping. “Mr. Canon!” she squealed, dashing over and launching herself onto Abbie’s place. The younger Stern girl barely had time to dive out of the way of being smashed between them. “Happy birthday! Did we sing yet?”

“We sang,” Candace answered.

“Oh, bummer. Ah well. I don’t plan on going anywhere. I’ll sing to you when you’re twenty-eight, and twenty-nine, and thirty, and...” She paused, frowning in sudden realization. “Oh man. We’re gonna keep getting older forever, aren’t we...? I mean, obviously, but you guys, *think* about it. Like, one day Mr. Canon is gonna be like sixty and us girls will all be like fifty, and... Oh man. Is he even still gonna want us when we’re fifty? Oh my god, Mom! You’re already so much...” She wisely failed to finish the sentence.

“Maybe worry about that when you start nearing forty, hon,” he said, patting her rump lovingly. “For now, rest assured, you are very much wanted.”

Like that, she was all smiles again. “Yeah? You want me like last time? Sweaty and stinky and wet and soooooo frigging horny for you? Want me to turn the showers on, get it steamy? Or do you wanna just look for a while, let us horny cock-slobbering sluts get you good and hard before you take us in there and fuck us one after the other after the other, down the line, fucking and fucking and oh my fucking gawd I can’t wait...!”

Katie gave Abbie an impressed look. “You weren’t shitting me, huh. That orgy really did happen?”

“You thought I made that shit up?”

“It’s just, you say a *lot* of things to flatter Mr. C and half of them are kinda bullshitty, though I will grant you his cock is pretty big, definitely way bigger than my boyfriend’s. Well, ex-boyfriend, but I keep forgetting to tell him that.” Katie giggled. “One of these days he’ll smell Mr. C’s cum on my breath and figure it out, I guess, ya know?”

Meanwhile, after several minutes of waiting for Canon and Cassie to stop making out and finally realizing they didn’t apparently intend to, Megan cleared her throat. A few times. And finally tapped her daughter on the shoulder. “Um, sweetie? You’re not the only party guest.”

Cassie blushed, awkwardly retrieving her hand from her neighbor’s pants. “Sorry, Mom. I got the hornies again.”

Mr. Canon cleared his throat, and tried to clear his head. “Right! I have to say, ladies, I’m excited to get the ball rolling. I don’t know which one of you came up with this idea, but it’s a solid one. Been looking forward to it for weeks.”

Abbie rolled her eyes. “It didn’t take genius level inspiration, C-dawg. If there’s two things you love, it’s your harem of hot sluts, and judging people. Obviously we’re gonna give you both for your b-day.”

“Obviously,” he echoed dryly.

“Line up, bitches! Let’s let y’all get your failure and humiliation over with.”

“I doubt if all of us will be getting our humiliation over with any time soon,” Candace observed aside as she fell into the lineup next to Isa. “Huh, Stephy.”

“Fuck you, Candy.”

The stern look Canon summoned for Isa did not come easy. “Hey. You know she doesn’t like to be called Candy in front of other people. Apologize.”

“But she...!” Canon didn’t back down at a little whining, though. “Sorry, Candace.”

Candace offered her a conciliatory kiss, which Isa hungrily reciprocated. “Water under the bridge, Stephy.”

Canon swept his eyes across the girls several times. They’d outdone themselves, truly. Not a one of them hadn’t gone above and beyond. Several of them had defied his expectations, too. After all, a sexy costume contest was random and subjective. Isa in a slutty nurse costume might outshine Katie in a slutty vampire costume simply because it fit her better, not because he had a fetish for healthcare professionals. Conversely, Abbie might have cucked Isa out of slutty cop and done it better, even though it *belonged*, was objectively the right outfit, for Isa.

This, however, was something else. The girls had one and all refused to tell him whose idea it had been, as if knowing would impact his impartiality. He could have made them, sure, but this seemed a harmless enough secret to let them keep. “Now before we get started, I want to say that there’s no losers here.”

“Except for Stephy,” Candace crowed, nudging her girlfriend with an elbow. Isa narrowed her eyes, but her own smile didn’t evaporate. Once in a while, she lightened up enough to actually let her enjoyment show in something other than an orgasm.

“Except her,” he relented. “You all look dynamite. That was the hardest time I’ve ever had enjoying my own birthday cake, waiting to do this. Thanks to Abbie for making it interesting. Now, before we begin, let’s not forget the prize for first place.”

Megan nodded. “One week’s vacation, with Mr. Canon joining or not joining or providing support as the winner decrees.” He’d long thought she might be the organizer, but she had refused to confirm or deny. The prize had been left deliberately open-ended, reasoning that Isa might want to get out of town for a while with her girlfriend and enjoy some private time, or that Megan might want to go on a trip with her daughter before

she left for college in the fall and leave Canon to babysit her son Robby. He wasn't going to let such considerations influence his judging. These women did a lot for him, and he wanted to respect the commitment this had taken.

After all, this was not a standard costume contest, nor even a "standard" sexy costume contest. No, this was something else, something concocted precisely for him.

He began with Abbie, who looked to be an exemplar of the spirit of the competition. She'd leaned hard into the bad girl aesthetic, a lot of black and a lot of leather. Or vinyl, he thought, for those pants. They clung to her like a second skin, glossy and black. Compared to what most of her competitors were wearing, they were actually somewhat chaste – or so he'd thought until inspecting her from behind, giving her ass a good thorough feel only to find there were holes in the material right below her ass cheeks. Apparently cribbing ideas from Isa's outfit. He was glad he'd sent her to chaperone that little mall outing.

Her vest was much more involved. The center portion, both front and back, was a sparse mesh. From behind it showed off her ridiculous Juice WRLD tattoo, the Roman numerals of the rapper's birth and death along her spine. Just barely covering her tits were two scraps of black leather slung over her shoulders. Patches were sewn into it liberally, patches with skulls and chains and fire and busty women, reading things like Busty Biker Bitches or Die-Hard Dick Devils or Babes of Blood Lust. (He silently deducted a point for the added space on that last one.)

There were accessories, too. A few clearly temporary tattoos, his favorite of which was a girl, highly sexualized, sobbing as she was bent over a man's lap to have her backside paddled. *Just You Try It*, it read in a circle around the image. She'd dyed her hair black with some multi-hued neon streaks, which must have been no mean undertaking considering the sheer volume of it. And then there were the armbands. One around each bicep, each of them coated in a series of what were, upon inspection, throwing knives.

"Are those things real?" he asked, concerned.

Abbie shrugged. "Not if you're gonna be a bitch about the school policy on students having half a dozen deadly blades strapped to their arms."

"I told you, Abbie," grumbled Cassie.

"And no helmet, I see."

"Badass bitches don't wear helmets like little punks."

"Do badass bitches still get fucked like little bitches?" Canon asked.

Her grin was as wicked as her costume. "Oh god I fucking hope so."

Next up was Katie. He knew in a moment she was not the winner. Her costume was perfect, but it was also the least involved. She was a cheerleader. It was, per the assignment, apt self-assessment, even if it's the same assessment anyone present would have made for her. Not a cheerleader dressed in some sexy fetishized uniform either, but

an actual GHS cheerleader outfit. She'd gone with a ponytail rather than pigtails; Katie was the sort of girl who wore pigtails unironically, so for her costume, she'd switched things up. She'd popped in a couple pieces of gum since cake time, blowing noisy pink bubbles while he studied and admired her body, flouncing and bouncing as he spun her around. On closer inspection, Canon began to suspect that wherever she'd swiped the uniform from, she'd gone down a size or two. He'd had plenty of cheerleaders in his classes over the years, as they'd oftentimes worn their uniforms to school on the days of big games. Katie's top was much tighter across the chest, and instead of showing a couple inches of tummy, showed every inch of her between where her perky tits ended and her perky ass began.

She hadn't worn the panties. He almost didn't notice until, after giving him a long moment to inspect her from behind, she went down in middle splits, squealing in surprise at how cold the concrete floor of the locker room was. Plain white sneakers with knee socks in school colors, and of course, the undeniably radiant face of one the school's hottest hotties. No one could deny she was dressed as the idealized cheerleader slut, yet it was such a short walk from how they'd all seen her a hundred times that it disqualified her from the start.

Poor thing. She'd even prepared a simple routine – kicks, twirls and pompon shakes designed to titillate an audience of one. Any other time he would have rewarded her with a nice quick fuck, at minimum, but as it was Katie received a pat on the ass before he went to the next girl, bubblegum popping in his wake.

Megan took him a moment to understand what he was looking at. Not because it was unclear so much as it struck Canon as so perfectly suited to her. He couldn't at first understand why. He'd noticed her face right away when she'd come in. Thick layers of makeup, subtle as a freight train, adding blues and purples around her eyes, pinks on her cheeks, red on her lips. Makeup everywhere. It was almost but not quite clownish. Desperate was more like it. Desperate for attention. Desperate for a fuck. A woman who knew she was surrounded by a pack of tantalizing teens and twenty-somethings but wasn't about to be out-shined by them.

Her jewelry was as flashy, big bangly earrings, a sparkly crucifix hanging in the deep valley of her cleavage. Not for the first time Canon wondered if Cassie would have inherited her mother's tits, would he have ever fallen for Taylor Stern in the first place? He was a sucker for jaw-dropping tits. These were framed in a gaudy leopard print onesie, perhaps a swimsuit. With her hair a high-rising pile of black curls so full of hairspray that they hardly bounced while she preened for him, the top left her back completely exposed.

Beneath it? Jeans. Surprisingly simple jeans. They were crushingly tight across the ass, though, and a bit in the thighs, but less so by the inch. Her panty lines were

plainly visible through them, broad panties that would form a neat triangle over her ass. Chunky sandals on her feet, and that was that.

She was a MILF, he at last realized. Not a term he'd had much use for in his life, but here it was in front of him. A hot, horny MILF. Megan was right out of bullshit porn ads, except she really was hot and horny and in his area, looking to hook up. Had Cassie had a role in shaping her mom's ensemble? That girl spent more time on porn sites than any man he knew, and would know those ads like the underside of his balls.

Isa was next. He'd inspected her at length already, though she'd added a chintzy plastic badge and a pair of mirrored sunglasses since arriving in the locker room. It was the only outfit he'd seen before today, the one he'd been fantasizing about for weeks since the girls planned this contest. He tried not to let that weight things in her favor.

After Isa was Cassie, who had somewhat obliviously wandered in between the cop and her girlfriend. Cassie looked much like she had in their last rendezvous here, a purple sports bra, GHS volleyball shorts, her hair up in a top knot. It was an improvement over the last time, though, if subtly. This sports bra had a zipper in the middle, zipped almost all the way down for maximum cleavage. Unless he missed his guess, the volleyball shorts were the same ones she'd worn last time, except now someone had taken a sharpie to them, writing "BUTT SLUT" in all caps across the ass. Not exactly high craftsmanship, but message received, at least.

"Katie said it was sorta try-hard, and she's probably right," Cassie said apologetically after Canon read her footnote (assnote?) aloud. "But I wanted to dress up like a porn star, because ever since I became your booty call, I have sort of majorly fallen in love with having sex, and being sexy, and dressing hot, and being naked, and being touched and licked and fucked and everything, and really even how stupid it is that we shame women for a lot of that."

"Cassie..." Megan said in a low voice.

"I know, I know, I'm not allowed to drop out of school to do porn, even if I'm wasting my hottest years. So I didn't dress up like that, even though I wanted to, and even though you've pretty much already seen me as a slutty jock chick. But I wanted you to know that I really, really like taking it up the ass from you, so much that it's not just something I *like*, but something that I *am*, you know? And so yeah, that's why it says butt slut on my booty."

Canon couldn't help himself. He pulled the girl in for a hug and whispered something in her ear that was just for her. He was rewarded in kind with a long, sweet kiss that was only broken off when Abbie pointed out that "that skinny bitch is fucking cheating, you guys!"

With an apology, Canon moved on to the final girl in the lineup, Candace.

"Um, what am I, ah, looking at, exactly?" asked a confounded Mr. Canon. When he'd arrived, he'd figured she was wearing this over a costume, but now here they were

in the judging, and there it still was. She looked pretty, sure, but in the same way she always had. A sleeveless maroon top, an ankle-length denim dress. A hint of cleavage, the slightest suggestion that she had an ass under the dress, a pretty face that was no more or less so than any other day.

“Tell me you planned for me to win,” she said, a little grin touching the edges of her lips. She emphasized *planned* just enough to harken it back to her own Serenex programming. She would never do anything to disrupt his plans.

Canon chuckled. “All right. Candace, my plan is for you to win.”

“As you wish, master. Do the honors?” She pivoted to face the wall of lockers behind her, arching her back to place her butt as his disposal. Now what...?

Handles. There were... handles? On her dress?

Canon took hold of them; the way she eased her ass toward his fingers confirmed he was on the right track. What was he supposed to...

“Oh. Oh!” In a flurry of excitement, he gave a hard pull. It worked even better than he expected. The velcro tabs holding on Candy’s dress, her top, ripped away loudly and easily. Beneath it was a metallic thong, golden. No bra. When she turned, he saw there were two tassels attached to adhesive patches over her nipples. *Money Maker*, read the text over her pussy. A stripper would be embarrassed to be seen in that thing.

Abbie, Katie and Cassie started whooping and cheering as their social studies teacher launched into action, twirling those tassels with impressive breahterity. Her ass vibrated as she spun to twerk for him, clapping her pert little cheeks against his crotch, each clap trying to suck him deeper into her pussy.

