

Teaching Her A Lesson

Installment 1 of 3



By Isaac Byrne

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

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Part One: Behavioral Intervention Plan

“This is bullshit, Mr. Canon.” Taylor Stern slapped her essay down on my desk. Behind her, her peers looked up from their own freshly returned papers, no doubt to see how I’d react to Taylor’s latest outburst.

I decided to keep it lowkey from the outset. No sense escalating things preemptively. Not when this young woman already practically lived on an escalator. “Language. And what seems to be the problem?” I looked up at her as nonchalantly as I could.

Taylor briefly removed one of the hands from her hips to flip her hair back over her shoulder. Naturally. Twice as uncomfortable for me with her big tits thrust out and unobstructed, daring me to break eye contact. To give her something else to try to accuse me of.

“This.” She pointed to the paper. “What the hell is *this*.”

“Your paper.”

“It says I cheated.”

“It says you violated the school’s code of conduct in regards to plagiarism. Which you did.” *Again*, I added to myself. This had to be the fifth time in these past two interminable years during which I’d been stuck with her in my class that she’d done so. More than anything, it was disappointing she hadn’t learned to cheat less obviously.

“No, I didn’t. You can’t prove it.”

I spun the paper so it was right side up for her and gestured to my hand-written comment. “If you look here, I cited the URL for the site from which you lifted portions of your paper. Verbatim.”

“I did not!” She stamped her foot this time. My peripheral vision insisted I notice the way it made her breasts bounce in her top, the neckline of which trampled over the school’s dress code the way her essay trampled the school’s academic honesty policy. “This is *my* work, *my* words! I don’t know what you think you found, but I worked hard on this, and I want a grade for it!”

I kept my voice down, but by now, the confrontation overbrimming in hers had done more than enough to call attention to our quarrel. “Taylor, you lifted whole paragraphs from the site. If you’d taken a sentence or two, I might have left it at a reprimand, but easily half of your essay constitutes someone else’s work.”

“It’s *my* work,” she insisted. “You just don’t like me so you’re going out of your way to punish me by saying I cheated. It’s not fair!”

By now, the class had split into its usual two factions, the same ones her outbursts usually brought out. The first, comprised Taylor’s friends and my detractors, watching with interest to see if she’d get away with it or at least enjoying seeing her

make an awkward scene for their teacher. The second, and thankfully the larger, who were talking to friends or on their phones, thoroughly bored by the latest show of disrespect from their classmate. This was a marginally louder tantrum than the last one, but that was about all that seemed distinct about it.

For my part, I was once more at an impasse. I could validate her accusation of bias by disregarding her protest like it deserved to be. My alternative was to let her once more waste her peers' time by publicly cementing the proof. Classes were a scant fifty minutes long, and wasting five of them on Taylor's antics – again – always cut other things from the lesson. There was no sense to her outburst to begin with. She *had* cheated. She almost always cheated, at least on anything that took any time or effort outside of class. But then again, she was one of the brightest students in the class, and most opinionated, so why she'd cheat on an opinion essay in the first place when a topic that had clearly intrigued her during class was equally perplexing.

The assignment had practically been a softball to her personally: identify a solution to a societal ill that is inadequate or flawed. They didn't need to propose alternatives necessarily, though many had. Popular targets included big issues like the response to climate change, the drug war, or our Middle East policy, though some had gone deep with niche issues. Zhaniece had gone after student lunch debt here at our own school, and we were working on getting it published as a letter to the editor in the local paper. I'd learned more than a few things from my students, as often happened, and I hoped it provided a little kindling for their critical awareness.

Taylor had ostensibly taken on the Common Core standards, perhaps thinking she'd get a rise out of me by going after my curriculum, but I granted she might genuinely have grievances with it. I'd surprised her by cheering her on, helping steer her to authentic sources that weren't just whiny rants by parents who couldn't help their fourth-grader with math any more. After a well-written and sincere introductory paragraph following my guidance to outline the problem, the solution, and the problem with the solution, I caught the casual inclusion of the word "pedagogically," and a few keystrokes later, had the source URL on my screen. I confirmed the extent of the plagiarism, gave her her zero, and moved on.

She took advantage of my brief moment of consideration to press her attack. "Look, you guys. He doesn't even have a response. He knows he made it up!"
So be it.

It only took a few more minutes to resolve it. With her paper displayed on the front board via the document camera, I steered my computer to the address on her paper, then turned my back from the wall and read from the site. Those paying attention to the charade snickered openly, though whether it was at Taylor's antics or at me for being baited into responding to them, I couldn't have said.

“That’s only part of my paper,” she insisted once my point was made, leaning over my desk from the far side as if she were the aggrieved teacher and I the misbehaving pupil. One last chance to try to throw me off my game with her cleavage, though, and it was a good try. “You’re cherry-picking. I just used a source. That’s not cheating. You’re—”

“Taylor, you plagiarized. You were caught. You lied about it, and were caught in that, too. If you persist in this behavior, I’m going to have to send you to the office. I believe next time you’re up for a Saturday class. Now you can take your seat and let me get on with class, or... see you tomorrow for the Saturday class.” It wasn’t the most productive punishment, that *Breakfast Club*-esque tradition of stuffing a bunch of angry and unruly kids in a room for Super Detention, but it was five hours of easy money for me. I got to mostly sit back and grade, plan and otherwise do the work I would be doing anyway, and looked up every so often to nudge them awake or keep them off their devices. I doubted it had any corrective effect – the students got enough tedium during the week already – but Principal Horen believed in it, and I wasn’t so opposed I was unwilling to cash in.

There was a tense moment with a truly malevolent glare, and she drew it out long enough that I began to think she really might force my hand. Finally, as I snapped my laptop shut and made for the pad of referral slips on my desk, she growled in bestial aggravation and stalked to her seat, her matching dress-code-defying skirt twitching with each stride so violently that anyone looking learned the color of her underwear.

Red. It was red. So very red.

With that image as far toward the back of my mind as I could push it, I began class.

Taylor Stern. Three years into my teaching career, she was hands down my greatest challenge. There were other discipline problems, and many of them were easier to empathize with. Students with absentee parents, substance abuse in their households, a host of other problems. There were brighter students, too, if not an abundance. She didn’t like to give evidence of it – a special combination of too lazy, too disaffected, too self-righteous – but she could be a straight A student if she wanted. Her other teachers had said as much to me, too.

But are there hotter students? my subconscious pressed. Maybe one or two. It wasn’t something we were supposed to notice, but I had eyes. That was about all it took with her. And Taylor liked to press the envelope there, too, showing herself off like a trophy in a display case. Like a lot of my colleagues, I had issues with the existence of a dress code. What could be more sexist than punishing females for male failings? Many teachers, most really, ignored the policy, to Mrs. Horen’s irritation. Yet Taylor made it a game, seeing how much of a distraction she could make herself. Today’s display had been above average, but hardly novel. She’d friended me on facebook, as a lot of my

students did. I had no idea why, given her transparent contempt, but I wasn't about to invite a debate about favoritism by blocking her. No matter how many of her bikini pics flooded my stream.

(Yes, I could hide her posts. I know. And I would, someday, if she crossed whatever line I hadn't yet identified.)

My classroom had no seating code, and if a student wanted to sit on the windowsill, on the floor, hell, even at my desk, I didn't care. But Taylor? Not two months ago I'd had to almost physically push her off the stool in the front of the room because her skirt was so short it was flashing the whole class. *But why?!* she'd whined a hundred times as I insisted, defying me to say I'd noticed, to admit in front of God and everyone that I'd seen my student's panties. Which I couldn't, of course. At that point, the war would be over, my waving flag as white as the panties she'd worn that day. None of these insecure kids were going to take my side and admit they'd been looking too, had had no choice but to look considering how flagrant she'd been about it. That meant her feigned outrage would paint me as a lecherous pervert rather than conveying the truth, that she was a shameless flirt. Or maybe an exhibitionist. Truth be told, I had no idea what she got out of it all, what psychological issues fed into her behavior. I doubted I ever would.

In any event, I did my best with her, engaged her in the lesson when I could and minimized her detriment to the class when I couldn't. She was a chore to deal with and a tragic waste of potential, but if she kept doing the minimum to scrape by, I wasn't going to ruin her future by suspending her over and over until she got expelled simply because she enjoyed causing a scene and flaunting a pair of objectively breathtaking teen tits. So even if she got on my nerves to no end, I put up with it. She got her daily warning, and we both moved on. Soon she'd graduate, or not, and I could go back to dreading the presence of her younger sister in my senior English class next year.

(My department head swore that Abbie was twice the handful Taylor was. From what I'd seen in the halls, I could attest that this was absolutely true, at least in a literal sense.)

Today, however, Taylor decided that the warning wasn't enough. With twenty minutes to go in sixth period, a little pink plastic egg flew through the air and bounced off of Jesse's left temple. As if I couldn't have immediately guessed who would be inconsiderate enough to throw a container of lip balm across the room – inaccurately, no less – Kate hustled over and scooped it up from where it rolled to. “Thanks, Tay!”

“No prob, bae,” answered Taylor. When she saw my expression, she looked up, annoyed. “What's your problem?”

I ignored her. “Jesse, are you OK?”

“Yeah. Stings.” He caught Taylor's reproving glare. “It's fine, though,” he amended.

“Kate, hand it over.” I walked over and held out my hand. Kate looked to Taylor, but her loyalty to her benefactor was quickly outmatched by her fear of her instructor. *I’m sorry!* she mouthed as she handed me the ovoid chapstick.

“Taylor, to the office. Now.” Anyone else might have gotten a lecture on why throwing things around in a room full of distracted people was dangerous, why copping an attitude about it was the wrong way to respond, but Taylor had heard it all before.

Her referral was waiting for her by the time she packed up her things and made her way to the classroom door. She stopped, however, to hold out her hand expectantly. “Give it back.”

“No. We’ll discuss it later. Now go.”

After a final challenging stare-off, she snatched the slip of paper from my hand and stormed out the door, slamming it behind her with enough force that Mr. Hallett from next door came over to make sure everything was OK. I assured him it was, and with Taylor out of our hair, the other students and I salvaged what we could from the final minutes of class. Thankfully, it was my final instructional period of the day, with seventh period as my prep. My patience for teenage tomfoolery had been picked clean for the day. As ever, Taylor and her shenanigans were the brat icing on a stress cake.

The bell rang. Students filed out. I closed the door behind the last of them, suppressing my guilt at shirking hall monitoring duties. I needed to take a few deep breaths and relax before I could get back to the endless pile of grading, the parent contacts, and preparing everything I could for Monday so that I might actually have a day of weekend to myself. Part of one, at least.

I had just slumped down in my chair when Taylor returned.