“Because she’s your colleague, but also your fuck toy, master,” announced Isa casually, and not without a little disdain.

“That she is, Isa. That she is.” He let Candy hump her ass against his cock dutifully for a while, but finally, took a step back to give the lineup one last inspection.

Mr. Canon admired for a time, but finally his peripheral vision couldn’t stop him from stepping back to admire the entire lineup. Biker bitch, cheerleader, MILF, jock who was about to lose her scholarship for posing nude, toy cop, and teacher-whore. All his.

That wish really would have been the height of avarice.

“Before you announce the victor, you might want to check on our little surprise,” Megan said suddenly. He hadn’t come close to deciding yet. Her smile was wide, ingratiating.

“What is it?” Katie whispered to Cassie.

“It’s outside. C’mon!” The redhead pulled the cheerleader along behind her. The other girls followed. Canon followed at the rear of the pack. Who or what else could it be? Hard to imagine *something* swaying the decision, especially something sitting out in

the parking lot. As for someone, there wasn't really anyone else it could be. That is, unless—

“Tabitha...?!”

The lithe brunette beauty stood a dozen paces outside the locker room, near a Mercedes – a graduation gift from her father, she'd told him – parked in the gated off lot next to the locker room. Her arms were folded submissively behind her back. Tabitha's own outfit was outstanding. In effect a sheer white dress, but it was segmented into half a dozen individual sections, each held to the others with a series of golden chains and clasps. It narrowly covered what it needed to, though that didn't extend to her long legs, her hips, her stomach, most of her chest, or her neck. It looked like a stiff breeze would blow it away like the fuzz of a dandelion. Her hair was done up in an elaborate style, the likes of which he usually only saw at school dances or other such fancy affairs. It gleamed in the sun almost as much as the gold. There was at least one ring on every finger, most of them jeweled, and a pile of golden necklaces hanging down her breasts. She looked like a Greek goddess, only with more class.

“Sorry I'm late, Mr. Canon. My flight only got in this morning.”

Having not seen her in the flesh in weeks, he threw his arms around her. “I didn't think I'd see you again until the fall – if then! How did you get away?”

“I told Daddy I was a grown woman and that I could fend for myself for the summer,” she said, full of self-assurance.

“Yeah, 'cause nothing says strong independent woman like rushing across the ocean so you can be there in time to dress up like a slut for your master in the hopes he'll let you run off and blow him for a week in some sleazy motel,” Abbie observed with a smirk.

“If that's what Mr. Canon wishes of me, I would be glad to do my best at satisfying the request,” she said evenly. “As would you, while you're putting on airs. And... I'm sorry, run off for a week? What's she talking about? Is this some kind of costume contest?”

Canon blinked. “You didn't know? But... I mean, you're...”

Tabitha looked herself over. “I wanted to look nice for you. I've been getting nothing from anyone while I was overseas. It was horrible.”

“You mean... You just had... *that*? In your closet?” Katie asked incredulously.

“No, I picked this up in Paris a couple weeks ago. I thought Mr. Canon might like me in something Mediterranean.”

He laughed happily, pulling her in for a long hug. Once there, his hand gave her backside a hard slap by instinct. Tabitha whimpered in bliss. “Damn. Well I'm so glad to see you. I have to rethink the winner now, for sure.”

“Right, so, winner of what? Sluttiest costume? Because I think we're in a bit of a tie, from the looks of things.”

Candace, mostly naked, was peering out from behind the cover of the locker room door. “Close. Most spot-on slutty self-parody, basically.”

“Oh, hi Ms. Salata! Didn’t see you there.” Tabitha glanced around at the others. “Yeah, I suppose that’s what this is, isn’t it. And I’m... Hmm. Well.” Her nose wrinkled at realizing her effort at looking nice had wandered into the territory of caricature.

“You didn’t know about this? How’d you even find us if nobody told you about the party?”

“Upon finding no one home at your place, I went next door. Mrs. Brown’s babysitter told me she had a meeting at the high school. She didn’t seem to have much by way of particulars, so I put two and two together,” she explained.

“Oh.” Then he looked to Megan. “But hold on, I thought she was the surprise. Did she not...”

Megan shook her head. “A surprise, but not the one Cassie and I put together for you.” She produced her keys from her jeans pocket, extending her arm and hitting a button on the fob. There was a loud beep, and then the trunk of her minivan slowly rose up to its horizontal position.

Inside... was a woman. Surprising though it was, it was the least surprising woman he might have expected to see inside someone’s trunk. After all, it was the only woman he’d already seen in one. She was sweaty, her thick honey blonde hair mussed, limbs curled up uncomfortably close.

Abbie gasped. “Tay...?!”

Part Seven: Deescalation Protocols

Megan whirled out in between the group and the girl in the trunk. “SHHH!” she cautioned, finger to her lips. Once everyone fell silent – which didn’t take long considering the shock of finding a teenage girl stuffed inside the trunk of her minivan – she spoke in a low volume.

“She’s been dosed,” she said simply.

“Dosed...?” Canon asked, then, overcoming his befuddlement, more specifically, “You mean, with Serenex? Megan, what?!”

“Shhhh,” she repeated. “She has ear plugs in so we didn’t have an accident on the ride over, but I think we all know how easy it is to put bad ideas into somebody’s head under the influence of that stuff.”

Was she making a dig at his expense? It sounded like Megan was making a dig at his expense.

He looked back at Taylor. The recess in the back of the minivan was barely big enough to contain her, legs bent with calves pressed tight against thighs, arms folded, crumpled, above her chest. Her eyes were open, but uncomprehending, staring blankly up at the roof of the minivan. It looked like she was in a simple t-shirt and tight knee-length shorts, easily the least sexy attire of anyone here despite her arguably having the superior looks – depending on how one felt about hate-fucking a stacked blonde while she sneered down her nose at you.

“What in the hell do you think you’re doing?” Canon asked, his voice soft but grim.

“What no one else here could,” Megan answered. “Giving you the opportunity to fix things with the kid. Or, you know, whatever you want to do with her. You know me, buddy. I enthusiastically cooperate with and support anything you want. You might never have come out and said you wanted Taylor here and at your mercy, but I’ve developed a pretty sensitive nose when it comes to sniffing out what you want.”

Abbie rushed towards the trunk only to be intercepted by Megan. “Your sister’s fine, honey. We just knocked on the door and took her before she knew what was happening. We were gentle, I promise.”

“Excuse me if I’m not taking your word for it when you just admitted you fucking *kidnapped* my sister!” Abbie hissed. Still, she was careful to keep her voice down. This was her boss, after all.

Canon quickly began to comprehend, at least insofar as Megan’s claim that no one else could have done this. It was true. Candace, Isa, Katie, Tabitha, Abbie... all of them had been dosed by Taylor, and Taylor had been smart enough to make damn sure

they had no chance to wriggle out from under her thumb. Smarter than Canon had been, for sure, or at least more ruthless. Cassie and her mother, however, had been targeted by Canon himself when Megan had thought to blackmail him for having naked students roaming his yard in the night. Abbie had snuck some lines into Cassie's subconscious, but only to make her as slutty as she herself was. To the best of his knowledge, Taylor had never taken charge of them. Intimidation had been enough to keep them out of Taylor's way.

Until now, that is.

"You let go of me *right now* you old fucking crone, or you'll find out how real these knives are. Get me?" Abbie threatened in a low growl.

Cassie looked like she was about to dive in and make it a proper melee. Not only bad because of the knives, but also because it was impossible these women could have a raging battle right here in front of Taylor without something leaking past those ear plugs, and god alone knew what.

"Girls, inside. *Now.*" He used the quietest version of his teacher-who-is-beyond-fed-up voice that he could. Past experience had taught that Serenex dulled the wits such that the brain only activated if you got their attention first – saying their name, shouting, that kind of thing. If Taylor heard, and was alert enough to process anything, his command didn't seem the sort of thing that would break her brain. Hopefully. Abbie balked, but Megan, Cassie and Isa's combined efforts dragged her back into the locker room without bloodshed. Katie slipped in ahead of the lot. Tabitha was staring at Taylor, a decidedly dangerous expression on her elegant features. Only staring though, and after a moment, followed the rest.

Suddenly – as suddenly as the girl had disappeared – she was back. He hadn't seen hide nor hair of her since graduation, when he made it clear that her actions had crossed too many lines for him to continue their association. It had been the smart move, and he had not missed the drama in the interim. Had it really only been six weeks since he'd laid eyes on her? Taylor Stern, with her body and soul of pure sin. Just as he remembered her, effortlessly sexy, clothes that did nothing to flatter her and a face and body that required no flattery.

That vacant stare, like she'd had while writing his rote instructions on the board back on the day this whole madness had started.

He couldn't help himself. Canon walked right up to her and lifted her out of that recess in the back of the van, setting her down gently on the rear end. She was heavy. Solid. She stayed upright after he let her go, but otherwise didn't react.

After a moment, he gave her cheek a soft stroke. Warm. Of course – she'd been locked inside a sealed minivan on a late June afternoon while he'd been inside thoroughly sizing up his pretties. He was glad he hadn't taken longer; how long would

those dolts have left her cooking in there? In spite of himself, he gave her forehead a soft kiss. It was dripping sweat. She reacted not at all.

God, how he'd missed kissing her, sweat or no. He could admit that. In a world in which he had seven exuberant sexual partners (or eight or however many it was), he had still missed fucking this one. Cassie, Abbie, Tabitha, even the bubbly cheerleader Katie, none of them had he ever had an improper thought about before Serenex came along. Taylor Stern, he'd wanted to fuck long before, and apparently long after.

Was that all it was? Missing some incredible, long-delayed sex? Or had he missed... *her*?

English teacher sat beside English student on the back end of Megan's minivan. A breeze wafted by, lifting her hair up to his face. He brushed it aside. A few snaps of his fingers did nothing to alert her. The ear plugs apparently worked.

"Do you know how pissed I've been at you?" he murmured mostly to himself. She didn't react. "All this insane shit you did, supposedly just to prove I was as selfish and horny and greedy as you are. Then you fail, on purpose, and suddenly I'm saddled with another year of you. Or that's what you hoped, at least. You won't get your schedule for a few weeks yet, but let me spoil the big surprise: Mrs. Cook-Burfield's got room for you in her English 12, so you're not my problem."

Taylor stared blankly. "That shouldn't bother me, but fucking hell, does it."

Abbie was peering out through the grungy wire mesh glass on the door, clearly still upset. Canon gestured for her to relax. It might have softened her expression some, maybe. The glass was so filthy he had only just realized it wasn't opaque, and besides, it was Abbie. She was more than capable of looking like she calmed down only to run out and throat punch him in the next breath. To protect her manipulative bitch of a sister, a woman who'd been so inspired by her rebellious example that she'd made Abbie completely obedient to her every command, and made Canon think she was actually the one in charge so that Taylor didn't have to bear any of the risk or judgment.

Taylor, who'd pretended to be subservient so well he'd never realized she was only sucking and fucking him so much because she *wanted* to. Because she'd wanted to ever since she'd caught him betraying how much he wanted her to.

Stupid fucking tornado drill. Stupid fucking chapstick. Stupid fucking Emerson!

He could fix it all. Right here, right now. A well-chosen sentence or two, maybe a pad of paper for a hundred repetitions if he wanted to really let it sink in, and Taylor could be his. Why did that feel so wrong? It's what happened to all those other girls, and he didn't torture himself over it. Not even for the ones he'd done himself. Candace, who had never been intended to be any part of this, had co-signed on Isa's application for her change of name, co-signed with a smile on her face. Canon had lost no sleep over it, unless one counted fucking Isa long into the night while Candace reminded "Stephy" over and over what a weak little fucktoy she was for master.

You are my adoring, obedient sex slave. That would do it. Taylor Stern, kneeling at his feet in worship. Taylor Stern, first to arrive to class every day and last to leave, hanging on every word of his lecture, trying not to be too obvious when she spread her legs and flashed him her panties. Taylor Stern, moving into his guest room so she could be on hand to service him in every last minute of his spare time. No more arguing, no more sneaking around behind his back, no schemes. Just that body, his to use at his discretion, forever.

No. Too heavy-handed.

You want to stop causing Mr. Canon stress or problems. Much less invasive. No more bullying his other girls. No more acting out for attention. No more psychotic overreactions like trying to brainwash the entire school – an event so severe he'd been left with choice but to double down on it. (How many times could new students and staff hear a dreamy "I'm so lucky to have Mr. Canon!" before they realized something was way off?) No more her leading the charge. Simply a Taylor Stern who didn't rock the boat, but still wanted to fuck him.

Did she, though? He'd shut her down pretty hard at graduation. Keeping his sister and her little gift Katie had probably rubbed some salt in the wound.

So maybe he could add *You're always horny for Mr. Canon* to it. The girl had no ability to deny herself something she wanted, clearly. He could still have her, without the chaos. An even better her, a her more like the way he wanted her to be.

Her own words came back to him, then, in an image of a crumpled wad of notebook paper, though he heard them narrated in her voice. *I did what I thought was right, 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.*

He'd always had a knack for remembering words from people's writing, whether it was a quote from a reading, a turn of phrase in student writing, or remembering the specific line on the page that his third period had left off on the day before.

Damn her for writing that essay. It had been so much easier to be pissed off at her – pissed off *about* her – before he understood her.