“Give me back my chapstick,” she demanded as the door slammed shut behind her.

“Taylor, why aren’t you in the office?” There had been no real need to ask. I hadn’t expected them to keep her, but there was plainly no way she could have made it down there, received her consequence, and returned this quickly. It hadn’t been ten minutes even. “You never went, did you.”

“No. You stole *my* property. You can’t punish me when you’re the one who took my stuff.”

“Did you make it to the office?”

“Give it to me. *Now.*”

I could already feel a tension headache setting in. More than that, I decided then and there that I’d had my fill of her attempted bullying. “No. For crying out loud, you *threw* it, Taylor. You hit Jesse in the head. You could as easily have hit him in the eye. You didn’t even apologize! Then you defied—”

“Give it to me!” She took a step closer, looming over me. Or shoving her breasts in my face to throw me. I was never sure how conscious of that tactic she was, but as

self-conscious as girls her age tended to be, I'd be surprised if she wasn't aware of what she was doing.

Either way, I wasn't about to cave. "No. Go to the office. I'll be telling Mrs. Horen that you—"

"I'm not going anywhere until you give it to me. You're *stealing*, and it's *mine!*"

The bell rang. "And now you're late for seventh period, too. Get yourself to—"

But she only took a step closer. Perilously close. "Not without my property!"

I was at a loss. Nothing in life had prepared me to deal with this level of entitlement run amok. A few more failed attempts at asserting myself were met with more looming, to the point that my chair was forced further and further back just to keep her from actually making contact with those things. Her chapstick remained clenched firmly in my fist. With no other apparent recourse, I grabbed my desk phone and pressed the button for the main office, and with Taylor shouting in righteous indignation over me, I managed to convey that I needed assistance from the school resource officer.

Officer Louisa Barbour arrived only a moment later than I wish she had, right after Taylor gave up shouting and began attempting to pry her purloined lip balm from my hand, and right before it occurred to me that the optics on this were terrible. My profound gift of hindsight belatedly pointed out that it would have been better to let her have the stupid thing and then deal with consequences for her antagonism after. Instead, Officer Barbour walked in on Taylor fully straddling my lap, her chest pressed hard against mine as she tried to reach my clenched fist stretched out behind me. It was easily the most compromising moment of my professional career.

Barbour separated us swiftly and easily. Taylor was strong, but caught unawares by a trained officer, she was easily displaced from my lap. The chapstick was still somehow in my hand, and we were both breathing heavily. I probably looked afraid to have been caught with a student in that position, even if it was clearly not anything intimate, but really, I was hoping neither of them noticed the blood rushing to parts unmentionable. The last time a woman who'd been in such a position relative to my person had been the stripper at my friend's bachelor party summer before last.

The resource officer took point on figuring out what in the hell had been going on. I had to hand it to her, she did a good job redirecting Taylor's anger and bringing her back to the point of making comprehensible statements. Recognizing that asking her to take my side would only get the girl's hackles back up, when she turned to me, I kept my end brief and as unemotional as possible.

"So are you going to make him give my property back or what? That's illegal, right?" the student demanded, arms folded impetuously.

"Taylor, I understand you're upset. And yes, you'll get it back." Barbour turned to me. "Right?"

“Yes. Tomorrow. Or, well, Monday, since we’re not here tomorrow,” I said. Taylor’s eyes smoldered, but she’d gotten a concession and a timeline, and didn’t press the matter further. That was good. It’d get her off my back, and I wouldn’t have to reward her in the here and now. Not like I’d ever meant to keep the stupid thing anyway. I simply hadn’t been in the mood to be bossed around by a bratty teenager. Well done, Louisa.

“There. Now, you know you can’t get physical with a teacher like that, right? We’ve talked about this. You have to find ways to deal with your frustration. Remember?”

The glare diminished, though only a hair. “Yeah. I remember.”

“All right. I want you to head on down to my office, and we’ll talk about this, figure out the next step. I need a minute with Mr. Canon first, though, OK?”

With one final withering look at me, Taylor pivoted and flounced out of the room. Was that a smirk I’d caught on her lips? Maybe. After all, she’d engineered a way to ditch seventh period.

I had to hand it to her, Louisa Barbour was a heck of a smooth operator when it came to de-escalating situations. We’d all seen the videos of uniformed brutes body slamming mouthy preteens, but our Louisa was a genuine asset. This wasn’t the first time I’d seen her work her magic, but the first time it had been done to rescue yours truly. Only a couple years out of the academy, but she had a hell of a great head on her shoulders.

“Thanks, Louisa. I have no idea how things went sideways like that. She’s been in a heck of a mood today – I caught her cheating, and she made me prove it in front of the whole class. Must have really set her off.”

She laughed and took a seat atop a student desk near me. I rebuked my students for doing that, but she’d earned the right. “You’d think for someone who cheats as often as she does, she’d be better at it. So much for practice makes perfect, right?”

“Evidently. Man. Really, you were great with her. Though I suppose you and Taylor have had plenty of one-on-one time, eh?”

“That’s for sure. Girl spends enough time in my office I think my girlfriend’s starting to get jealous.” I laughed. Her relationship with the new social studies teacher had been a source of quite a little bit of gossip when it started last fall, but by now it was old news. “And don’t worry about the scuffle, OK? I’ll make sure it’s clear in the report you didn’t initiate anything.”

“Thanks. Thanks again, I guess. I can’t believe she pounced on me like that. I had no idea how to react. I mean, what’s a guy supposed to do?”

“Panic, probably?” Louisa shrugged. “It’s different for you guys. You’re not supposed to have to deal with that stuff. I don’t even know what I’m going to do with her

for this. Under a month to graduation, and she probably got herself expelled for assaulting a faculty member over some fucking chapstick.”

“We could always go old school and put her in the stocks,” I joked. But it was a half-hearted thing. I may not like Taylor, but I knew well enough what kind of future she had in store for her in a town like this with no diploma. Bye bye income. Bye bye opportunities. Maybe she could put that body to use at Jumping Jack’s, the strip club over on East Jefferson. I drove past it twice a day.

“You know, just the other day I was reading one of the magazines they send us. You know, all this ridiculous army surplus stuff and toys for departments with money to burn. Don’t even know why they send it to me. Anyway, read about this new riot suppressor they got, more humane than tear gas, sucks the fight right out of ‘em. No joke, first thing I thought of was our girl there. Maybe we could order a few dozen gallons of the stuff and see if Taylor could actually make it to graduation.”

We shared a chuckle. “With the way my second period’s been lately, it just might be the way to go.”

“I’ll send you the article.” Louisa stood, her grin shifting from mirth to commiseration, and she patted my shoulder. “You OK? Might not be a bad idea to see the nurse. Sometimes even a little mild action like that can put you through the ringer. Hell on your nerves.”

“Thanks, but I think I’ll be OK, Louisa.”

“Don’t mention it. All right, no more stalling, Barbour. Let’s do this.” The trained officer took a deep breath, bracing herself for another encounter, and then she was gone.

Sure enough, as I left the school a couple hours later, there was a scrap torn out of a magazine in my mailbox with a post-it from Louisa. “Discount on bulk?” it read, with a winky face next to it. Beneath was a picture of a spray bottle, white with red print.

Serenex.

Say goodbye to unrest, read the bold letters at the start of the pitch beneath.

I was in early Monday. Early enough that I’d been sitting in the mailroom for close to an hour when Officer Barbour arrived. She was wearing her usual uniform, even had a spring in her step.

“Morning, Louisa.”

“Good morning, Mr. Canon. How are we today?”

Did she not know my first name, or was she always that formal? We knew each other only professionally, so I honestly wasn’t sure. “Doing all right, but the week is young. Say, about that whole mess Friday... have you already filed the paperwork on that?”

The spring promptly disappeared, her feet anchoring in place at the mere reference to Taylor Stern. “Not quite. By the time I could get her parents to come pick her up, it was going on five, so I figured I’d finish it up this morning. Why, she start something else over the weekend? I swear, if that girl starts cyberbullying another faculty member...”

“Huh? No, no, nothing like that. I was only wondering if, maybe, we could give her one last chance.”

Louisa grimaced. “Gee, I don’t know about that. Accosting a teacher like that... that’s crossing a big line. I can fudge the little stuff, but that’s a tall order.”

“I know. But I was thinking maybe she and I can work something out. I feel like I owe it to myself to give it one last shot. Some good karma going into the summer months, you know?”

“I’m really not supposed to let things like that slide, you know...”

I squared with her. “Hey, I get it. Really, I do. And I’m not saying we let her off easy. Hell, let’s put the onus on her. We give her a choice. She can work with me after school, every day, until the end of the school year. Get caught up on all the stuff she missed, cheated on, all that. I’ll talk with her other teachers and get assignments from them, too. Let her actually do the work, earn real passing grades. Or if she says no, well...”

Louisa mulled it over. I liked that she was the sort of woman who wasn’t thinking about the perks of avoiding the paperwork mess of expelling a student, or the pitfalls of an entitled brat and whatever pieces of work who’d raised her suing the school when Taylor decided to twist her version of our altercation. No, it was plain in her eyes that she was considering what was the right thing to do. For Taylor, and for whatever principles she held dear. Good woman. Ms. Salata was lucky to have her.

“All right. Talk to her, see what she says and let me know.”

“Right. She’s in my sixth period, so I’ll be in touch right after that.”

“As soon as you can, all right? I can’t delay this any longer than that. If I take four days to turn in a report on an assault, even a minor one—”

“Understood. As soon as possible. You got it, Louisa.”

After sixth period, the discussion with Taylor went about like I expected. She got her lip balm back, and, smirking and self-satisfied with her conquest, she magnanimously agreed to let me show her mercy. I’m not sure she believed we’d really expel her, and she probably thought she could make our detentions (as she insisted on calling them) so miserable that I’d call it quits after the first day or two. Ordinarily, she might have been right.

But I had been busy, and I was done with ordinary.

She didn’t notice the taste. That was good. It was a bit of a gamble, administering it in that way, but subtle was better. And nothing in the whole world could have been

more predictable than the way she smeared the Serenex-coated lip balm on right in front of me, as if her glossy lips were a manifesto of her refusal to be subdued by some petty school teacher. It was only a faint dose I'd coated the outer layer of the lip balm with, and so would take longer to set in. (I'd tested that myself several times the day before, and was still fighting off the headache my mild overdose had given me.) But it would work. By the time she showed up after school, it would be working. No more fight in her.

And then, we'd... rewrite her essay. Or something.

No, not "or something." I'd sit her down in front of one of the school's cheap laptops and make her write it. That was it. Nothing else. I ought to be ashamed – *was* ashamed – that other thoughts even entered my mind. No matter how terribly she'd mistreated me, I wasn't about to take advantage of a teenage girl. I probably couldn't get away with it anyway, probably. No, I was only doing a good deed. The Serenex was merely an extreme measure to address the extreme situation which she had created.

I'd done my research. That had been during Saturday class, eyes flitting repeatedly to the half-asleep unfortunates as if worried they'd see what I was reading. For once, I let them sleep. I was envious, honestly, still exhausted myself after the most restless, dream-filled night of sleep of my life.

So very red.

Serenex was banned in most of Europe for doing exactly what it advertised being able to do. It introduced a neuroactive agent percutaneously that suppressed the chemical process behind the brain's "fight or flight" response. In essence, it kept someone from resisting. The manufacturer's website boasted a successful test in which they'd offered volunteers \$500 to resist being detained, and in the end, hadn't wound up having to pay them a cent. The larger web was full of articles decrying its use by autocratic governments and wealthy persons of less than honorable intent; a proposal was already before the UN to declare its deployment a war crime, but it had so far not passed as the Chinese government was among Serenex's most prominent clients.

In my own trials, once I'd given the dose time to set in, I'd headed out to the backyard where I'd seen my next door neighbor Cassie was out doing yard work. She'd been in my class two years back when I'd still been teaching English 10, and we got along well. Recently, however, I'd been ducking her, as she was selling those absurd \$30 coupon books as a fundraiser for the volleyball team and, as the saying goes, I gave at the office. Sunday, I'd agreed to it immediately, handing her the money without a second thought. It was surreal remembering our encounter now, how she'd suggested – even with a joking tone – that I buy a second one. Another \$30 gone. When she laughed and said maybe a third would come in handy, I'd already fished the money out of my wallet and held it over the fence before she shook her head and awkwardly declined to take it. Even in hindsight later that night as I flipped through one of my two coupon

books, there had been a lingering sense that a third one might have been useful. As someone who'd not used a coupon in his life, it was proof enough for me. After that, I secluded myself in my office and picked up a book, worried that advertisements on the TV and internet might deprive me of the rest of my life savings.

What I had left of them, that is. Getting my hands on it, and on such short notice, had been the real obstacle. Luckily for me, my old pot dealer from before the state went legal had a connection he referred me to, and for only a little bit more than those test subjects had passed over. The single canister I'd purchased, however, had cost me an order of magnitude beyond that. As I walked away from the exceedingly sketchy fellow who'd sold it to me, I'd felt mostly pretty glad the kindly black market chemical suppressant salesman hadn't simply murdered me and taken everything I had. After that, the \$60 donation to Cassie and the volleyball team was just gravy.

All in all, making such a sacrifice for the betterment of one exceptionally wayward student... I'd felt very noble.

At least, when I wasn't letting my thoughts dwell on somewhat more ignoble thoughts. Fantasies, merely. Nothing I was actually going to do. No, I'd have her write her essay for me.

And maybe apologize. But that was it.

Absolutely it.

School let out at 2:55. By 3:30, I was pretty sure Taylor had decided to blow off my leniency. I was such an idiot. A fool who'd burned every cent he'd saved to help a student who refused to let herself be helped. After finishing up as much as I could stomach of all the work I'd delayed that weekend with this imbecile scheme, I typed up an email to Louisa letting her know Taylor had blown me off after all, to disregard my earlier message and go ahead and let the hammer drop. Taylor had been given every opportunity to make amends and instead—

“So, we doing this or what?” came a voice from the doorway.

I looked up, and there she was. She wasn't wearing her outfit from earlier in the day; now it was a thin white tank top and a pair of athletic shorts cut high on either side. They might almost have met the school's past-the-fingertip rule if not for an entirely too perky ass lifting them higher.

“It's almost four o'clock, Taylor. You were supposed to come here after school.”

“It is after school,” she retorted, ignoring the fact that I was already holding my briefcase. She sat right down in her usual seat, the one as far from my desk as possible so that her inevitable tendency to chit-chat was less audible. It was easier than actually hounding her over it. “I had to get a workout in. This body don't maintain itself, yo. Wouldn't kill you to hit the gym yourself, Mr. Canon.”

I disregarded the slight, whether or not she had a point. “I meant immediately after school and you knew it. It's too late now. I did my best to lead you to water, but it seems you wouldn't let yourself be compelled to drink.”

“Uh, what? You want me to drink something?” she cocked her head to the side. Probably feigned confusion.

“Forget it. I'm sending Officer Barbour an email to inform her you've chosen expulsion.”

She frowned. “Oh. That sucks.” Her disappointment sounded on par with learning that her burger had arrived without ketchup.

“You say that now, but when you're thirty-five and have only just managed to claw your way up from crew to night shift manager at Wendy's, trying to provide for your children on starvation wages because you wouldn't apply that intellect of yours toward the end of achieving the slightest modicum of self-discipline, then you'll really know how much it sucks.”

Taylor drummed her fingers on her desktop, crossing her long legs in my direction. “What, so you're shaming fast food work now?”

“No. The shame isn't in the nature of the work, it's that you have all this potential, but instead of using it, you're going to settle for a harder, less rewarding life. All so you can feel like your i-d-g-a-f branding is on fleek. Or however they're saying it these days.”

“Not bad, Canon. Not bad. So I'm expelled, then?”

I sighed. “You’re not even going to try to talk me out of it? I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised. Cool apathy to the bitter end.”

“I mean, if you say so. Expulsion sounds hella shitty, but it is what it is, I guess.” She shrugged, and then reached into her backpack to produce the chapstick. She smeared it back and forth across her lips once again. “Man. My stepdad is going to kill me. Fuck. Ah well.”

I froze. Chapstick. The Serenex.

I’d been thinking about little else all through my prep, wondering if it was affecting her, if anyone would notice, if someone would figure me out, expose my plan, if I’d spend the next ten years in prison and the next forty explaining why on job applications at Wendy’s. But when she hadn’t shown up, I’d gone right back to festering over Taylor Stern and her insufferable apathy and entitlement, such that when she strolled in an hour late after stopping for a workout, I’d forgotten all about it, and all about those tempting thoughts at the periphery of my imagination. But there she was, unwittingly reapplying a fresh dose and calmly – dare I say serenely – abiding by my judgment.

I looked to my laptop, still open, the email asking Officer Barbour to suspend the girl still open, cursor blinking, mouse hovering right over the Send button. I ought to. She’d been given more chances than she deserved, and blown them all. I couldn’t really mean to sustain this operation. Could I? It was only going to get harder from here. I wouldn’t have chapstick to return every day.

Maybe I owed it to myself to at least give it one day. Just one very, very, very last chance for her. Then absolutely no more excuses.

“Hold it,” I said as she neared the door. She stopped immediately. Why was that so satisfying?

“What now? Am I expelled *and* I have to hear a lecture about it first?”

That should have been telling, that she even hinted that she might endure a lecture if the door was already closing behind her. But I was in analytic mode. I had to test it. Make sure it wasn’t just attitude. After the way she’d wiggled out Friday over a tube of chapstick, who could say what whims motivated this young woman? No, I had to be sure.

“First off, Taylor, I think an apology is in order,” I started. She only looked at me blankly, as if uncomprehending what she might have done. “For your outbursts Friday, and for wasting my time today.”

“Oh. Sure, if you say so. I’m sorry for Friday, and for today. OK?” The lack of sincerity could not have been clearer, but she still rolled her eyes to slam the point home.

“No. It’s not OK.” And it wasn’t, but I also needed more data. Was she humoring me, or was it actually working? “I... Hmm.” I tapped my lip. How to test it? Instantly a

dozen answers stampeded from that too-loud part of my subconscious, but I silenced it immediately. There had to be a way. Something I could use to see if she'd put up with that she normally wouldn't.

"Go to the board," I said. Taylor complied, though her foot was tapping. Impatient? Or eager for my next directive? "Now I want you to write on the board: I will not copy other people's work."

"That's it? Just 'I will not copy other people's work,' nothing else?" she asked, picking up a marker.

"Um, also write, 'and I will behave myself in class.'"

"I will not copy other people's work, and I will behave in class," she parroted. "Whatever gets you off, I guess." I gritted my teeth at her choice of words. My briefcase was concealing an erection so hard it was almost painful.

I watched as she turned and wrote it on the board. I tried not to notice her ass, the ass oh-so-faintly jiggling with each stroke of the marker as the movements in her arm vibrated down her torso and into those shorts. But moments later she was finished, and she looked over her shoulder expectantly. "Now what? Cartwheels or something?"

"Ninety-nine to go," I ordered casually. It was mercy to my professional pride that she turned before seeing how baffled I was by my own words. *Really? Writing penances on the dry erase board?* I'd never even heard of a teacher employing such a tactic except in media. Was Dolors Umbridge in my subconscious or something? It was exactly the sort of pointless tedium that made a student *less* inclined to take any satisfaction in reading and writing, or to have any respect for the disciplinary process.

With another roll of the eyes, however, Taylor turned and began writing. She wasn't working especially quickly, but she was working. As the text gradually filled the upper portions of the whiteboard, first she bent at the waist. Oh lord, those legs. What was above those legs. Then as she neared the bottom, Taylor simply squatted down so she could get her arm at the right angle. Her shorts were rode right up her crack, and when she stood to start work on the next column of scribing, they stayed there, painting each ass cheek separately. As hard as it was not to notice, my attention was really on the broader picture.

I'd told her to do something – something pointless, boring, a Sisyphean chore – and she was doing it. She looked sulky, and occasionally muttered something petulant under her breath. (Mostly under her breath, anyway. Drugged or no, it was still Taylor Stern here.) But the point was, she was doing it!

"Keep writing while I talk at you, all right?" I interjected as she reached the fifties some twenty minutes in. Twenty minutes in which I had gotten almost nothing done despite sitting at my desk and going through the motions of it. That ass was almost distracting enough to justify a dress code – but, as I'd said to colleagues who'd defended

the policy in the past, the fault was really on those who let themselves be distracted. And was I ever distracted.

“Were you gonna say something or what?” she asked, her voice reflecting back at me off the whiteboard. Her hand must be cramping up, as she took a moment to shake it out, flex and unflex her grip, before continuing. Her buttocks rippled with each vigorous shake.

I snapped out of it, but barely. “So today, this is our project, but tomorrow, I thought maybe we’d get to work on your essay. I know you have opinions – do you ever – but I’d like to see if you can’t put them down on the page.”

“I mean, if you say so,” she said noncommittally.

I pressed. “And you are going to show up tomorrow?”

“Is that a question? Like, do I have a choice?” Evidently her hand wasn’t all that was getting uncomfortable. Taylor raised both hands over her head, arching her back and grunting with satisfaction at her stretch. The tank top strained at the effort her breasts were putting into popping out, yet meanwhile her butt seemed to be fighting to keep all eyes on it. In an instant, I knew that would be the feature of tonight’s dreams, just as the friction-filled gyrating struggle for the chapstick had been the focus of every night this past weekend.