Time went by. It was hot out, but it was Taylor's heat, and he found he didn't mind. Not much he could do, really. God knew he couldn't leave her out here unattended, no more than he could bring her in with the other girls. Without quite meaning to, his arm slipped around her waist, his hand resting on that too-familiar hip. Her hair blew into his face time and again, and then again, until he finally got flustered and stuffed it into the back of her shirt's neck hole.

He spoke in a whisper, so soft it barely reached his own ears. "Taylor, you and I had some amazing sex together. The best of our lives. But we fucked up one too many times, so now there's nothing left to do but spend forever wishing for more of it." He shook his head ruefully. "You know, when I saw you in that trunk... For a few minutes

there? I came close to making you mine again. But no, you just can't stop yourself from wreaking chaos around my cock. Fun chaos, sexy chaos, but chaos nonetheless."

Canon stood up, then reached into her sweaty mass of hair to remove the ear buds. It was time. The more he dug, however, the less he could find them; the girls must have put them in there deep. Smart, if unhygienic. So instead he placed his hands firmly on her shoulders. A gentle shake, and her eyes focused on him.

His voice was loud, uncomfortably so, and even in her trance, she flinched at the near shout coming from right in front of her face. "Taylor. From now on, no more Serenex. Understand?"

Her lips moved, barely. Leaning in, he just caught, "No more Serenex."

"And no more bossing them around. Not Abbie, not Tabitha, not Isa or Candace, not Katie, none of them. Whatever you're up to from here on out, you're on your own."

She was echoing his words while he was still speaking them, but he did catch, "on my own."

He looked at her for a long time. Not to study her. He knew that face all too well, far better than he ought to. No, he just wanted to look. A moment to remind himself who he was to her, and who she was to him.

"Taylor," he said after a long while. Her eyes focused back on him. "Taylor, I care about you, and I want to see you succeed." The shower orgy had probably started without him by now, knowing Abbie. No matter. Taylor murmured the words after him. God, he hoped she took this as concern and support and not some kind of tacit endorsement of whatever crimes she might go on to commit in the years to come.

Her blank stare persisted. Should he say more? The temptation to corrupt her was gone; somehow with a locker room shower sexstravaganza awaiting him not fifty feet away, he had re-entered teacher mode. That was how this had all started, after all. Being fed up with his sexy, bratty cunt of a student and resorting to extreme measures to rein her in. *I will behave myself in class*, he'd had her write on the board a hundred times, not knowing what that microdose he'd spritzed on her chapstick would do to her. Once he did, *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* had soon followed. Though that probably hadn't taken effect, part of that trick she'd pulled. She'd been hidden in a trunk then, too, only she'd ordered Abbie to put her there to lull him into letting her get her hands on the Serenex. She'd sure acted like it took effect. Maybe she'd let it slide, what he'd tried to do to her.

Maybe he should, too.

Time to see if this Serenex shit could wipe clean its own slate. He owed her that, at least. He'd have to transfer her back into his class, but easily done.

"Taylor, from now on, you can behave however you want in my class. Just be yourself, and I'll be good with that."

Canon eyed the lot of them as sternly as he could. He had his detention face, but this was beyond that. This was his war face. “I mean it. Not a single solitary fucking word. Not spoken, not in goddamn sign language. Megan, if you don’t think you can keep your daughter’s trap shut, gag her.”

“With what? I didn’t bring a gag.”

“A sock, one of those moldy old towels, your fucking tit if you want. I don’t care, but keep her quiet. We’ll talk about this little stunt of yours once I’ve had time to process it. Right now, I can’t decide if I’m touched or furious.”

“Sounds like none of *us* are getting touched,” grumbled Abbie sullenly, slumping her vinyl-clad ass onto one of the locker room’s benches. “I was so wet, too. Damn.”

“I’m going to escort her into the coach’s office there, and then we’ll all hang out, *quietly*, until she’s recovered. I’ll send her home, and then we can get on with the party. Assuming she doesn’t kill all of us when she wakes up.”

Tabitha suggested softly, “You don’t think prohibiting violent retaliation might be an optimal use of her, ahem, compromised state? I normally wouldn’t suggest it, since Taylor controls me. I will meekly cooperate with Taylor Stern because I’m her bitch.” Everyone winced. Taylor had come down hard on Tabitha when she’d first dosed her. Old enmities. “In this case, however, it might be doing her a favor. We’ve enjoyed a little peace on that front this summer. Perhaps she has, too. This could bring matters to a head in some very unpleasant ways.”

“I assume you were eavesdropping while I was with her outside. If so, what you saw me saying was to give you all a little protection from her... over-zealous tendencies. Further, hopefully it will help her get her life back on track. Beyond that, we’re not doing *anything* to her. Am I understood.”

Isa’s eyes glittered darkly. “So I’m your submissive little bitch. Tabitha will do anything for your approval. Abbie is your fantasy slut, Katie’s lucky to ‘have you,’ Cassie is your booty call, Megan supports anything you want, and Candace can’t get in the way of your plans. But Taylor Stern... gets to go free, untampered.”

Mr. Canon folded his arms. “I thought they taught you how to de-escalate a situation, Stephy. If you think any of us will be better off getting into a mind control competition with Taylor, by all means, convince me.”

One by one, the girls muttered their resignation. He looked each of them in the eye until he felt sure of their sincerity, and then went back to the lot to retrieve Taylor before she died of heat stroke in the cabin of Megan’s minivan. She hadn’t moved an inch, of course. Assuming Megan and Cassie brought her straight over, it would be hours yet before it was safe to speak freely around her. Already, he worried some of his well-intentioned commands could stir up trouble. Taylor Stern *loved* fresh trouble.

Even without words, she was biddable, allowing him to pull her to her feet and guide her to the locker room doors. With a final deep sigh, Canon squelched his anxiety and opened the door. Those girls had better–

“Well, if it isn’t my boss Taylor’s boss Mr. Canon!” crooned Abbie, grinning brightly.

As a vein immediately bulged and fast threatened to burst in his forehead, the others did their best to cooperate in Abbie’s betrayal. “Taylor Stern is Mr. Canon’s obedient fuck toy,” said Cassie, her voice uncharacteristically thick with vitriol.

“You want all of us to tell you what to do and how to think,” Megan said hastily.

“Taylor wants whatever Mr. Canon wants for her,” added Candace.

“Taylor Stern worships me and will do anything to gain my approval,” said Katie with a wink at Tabitha, her arms folded smugly across her cheerleading sweater.

As Mr. Canon hurled the locker room door shut, Isa still managed, “Taylor is a submissive little bitch who gets off on being used, abused, and humili–”

The door thudded shut with Taylor and Canon on the outside, and those conniving cunts on the inside. He threw his weight against it so they couldn’t get out, but they didn’t seem to be trying. The brace continued for a time anyway.

What had they done. Holy shit, what had they done?!

Well... they’d done what Taylor probably would have done to them had the situation been reversed.

Still.

“That was some evil shit, huh, C-dawg.”

After a moment, he turned to look over his shoulder. There was Taylor, a smirk on those delicious lips of hers. As it spread, he slowly relinquished his pressure against the locker room door until he was standing, facing her.

“Taylor...? But... you’re...?”

“Serenexed out of my mind? Yeah right, like I’d ever answer the door if your bimbo errand girls came knocking. *Especiallly* on your birthday. Just because I flunked your stupid class doesn’t mean I’m a fucking retard.”

“What? Then what the hell...?”

From behind him, the door swung open, and out strode a septet of costumed, cackling women. “Oh my god, the look on your face!” Megan wheezed. Cassie was helping her stay upright, she was laughing so hard, though she wasn’t much steadier herself.

“You were just fucking with me that whole time?! Are you *insane?!?*”

Most of them were laughing too hard to understand anything they said, or ribbing him incoherently through their guffaws. Tabitha was smiling, though thinly. “Cassie and Mrs. Brown only just told us it was a fake. I wasn’t sure what to believe, so I kept quiet.”

Canon gave her a pat on the butt. In that dress of hers, it was practically bare. “I appreciate it. The rest of you...” There was no point trying to be heard over them, so after a long glower (which only served to intensify their mocking laughter), he turned back to Taylor. “So, what, you woke up this morning and thought you hadn’t already pissed me off enough?”

Taylor looked almost as annoyed by the hysterics as him. She seized his arm at the crook of the elbow and dragged him a ways away by the van so they could hear one another. “Oh, fuck you, you self-important ass. Getting all up in my grill about what I did, then here you are using my work to treat yourself to a costume party slash orgy.”

“That’s not an explanation, Taylor.”

After a moment, her defiance softened into something that in most women might have been conciliatory. On Taylor Stern, it bespoke that she was cutting him a break. “Abbie came to me with their idiot idea a few weeks ago. I told her to piss off at first.”

“Abbie was in on it, too, eh.”

“Of course she was. Never get tired of gossipping about what and who you’re doing day to day. Plus they were way too chicken to come talk to me about it themselves. I don’t even have any more of the stuff – though thanks for trying to force me to disarm myself anyway, you ass. ‘No more Serenex.’ You know you could have had me working to dismantle your whole big school brainwashing plot, right?”

“Uh... No?”

“Way to make me sit there trying not to blink for ten minutes and then come at me with that bonehead maneuver. But no, unlike you, I can’t be trusted.”

The worst of the laughter was dying down, but the others had the good sense to give them some space. “Right, where on earth would I get the idea that you might abuse access to a mind control aerosol?” He craned his neck around her curly, honey blonde mane. “Abbie, be a good fantasy slut and bark like a dog for me.”

“Big or little, C-dawg?”

“Little.”

She nodded. “Arf! Arf! Arf! Arf!” Though the command had only been to bark, she held her hands up in front of her like paws, her tits shaking unrestrained by her biker vest.

He arched a brow at Taylor. “Yeah. Silly me.”

“Shut the fuck up, Abbie,” the girl said over her shoulder casually. Like that, the barking stopped. “Well, whatever. I came, didn’t I? I gave you your little therapeutic moment, being the big tender carebear teacher man. Happy freaking birthday.”

He gawped, stunned, whirling on the pack of them. “Is that it? That’s what you thought you were doing? Trying to make me look like an idiot in front of her for having feelings for—”

Taylor pulled on his shoulder. She hadn't anticipated how keyed up he was, shrugging her off, so the second time, she jerked so hard their teeth knocked together instead of what she'd intended.

"OW! What the—"

This time, the kiss landed. She kept it up until he finally quit groaning and struggling. The moment he was kissing back, she pushed him away. "Now can you chill the F out, C-dawg? God. If you'd actually let me finish making my point for once in my life, I was going to say..." She looked down. Cleared her throat. Shifted her feet. Glowered at where everyone was hanging on her every word. "That... What you said to me, when you thought I was... That was..." She brushed aside a thick shock of hair that was clinging to her sweaty forehead. "Sweet."

"Awww!" said someone. Probably Katie.

"I know it was sweet, Taylor. I'm the one who said it. I was there."

"Wow, humble much?" said someone. Probably Candace.

"I'm trying to have – and to share – a moment. Just because you *have* a big veiny dick doesn't mean you have to *be* a big veiny dick."

"I actually kinda *like* his big veiny dick," said someone. Definitely Cassie.

The frustrated English teacher took a few breaths, an old trick he'd internalized whenever he felt tempted to scream at one of his students. It helped. "OK. I overreacted, maybe. I just don't like being made to feel like a fool is all."

"Maybe stop taking yourself so seriously," grumbled Isa.

"I don't think you sounded like a fool. Maybe... Maybe next fall, I'll just... be myself. Like you said." Taylor smoothed his shirt out over his abs. "And you'll be good with that."

"I probably could have phrased that better, now that I remember 'being yourself' meant climbing on my lap with your freaking boobs in my face and trying to forcibly steal a chapstick you pelted Jesse in the head with."

"If I'd known all I had to do to get my tits in your mouth was to spray myself with SWAT-grade chemical weapons..." She grinned. Canon tried (and failed) not to let his gaze linger too long on her chest. The only woman here not dressed like pure eye candy, and he still couldn't look away. Her curves made anything look like eye candy.

"Anyway," she said, taking a step closer and lowering her voice for his ears alone, "I'm glad I let them talk me into this. I liked what you tried to do. Mostly. Controlling-ass teacher-ass asshole. But mostly, yeah. I, um... also feel, um, some of the, uh, stuff. That you said."

Then she was back-pedaling. "And that's as much as I'm ever going to say. So you go have a happy haremy birthday fucking my sister and all these other dumb skanks. As for me, I'm off to walk a mile and a half back home because those dumbfucks wouldn't let me follow them over and park in the student lot."

“Excuse me, but you were fucking your teacher night and day and still managed to flunk out of school,” Megan shot back, arms folded, cleavage threatening to burst that tiger print top of hers at the seams. “I thought maybe you didn’t know where the school was.”

“Heyooooooo!” sang Katie.

“See you in August, C-dawg. Do me a solid, and don’t lube up before you stuff it up that one’s ass.” Katie grimaced, hands flying protectively under the back of her cheerleading skirt.

“So... do we still get to orgy with you, Mr. Canon? You’re not super mad at us? I could just tell you needed to patch things up with her, or at least get some closure, and let’s not forget that Taylor is kind of MCU villain dangerous when you think about it, so we were really just—”

“Hey Taylor!” he called. She was nearing the gate to the fence surrounding the girls field locker room, separating it from the farthest reaches of the GHS main lot. She stopped and looked back, arms thrust out in mild exasperation.