“No. You don’t have a choice.”

“So why did you ask it like a question then?” she muttered, getting back to work.

“And you’ll show up immediately after school tomorrow, right?”

She sighed, plainly annoyed. “Fine.”

I licked my lips. It was so *easy*. “And... you’ll apologize.”

She glanced back momentarily. “What, tomorrow? Like, I have to come in with some prepared apology?”

What the hell had I actually meant? Was that it? “No. Right now. Apologize.”

“Uh, all right. Sorry, I guess.” She didn’t stop writing, and her tone and brevity both came across as patently insincere. But in spite of myself, I was so hard that my cock felt like it was about to lift my steel desk off the floor.

“Sorry for what, Taylor?”

“The whole chapstick thing, I guess.” She was nearing the bottom of the board again; rather than squat, this time it appeared she was going to simply bend further. Maybe her thighs were sore from her workout. Maybe she was doing it on purpose to screw with me. Hell if I knew. But she was bent nearly ninety degrees now, and her tank top was hanging down enough that I could just barely make out the bottom of her sports bra clinging to the underside of her tits. Faded pink, almost the same color as that egg-shaped chapstick that had started all this.

“Like you mean it,” I pressed. “A complete, sincere-sounding apology.” I deserved this. *She* deserved this. An apology was only fair. If Louisa had drawn a different

conclusion about what she'd walked in on, it might have ended my career. A heartfelt apology was the least I was owed.

"Jesus, fine. I'm very, very sorry I tried to get my chapstick back, Mr. Canon. And for teasing you."

"You were?" I blinked. She had been? Had it really been intentional?

"It's just too easy sometimes. I mean, you've been staring at my ass nonstop for like half an hour now. It's too easy to fuck with... sorry, to mess with you."

"What?! I... I was not...!"

"It's fine. I mean, I have an amazing ass. Stare if you want, I don't give a shit. Er, crap. Ugh, am I allowed to cuss after school? My filter shuts right the hell off right at three o'clock."

My volume dropped 90% as I looked to the classroom door in mortification. "Taylor, I have not, *would* not, look at a student's ass!" *No matter how incredible it looks in those skimpy electric blue athletic shorts*, my subconscious added. If she turned around, would they be riding up her slit the way it was her ass crack? What color were her panties?

Were they red, like the ones I'd kept seeing in those dreams?

Pink, like the sports bra?

Absent altogether, like all the warning alarms that ought to be stopping me from allowing this to go on a single additional second?

"If you say so," she replied. Was she rocking it side to side like that on purpose, or was that merely a side effect of her growing discomfort, working through cramped muscles from the repetitive motions in the awkward posture?

No. Time to put a stop to this. Just because she was standing there, apathetic to any ogling I might choose to partake in – not that I was, or that I would! – her incredible young body on display in an outfit that was painfully sexy even by the standards of a young woman who, I knew from eavesdroppings long ago, would change clothes after getting to school so her parents wouldn't know what skimpy things she was wearing out of the house...

Where had that thought been going?

Right. Stop staring.

I barely looked up as she completed the remaining lines, and other than grumbling about her hand getting sore, Taylor didn't make any effort to regain my attention either. It was only five minutes until five when she finished, turning to face me. There was that familiar posture of hers, hands on defiant hips, staring me down as if doing my job was an affront to her. I could see there was a blue smudge across the front-most portion of her chest where her breasts had rubbed against her own words. I could see the spot on the whiteboard where the mishap had occurred. She must have fixed it after the smudge.

“So... can I go? My sister’s been waiting for me in the lot for like forty-five minutes. And if you think I’m a bitch, you don’t even wanna know how bad she can get.”

“Yeah, you can go. Oh, and language. But remember, tomorrow, three o’clock sharp. Understood?”

She snapped a half-hearted salute on her way to pick up her backpack, her marker-besmeared chest jutting forward as she arched her back to get it on. “Yes sir, Mr. Canon, sir.”

Why was my heart beating so hard? When she squeezed past me to get out the door, her chest rubbed against mine. I checked, but there had been no marker transference. Good. So good. I mean, you know, just... regular good.

Briefcase in hand, I exited on her heels, pausing only to lock the door behind me. She was a dozen or so paces ahead of me as we made our way to the parking lot exit. Was it more teasing the way she tucked her index fingers into those unseen panties to fish her shorts and underwear out of her crack as she made her way out the door?

The email to Louisa was deleted. My plan had worked. Sure, I hadn’t taught her anything today, maybe a little bit about showing remorse. More importantly, though, I’d made sure the Serenex worked as advertised. Not that there had been much cause for doubt. The UN wouldn’t be condemning the stuff if the solution wasn’t effective at its task, and my test over the weekend had sold me that I’d bought the real deal. Taylor had certainly confirmed the chemical was viable, even in such a small dose. And I hadn’t even acted out on any of those impulses. Some looking, sure, but no touching.

I definitely could have touched. She wouldn’t have stopped me. I easily could have touched her. But I wouldn’t, of course.

I barely slept a wink that night. And my dreams were all electric blue and faded pink.

Part Two: Extra Credit

“This is stupid, Mr. Canon. I already did this. Why do I have to do all these pointless little steps? It’s a waste of time!”

“We’ve been over this, Taylor. Part of this is having a respectable final product, yes, but part of it is also mastering the process.”

“But the process is stupid. No way is it some sort of real world life skill to put my notes on separate pages, or write a bibliography on every one of them.”

“It’s a works cited entry, not a true bibliography,” I reminded her, “and whether or not it’s useful to everyone in the real world, it’s useful for some people. Heck, just showing you can follow directions is progress. Whatever you wind up doing, you’re probably going to have somebody above you who expects you to be able to do what they ask you to.”

“I already have a job, and my manager definitely doesn’t make me cite works. Like, ever.”

“Oh yeah? Where you working?”

“I’m a waitress.”

“Very cool. Where at?”

She made a face. “What, are you stalking me or something?”

I sighed. Try to show interest, treat her like a person instead of a work assignment, and the door slams in my face. “Taylor, that’s a very inappropriate thing to say.”

“Stalking is a pretty freaking inappropriate thing to *do*, ya know.”

No sense trying to force the point. I glanced at the clock. “You have eight more minutes. Try to get it done.”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.”

I returned to my desk and began packing up my take-home work. Rewrites from my third and fifth period, a pile of assignments to enter in the gradebook, and some feedback on a half dozen IEP proposals I needed to finish up. I entered the combination on my briefcase and flipped it open, tucking in the stack of paper and my laptop case. They barely fit thanks to the recent addition of a thin white canister. The latch *clacked* shut as I closed the lid and scrambled the combo.

We’d made it three days without my having to resort to another application of Serenex. There was no chance it was because she’d seen the light. (A she-demon like Taylor Stern was probably blinded by bright lights anyway.) My sense of it was that Officer Barbour had done a good job talking sense into her, or maybe putting the fear of god into the girl. Whichever it was, I made it a point to send Louisa a thank you. Taylor hadn’t had another outburst so far this week, probably her longest scolding-free streak

in recent memory. I'd had to reprimand her for calling Caroline the c-word, but even then she'd at least looked chastened and muttered an apology without even being told. Progress, even if it was only in the home stretch.

After school these past two days, it had been tolerable, if not enjoyable, relying on more conventional pedagogical tools with her. Yes, teaching her would be easier with the Serenex. We squandered easily ten to fifteen minutes of our daily one-on-one hour on griping and foot-dragging. But this way, the natural way, dodged all that anxiety-inducing and ethically problematic stagecraft that would be necessary to continue the way we'd begun.

I'd certainly had some ideas about how to reintroduce her to the Serenex, but we were better off without it, I was sure. Moral dilemma aside, I had my doubts about whether it would interfere with her capacity to learn. New as the stuff was, the internet had nothing definitive on the effects of prolonged use, and from the one trial I'd put her through, I wasn't sure she even remembered what had happened that day.

Since Monday afternoon's adventures in tedium, Taylor hadn't said word one to me about it. We'd been trapped in a room for nearly four hours since then, half of that with only the two of us, and not a single solitary snide comment. Neither had she repeated any discomfort she'd had about the occasional wayward glance I might have briefly directed her way during it, as she had at the time. I was grateful, of course. There was a part of me that was nervous simply being alone in a room with a student like Taylor, which was to say, a liar and cheater whose hobbies included taking whatever satisfaction I might derive from my job and curb stomping for sport. But despite how affronted she might have felt at the time, there had been nothing since.

Maybe... maybe it made her forget the whole thing ever happened? Wouldn't that be a relief! Though if the Serenex could do *that*, then it could... I could...

No. I couldn't.

I hoped she had simply realized I'd never really done anything untoward – aside from the Serenex dosing, and maybe one or two unprofessional glances at her derriere – and was taking her lumps with a modicum of equanimity. With dignity.

“UGH, this is so boring I'd rather choke myself to death on a used tampon,” my student groaned.

“It's not supposed to be fun. Not everything in life is.”

Her head dropped to her desk in dramatic fashion, a pile of tangled, wavy brownish blonde hair splaying out in a wild mess, a rorschach test of hair. I could hear her forehead banging on the desktop somewhere beneath it all. “Fine,” I said after a moment. “Taylor, stop. Stop that. Look, you can go a few minutes early today, OK?”

“Thank god.” She was on her feet and out the door in three seconds flat.

I wasn't far behind her. Spending an hour a day with Taylor in my sixth period had been exhausting me all year; an extra hour all alone with her was going to be the

death knell of my *joie de vivre*. Briefcase in hand, I made my way into the hall. Grant High was silent this time of day, a welcome respite. At the far end of the English hallway I could see our custodian Randi pushing her vacuum back and forth, doggedly undoing the damage these kids did to the poor building day in and day out. She looked up and I gave her the customary nod of gratitude; it was unreturned as usual. I couldn't even blame the woman. After all, my being here doing my job only made hers harder, while the reverse was true for her.

My classroom, H121, was right near the junction with the school's main hallway. Then it was that long stroll down the wide, empty corridor to the parking lot before I could finally drive home, unbutton my shirt, and relax for a few minutes before I had to start prepping for tomorrow. Only, as I took a few steps toward said junction, I overheard a pair of voices, and before I rounded the corner, it became plain that one of them belonged to Taylor, and that they were talking about me.

"So you're saying you *didn't* fuck Mr. Canon again today?" said the other girl.

My blood froze in my veins at hearing that, words to give any male teacher nightmares. Even a rumor about that could permanently damage a man's reputation. Taylor, thankfully, felt about the same though, if not for the same reason. "Oh gross. I keep telling you, nothing happened. He just gives me busy work to do. That's it."

"Uh huh, yeah right. Just a little one on one time, you and him, alone, for an hour, him giving you creative ways to bring that grade up."

For a moment, I genuinely wondered how this girl had so accurately guessed my fantasies. "You're a fucking ho, Abbie. I'd flunk out of school and spend a million years in purgatory before I let that old pervy creep fucking touch me."

The sting of the comment aside, at least I knew who she was talking to. Abbie Stern, her little sister. The girl who, according to my department head Meagan, had purposefully dropped a weighty textbook on her classmate's open-toed shoe because the girl had been complaining she wasn't helping with the group project. Her victim, Krista, had gotten a hairline fracture in the toe, but Abbie had sworn so vehemently that it had been an accident that she'd merely been suspended rather than expelled. Or charged with assault. And then, rumor had it, that same afternoon while Krista was still at the hospital, Abbie had sent Krista a picture of Krista's boyfriend (now ex-boyfriend) with his face buried between a pair of unidentified but suspiciously thick white thighs.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Sterns.

A familiar metal slam signified one of them had just shut their locker, and now the voices were on the move, receding down the corridor. "Mhm. Sure. Come on, Tay, just admit you suck dick for grades. A D for a D!"

Taylor made a retching noise. "Oh god, shut up. Forever shut up about that. For one, if I did, I'd be getting an A triple plus. Second, they're E's, and I'm pretty sure they don't give out E's. And C, I don't think he even has a D."

Abbie laughed. “No, so really, how big is it? On a scale from stack of dimes to over-ripe cucumber...”

They were getting harder to hear now, between the growing distance and the encroaching racket from Randi’s vacuum. My ears were straining their hardest though. “...told you, he only... just to shut him up... behave in class... owed an apology for jumping...”

My eyes narrowed as the voices faded to inaudible. Something... Hmm. I wasn’t sure. Nah, it was nothing.

Either way, I wasn’t about to stand in the hallway all night. I peered around the corner and confirmed that they’d already walked through the exit doors, then made my way out behind them. In the distance, a pair of young behinds strode through the lot toward a beat-up red car. From behind, their hair was veritably identical, two waves of thick and unruly light brown tresses. I knew that from any other angle, they were immediately distinguishable. Taylor was tall and athletic, legs and ass packed with lean muscle, whereas Abbie was nothing but curves, the quintessential “slim thick” body. They both had breasts for days, but even there, although they might have about the same cup size, they were distinct. Taylor’s rode high and proud on her chest, like they were trying to rise up and escape from her neckline. Abbie’s (and I was mostly going by the pictures Taylor had shared of the two of them on my facebook timeline) hung low and wide, dominating her chest with their severity.

Only when my hands touched the metal of the door did I realize I’d just walked several hundred feet blind and deaf to the world on account of the phantom images of two students’ bodies. I shook my head, issued myself a swift but stern rebuke, and made my way to my car.

Oddly, despite Abbie’s vulgar suggestions and Taylor’s unflattering denials, my eavesdropping had put me more at ease. After Monday, I’d been nervous. I didn’t really know how she would react. Would she wonder at her own behavior, the way she’d meekly acquiesced? Would she tell everyone about it? Not that anything salacious had happened, but that little writing chore had been fairly juvenile on my part. And yes, I suppose I might have gotten a little too free with where I directed my gaze for a time. But I’d heard no rumors, seen no concealed snickering or unusual looks, not been hauled down to Principal Horen’s office to demand an explanation for an accusation.

I’d drugged a student with weaponized lip balm and gotten away with it. The stupidest risk I’d ever taken hadn’t blown up in my face. It didn’t get luckier than that. If I had brain one in my head, as soon as I got home I’d open up my briefcase, remove the Serenex and spray it down the drain until it was empty, and that would be the end of it.

It would be sort of a waste of money though.

Which was fine. It had been a mistake, and I deserved to pay the literal price at bare minimum.

Though maybe it wasn't safe to dump into the water supply?
Maybe this weekend I could hop online and research a safe way to get rid of it.
Yes, that was the responsible thing to do.

I did some soul-searching that week.

The fantasies, I knew, were getting a bit out of hand. They couldn't be unethical, I told myself, if nobody got hurt by them. Taylor Stern was objectively attractive, and I was attracted to her. There, I'd acknowledged it, and the world didn't end. It wasn't even real attraction. I'd been attracted to Candace Salata when she'd started last year. We'd had the same prep period, and our run-ins waiting in line for the photocopier had gone well. Good sense of humor, pretty, shared professional interests. That was attraction. (Then I learned she wasn't into men, which put my feeble flirtations to rest tout de suite. Lucky Louisa.)

No, with Taylor, it was more... physical. She had a body on her, no two ways about it, and she liked to get it noticed. If I wasn't exactly her target audience, I was still in the room for the shows. Plus, there was a sense that for all she put me through, a little fodder for the imagination was the least I was owed. I disliked almost everything I knew about her personally. She was lazy, conniving, deceitful, entitled, and could be one hell of a bully to anyone who got on her bad side. But somehow, all that was part of it, too. That body, on that mind... it was like her sheer awfulness somehow lended me permission to objectify her. Like her dislike for me meant that anything sexual between us would be a punishment. It sweetened things in an odd way, but I couldn't deny it.

So I jerked off. By Thursday, it was up to four times a day. Once when I woke up, rock hard; once when I got home after standing over Taylor's shoulder on and off for an hour with a bird's eye view of her cleavage; once again before bed in an effort to calm those wild dreams I'd been having; and one final time when I woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, but couldn't pee until I got it to go down.

Oh, and yes, once during my prep period. Not something I was proud of, but the door had been locked and the blinds closed. Masturbating in my classroom, even if it was empty, wasn't an act I meant to make a habit of, but alone in that room, I couldn't help seeing that white board and thinking back to Monday, watching Taylor Stern bend and stretch and perform menial tasks at my direction... So yeah, five times.

It was, I decided, getting out of hand. For all my lecturing Taylor about discipline, it was high time to display some myself. It was one thing to idly fantasize, but for crying out loud, to have my junk out in my classroom...! That was to say nothing of how much more difficult a time I'd had avoiding noticing the allure of her body during class, and even worse, during our one-on-one lessons.

She'd come to class Friday wearing a "shame shirt," one of the handful of t-shirts Principal Horen had acquired for her ill-considered but ardently defended dress code. Taylor had apparently worn something so revealing that one of her teachers earlier in the day had drawn the line and sent her to the office to change out of whatever it had been and into the shame shirt. Except, Taylor being Taylor, she wasn't about to let herself be reprimanded without being as loud as possible about refusing to learn the intended lesson. By the time she showed up to my class, it was pretty obvious she'd foregone a bra under the white tee, and also that she might have been advised to wear a size bigger. As if trying to prove Horen's point, there wasn't a male in the class who didn't lose half the period to trying to memorize the exact position of those two small dark spots under the sea of white.

Except for me, that is. Not half.

When she came back after school, she was still wearing it, but had had enough. "Can I go back to the office and return this stupid thing before we start? It's itchy A F, Mr. Canon."

"Language. And yeah, may as well. Don't take too long."

"Oh you know me, can't wait to get back to essay-writing, on a Friday afternoon on a sixty-eight degree day in May." But she did leave with a modicum of haste and returned not five minutes later. At which point I realized two things:

First, why my colleague had sent her to the office. The neckline on her black, star-spangled shirt was fairly typical Taylor, a square one that still left at least a couple inches of cleavage in evidence above it. Or it would have, if not for the second realization.

Taylor hadn't bothered to put a bra back on.

Those teenage breasts bobbed and jiggled like Taylor was a one-woman hurricane, chaotic and wild and, where I was concerned, potentially deadly. I gaped as she crossed the room to her desk, as even in profile they displayed more buoyancy than any ten tits ought. As she pivoted to sit, my eyes dove toward the safety of my laptop monitor, and I prayed I wasn't too red in the face to give myself away.

I didn't trust myself at all. For the whole remainder of the hour I avoided so much as glancing in her direction – mostly, anyway – and when she left, my peripheral vision strained to drink in another show. But only peripheral.

My heart thundering, my willpower flagging, I had my zipper down before I remembered Randi was apt to come in to clean the room any time now. She usually didn't come in before five, but there was no guarantee. Good god, I'd been so swept away by the sight of Taylor's bouncing breasts that I'd nearly risked exposing myself to a coworker! As I craned my neck to check, I confirmed that Taylor hadn't even closed the damn door behind herself. What was wrong with me?

That was it. No more. I had to put a stop to this and go back to good old-fashioned porn. And no more leggy girls with brown hair and big tits who were hot for teacher, either. No sir. It was time to get rid of the Serenex for good. I waited until the door had closed behind her to take it out of my briefcase. Man, just looking at it got me hard. Harder. How screwed up was that? But there was no denying it. The stuff had to go, and the sooner the better.

If that canister lasted until I got home, I wouldn't be able to pull the trigger. I'd make up an excuse, tell myself I'd come to my senses, promise to do it later with my fingers crossed where my eyes couldn't see them. No, it had to be now. Considering what it was, it couldn't just sit in the trash where Randi might see it and get curious. Instead, I reasoned that maybe if I put it in a smaller bag with some other trash, it would seem like some discarded drink container or the like and nobody would ever be the wiser. Yes, that was—

“Sorry, Mr. Canon, I forgot my chapstick.”

Taylor. And those unrestrained boobs of hers. Oh shit.

“Guess that's what they call irony, right?” she said as she crossed the room. Sure enough, there on her desk was the little pink chapstick egg that had started this whole thing off.

The Serenex was sitting out on my desk. Oh fuck. *Don't notice it don't notice it don't notice it don't notice it don't notice it don't notice it...*

“What's that?” Taylor immediately opened the cap and began applying more lip balm. Watching a round pink bulb smear across her lips had been a prominent feature in a great many of those fantasies I had been in the presence of culling.

“What's... what?” I asked stupidly.

She pointed directly at the Serenex as she made her way back toward the door, but still putting the cap back on the chapstick, she was moving far too slowly for my comfort. “That. Is that pepper spray or something?”

“Uh.. yes...?” I cleared my throat. “Yep. Pepper spray. You can never be too careful, right?”

But Taylor was cocking her head to the side, studying it as she drew closer. “Are you even allowed to have that? That's, like, a weapon, right?”

“It's fine, Taylor. Now go on, go enjoy your weekend.”

But by now her path had deviated toward my desk. I could see her mouthing the words of the label. “Serr... Serene X?”

It felt like my heart was about to explode in my chest. She'd seen it. She'd read it! A simple google search and she'd know exactly what it was! But she wouldn't, would she?

But if she did...!