Mr. Canon jogged halfway over to her. “You know, if you want – and don’t make this one of those ‘Mr. Canon can do whatever he wants to me’ things, because it’s an invitation, not an edict, so don’t feel like—”

“Oh my god, you’re horrible at this.” She swaggered up to him. His heart climbed up into his throat. How was it possible to have this much sex, with women this amazing, with no restraints or taboos imposed, and still miss fucking this one horrible beautiful bitch so much?

“Go have your fun with the skank brigade. I’m a go in and hang out in Horen’s office, make sure I like my fall schedule. If you save me a little something, and you don’t make me wait too long – and you wash that thing the hell off for once before you go pussy-swapping...” She shrugged. “Maybe I’ll see if I won’t let you do whatever you want to me a little bit. This once. For your birthday.”

“Horen’s office?” he asked, grinning, then remembered. “Oh fuck. She’s in there right now, Serenexed to the gills. Being ‘lucky to have me’ wasn’t getting quite all the reforms I wanted past her.”

“You should’ve told her you can do whatever you want and she’s powerless to stop you.”

“Noble. Anyway, just move her to the supply closet and don’t fuck with her for laughs, OK?”

Taylor’s lips pursed, considering, but she finally rolled her eyes and gave a shrug. “Eh, fine. This once. I only wish I could be there to see that nosy cunt wakes up to wonder why her keyboard’s all gunked up.” When he didn’t seem to follow, she elaborated, “It’s our cum, dingus. We’re gonna cum all over her keyboard. Teach that bitch not to get interested in who I do and don’t let in my panties.”

“You do know I’m the one who was almost fired over that, right? You were the victim. And then you egged my house.”

“Do you wanna rehash how I bailed you out of your colossal fuckup – oh hey, I rehashed it – or do you wanna get your dick wet in Taylor Stern?” With that, her hips began rolling on their way back toward the main GHS campus.

Fuck, but those shorts were tight.

Canon watched her go, far longer than was seemly. As she fished out some keys out of god knows where and let herself in the nearest set of doors, he turned back to where the others were waiting.

“I’ll be back in a bit, ladies. Twenty minutes...” He looked at the long walk through the parking lot. Then he thought about the ass he’d just watched trudge across it. “Maybe an hour.”

“Happy birthday, Mr. Canon!” Cassie called after him as he trotted off. A few others echoed her.

Abbie waved. “Buh-bye! Have fun banging my sister!”

Mr. Canon turned his back on the crowd of lusty ladies, and followed Taylor’s shorts into the halls of GHS.

Someone had to keep the girl from causing too much trouble.

Part Eight: Community Partnerships

“So we’re really doing this?” Katie asked softly to no one in particular. Nearby, nudity was already beginning to happen. The girls field locker room was a natural place for nudity, a place where Katie had been nude numerous times before. Never with a classmate’s mom, though. Or with a teacher. Or a police officer. Never with the intention of... *doing* anything.

“Nobody’s twisting your arm,” Abbie pointed out as she propped one boot, then the other on the very bench where she had earlier hand-fed their mutual lover. “You don’t want in on this, there’s the door. More for me.”

Nearby, Cassie was wriggling out of her gym shorts. Cassie’s mom watched, looking proud somehow. Weird frigging family. Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata were helping one another undress across the locker room’s center aisle, not that it took much to finish baring her old social studies teacher.

They were really doing it. It shouldn’t surprise her. She’d seen most of these women naked already, even seen most of them pleasuring her English teacher Mr. Canon. Most of them had seen her. That had felt incidental though. Then, she’d been taking Mr. C and feeling lucky to have him.

Now, there was a formal *orgy* forming. A word she’d only ever heard in regards to pornography. It was a performance, but it was also an event. Cassie and Abbie seemed to accept that Katie knew what she was about because she was a cute blonde cheerleader. (Or had been until very recently. Weird to think she’d never cheer again. Boo.) To give her due credit, Katie wasn’t clueless – not like she was a virgin or something. But Cassie’s mom was, like, a *mom*. Officer Barbour and Miss Salata were for real adults. They paid taxes and voted and everything. She was just some random hot girl with a bubble butt and matching tits.

Was she orgy material?

Maybe she should go. Cassie and Abbie, they’d done this before. The lesbians, heck, they probably had orgies all the time. Katie *liked* her relationship with Mr. Canon and all, make no mistake. It was new, exciting, taboo. He wasn’t a bad lover, either – she’d always felt lucky to have him, and to be had by him in return. But this! This was...

An orgy.

A birthday orgy.

Setting up so it could commence the second he came back from sleeping with that mean girl slacker Taylor Stern. He’d come back with Taylor’s come still drying on his cock, and then he’d want to fuck the rest of them, too. Katie included. She’d, like, wait

her turn? Was that what you did? Wait her turn, while he fucked pussy after pussy after pussy. Then three more pussies, then Katie.

Was this who Katie was now? Could she become an orgy girl? Did you come back from something like that?

Would she even want to?

“Costs six tickets if you wanna sit and stare,” Abbie said as she shed her vest. “Or else, you can ditch that outfit and join the carnival.”

Would she, like, make out with the other girls? She’d done some of that this summer. It was weird. Fun, mostly, but still weird. Weird because she was doing it more for Mr. Canon than herself. He acted like it was normal though, as did the rest, so Katie acted like it was normal, too. She’d be an embarrassment to hot blonde cheerleaders everywhere if it came out that she was the nervous one.

Suddenly Cassie was in front of her, smiling reassuringly. “It’s gonna be OK, Katie. You got this.”

“You really think so?” Katie asked, heart in her throat.

“I know so.” Her naked former classmate wrapped her arms around Katie’s neck, but weirdly, it wasn’t even super gay or anything. Just... comforting. “Believe me. I’ve watched like a million orgies, and almost all of them have a girl like you.”

Katie giggle-snorted. That was awkward. Cassie didn’t look like she minded, though. “What, a blonde cheerleader?”

“What?” Cassie’s head snapped back. “No, a *good* girl. One who’s never had eight people try to fuck her at once. C’mere. I have a few favorites bookmarked. Well, a few dozen. A hundred, maybe. I get carried away sometimes. But believe me, you were made for this, Katie.”

“Yeah?”

From behind them, Abbie snorted. No giggle. “Fuck yeah you were. Trust me. I’m one of the ones who made you for it.”

“I wanna drive.”

Mr. Canon shook his head. “No. The cart’s not supposed to leave the athletic area except to go to one of the fields. Definitely not to joyride around the halls of the school.”

She adjusted her position in his lap, somehow perfectly squeezing her ass cheeks around where his cock tented out his pants. “So? What are they gonna do, fire you?”

“It’s not about what I can get away with. It’s about the rules having a reason. The custodians have to clean up all the little tire scuffs this thing is going to leave on the floor, you know. They don’t magically disappear.”

Taylor put the cart back in drive, but like that, Canon shifted back to park. “Oh no, the janitors have to clean the floor. Isn’t that their job...?”

“Their job is to clean after normal wear and tear, not messes capriciously made by careless brats.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It is a bad thing.”

Taylor squirmed in his lap. Not repositioning, this time. No, this was simply showing off. “Come on. You like that I’m a brat. Admit it.”

“I tolerate that you’re a brat. The fact that I can gag that mouth of yours with my cock has made you immensely more bearable to be around.”

An elbow came flying, but he mostly dodged it. “Nice. You know, for a guy who said he missed my pussy so bad, you sure aren’t doing much to lube it up.”

“You never needed help getting wet for me before.”

Taylor shifted back to drive. “You never cut me off and told me I wasn’t allowed to be with you before.”

Canon shifted back to park. “Did you invite me along so we could argue, or so we could fuck?”

“I want to fuck. Only *someone* won’t let me get to Horen’s office so we can do it.”

“Why does it have to be in Horen’s office? We could just go to my classroom, do it there. They’re ordering me a couch, you know.”

Taylor pivoted, now riding his lap side saddle. “Yeah? That’s pretty hot. Is it there now? We could break it in, christen that bitch.”

“No. They only ordered it a couple weeks ago. I’m not sure it’ll even be here when school starts up next month.”

“Oh. Couch tease.”

“Take your shirt off so I have something to play with while you’re driving.”

That smug grin he’d missed crept onto her lips. “Take your pants off so I have something to play with while I’m driving.”

“Do your parents know you’re here, Tabitha? Honestly.”

Tabitha’s father did not know where she was. He would figure it out when he found her note, or more likely when the man got the notification of the charge for the plane ticket. “I’m an adult, Mrs. Brown. I don’t have to explain my whereabouts to them.”

If she felt uncomfortable having this discussion in front of a group of naked teenage girls, one of them her firstborn child, Megan gave no sign of it. “Is that right? I

was under the impression you still lived in their house, eating their food, driving their car.”

“The car is mine,” Tabitha said distractedly. This dress had dozens of fasteners on it. It was beautiful, yes, and incredibly sexy, but getting it off without simply tearing it off was proving a challenge. “And the rest... simply because I live with them, for now, doesn’t mean they can control everything I do.”

Suddenly Cassie was there, her slender fingers helping pick at two of the clusters of gold rings holding on one of the butt flaps. Katie was right on her heels, but she was looking at someone on her phone. No, make that Cassie’s phone. “Don’t be rude, Tabitha. My mom’s only asking because she was worried you were alone and didn’t have anybody to take care of you.”

The expression on Megan’s face was rather less benevolent than that, but still, it gave her pause. “I didn’t mean any disrespect, Mrs. Brown,” she amended as Cassie stacked the scrap of white fabric with the others. “But I’m fine. Mr. Canon will provide me any guidance that I require.”

“Mr. Canon has five teenagers to see to. If you think he’s going to make sure you stay fed and clothed, you’re going to wind up starving to death while you try to live off his cum.”

“I’m sorry, but what is any of this to you?”

Megan placed her hands on Tabitha’s shoulders. That was uncomfortable, a grown woman – a grown woman whose arousal was alive in the air around her! – and now touching her this way. “Relax, Tabitha. It’s not a test. I’m only saying that our household and his are awfully close. Literally. If you need a place to crash, or a home cooked meal, you have a place to stay, understand?”

“Oh.” Tabitha wasn’t sure what to make of that. “Thank you. But, um, why...?”

Cassie giggled. “Our family used to be just me and mom and Robby. But now that Mr. Canon’s come along, it’s growing, and you’re part of it.”

“You know I played basketball freshman and sophomore year?” Taylor ran her fingers across the glass on the display case for GHS’s myriad athletic trophies. It was something to be proud of; it was a big case. Like the trophy case at pretty much every high school.

“Yeah? Makes sense. You’re pretty tall.”

She glanced up with a cold sneer. “No, yeah, long legs is pretty much my contribution to the world, you’re right. I couldn’t be actually *good* or anything. I started varsity as a sophomore, ya know. Only got kicked off because of my grades, no thanks to you. But sure, make it about my legs. You got a one-track mind, Canon.”

“All right. So one, quit looking for reasons to start fights. It was only a comment. For two, I’ve never failed a student. Unfortunately, you, like some others, have chosen to fail. And three, I followed those legs away from a seven woman orgy, so maybe take it as a compliment.”

Her expression softened, to the extent it ever did. She could look feisty even while she was howling for his cock. “You say that, but here we are, alone, together for the first time in months, and you haven’t even touched me yet.”

“We’re in the middle of the athletics lobby. Just because it’s Friday afternoon doesn’t mean we can just start... doing things, here in plain sight.”

“Why not? What’re they gonna do, fire you? They found three girls naked in your classroom and let it slide because two of ‘em were me and Abbie.”

“And because you went through the school with mind-wipe spray to force everyone to love me.”

Taylor turned, leaning back against the display case. Her lopsided grin was impossible to make out; the lights were off in the lobby, but the trophies behind her were still lit. Her clothes hugged her body, so she was silhouetted exquisitely, his self-proclaimed goddess in the flesh. “Hey, somebody has to.”

Canon didn’t answer. Didn’t move, didn’t touch her, didn’t do anything but stare. So long being able to merely sneak a glance here and there. All the while this girl had flaunted her body at every turn. The freedom to simply look at her had not lost its thrill.

“What...? You’re looking at me like some creeper, C-dawg.” She was smiling, though. She tried to get the man to notice her for so long, with him always playing like he couldn’t see top notch T&A right there in front of him. The freedom to bask in his attention had not lost its thrill.

He took a step closer, almost – but not quite – chest to chest. “Admiring the trophies is all.”

Her smile widened, grew teeth. “Oh my god, you are such a fucking dork. Come on, your classroom’s closer than the office.” She took his hand and dragged him along behind her.

“Ignoring the fact that I look like a fucking stripper in this thing – which by the way, I’m not,” Isa said distractedly, looking for the fastener on her utility belt.

“Not a stripper...? Because that video we made a few weeks back says otherwise.” Candace found the clasp, nudged aside the Serenex pouch to undo it. The video, which she herself had recorded where Isa had erected her new stripper pole in her garage, had been intended to tide Canon over for the weekend while they visited Candace’s parents out of town. That’s what Candace had told her when she’d explained to Isa the necessity of making it, anyway. Watching her twirl on that thing had been hot as hell.

“Not ignoring it,” Isa corrected, moving onto the shorts. There were no fasteners at all on them, and they were tight. They fit like a sheathe. “Anyway, it’s plain old freaking hard to get in and out of. Gonna have to set my alarm twenty minutes earlier to get up in time to put this stupid thing on.”