I acted without thinking. There was no plan, only panic. “I was kidding, Taylor. Obviously! Like I’d bring pepper spray into a school? How crazy would that be?”

She made a skeptical face. “Then what the hell is it? That warning label is like visible from space.”

“No, it’s harmless, see? Here, I’ll show you.” I picked it up, gave it a little shake. *What? What was I even doing?!*

But Taylor flinched, plainly mistrustful. “You think I’m gonna let you pepper spray me? Fuck that, man!”

Somehow I forced a laugh. Ha, silly Taylor, ha ha, thinking I’d use a chemical weapon on you, ha ha. *Oh fuck me.* “Just on the arm, see? It’s, ah, it’s just sunblock.”

The lie was obvious, yet I suppose to a confused eighteen-year-old girl who’d never had someone try to attack them with a dangerous chemical before – that she knew of – her fight or flight response was already not at its sharpest. That was even before the spray splashed down on her not-recoiling-quickly-enough forearm. I gave her a good thorough dose, a sheen of toxic mist soon gleaming on her skin.

Pressing the trigger had an immediate calming effect, so much so that I took a moment to confirm I hadn’t gotten any on myself. No, all clear. My relief was genuine; I’d defused the situation. Right? My mind raced through the ramifications. Even now, her amygdala was numbing, its capacity for hormone release halting, even as other parts stimulated a little extra serotonin to keep her good and calm. She’d see that nothing bad happened, that it hadn’t been a big deal, and if she left with suspicions, the canister would be long gone before there was any proof this had ever happened.

Deep breath. I was in the clear.

“Gotcha, you son of a bitch!”

I whirled toward the sound. There in the doorway stood Abbie Stern, the phone in her hand brandished like a weapon. The camera. Oh no! “I, um, I don’t know what you think you saw just now...”

“Save it, you creepy fuck. You try to pepper spray my sister? What, were you gonna, like, mace her down and stick her in the back of your van and take her out to the woods and like–”

“Abbie – it’s Abbie, right?”

“Right now it’s Mistress Stern, cunt queen of your loser universe, asshole. And I got that pic ready to share with the whole wide world with the touch of a button, too, so don’t even think about trying to get me with that shit or I will rip your asshole six feet wide.” Her free arm rose, ready to shield her eyes just in case.

“Abbie, look, this isn’t... I wasn’t–”

She was ignoring me, looking with concern at her sister. “You all right, Tay? That shit hurt?”

Taylor had inspected the site of the spray for a moment, but after that, she'd just been looking back and forth between us with a vaguely detached expression. "Mm? Yeah, I'm fine. Chill. Smells gross, but pretty sure it's not pepper spray."

"Yeah, what the fuck is that stuff? Does it hurt?" asked Abbie, inching closer. The phone was still held up threateningly, her thumb poised over some button I couldn't see. A dead man's switch of blackmail. I wasn't about to call her bluff, though. There had been ample opportunity for her to snap a shot or two.

"Nah, it's nothing." Taylor shrugged. "The can said Serene X, or Serenex, or something like that. Doesn't sting or anything though."

There was no sign of recognition in Abbie's eyes as they turned back to me. "Set that shit down. *Now*. Or I hit send. I got fifteen hundred instagram followers, so I give you maybe ten minutes before you go viral for macing a student."

Not knowing what else to do, I set the spray down on my desk and took a step away. That was it. I was done. All there was left was to see if they'd blackmail me, or simply go for the throat and end my life as I knew it right here, right now.

Abbie approached her sister, though it was clear she was apprehensive about Taylor's uncharacteristic nonchalance about all this. Still, she was curious, pulling her sister's arm up where she could see it. It was still wet, almost dripping with how much I'd overdone it. Abbie sniffed, and when she didn't experience any pain or discomfort, sniffed closer. "What even is this shi—"

With reflexes I didn't know I had, I pounced. One hand clapped on the back of Abbie's head and the other under Taylor's arm. The two were pressed together until there was contact, then held there. Abbie squealed and then flailed in shocked alarm. Worried she'd start screaming, I let go a few moments later. Abbie immediately spat and sputtered, wiping her mouth on her sleeve and then spitting some more. I was pretty sure I saw a damp smear across one cheek, too.

"What the fuck was that?!" she demanded. "Oh god, the taste, it's like... it's... Taylor, what did he... what... what did, um..."

She frowned, and soon, there wasn't even a frown. "So... what did you just do?"
What indeed.

"Both of you sit down," I said after a moment in which I attempted to gather my thoughts. I failed. I needed some time to think this through.

"Oh my god, if you make me do another hour, I think I'm going to kill myself," Taylor griped as she took her assigned seat. Abbie followed alongside her, saying nothing, and took the seat beside her big sister.

"And be quiet," I added.

Taylor mouthed a bitchy repetition of my command, but no more. She crossed her legs, folded her arms, and sat there. Abbie was looking around the room, checking to see what I'd done to redecorate since her last Saturday class.

What to do, what to do? *First things first, let's not make things any worse.* I dashed across the room, both girls watching in idle curiosity as I snatched Abbie's phone out of her hand.

"Enter your password," I said when it wouldn't open. Abbie casually traced a pattern, 5-4-7-8-9-6-5-2. It only took a moment's thought to recognize the implied diagram. A middle finger. As classy as her big sis. There on the screen was a picture on her instagram. Live to the world. It showed me, spraying a clearly displeased Taylor with the Serenex. It was a little blurry, and she'd been focusing on Taylor more so than me. The label wasn't legible, and I wasn't sure someone who didn't know it was me would immediately ID me. I deleted it immediately. There hadn't been any likes or comments. It had only been posted for a minute, evidently having made good on her threat when I pressed her face into the Serenex. Hopefully it had lived its brief life on the internet in solitude.

Next I snatched a spare worksheet, flipped it to the blank back side and grabbed a sharpie. *TESTING IN PROGRESS UNTIL 5 PM – DO NOT DISTURB*, I wrote. Once that was taped on the outside of the door, I locked it and shut it behind me. There. That felt smart. Randi wouldn't dare cross that. Nobody would. Like any high school, testing was sacred.

There. Now my timeline for being fucked had at least transitioned from minutes to hours. And I was fucked, as fucked as a stupid fuck like me could be. They'd seen the canister. Read the label. Seen me use it. Fuck, they'd *recorded* me using it! Oh god, I hoped nobody had seen that picture. On reflection, I quickly opened Abbie's photo gallery and deleted the copy there, too.

I almost didn't notice that one of the photos near the bottom of the screen was a selfie of the phone's owner standing in a bathroom. Topless.

On autopilot, I tapped the image. It enlarged to fill the screen. Holy shit, she was hot. She was gorgeous, like her sister, and even the lighting was working pretty well for her. Abbie's hair was down, forming a screen covering most of her breasts. But not all. She was cupping them in both hands, pressing them together in a line of cleavage as long as her forearm. As I stared, eventually I noticed her lower half was only covered by a pair of black satin panties. Zooming in, the screen displayed the outline of her labia.

How many more images like this did she have on here? I scrolled down—

Knock it off, Canon! some marginally less stupid part of my brain shouted. I was so startled I dropped the phone, then quickly turned it back off. Good grief! I'd only meant to delete the image, not to see... that! *Her*. So much of her, too.

I looked over to the girls. Taylor was sitting there looking immensely bored, twirling a finger in her hair and sighing impatiently. Pretty much like Monday. Abbie, though... She barely looked up as I approached. Her eyes were a glassy stare fixed on a point of nothingness across the room. Across the school, maybe. I waved a hand in front

of her face, and after a moment, she looked up at me, but there was a dazed, lazy expression on her fiercely beautiful face.

“Abbie? Can you hear me?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Obviously.” A hint of sass, but it was delivered in a tone so flat that I wondered how someone with curves like Abbie’s could manage it.

At least she could listen and respond, a sign that I hadn’t completely fried her brain. Good. But there was no mistaking it, not this close up. Taylor was looking over with a bit of concern as I studied Abbie’s face. The younger Stern sister looked positively doped. Anybody looking at her would recognize it in an instant.

“What’s her problem?” asked Taylor.

“Hush.”

But what *was* her problem? Was it that she’d ingested it? How much? Abbie had sucked enough down that she’d said something about the taste. Hmm. I retrieved the Serenex, and sure enough in the lengthy warning label there was a bolded prohibition against ingesting the stuff, but it was in there right alongside warnings not to get it in the eyes, not to use more than the prescribed dose, to only deploy it in accordance with state and federal law, and a hundred other cover-your-ass statements. Nothing about the why of any of it. Though it seemed pretty obvious that a chemical that did things to the brain if it made contact with your skin would only get stronger if you swallowed it.

Well, bookmark that. For now, I had a bigger problem, and it was that quite simply, I’d just very openly dosed two students with a chemical weapon. The girls even knew the name of it, and eventually, they’d snap out of the effects. So... doomed, right? They might have all the verve of a pair of steamed potatoes right now, but once it wore off, they’d be losing their minds. Rightly so. Nothing I’d read suggested there was anything in the Serenex to suppress memories. All it did was alter the brain to put people in a relaxed, receptive state for a while.

“Son of a...!”

Once, I’d been sitting on the toilet in the men’s faculty restroom when I’d seen a bit of graffiti scribbled under the toilet paper dispenser. In the blink of an eye, I figured it out without even knowing there was a thing to figure out. The green ink. Complaints from custodial that someone was smoking in here. A chance sighting under the bleachers at a football game last fall. The backwards K in the graffitied “go fuck urself.” The next day, I’d confronted Kenny and gotten a confession.

This was like that. Taylor had been on her relative best behavior all week. She hadn’t told the specifics of Monday’s punishment to her sister. In subsequent meetings she’d been actually doing her work. No more cheating or excuses. I’d had her write a hundred times a promise to behave, do her own work. I’d made her apologize for the chapstick incident, and she’d further apologized for teasing me, for enticing me with her ass. I’d insisted I hadn’t been. She hadn’t seemingly told a soul otherwise. When Abbie

teased her, she'd said she was trying to behave in class, and that she owed me an apology.

Could... could it really...

"Abbie, Taylor, each of you needs a piece of paper," I ordered the two of them.

Taylor took off her backpack, big breasts wobbling furiously as she twisted herself out of it. *Stop looking! You're in enough trouble!* As for Abbie, she merely frowned; she had brought nothing with her. Taylor solved her problem for her, sliding over a sheet she'd torn out. That vexation faded right back to that eerily tranquil facade. I had Taylor supply her a pen as well.

"All right. We're going to do another little writing assignment, OK?"

Taylor groaned. "Oh god, not again. That was so lame Monday. My hand hurt like all night." She looked to Abbie expectantly. "Really? No 'couldn't even jack off your boyfriend' joke? Man, whatever that stuff was really did a number on her."

"Language," I scolded automatically. "And I didn't think you had a boyfriend." Word had it she'd been dating Marco and dumped him at prom in front of all their friends.

She wrote her name at the top of the page by reflex. Abbie glanced over, saw the heading, and followed suit – except I saw after a moment she had written Taylor's name instead of her own. That seemed bad. Taylor didn't seem to notice, though.

"Uh, I don't...? It was just a sick burn. Not sure how that's your business either way, though."

"Fair enough. Anyway, today, let's start off with a simple one. Write down: 'I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon's room.' You too, Abbie."

Taylor arched a neatly tweezed eyebrow at me. "Seriously?"

I mean, what did I have to lose? If it didn't work, I wasn't any worse off. If it did, who knew? Maybe I wouldn't wind up on the short bus to a long prison stay after all. "A hundred times. Chop chop."

"Seriously. Now get to it."

Abbie was already at it. She had boyish handwriting, ugly and uneven, but the words came fast. Taylor sighed irritably and began her own page. I took a moment to watch, ignoring my student's peevish glance at my hovering. It was much faster going than it had been on the whiteboard. Smaller motions, more familiar. I didn't know if the time spent on it or the repetitions were more important. I supposed for now, I had a few minutes to reflect.

Or better yet, Abbie's photo gallery would provide an amusing diversion.

"It's really uncool snooping on a student's phone like that," Taylor pointed out, pausing to shake a cramp out of her hand. Jiggle. I wonder if Abbie's boobs would jiggle the same way. I hadn't found any videos yet.

"What number are you on?"

“Sixty-five.”

“Then let’s talk thirty-five reps from now.”

She frowned, but got back to work. Abbie had never stopped, not even when she glanced up between us during the brief exchange.

The younger Stern wasn’t lacking in confidence, that was for sure. Even aside from having the guts to pose half-naked in the first place, she’d festooned them with quotes, lyrics I was guessing, boasting of her hotness, her sex appeal, her unattainability. Her expressions dripped condescension, arrogance, or both. Pretty nauseating stuff, really. But once I got past that, my eyes almost popped out of my head.

There were dozens of lewd photos in here. None of them were fully nude, and she never did a bottomless pic, quite. But I’d gotten a lot of good peeks at her nipples, often merely partially concealed behind hands or hair or a translucent bra. Wide and pink-red and almost angry-looking. Her tan covered the whole thing – no bikini top in the tanning bed for her. Her ass did have tan lines, right along her panty line. But it looked like she’d come across a thong bikini earlier this spring that she really couldn’t get enough shots of. She was at a pool somewhere, and it looked indoors. Maybe a hotel. It didn’t stop her from strutting around in that thing, though. I wondered who had taken the pics, because it clearly wasn’t her. She even had a few tattoos. One down her spine with Roman numerals that I could only assume was her birthdate, and another on her inner left bicep, a crown that said *Linda* underneath it. I’d spoken with their mother, but perhaps a grandmother? Hell, for all I knew it could be a reality TV star.

Could I send myself copies? Would that make things worse? Was it traceable? Did it even matter at this point?

No, I told myself. Just because you crossed one line doesn’t mean you need to cross the next. This slope was already too slippery by far to drop down and let it become a slide.

Besides, here I was scoping out her most private, personal files, and meanwhile she sat across the room half-aware of me doing it, permission granted by omission of complaint. They were twice as hot with her watching.

I glanced up. Abbie had set down her pen and was staring straight ahead again. Her jaw was open slightly. Was she drooling? No, I guess not. Oh, I hoped this didn’t do any long-term damage. Squatting in front of her, I took her hand and squeezed it gently. After a moment, her eyes focused on me.

“Abbie? Can you hear me?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you feel OK?”

“I guess. I dunno.”

Not exactly helpful. Taylor frowned, concerned, but kept writing. In the eighties now. “You need to answer me completely and honestly, OK?”

“Sure.”

“Do you feel nauseous? Light-headed? Headache? Anything unusual at all.”

She considered. “Maybe a little light-headed. I was smoking pot in the bathroom before I caught you spraying Taylor.”

Wow. Well so much for wondering whether or not she was being honest and compliant. Maybe some of her spaciness had to do with the weed, too? A side effect from mixing drugs? A million miles from my own narrow and limited area of expertise. “Tell me, when you leave here, are you going to tell anyone about this?”

She shook her head. “Nah.”

“Why not?”

Taylor snorted. “Seriously, Mr. Canon? You only had her write it a hundred freaking times.”

But Abbie answered anyway. “I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room.”

Taylor’s paper was numbered up to ninety-four. “All right, that’s good enough, Taylor. You can stop. So what about you?”

“What about me what? Like, do I feel OK?”

“No, I mean are you going to tell anyone about all this.”

“Ah. Well, I guess not. Oh and by the way I’m fine, even though you sprayed me with that stuff. Thanks for asking.”

Her answer was a lot less convincing. Shit. I needed to know if this worked or not. Otherwise, I’d... shit, I don’t even know. Leave town, never come back? I tried to think of a way to get some hard data. “Did you really think I was looking at you on Monday? When you were writing on the board?”

She laughed. “Do I think? Shit, Mr. Canon, I *know*. I caught you red handed like a dozen times. You were nowhere near as subtle as you thought you were.”

“Language. So did you tell anyone?”

“Nah.”

“Why not? No offense, Taylor, but you’re usually first in line to cause me headaches and discomfort.”

Her grin broadened. “Yeah, I know. But I said I’d behave – and I have, right?”

“You have.”

“See? Always saying I’m lying about stuff. But really, I barely even thought of it. Like, I saw you staring at my butt, but I know you said you weren’t, so... meh. Wouldn’t really be good behavior to tell everybody you’re perving on your students.”

“I was not–”

“Dude, I just saw you practically drooling on your desk over whatever you were looking at on Abbie’s phone.” She eyed her sister. “Skank.”

“I was only making sure she wasn’t positioning herself to blackmail me!”

Taylor eyed her sister. “Yeah, sure. Geez, Abbie, good ol’ Mr. Canon is such an upright dude. He’d never do anything inappropriate towards us. We’re lucky to have him. Aren’t we, sis.”

The thick sarcasm was seemingly lost on her sister, who at least still seemed to have the wherewithal to recognize her name when it was spoken. “Yeah, I guess we are.”

Taylor frowned. “You turned her into a vegetable with that crap, you know. What even is that stuff?”

“It’s nothing dangerous. Don’t worry. Not. Dangerous. Understand?”

“Nothing dangerous, my ass! Abbie swallowed some of it and now she’s, like, lobotomized or something!”

Whatever I had done was working a lot better on Abbie than it was on Taylor. I didn’t know what to do. Taylor was suspicious, accusatory, but by the same token, she was still sitting there calmly, her most boisterous resistance a slight elevation in volume. But would her passivity last? Maybe I was safe, maybe, but that was an awfully big risk to take.

“Your sister is fine. And so are you. Understand? Nothing bad happened in here today. Say it, Taylor.”

After a moment, she shrugged. Fucking hell, that jiggle. “Nothing bad happened in here today. Apparently.”

Did that statement mean anything? Her present apathy made it so difficult to predict long-term animosity. There was no telling whether getting away with Monday had been a fluke or a part of Serenex’s intended effect. Their product advertised its ability to suppress an unruly mob, but not to make them permanently well-behaved citizens. Would Taylor keep playing mum?

There was no certainty, and standing around wondering wasn’t going to help. Either I was fucked, or I wasn’t. Either the Serenex would render them susceptible to my tactic, or it wouldn’t. Either my life ended today, or it started anew. There was nothing to do but wait and see.

“She should come around in an hour or two,” I said at last. I gestured toward the door. Taylor didn’t need to be invited twice to get out of here, on her feet in an instant and pulling Abbie to hers. “You can keep an eye on her until then, right?”

“I thought keeping an eye on teenage girls was your department,” Taylor quipped. “But sure, I can—”

“Answer me something Taylor.” That goddamn smirk of hers! The sudden fire in my voice stopped her dead in her tracks, right in the middle of the room. Abbie remained facing the door, oblivious to the world. “What possessed you to eschew a bra today?”

“To chew on a bra? What does that even—”

“Don’t play stupid, Taylor. Why, when you changed, didn’t you leave your bra on.”

The snicker that followed confirmed she’d understood me fine the first time. “Are you complaining? For an old-ass perv ball like you, must be like your birthday come early.”

“OK, for one, I’m hardly ‘old.’ I’m twenty-six. Now answer the question. Why do you try so hard to flaunt that body of yours in my classroom?”

The sneer that crept onto her pretty face just then was truly one for the ages. Derisive. Contemptuous. Haughty. And above all, implacably arrogant. “Why? Because I feel like it. Because I’m hot. Because I can pull this shit off. Because it’s what the people want. Because... for a few more weeks, you’re my teacher and I’m your student and you can make me write essays and copy sentences and what the fuck ever, but the day I graduate, I have all the currency, and you can’t do fuck to me.

She took a step closer, looming despite our height difference. “Because when I walked in here and your *old-ass* eyes locked onto these puppies, it reminded me that I got what you want, and you ain’t got shit for me. I dress like this to make losers you my bitch.” She took one breasts in each hand and hefted them up, flesh bubbling up above her neckline, then on release, bouncing up and down half a dozen times before settling. In spite of it all, I couldn’t look away. “How’s that.”

I didn’t answer. In fact, I was fuming – mostly because, on some level, she was right. I did want her, and she had less than no use for me. Whether or not either of us were right or wrong to want what we wanted was immaterial. However, Taylor was never one to quit while she was winning. No, she was the sort who spiked the ball even when she was winning by fifty points.

She addressed her sister. “See what I mean about this guy? See how he looks at us? Creeping on your phone and everything.” Abbie didn’t seem to register she was being spoken to, so Taylor elbowed her. “Abbie. You got nudes on your phone I bet, right?”

Abbie nodded. “Yeah. Lots. Alex loves ‘em.”

“Oh he’s not the only one.” The sneer returned full force. “Cause that’s what girls like me and Abbie are to you, right, Mr. Canon? Tits and ass. Sex objects. We’re supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your little fantasy sluts, right? How often do you beat off thinking about me, Mr. Canon? I’m betting... twice a week. Am I close?”

I said nothing. “Ooooh, more than that? Four? Hmm? What, *every day*? Jesus, Mr. Canon, you got a complex or something?” She snickered. “You see what I mean, Abbie? Old perv can’t get enough of us. But we’re not supposed to notice, we’re supposed to just let him look, let him push us around and feel powerful. And now apparently we’re supposed to let him spray us with drugs and make us swear not to tell anybody, too. I wonder what he’ll come up with Monday. Maybe he’ll–”

“Take off your shirt, Taylor.”