Candace moved behind her, mostly to hide her smile while she helped with the shorts. Her own tassels and g-string had taken seconds to remove, so now she was being a good assistant. Strange, how casual she’d grown about taking her clothes off in front of students. But that was a part of Canon’s plan for her. She would never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans.

“You’ll get better at it. I bet your old uniform took some time to get used to putting on and off, with all those buttons and zippers and straps and everything.”

Isa held still to let her girlfriend peel those infernal shorts down, then stepped out of them, still in her heeled boots. The shorts were so tight, she was afraid they’d rip if she tried to take the boots off first. “You know, just because you have to help him with his plans doesn’t mean you need to defend them.”

“I’m not defending them. Sorry, hon. I’m just... I’m distracted is all.”

Isa looked over at the girls. Abbie seemed to be having pants troubles of her own. Katie and Cassie looked to be conversing, straddling a bench face to face. They were awkwardly close for mere girl talk, though, and Cassie had gotten naked. Her ass was pointed right at her. That delectable derriere or hers was a reminder of what all that monster had taken for himself. Worse, it was a reminder of how Isa at times couldn’t help feeling a little jealous. She’d always been an ass girl, herself.

“Yeah, I don’t blame you, baby. This is gonna be... something.” Isa found herself licking her lips, cursing at her own weakness under her breath. She might not have much of a choice – she was a submissive little bitch, and Canon was her boss. Candace had told her a hundred times she needed to stop hating herself for being his accomplice and try to enjoy it if she couldn’t stop it. Isa did, but it was hard to explain that hating herself was a big part of what she enjoyed about it.

God, she was such a weak little slut.

“No, it’s not... never mind. Probably not the best time, anyway.”

Isa stopped in the middle of unbuttoning her tight and tiny top. That’s what that dickhead had said when he first saw her in it. *A tight and tiny top to trap the temptress’ titanic titties. Say, maybe I could use you as a prop for teaching figurative language next year during my poetry unit, huh?*

Temptress. Ugh. As if she would ever deliberately tempt a man.

She shook her head at Candace. “No, what? Something up?”

“Really, mama, it’s not a good time. Come on, let’s get you out of that and start warming you up. I know how you still need some TLC to get ready for him, and he could be back any minute. We’ll... talk. But later.”

Candace tried to resume unbuttoning that cruel joke of an outfit, but Isa seized her hands. “You know, considering he’ll be fucking me in the *shower*, I don’t think getting *wet* is likely to be a big problem. Assuming he ever gets tired of his teen toys.”

“You know he will. He always thinks he’s rewarding you when you turn him on, and let’s face it, if he doesn’t name you the contest winner, it’s only out of spite. You look so fucking hot in it, I can barely keep off of you even with the girls watching.”

This time, Isa had to fend her hands off from less utilitarian pursuits. “Candace. What is it.”

Whatever it was, it was heavy. Isa thought she knew, but she wanted to hear it first. Candace looked carefully at the girls, making sure none were eavesdropping. Like any of them cared what the adults talked about. “OK. Remember, I didn’t want to do this now, but... here it is. You might want to—”

“Just say it.”

Isa braced herself. Here it came.

She’d known Candace was going to leave her for a while now. Isa had been so dour of late, she knew she’d gotten hard to live with. Yes, there was always the incredible frenzied hate-fucking and/or pity-fucking that followed. Still, you could only cheat on your partner so many times before it got to them. Lord knows Isa hated every time she had to watch Canon fuck Candace, masturbating herself down the IQ chart as his cock split her slender girlfriend’s pussy in half. The Serenex was the only thing saving him from her wrath for that violation. Candace always made it look like she was turned on when it came her turn to watch Canon use and abuse Isa, but it had to bother her deep down. Watching her supposedly lesbian girlfriend moan and wail and come and come and come as a man fucked her to new heights of shameful ecstasy... it had to gall.

Her eyes slid closed. She was about to get dumped, right before the man came back from resuming his pact with the devil herself, their contract written and sealed in cum. And Stephy – *Isa!* she corrected herself, again – would still have to pleasure him in the midst of her heartbreak, submissive little bitch that she was. It was so un—

“I’m pregnant,” Candace said somberly.

Isa's eyes flew back open. "You're *what?!*" she demanded, barely keeping her voice down. Megan still looked over, but said nothing, hurrying out the door. (Maybe the conniving old minion had someone else in her trunk, Isa speculated.)

Candace nodded. "I saw Dr. Phadatare Wednesday. It's official. Ten weeks."

"But... you said... we agreed to use contraceptives! I was with you when you had yours put in! How is that even possible?!"

Candace led her away, into the coach's office. Hard to imagine it had ever been permissible to construct a coach's office, at a high school, with a window overlooking the locker room area. She'd call the ensuing decades progress, except here they were, and there the window still sat.

"Now promise you won't get mad," Candace began.

There could be no doubt as to the identity of the father. Isa and Candace had talked about having kids someday, and whether they'd adopt or what. None of the or-what's had ever entailed asking one of their coworkers to fuck a baby into them, though, that was for goddamn sure!

Isa pounded a fist onto the desk. "You *know* I can't promise that! Are you freaking kidding me, Candace? Don't tell me. Canon made you remove it. Couldn't stomach knocking up one of his precious little teenage whores, so he decided to put one in you. Jesus Christ. I'm going to kill him!" Isa had no concept of how. Her top priority was keeping him safe and preserving his secrets – much as the pompous asshole made that more and more impossible with every stupid risk he took. Yet every time she contemplated punishing him, it quickly derailed into self-analysis, pondering how she could make certain there was no way she could act on any of her desires. More than once she'd suggested he dose her again, enslave her more firmly to make sure she couldn't find a loophole to exploit. Mother fucker thought she was kidding.

But he *had* to pay for this. This was across the very last line.

"Hey. Mama. Calm down. It's going to be OK. We'd been talking about it anyway, right? Who cares if it's his, or some random guy from the sperm bank? At least now we know. If your master wants to take a hand in raising our child, at least it will be his own he's interfering with, right?"

Isa was trembling, apoplectic. "No! No, nothing is fucking right about this, baby! Stop making excuses for him!"

"Hey. Stephy? HEY." As Isa stormed back and forth across the tiny office, Candace interposed herself, grabbing the bigger woman by the shoulders and commanding her to stillness. "You need to calm down. He's coming back soon, and he expects his SLB to greet him with a smile and an enthusiastic blowjob. You don't want to ruin his birthday, do you?"

“How can you care about his stupid fucking birthday orgy at a time like this?! I’ll blow him, fine, but I’m not going to smile and fawn over the man who violated the womb of the woman I love!”

Candace barely suppressed a wince. It was easier to absorb her rage than her tenderness, sometimes, considering how much of her torment was at Candace’s devising. “Touch yourself, mama. Come on, you know a quick come will help take the edge off. Go on.” Candace guided one of Isa’s fists, tightly clenched, between her own legs. Her fingers relaxed on their own, two of them easily sliding inside her while her thumb attacked a throbbing, sopping clit.

“This isn’t OK. This isn’t normal! Ten weeks?!” Isa groaned. When Candace didn’t do anything useful to help, Isa stopped to tear her shirt open, buttons flying around the office in a cloud of impotent shrapnel. She slammed her lover’s face into her tits, then got back to work.

“Come on, look on the bright side. You’re gonna be a mama, mama,” Candace mumbled around a mouth overflowing with soft brown boob.

“He can’t keep getting away with this!” Isa growled, then squealed, in rage. And in something else. “Except he has to. God, I can’t stop him. There’s nothing I can do, except...”

Candace squeezed hard. Like Isa, she’d always been more into the cabooses herself, but these tits had a way of converting a gal. Or a guy. Pretty much anybody who laid eyes on them. Then again, unlike Isa, she’d always been into cock, too. Bisexuality made all of this easier on her.

“There’s nothing you can do at all, mama. Right?” She slid one hand between Isa’s legs and took over for her. There was no resistance. Right now, with Isa this livid, she could probably command her to walk into traffic and not get much pushback. She really put the S in SLB. “Come on. Say it with me. “There’s nothing I can do.”

Isa shook. “There’s... There’s nothing I can do.” Then she shook harder.

Worried she might actually collapse from how worked up she was getting, Candace guided her over to the desk, bending her over the top. Her ass waved high and proud in the air as her spittle-dampened tits smeared their bounty onto the desktop. Her fishnets were still on, but they did nothing to cover her. That was the point. If Canon wanted Isa to be a slutty naked ornament, then that’s what she would be.

“That’s right. You’re powerless. Aren’t you.”

“I’m powerless,” Isa whimpered.

“You’ll let your master fuck a baby in me, and you can’t do anything to stop it. Isn’t that right.”

Isa nodded, bucking her hips like a filly in heat. “I can’t stop it. We’re having his baby, and I can’t stop it.”

“And hey, maybe he’ll put one in you, too. We could do this together. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

Isa shook her head. No. No, he couldn’t. Well he could, obviously. She was a submissive little bitch. What was a submissive little bitch for, if not to fuck her fertile cunt whenever a man felt like it? But no. No, he couldn’t. But he could. God, he could. He could, the mother fucker. She bucked harder. Harder.

“Say it, Isa. Say it, or I’ll stop.”

“No!” Even Isa wasn’t sure if that was *No, he can’t impregnate me*, or *No, don’t stop*.

“Say it...”

“Please, baby.” She was starting to cry. She almost never got so mad, so horny, so pathetic, that she cried. “Please...”

Instead of tenderness, however, there came a sudden slap. “Ow! Hey! You... please... please don’t...”

Another slap. Candace wasn’t messing around. Pain bloomed throughout her ass, pain in the shape of a small right hand. “Say it.”

“I can’t. You wouldn’t really let him—” *SLAP*. “Ow! Ow, baby, please! Don’t... don’t let him do that to me!”

“Say. It.”

“No way would I ever—”

SLAP.

“You can’t—”

SLAP.

“Baby, please, I—”

SLAP.

SLAP.

SLAP.

“Fine! Fine, I’ll let him get me pregnant! Is that what you want?! There, I said it!”

SLAP. “There you go, mama. I thought it would be easier for you, like this, having me do it, than him. I couldn’t bear to watch him break you like that.”

“Th-thank you,” Isa whimpered.

SLAP.

“Hold still. Don’t move an inch.”

Isa obeyed. Her ass burned, but it was nothing compared to the inferno in her pussy. She’d never been this angry in her life. Thanks to Taylor Stern, that also meant she’d never been this horny in her life, either. The angrier Isa got at Mr. Canon and his fantasy sluts, the more he turned her on. She couldn’t help herself. She got off on being a submissive little bitch.

No way he'd ever knock up Taylor. No, that she-demon had to stay perfect for him, sexy and trim. But Candace? Isa? Why *not* impregnate them? God, that was a person growing inside her lover. Isa's own *daughter*, maybe, if she ever got control of herself long enough to ask Candace for her hand. To think, she might spend that kid's life making sure they never learned who their father was, all because it might expose Canon for what he'd done...

Then Candace was back. Isa had obeyed, holding perfectly still, because of course she'd obeyed. Her trembling could be forgiven, probably, considering the desperate plight of her cunt right then. "We have to convince him not to go through with it," Isa stammered, wishing Candace would fuck her. Or better yet, Canon. She might not like it, but cock always scratched that evil itch better than any tongue. She didn't want it, but she *needed* it. "Maybe after the orgy, we can..."

Isa trailed off as a phallus slipped effortlessly inside her. (To think Candace had worried she wouldn't be wet enough!) But where had she...?

"Your baton really is a creepy little sucker, isn't it?" Candace shared as she fucked her girlfriend over the grungy desk. "An authoritarian symbol, squeaks like a child's toy, but still rigid enough to fill a girl all the way up. Don't know where Abbie found this thing."

Isa didn't have the heart to admit that she'd picked it out herself. Abbie had said Canon wanted the uniform authentic, and so she'd helped, because she was pathetic. Now she was glad she had. Isa started coming in seconds, and it was hard to imagine she'd ever stop. Not for another thirty weeks, anyway. She was seeing red, pink, and black all at once.

Candace didn't say another word as she drilled away. Isa's body quivered so hard it was almost a seizure. She'd never seen her like this before. The announcement was obviously going to get to her – it was intended to – but this was almost scary.

She worked Isa's fiery, spasming pussy vigorously, but lovingly. The poor thing. In a few minutes, she'd take her back to the locker room. Canon had planned for an orgy, so she wasn't about to diminish it by not being front and center whenever he finished fucking Taylor and got back to the task at hand.

For the moment, though, she could be a good girlfriend. A good wife, someday, she hoped. Maybe one day she and Isa would have a child of their own. For the moment, this little white lie was proving to be exactly the thing to get Isa ready for his big day.

"I... am... a bad... bad... little... girl," Taylor intoned as she wrote.

"Yeah you are," came a voice between her thighs.

She tried to lock her knees. The man knew how to eat pussy, though, so it wasn't easy. It wasn't easy keeping that veneer of irritation and disinterest in her voice, either. She knew he liked it, though. He wouldn't be enjoying himself if he didn't at least get to pretend he was in conquest mode, teacher taming his wayward pupil. "I... am... a bad... bad... little... girl."

Canon clapped a hand firmly on her ass. Bared now, her shorts down around her ankles. The smack, coupled with his knee resting atop those shorts, knocked her forward. "Hey, fucker, you're getting dry erase marker on my t-shirt."

"It washes out, keep going," he said quickly, diving back into her pussy. She could pretend she hadn't anticipated being fucked today all she liked, but there was evidence of fresh maintenance down here. Abbie would have told him if she were seeing someone else. Part of him wished she were. The only thing that could be hotter than eating Taylor Stern's pussy while she wrote her penance on the whiteboard of his classroom would be knowing that he was stealing her from that little prick Justin.

Another dozen lines later, Taylor renewed her grievance. "How long are we gonna do this? My hand is getting crampy."

"Lucky you I don't plan on settling for a handjob."

"Seriously, C-dawg. I'm not *not* liking what you're about down there, but all this repetition is killing the romance."

"It's hot, don't stop."

"At least roleplay along. Shoot some of that nerd-ass teacher shit back at me. Give a girl something to lube off of."

Mr. Canon glowered through her pussy, her chest, and right up through her haughty face. "Your level of lubrication seems perfectly adequate to me, Ms. Stern. Presumptuous of you, though, to assume you'll even need the lubricant."

Taylor's knees brought her lower, rubbing her messy cunt in his face. "Mmm, fuck, just like that."

With a little effort, and a little reluctance, he extricated himself from the grip of her thighs. "You're the one who practically threw me in here, Taylor. I thought we were off to sully Principal Horen's office. If you don't want to do a little teacher-student play, why are we in here?"

"Oh, don't get all butt-hurt on me. C'mon, stick it in. I'll keep going, OK? But put it *in* me already."

She helped him to his feet. "Careful, Taylor. You almost sound like you don't resent it."

The girl grinned. "I don't remember everything about that day you first had me in here writing on your board, leering like a simp. But I remember how fucking horny it made me. So do yourself a favor and get in there before I start feeling less generous, birthday boy."

“I thought I could do anything I wanted to you.”

She jabbed his chest with the marker, leaving a big blue spot on his Science Olympiad t-shirt. “So want what I’m telling you to want and fuck me already!”

“Hey! I like this shirt!”

“I thought it washed out!”

“I thought you were gonna keep writing!”

Taylor snorted, but spun back to the board, spreading her legs as wide as her shorts would let her. “I... am... a bad... bad... little... girl,” she murmured. “I... am... a BAD!” She squealed as Canon slammed into her pussy all the way to the base of his cock.

“I gotta ask. How much does that ‘dress’ – or whatever you wanna call that scrap pile – set a gal back?”

Tabitha inspected the loose collection stacked neatly in the locker she’d claimed for herself. They’d called it chique couture in the high end Parisian boutique where she’d purchased it. In the smoke-filled sex shop where she’d found a nearly identical version of it (only with coarser fabric and of course fake gold), they’d called it a tearaway dress.

“Too much,” she answered, turning her attention to the next step of her preparation.

“Fine, be cryptic.” Abbie grunted, squeezing those vinyl pants of hers down another inch. They were almost past her hips.

“Forget to powder before you put them on?” *A rookie mistake*, Tabitha thought with some disdain. One she’d made with her own vinyl pants debut the weekend after graduation, when she’d donned a bright pink pair for Mr. Canon. He’d preferred her without them. (A dismal C-; spanking her in those things had hurt his hand, even only doing one smack for every year of schooling completed.)

“Eh, they’re coming down. He’s off fucking Taylor. You know he ain’t gonna be back for like an hour, minimum.” She grunted, giving them another tug. Her thumbs barely fit inside the waist. Tabitha wasn’t sure that this most recent effort hadn’t moved them higher.

“Looks like you’re going to need it.”

Not looking to showcase her frustration in front of the competition, Abbie took a seat on one of the benches and tried to look busy inspecting and adjusting the pins she’d made for her biker bitch vest. Nothing fancy, but they were custom made for her costume, and set her back a pretty penny. She’d simply been curious if she’d out-spent the little diva. Not that it had been Abbie’s money. The boss had given her free rein to go after her douche canoe stepdad after how he’d blown up over his daughter having to repeat her senior year. Ol’ Stan hadn’t needed that watch anyway.

The elder lezzies were off in the office, playing some kind of spanking game last time she'd seen. Freaks. On the far side of the locker Abbie was using, vague sounds of Cassie and Katie giggling about something disrupted the otherwise quiet locker room. The details didn't make it around the corners, but Abbie clearly made out Katie's perkier voice saying the words "worry about, you know, pooping?"

Abbie rolled her eyes. Canon knew the risks of the forbidden hole. Or if he didn't, he'd have plenty of opportunities to learn. It wasn't for them to decide where to limit his curiosity. That's what girls like Taylor and Abbie were to him – tits and ass. Why would that dumb blonde twat even consider withholding half of what she was? It didn't even make sense.

For the tenth time, Abbie wished someone would splash some acid on that bitch's face. Or just have Mr. Canon tell her to fuck off. She didn't get why he put up with her. For Katie, this was a hobby, something fun to do in the afternoon before going out to party with her lame-ass bougie friends at night. For Abbie, this was who she was. Some of the others got it. Taylor had. Cassie, too. Most of them, though, were fucking tourists.

Down on the opposite side of the aisle, Isa and Ms. Salata were returning. Isa could hardly walk, it looked like, even worse than she'd hardly been able to walk in those boots. She looked ready to murder someone – but then, she usually did. Abbie couldn't hear whatever it was her former geography teacher was whispering in the SRO's ear, but it wasn't hard to guess. The bitch was a stick of dynamite with a half inch fuse. Only now, the stick wasn't gripped in her fist, but shoved up her cunt. Taylor had taken care of that bitch for good. The boss had intended to just bring her to heel, douse her with a simple "I will do whatever Taylor and Canon tell me to," but Abbie had immediately seen it as a colossal squandering of an opportunity. Whatever else one could say about little Stephy, she was plenty hot. She was fantasy fuel for Mr. Canon, no doubt about it. It had taken some pleading, but Taylor had eventually relented to Abbie's request to make Barbie a slave to her own crotch. Though credit where credit was due, it had been Taylor who decided to fuel that crotch with her own ballbusting tendencies instead of Abbie's notion of a more basic "I'll do anything to be allowed to fuck Mr. Canon."

It would be a long time before she got tired of watching the bitch who got her suspended just for being honest with Mrs. Malone hate-cum puddles in her panties. The end result of the Sterns' intercession in Barbie's brain was, in Abbie's humble opinion, their greatest work.

Well, maybe aside from dosing the whole school. Ugh, the smell when they finally took off their hazmat suits. She'd never fully get it out of her nostrils.

Speaking of getting out of clothes...

A few grunts later, though, she was no better off than she had been. The heat and humidity in the locker room must have shrunk the fucking pants. Or else she was retaining water. Not that Mr. Canon couldn't bang her in them thanks to the fuck slit

she'd cut in them, but it would look kind of stupid wearing them into the shower when everybody else, presumably, was naked.

"Do you want a hand with those?" Tabitha asked in the midst of inspecting her bare pubic mound. What did she think she was doing? Abbie rolled her eyes at the futility of it. As if the fortune Tabitha's daddy had (likely unwittingly) dumped on lasing her pussy hadn't negated any such need.

"You know he'll still fuck you if you have a bit of stubble, right? Jesus fuck, Tabby, you look like a fucking twelve-year-old."

"I didn't have these breasts when I was twelve." Tabitha pinched at what Abbie was pretty sure was nothing, plucking the nothing and flicking it toward nowhere. "Plus everything else wrong with that sentiment."

"Eh, I had bigger tits when I was twelve than you do now."

"Well, lucky you. Though maybe you've considered that Mr. Canon doesn't prefer gigantic breasts? I offered to have mine done, and he declined."

"Yeah, you're probably right. He clearly hates big boobs. Wait, where is he right now? Off with the queen of annoyingly perfect big boobs?" Abbie stood back up and sucked in her tummy, not that it seemed to make hooking her thumbs in her pants any easier. She grumbled as she fought to gain another half inch, "Fucking gravity-defying whore."

"Would you like some help with that or not?" Tabitha pressed, abandoning her very unnecessary pursuit. Her father had spent a tidy fortune lasing every last unseemly follicle, though Tabitha had persuaded him that the money was to repair some damage to her new car, and the bribe necessary to keep the police and insurance out of it. Officer Barbour had assisted, hopping on the call to add some menacing police jargon while Tabitha feigned sobs in the background. They'd done it right there in front of Canon's house, before going inside to give the officer a lesson in cocksucking. She had a *lot* to learn, but an A student like Tabitha was the perfect tutor.

"I can take off my own pants, thanks." On cue, irony lashed out. Abbie gave a little hop to add some oomph to her next attempt, only to bump into the bench and topple over it and down to her hands and knees. Disregarding what looked like a painful fall, Tabitha wondered if Mr. Canon would like her with an ass that generous? She could change up her exercise routine, take in a few more calories. Was it worth asking him? He was so infuriatingly gallant about such things. *You're beautiful exactly as you are, Tabitha.* As if she were self-conscious about her looks! She knew she was beautiful, obviously; all of his sluts were in their own varied ways. The point was, did he *approve* of her particular aesthetic? How did the man not understand that?

As Abbie sniffed at her hand to see if whatever that yellow-green spot on the concrete was might be something to concern her, Tabitha snatched a likewise unhygienic towel from a nearby locker and laid it on the ground behind the younger

Stern. Right as Abbie was about to try to get back up, awkward though it would be with those pants around her hips, Tabitha stilled her with a firm hand on the girl's bare back.

"Hey! What do you think you're—"

"Hold still. Let me get these off of you."

"Listen, twig, I told you—"

Tabitha gave the exposed portion of the girl's butt a commanding spank. Heaven knew she had copious experience at the art, if not on the delivering end. How much of those glorious, crimson-assed orgasms were from the Serenex, and how much from the twists and bends that had already lain in her psyche beforehand? Impossible to know, and it didn't matter anyway. Tabitha didn't linger on things she couldn't control, so beleaguering the implications of being warped into her ex-teacher's fuck slave held less than no interest for her. She was what she was, and all there was to do about it was be the best she could be. So many of these women complicated things. Such a waste of energy.

The smack became a tender caress. Abbie's ass was soft, though oddly not as soft as it looked. She was getting some exercise in somewhere. "Abbie, you've been helping me pleasure Mr. Canon for months now while I was trapped on the other side of the world. I would have been powerless to please him without you. Let me help you. Please."

Ms. Salata, ears like an owl, called from across the way, "That's classic northern orientation geographic bias, Tabitha. The opposite side of the world would actually put you somewhere in the middle of the Indian Ocean."

Tabitha's fist clenched as she made a mental promise to herself to make the woman pay. "Thank you, Candace." Most of Mr. Canon's girls still called her Ms. Salata, or Coach in Cassie's case. Now that she had graduated and no longer attended this institution, Tabitha considered them equals. Which was perhaps generous to Candace.

Abbie hadn't moved, however, the tenderness of the moment not quite dissipated. "Well? You gonna get these off me or what, Tabby?"

"Of course." Irony switched teams, this time cooperating. Bent double as she was, the waist had been given a slight stretch, and Tabitha was able to peel the vinyl pants down bit by bit. Once they were past Abbie's ample hips, it wasn't very difficult to keep rolling them down.

"You have an incredible body, Abbie," Tabitha said, giving a delicate stroke up Abbie's sweaty thigh and across her bottom. She'd been about to stand up and kick the pants off from around her knees herself, but it paused her.

"Are you coming onto me, Tabby?"

Tabitha gave another feather-light caress, this time grazing Abbie's labia. "I might be. If you want me to be... then yes."

It was hard to feel too clever on one's hands and knees on the floor of this filthy-ass locker room. Still, Abbie directed a grin down at the floor. Mr. Canon would

lose his shit if he came in here and saw an unlikely Abbie-Tabby combo happening. He seldom forced the point, except with the Sterns, but the man plainly loved few things more than watching his bitches get so hot for him they spontaneously sprouted lezzie wings and soared into one another's cunts.

(Or something. He could teach her metaphors and shit come fall.)

"Well if you want me to want you to be, then..." Abbie smiled over her shoulder. "Like you said, you owe me."

Tabitha made sure the towel would keep her hair off this disgusting floor. Hopefully Mr. Canon would permit her to take a real, non-orgy shower when this was all over. Then she laid down, her face aimed up between Abbie's legs. They promptly descended toward her waiting mouth. She smiled, open-mouthed, at this victory. Mr. Canon would go nuts if the two of them were still going at one another when he arrived. He was a gentleman, in his sex slaving way, about respecting the sexual orientation of his girls. At least, except for Abbie and Taylor, but those girls were rejects from hell anyway, so who could possibly muster pity for them. In those instances in which she had set aside her preference for the male form to take a bite from his plate, as it were, she'd scored straight A's without fail. The man simply liked watching teen sluts fuck each other. Simple as that.

Abbie pivoted awkwardly with her pants still tripping her up, but she managed to reposition herself facing the opposite direction. Once she was in place, Tabitha's tongue began probing Abbie's pussy. *I fucking hate this bitch, but god do I respect her commitment*, they each thought as Abbie bent down and licked, and licked, and licked Tabitha's cunt.

It really was quite smooth.

"So much for worrying about who's in the building. You know, for a guy who has his own personality security cunt, you sure are casual about walking through the halls of the school with a topless student," Taylor pointed out.

"For a girl who was thrown out of school for concocting a vicious lie involving her own naked body to incriminate a beloved member of the GHS faculty not two months ago, you sure are gullible to think the blame would fall on me and not you."

Taylor snickered. "Man, kicked out before the school year even starts? That'd be quite the record."

"All the same," he said in his same soft tone, "keep your voice down. The athletic area has more random traffic, but I don't think there's anyone left in the academic part of the building at this hour on a Friday. Not over the summer, anyway. Still, I'd not like to miss my orgy while we try to bullshit our way past this."

Taylor nodded. It was fucking hot, what they were doing. Fucking in the classroom, yes, but that had always been hot. Hell, she'd gotten horny just flirting with the big idiot back before they started getting serious about each other. But strutting through the halls in nothing but her panties? Next level. Especially when none of her dickhead classmates were here to leer. She'd put Mr. Canon through a lot of shit to earn this little show.

Indeed, it was dark and quiet all the way to the main office. It was still lit up inside, but Mr. Canon scouted ahead and waved her in once he confirmed the coast was clear. He better not have wasted a nut on the others. She didn't think he had. Taylor had plans for those nuts.

"You're sure you want to do this in Horen's office?" he asked, his voice quieter still. Her office door was closed; it was like something out of a zombie movie, knowing there was someone in there, mindless, waiting.

"I mean, if you want to puss out on me, be my guest."

Canon rolled his eyes, like he always rolled his eyes when she goaded him. The real genius of that not-a-pussy command hadn't been getting him to man up and take what he wanted – namely, her – but rather that he always thought he was above the goading. Like always, her jibe had been all it took to get him moving.

Horen was standing in her office, staring vacantly at a blank space on the wall between a pair of motivational posters. Not that they'd ever motivated anyone. She hadn't moved an inch since Canon and Isa had left her there a couple hours ago. After Isa had tricked him into thinking she was under the effects of Serenex only to later reveal she'd been eavesdropping and planting the seeds of her attempted coup, he was leery of assuming anyone was under simply because they stood still. In this case, however, it was tough to believe Principal Horen was standing motionless on the off chance he stopped by again, to say nothing of remaining that way as he walked in with a naked student.

Still, he made a note not to accept any dinner party invitations she sent his way.

"Too bad she's lacking the credentials," Taylor said softly. She knew how Serenex worked better than most. The crowd control element, the intended purpose of the unadulterated chemical, left its victims lost in an oblivious fog. Unless you blew the fog away – loud noises, snap fingers in their face, say their name – they were dead to the world.

"Credentials?"

"Yeah. To join the team, I mean. But she's all... old. Like, older than Mrs. Brown. And it's hard to imagine she was all that fuckable even when she was young."

Canon happened to know Mrs. Horen had three children, so someone had apparently disagreed at some point. Neither here nor there, though. "So now it's a team, huh."

“Sure. I mean, they don’t really have a word for what we built.”

“‘Harem’ is pretty close.” Closer than he liked to admit, but no need to coddle his conscience in front of the queen of the damned.

“Eh, sort of. We have more purpose than a harem, though. A harem just lays around getting fucked. We got shit to do.”

Canon shook his head. “I don’t think you qualify as a ‘teammate,’ Taylor. Remember how you actively tried to coerce or outright dominate nearly every other member? Maybe ‘crime syndicate’ is more the term you’re after, with you the mob boss.”

“Oh don’t start that again. I did what I did, you feel how you feel, let’s move on. Now come on, drag her wrinkly old snizz out of here before I decide to make you make me let you fuck these things.” She gave her tits a lewd shake.

It was all the motivation Canon needed. Gently, but not without a sense of urgency, he took Principal Horen by the arm and guided her out of her office. There was a bathroom right outside for office staff use; it had always struck him – and Horen, and pretty much anyone else who knew what was behind that door – as a rather unseemly location for such a thing. The budget had never been there to have it relocated, however, so there it remained.

He was back in her office, his belt undone, before he thought to double back and switch the light on for the old battle ax.

Taylor was in the midst of slathering her breasts with a bottle of hand lotion she’d found in Principal Horn’s desk drawer when he returned. “You shouldn’t be going through her personal things, Taylor.”

Taylor looked up from the extra attention she’d been bestowing on her slick pink nipples – he always liked to rub his cock against her nipples, for some reason – to regard him with raw incredulity. “You fucking kidding me? ‘Don’t go through her things, Taylor.’ God. You probably shouldn’t stuff her in a closet, either, Miss Morals.”

“It’s ethics, not... never mind,” he said sheepishly.

Taylor shucked her panties and sat down in her principal’s chair. A shiver ran through her body from the cold leather against her bare ass. “Now come on over here and warm me up, C-dawg. Your girl’s titties are fuckin’ cold.”

“My pleasure.”

“I damn well know it is – not my first tit-fuck, ya know. And remember, you tell me when you get close.” She grinned wickedly at the computer station beside her. “Suspend me for a week for dumping chocolate milk on that racist troll Brendan, will you, cunt? Have fun typing up your little reports and emails with my man’s cum funking up your keyboard.”

It was juvenile, he thought as she sandwiched her big tits around his exuberant cock. Then again, this time last year, Taylor had *been* a juvenile. He was her teacher, though; he’d have to guide her through it.

Principal Horen stood oblivious, sealed away in her work bathroom next to a copy of a school supply catalog she'd left in there August before last to discourage her staff from lingering overlong on potty breaks. She didn't move except to occasionally blink, even as GHS's favorite teacher shifted his cock from GHS's least favorite student's tits to her tight pink pussy.

At least, until she heard someone shouting her name nearby. She blinked. Hmm? Was someone...? What were they saying...?

"... glad Horen sprung for such a comfortable chair."

The other voice seemed disinterested in discussing the ergonomics of her seat. "Fucking fuck and *fuck ME*, Mr. Canon! We should be fucking like this every fucking day!"

"We would be if you could just behave yourself, Taylor," he bellowed back at her. The noise of her thighs bouncing up and down as she rode his cock didn't penetrate the two doors, though. Not quite.

Horen's focus faded; nothing to concern her going on out there.

Some hours later, she would awaken in confusion and dismay, stumbling back into her office to find it was getting dark out already. What had he sprayed her with? Or had he...? She was fuzzy on the details. Not that it mattered. If he'd played some sort of strange prank, well, she'd been a teacher once herself, and been pranked plenty. It took her back to simpler times. She really was lucky to have him.

What was that smell in her office, though? Coconut? Like her hand lotion, plus... something else. Hmm. She saw the bottle sitting out, open, on her desktop and tucked it back in its drawer. It was nearly empty; she added a resupply to her shopping list. While she was at it, some lubricant, too.

After all, Mr. Canon should be fucking like this – like something, she'd have to figure out specifically what and how – every day. And he could, too, if only Taylor could behave herself.

Principal Horen should have been home hours ago, but she found herself opening her file cabinet and looking under the S's until she found it. Stern, Taylor. That young woman would learn to behave herself next year. Horen would make it her personal mission.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Brown. She seemed so... insistent! I thought it might be an emergency. Plus she looked like your daughter's age, so I thought, like, maybe she was a friend of Cassie's or something? I'm so sorry!"

Megan shook her head at her white-faced babysitter. "It's all right, Sabrina. I'm not mad. But in the future, try not to give out my location to strangers, understand?"

The last thing she needed was some rando finding her and Cassie tag-teaming their next door neighbor. Mr. Canon wouldn't like that.

The girl nodded her head like she was stress testing her neck for collision-readiness. "Yes, ma'am. It won't happen again, I promise."

"Good. How's Robby?"

"Oh, he's been fine. We went to the park for a little while, like you suggested, but it was so hot out we didn't stay long. I didn't even have to ask if he wanted a nap! He just announced he was doing it. It was so cute, like he had a little business meeting to attend."

"That's great. Say, would you mind staying later tonight? Something's come up, and..." She didn't feel like explaining herself, and Sabrina was already working her nodder again.

"I'd be glad to, Mrs. Brown. Robby's one of my favorites!"

"Great. I'm going to go upstairs, peek in on him, and get changed."

Sabrina's eyes had gone wide when she saw Mrs. Brown enter the house in her MILF costume, caked in more makeup than she'd ever seen an adult woman wear in her life. She'd had another shirt on over that leopard print bathing suit when she left, so the girl hadn't known what to think, especially since for all she'd known Megan was off to a meeting at the high school. Now, she looked relieved to find her attractive employer was going to turn back into a pumpkin. Grownups weren't supposed to look *hot* like that. Not at Mrs. Brown's age.

Megan walked briskly. There probably wasn't any need. The man's Taylor-Stern-boner had been taxing his zipper's integrity for over a month now. If he made it back to the locker room inside of an hour, she'd eat Cassie's ass unasked. (Would he ever ask her to do that? He wasn't especially kinky, her neighbor, but one never knew. Hopefully not. Cassie was so shy about that stuff.)

Per Sabrina's word, Robby was sound asleep in his room. Even on this hot June evening, he was curled up under his dinosaur blanket. Much as she wanted to cross the room and kiss his little forehead, she stopped herself. This was a nap, not bedtime, and she didn't want to put Sabrina through any grief if she woke him up only to have to say goodbye to Mommy twice in so short a time.

Good old Sabrina. Megan had selected her deliberately. His type – a hair shy of authentic jail bait – was well-established, and for all he swore up and down he had more than he could handle, she was one to hedge her bets. Cassie and Tabitha would be leaving for school in the fall, and Katie would probably be getting a Job job. That at least one Stern, the lesbians, and of course Megan herself. None of them were his most reliable, and most of them not his favorites. If he decided he wanted a replacement cocksucker, Sabrina would be perfect for it. Sweet, a little dumb, and if she was a bit

rounder than his usual type, Serenex would doubtless pair well with a treadmill to slim her down until he was satisfied.

Plus, as an added benefit, Robby really liked her. So there was that.

Megan changed quickly. Nothing racy this time. She'd be taking it back off as soon as she got back. As soon as Canon returned, anyway. Megan knew she'd kept it together damn well for a woman her age, but Cassie was still embarrassed whenever her mom was naked around her – even if there were half a dozen others naked with them. More than anything, that was why she'd come all the way home instead of simply calling Sabrina from school.

Megan had never quite fit in with the rest of them. The kids all thought she and Isa and Coach Salata were old ladies, in their own category, but those two hadn't done much to reach out to her, either. She helped out where and how he asked her to, but sometimes it felt like she was a square peg trying to fit into a round hole. Or, well, that she was a square hole, and that his peg so often seemed to fit better in all the other round holes available to him.

Right now, there was likely already an orgy underway even without the presence of a cock. Those girls all had raging libidos, and now not only had they been made to wait for the Big Day, but also been made to wait a little longer with Taylor's arrival. Who was Cassie paired off with? Abbie, probably. Those two were fanatical. Or Tabitha? That snooty little thing rubbed Megan the wrong way, but she tried not to let it show. It had taken conscious effort to keep Robby and Cassie from knowing how tight money was for them. It kept Cassie from having that same chip on her shoulder where the Hutchings kid was concerned, and thank goodness because the two were a perfect fit for 69ing. It was karma. If Megan hadn't stupidly tried to blackmail the guy and been turned into his confidante/sex slave, maybe she'd have more good karma headed her way.

It wasn't easy, raising a daughter as a single mom. Megan had never been the kind of mom a kid bragged about. She didn't have the skill to make things; she didn't have the money to go places; she didn't have the education to climb the ladder. Even her looks, which had kept her own pride fed, if not always plump, had rounded a bend sometime when Cassie was in middle school. She still remembered the day Cassie had come home from school and asked her what a MILF was, how distraught the poor kid had been when Megan explained. She had almost lied and made something up, but the internet existed, so...

If she'd managed to blackmail her lecherous neighbor, that money could have put a big dent in Cassie's financial aid needs. With her track scholarship, she might have even been set. Megan could have been the hero, for once. Instead, she'd bungled things, and realized she'd rather help him fuck those... No, not *kids*. Young women. (She'd had to stop herself more than once on that phrasing.) Fucking them, warping their thoughts into kinky slutty slave girls... it made him so happy.

Except now Megan was the odd one out. Sure, Taylor and Abbie were doing “incest,” but in the sterile pornhub-friendly stepcest fashion. Cassie had to see her mom being an unabashed whore, and be seen doing so in return. Thanks to that goop, Cassie didn’t think there was anything wrong with the very, very wrong thing they were doing. Still, just because there was nothing wrong with, say, waxing your bikini line, that didn’t mean you were eager to show it off to your mom.

Megan got it. She’d certainly be mortified to have Cassie’s grandmother looking over her shoulder while she sucked off her student-fucking, sex-slaving neighbor, the same as she’d be grossed out to watch her do it. Ageism played its part, but taboo was taboo. When Cassie left for school in the fall, the distance would help bring things back to normal between them. Hopefully. Or maybe she’d become bitter that Megan was here, sucking and fucking the love of Cassie’s brief, confused life while she was trying to satisfy herself with doucheey college boys who had no idea how to properly pound her needy little ass.

Ah, well.

Megan washed off most of her makeup, checked herself in the mirror, and headed back downstairs. Sabrina bounced to her feet like Megan was her drill sergeant. That affable goofball next door should be so lucky to have a girl this preconditioned towards servility to join his harem.

“Heading out, Mrs. Brown?”

“Yeppers,” she said, slipping on her sandals. “Say, Cassie and I were going to stop by the smoothie place on our way home. Text me your favorite kind so we can pick one up for you too, OK?”

“Wow, that’s so nice, Mrs. B! You don’t have to do that!”

“I insist.” Mostly so that if the time ever came, knowing the girl’s tastes could come in handy. A smoothie would mask the scent of that vile Serenex stuff really well. Cassie had told her all about that dinner party; to her mind, poisoning someone with the stuff seemed much safer than spraying it around and hoping there was nobody in the crossfire, no wind to blow it back in your face.

Megan hopped in the car and cranked the AC. She hadn’t been gone for half an hour yet, but she drove back toward GHS with a lead foot. It was orgy time for Megan Brown and her comely coed daughter. Was it depraved as fuck to giddily offer herself to the man, side by side, ass by ass, tits to matronly tits? Sure it was. Sucking his cum out of Cassie’s pussy was easily in the top three most fucked up things she’d ever done. (And done, and done. The man had a lot of free time on his hands over the summer, she was learning.) But the man wanted an orgy for his birthday, and Megan Brown enthusiastically cooperated with and supported anything Mr. Canon wants.

Maybe, if she impressed him enough, for once she could make Cassie proud.

“Is that Cassie’s mom...?” Taylor asked, pointing to the car speeding through the mostly vacant lot a ways ahead of their purloined cart.

“I believe it is. Huh.”

“Way to get bored at an orgy and pop out to run errands or whatever. Jesus. Told you you should’ve let me bring her to heel.”

“You never told me any such thing. Besides, bring her to heel? She’s my most loyal supporter. If I’d let you handle it, she’d probably be plotting to kill me.”

“Better than what you almost let Barbie and Candy get away with.”

He glared at her. It wasn’t as easy as it should be, on account of her being dressed in a trenchcoat they’d found on a hook on the back of Horen’s office door, and nothing else. It would have gone down to Horen’s knees, but the principal was 5’3” in heels. On Taylor, anyone standing at the right angle would see she clearly had nothing on beneath it. “Excuse me, but I did let them get away with it. Then you power tripped and decided to punish them on my behalf.”

“Right, I’ll bet it’s been brutal, watching your toy cop cum her brains out every time she has a mean thought about you. Watching her little girlfriend clap and giggle and suck your dick while the bitch apologizes – like she fucking should, trying to get in our way.”

“Because when we do it to them, it’s the lord’s work; when they do it to us, it’s tyranny, eh.”

“I mean, I’m on Team Me. You wanna play for Team Them, go for it. See where it gets you. My guess is \$40k a year with stress dreams that follow you into the summer.”

That hit a little too close to the mark. Canon let it drop, and the two drove to the locker room in amicable, inimical silence. Megan waved to them as they neared the locker room, but didn’t wait.

“So, since you were brought here in a trunk–”

“I rode in the backseat. I didn’t hop into the trunk until the Browns were already in there with you, dummy.”

“Since you don’t have your own here,” he tried again, “you can take my car. Megan and Cassie can give me a ride home.”

She arched a brow skeptically, but looked pleased. “You’d give me your car? Seriously?”

“Yeah, why? You have a license, don’t you?”

“Yes I have a license, jackass. But I seem to recall a few months ago, I couldn’t get you to give me a fucking chapstick, even with my tits in your face. *These* tits.” Taylor parted Horen’s trenchcoat. By reflex, Canon seized them, each hand overflowing with

soft, gloriously squishy Taylor titties. How could it be that part of him felt like he was *settling* for an orgy?

“If I’d given you what you wanted, we never would have had sex,” he pointed out.

“Yeah, well, I *did* give you what you wanted, you dirty old perv. And you call *me* a bad, bad little girl.”

“If memory serves, you called yourself that, like a hundred times.”

Taylor forced her hand into his pocket and seized his car keys. If she gave anything else pocket-adjacent a little love while she did so, her smirk said it was purely incidental. “So... what happens now?”

“Well for me, if I don’t get my ass in there pretty soon, I’m pretty sure I’m going to find out Abbie has coopted my harem for herself.”

“Pff, yeah right, she’s like the least gay of all your not-very-gay chicks. But you know what I meant. Like, are we gonna keep focusing on how much we think the other sucks and deny each other some pretty great sex? Or...?”

Canon gradually, reluctantly, relinquished his grasp on those boobs of hers. It almost felt like those things tried to follow his hands. Vulnerable Taylor was... strange. Still, there was no denying that tonight had already been incredible even without whatever was about to come. He hadn’t been wrong to push her away. He knew that. She was dangerous, selfish, impulsive, disrespectful, and extended none of her Emersonian notions of self-determination to the rest of the world.

But fuck, did she turn him on.

And... the other things. The things neither of them ever said. That neither of them really understood.

“I tell you what. I’ll... lift the embargo.”

He’d intended to explain, but Taylor wouldn’t be Taylor if she wasn’t interrupting him at every turn. “What the fuck is an embargo? Isn’t that snails, or something?”

“That’s escargot, which I think you know, but either way I’m going to tell Ms. Salata that she failed you. Anyway, it means I’m done trying to shut you out. Mind you, it doesn’t mean I want you storming around wrecking everything I touch again.”

“Wreck? I didn’t...” She saw the look in his eyes, and for once in her life, didn’t press the point. “OK, fine, no more dosing the troublemakers. Unless they leave me no choice. What else?”

“I thought you didn’t have any more...?”

“I don’t. What else?”

Canon gritted his teeth for a moment, but for all he knew she was only being funny. He doubted it, though. “Taylor, I think the more labels and rules we put on whatever it is we’re doing, the more we’re going to disappoint one another. We’re pretty damn good at that as it is, so let’s not create more opportunities.”

Canon lifted her chin, pulled her in for a kiss. She was hungry for one, too. It took him back to that day, months ago, when they'd kissed in front of his house, standing out in the driving rain. It had been kind of terrible, sheets of water running down their faces, into their mouths, drenching them, freezing them. He'd been terrified, then, of being seen. Now they were making out in the school parking lot on a bright sunny evening, a soft breeze away from her naked body showing itself to the world. He feared nothing.

Being all the way back here a quarter mile away from the main street helped, admittedly.

"So someday, when you feel like it, stop by. Or if you're feeling a little less impulsive, text first," he said when they finally pulled themselves apart.

"You mean, when I don't want to show up and wait behind your loyal army of bimbos, text you. Got it."

He laughed. Why engage in semantics? "But stop by. I might even let you cut in line."

"All right. Maybe I will. And if I do, you fucking better." She shook her head and gestured to the locker room. "Your orgy awaits, birthday boy."

"Sure you don't wanna come? Got some good memories in that locker room."

"I'm sure you do. Believe it or not, though, eating out my sister isn't as hot for me as it is for you."

"Yeah, that must be why you did it so thoroughly, so often."

Taylor rolled her eyes and cinched up the trenchcoat. "You know, this is why you don't have a girlfriend, C-dawg. You presume too much."

Canon pointed to where his car was parked, a long ways off in the lot. "Go on, get outta here. Someone's gotta go eat out your sister."

"Someone really doesn't."

Canon didn't watch her go. Not for long, anyway. The others had waited, and while it was Taylor he'd missed, it was the rest who'd put in the hours. They deserved reciprocity. Hell, for the effort they'd put into his twenty-seventh birthday, he owed them.

Canon strode into the locker room. To be honest, he'd expected Megan had gone in, reported that he was inbound, and from there the girls would be waiting in the showers for him. His cock might be less than 100% after coming several times with Taylor, but he was no pussy. He'd been ready to rip off his clothes and rush in after them.

Instead, there was Megan, in the midst of unhooking a surprisingly conventional bra, standing smack dab in the middle of the locker room. She looked around at the proceedings along with him, then shrugged as if to say, *whatcha gonna do?*

To his right were Candace and Isa. The SRO was naked save for her boots, stockings, and incredibly, that stupid little hat. Candace had her bent over a bench with

her ass in the air, ramming her pussy with a vengeance with Isa's own baton. Was that thing supposed to be used that way? He'd figured they'd gotten it at a toy store. The regular kind. Isa's ass was glowing, and as he watched Candace smack the hell out of it, he realized why. She looked like she'd been crying. Candace, most definitely, did not.

On the left were, of all the couplings he couldn't have fathomed beholding, Abbie and Tabitha. The former was on her back on one of the wooden benches, her ankles trapped together by the clinging remnants of her vinyl pants. Her thighs formed a diamond, an invitation into her pussy – and invitation Tabitha, perched atop Abbie's face, had accepted with relish. Her pale skin was flushed crimson, nipples so hard it looked painful, as she massaged her lover's tits beneath her. Her eyes, riveted on Abbie's massive knockers, were pure envy, an accusation. If Abbie could see that sculpted bubble of an ass hovering over her feasting lips, she might look the same way.

"Cassie? Katie?" mouthed Canon to Megan. He could hear them, he thought, or at least soft voices mostly lost in din of the roaring AC unit in the west wall. In response, she beckoned him closer. Once he passed that first aisle, he turned and saw them.

Katie was still in his cheerleading uniform, the only one of them to still be wearing clothes now that Megan was kicking off her panties at his side. Well, maybe not *wearing* her uniform, but it was still attached to her. Her body was pressed up against a locker. The cheerleader's uniform was raised over her bare chest, her skirt flipped up to expose her cute little bare butt. Not that he could see it, since standing behind her, boasting a positively menacing looking black strapon, stood Cassie Brown, thrusting with loving patience into the cheerleader's ass.

"Oh... oh shit... oh fucking *shit*...!" Katie was squeaking into the metal panel in front of her, fingernails clawing feebly at the metal.

"Is it too much? I only brought this so more than one of us could get fucked at a time, since Mr. C only has one cock unfortunately, and I thought he might think that it would be kinda hot to hear us getting all moany moany around him. Abbie said we could just fake moan, but it's his birthday, you know? It seems so cold. And fingers just aren't the same. Do you ever wonder how lesbians used to get off before dildos were invented? Did they only use their tongues and eat each other's gushy wet pussies, or did they used to use carrots and cucumbers and stuff? I read somewhere that you're not supposed to do that, like it can be unhealthy for your cunt."

"It's... not too much... kinda... get why you... ungh, *fuck*...!" Katie's body trembled in a soft, sweet orgasm. "Why you... like this..."

"I know, right?! Ass fucking is the *best*! Just wait until it's Mr. Canon. He's so good at ass fucking, Katie, you don't even know. It feels amazing being his personal booty call."

Megan smiled fondling at her daughter's firm, toned butt as she sawed in and out of her new playmate's ass. Canon wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her against

him. "Think you can handle another anal slut?" she asked quietly. Nobody but Canon heard her in the din, through their own distracted play.

"I... think I could handle a nice, long shower, Megan. How about you?"

"Could I ever. Shall we?"

The two split, each taking one wall of the group shower and turning on the streams one by one. The water was instantly hot, and in seconds, steam was spilling out of the room. Not before Megan could kneel down and begin sucking Taylor's cum off of her daughter's crush's dick. Finally someone realized the showers were on and thought to wonder at the implications, and with an excited squeal, all were summoned.

Megan scooted aside to make room for Cassie with a warmly inviting gesture, who had no choice but to adjust her technique so Tabitha could stroke him with her silken hand while she licked, ignoring the perky blonde Katie in her swiftly drenched GHS cheer uniform sitting beneath an adjacent stream and playing with herself to keep occupied until she was lucky enough to have a turn, while Isa crawled across the swiftly forming puddles with a look of profound disgust at her own undeniable lust, reflected in the eyes of Candace as she snapped her fingers and pointed at where the submissive little bitch was to kneel and await her master's permission to cheat on her, a betrayal that bothered her no more than Abbie's did hers as she pressed her enormous dripping wet titties against the man who had fired, forged, shattered and mended her sister's heart.

Not long after, Candace nudged Cassie aside to make room for herself and Isa to double-team him. Isa looked utterly defeated, overwhelmed by the extent of her defeat, unable to even offer complaint as her beloved slapped her cheeks, lips and forehead with a man's thick cock. Suddenly, right as Isa grudgingly, excitedly opened her mouth to receive another unwanted lesson in cocksucking, there was the sound of someone clearing their throat in the entryway to the shower.

"Room for one more? Feeling kinda dirty. Thought I could use a shower."

Canon grinned. "Everybody keep doing what you're doing, but... sing the birthday song again. For me. I've got a wish you're all about to make come true."

Randi pushed her cleaning cart down the halls of GHS Monday morning, no speed or urgency in her step. What was the rush? She still had weeks to finish the deep cleaning. It was hard work, but honest, and there was pride to be had in it. Yeah, some people looked down their nose at her, but they were mostly pretty good kids in her experience. Plus when they weren't here every day, the messes were a lot smaller, and much more forgivable.

Before long, she reached H121.

The board drew the eyes first. Over and over again, hundreds of square footage of the same words, over and over, written in a trembling hand that displayed little capacity to keep the lines straight. *I am a bad bad little girl*, it read. Sometimes there was a comma between the *bad's*, sometimes not, and sometimes the second one was altogether missing. As if the person writing it had been having a hard time focusing on their task. It was a girl's handwriting, Randi decided quickly. Probably the same girl whose shorts and shirt were draped over an upturned desk and the window sill respectively. Whoops, and there was the bra dangling from the classroom's American flag.

Randi shook her head as she started spraying the board and wiping away the evidence. One of these days, somebody was going to catch Mr. Canon balls deep in one of these girls. Or four or five of them, if half of what she suspected from all the clues and snippets and sounds and smells last school year was true. Yep, there was his cum, congealed in the marker tray. Definitely fucked somebody in here. No matter. She could clean that, too. Wouldn't be the first time she'd covered for him. Wouldn't be the last.

After all... these kids were lucky to have him.