Her head cocked back. In an instant, the sneer vanished. “What? No. No way I’m—”

“Take. Off. Your. Shirt. Now.” I kept my voice low not because I worried it would spill out into the hall, but because I’d learned early on in teaching that shouting bred arguments. Soft voices commanded silence.

Taylor fidgeted with the hem of her shirt. “You... you shouldn’t...” She looked up, scanning my face for traces of mercy. I gave her none. “I was only kidding, you know.”

“The ‘only kidding’ excuse didn’t work when I caught you bullying Kirsten on the first day I had you in class junior year. Rest assured, it hasn’t aged into potency.”

“But... I don’t want to. You’ll... you’ll see me.”

“That’s right. I will. Now take it off.”

Taylor Stern might be the queen bitch of the senior class, young and desirable and cocky well past the point of fault. But as long as my Serenex was in her system, I could knock her over with a feather. I may or may not be able to control what she did tomorrow, but right here, right now, for once in her miserable life, the little bitch was going to do as I said.

“Do you need me to help?” I pressed as she kept hesitating.

“No,” she said quickly. “No, I got it.”

Last semester, I’d realized she was copying vocab quiz answers off of the boy next to her. She’d denied it, of course. While most students would acquiesce to a deserved rebuke at having been caught cheating red-handed, this was Taylor Stern. She’d never admitted guilt, even after being assigned two nights’ detention for her persistence in lying about it. Even tried to suggest the honor roll student might have been copying off of her. So I’d whipped up a second version of the quiz, one just for her, visually similar enough to the original, but that was the only similarity. Oh, she’d sworn that her grade was the result of a sleepless night and failure to study, insisted until she was blue in the face that I was a monster to accuse a poor innocent student of cheating. Threatened to have her parents call the principal and fire me. So I directed her to an item: *If one fills in the blank in this sentence with the name of a feline animal whose common name is spelled C-A-T, one would write _____ with the word “chicanery.”* (A solid number of her peers caught the joke. Vocab lesson learned, for them.)

Taylor’s glare in that moment – that sulky, indignant, malevolent, entirely impotent glare – it had warmed my heart for days.

It was that same glare she directed at me as, with fretful hands, she began to lift the bottom of her shirt. She dragged it out as long as she could, except she was doing so not to tease me, not this time, but because it was the only resistance she could muster to the inevitability of her submission. I knew I would never forget this moment. Her flat,

toned stomach slowly exposed itself until the shirt was pulled up as high as it could go without revealing anything salacious.

I licked my lips. Here it came. Taylor Stern's fat, round, succulent—
Knock, knock.

For just a moment, I froze. Someone was here. Oh god. I was caught. The underside of Taylor's breasts were visible now. If the door had swung open, that would be it. "Uh... we're testing!" I yelled, only then remembering I'd locked it. Thank god.

"Sure, I just wanted to get your garbage," answered Randi from the far side.

I glared at the girls. "Not a word. Either of you."

Taylor's eyes narrowed resentfully. Abbie was merely studying a spot on the carpet. I hustled over to the trash can, seized the bag and hustled to the door. I opened it exactly long enough to open it, thrust the bag into Randi's surprised hands, and mumble an excuse for my haste. "Sorry, it's timed, and we're right near the deadline. Have a good weekend!"

"Yeah, you too, Mr. C!" came the voice from the far side of the door.

I locked it immediately, my head thudding against it as my anxiety flooded out of me in a lengthy sigh. Crisis averted. Thank goodness. I turned back to the girls—

And there was Taylor Stern, naked from the waist up in the middle of my classroom.

Her shirt was clenched in one fist. Taylor's arms were folded in front of her breasts, and her long hair was draped over them beneath that. That wouldn't do. I crossed the room, hoping the smirk on my face was half as infuriating as hers. It was nowhere to be seen now, of course. Only that glare. That helpless, livid glare.

I took a wrist in each hand and lowered her arms to the side. I would have met with more resistance from a Barbie doll. Not that Barbie could have covered her chest in the first place. Taylor and Barbie. Tall, long-legged, big-breasted and beautiful. Cheap, posable, biddable, and physically incapable of covering themselves. They had a lot in common.

I brushed her hair back over her shoulders. She shivered as her breasts came fully into view. They were... they were great. Amazing. Not perfect. No. They had been perfect in my dreams. This was better than perfect. They were *real*. Big and perky, that held up from my fantasies. But unlike her sister, Taylor's tits had tan lines, pale triangles that I was surprised her wardrobe fully concealed. There was a small black mole on the right underside of her left breast; the right was entirely unblemished. Her nipples were bright pink and brought her breasts to points at the front, which now that I saw them, I reflected probably added to my impression of their perkiness. They were smaller than I had expected, too, almost out of place on the whoppers they capped off, a pair of pale pink buds with hardly any areola surrounding them. They were hardening in the cool air of my classroom even as I stared. Pointing right at me.

Her arms twitched at the elbow, but she couldn't seem to make herself defy my preference that they remain at her sides. "There, now you've seen my tits. Congratulations. Satisfied? Can we go now?"

"Now the shorts."

"Seriously?" Taylor whined. "This is getting super rapey, Mr. Canon. Just... come on. Please?"

"Oh? I thought you were the one who had all the currency, Taylor. Isn't that what you said? Yet suddenly you want something from me?"

"Don't be a prick, Mr. Canon. Come on, you've seen my boobs. Don't make me show you my pussy." I said nothing, gave her nothing. "It's not fair! I don't want to be your little pocket stripper. Let me go!" Still nothing. Her hands slowly moved to the waistline of her shorts, thumbs slowly sneaking down out of sight.

"Seriously, *please!*" The way she whined that final word was easily the hottest sound I'd ever heard in my life. "You can't make me do that. I promise, I won't tell anyone about any of this, OK? I promise!"

"You're a liar, Taylor. Why would I believe you?"

She eased the shorts down an inch. Two inches. I could see the separation between her mons pubis and the tops of the thighs surrounding it. "I mean it! Really, I do. Please, Mr. Canon! Don't make me take my shorts off. Please! I'll never tell a soul!"

And like that, I was having an idea.

Mr. Canon? I know you like my big tits. Come on, let me fuck you with them. Does that sound good? Yeah, just wrap these titties around your huge fat cock, just rub and squeeze you until you come all over my fucking face. Please? Mr. Canon, I'm begging you, please, just let me titty fuck you. Give me an A, and you can have these double D's. Please? God, I'm so horny, I just want my titties fucked so baaaad!

The video ended, immediately looping around to the beginning. There she was, on her knees in the girls' restroom, recording herself begging me to fuck her tits in exchange for a grade. Abbie, I knew, had been in the next stall, waiting to be herded out to their car like a wayward lamb. She ought to be fine by now, according to what I'd read. Serenex's effects only lasted a couple hours, give or take. She'd been dosed right around four, and now it was after dark.

Wow, dark already? I realized I'd been watching Taylor's video for close to two hours. Damn. The thing was only a few minutes long. At some point after dinner I'd remembered I could display it on my TV. The resolution wasn't great, and it magnified the tinny, echoing sound quality, but that the video had poor production qualities, seemed to display a lack of effort on its creators part, only made it more Taylor. I had

her rambling, semicoherent pleading memorized by now, and likewise the tits she was so eagerly offering.

My anxiety hadn't faded completely, but the bottle of wine I'd downed since coming home from work was helping. A tiny part of me kept expecting a SWAT team to kick in my door any second, to drag me away in front of the whole neighborhood. Really, though, I felt like I was pretty damn safe.

I'd explained it to Taylor thusly:

The fact of the matter was, she was a liar. I hadn't believed her promise. Nobody who knew her would. This was someone who could look you in the eye and even get righteously angry at being called out even when she knew full well she was completely full of crap. There wasn't an honest bone in her body.

And I could use that.

If Taylor broke character and actually told someone the truth about what had happened, it was going to be one hell of a tale. That I, a teacher without a spot on his professional record nor so much as a parking ticket attached to his name, had used black market chemical weapons to drug a student widely disliked by the faculty into re-writing her essay... well, it was a hell of a thing to believe. On top of that, this was Taylor Stern, and I knew at least one police officer who had a file as thick as my hand full of incidents she'd been involved in, and any teacher at Grant High could attest that she was as dishonest and vindictive as they came.

That her story was true would help, sure, but she'd have to make them believe that. The character debate, however, was already over and won by me. But I needed one more piece, a little something to validate for any credulous audience she might find why she'd invent such a tale, go to such lengths to try to hurt me.

The video was it. It hadn't taken much. Already topless and desperate, Taylor had latched on quickly to my promise to leave her dignity in no more tattered condition than I'd already rendered it. I'd promised I wouldn't show the video to anyone, of course. After all, I'd told her, why would I? It would only raise questions I didn't want raised. So I loaned the girl her shirt back (and quickly proved I could have her strip back out of it any time I chose), then followed her down to the girls' room. Randi was upstairs in the math hall by then, so by that hour, we had the whole area to ourselves. Then I waited outside the stall while she recorded it, then emailed a copy of it to myself. The body of the email read simply, *xtra credit? ;) xoxo, Taylor Stern Period 6.*

(The "Period 6" inclusion in the signature was a last minute bit of added genius, I thought. Only a halfwit, like most people assumed Taylor was, would think the recipient might need some direction for what class the naked begging teen in the video belonged to.)

With this in my possession, she became a desperate girl who'd tried to prostitute herself for grades. If anyone asked why I didn't come forward, it would be entirely

plausible that I'd been too uncomfortable about these accusations to tell anyone. A speech was ready and rehearsed for Principal Horen about how I didn't want to cost Taylor her shot at graduation for a weak moment, not so close to the end. Officer Barbour could corroborate it, as could Taylor's other teachers who'd given me work for her to complete in our time together. As to the possibility that Louisa might be suspicious that Taylor accused me of using the same obscure substance she'd joked about using, I'd simply say I had left the ad out on my desk and that Taylor had seized it.

Oh, the Serenex, or however you say it? Yeah, that ad was sitting on my desk with some other stuff from my mailbox. Taylor saw it... gee, that must have been Tuesday? Wednesday? Anyway, she made a fuss like it was something real, but she enjoys being dramatic. Why, what did she tell you happened, officer?

With the video completed, I had her strip out of her shorts anyway. I still had her panties clenched in my fist. To my surprise, they'd been surprisingly damp when she handed them over.

I had her. From total catastrophe to a stronger position than I'd been in before it started – not bad for a simple English teacher with no plan. There had been half a dozen moments today where I'd felt like the world was dropping out from under me, but I'd come through. Every time I started to feel guilty for what I'd done to Taylor, all I had to do was remember her tirade; then I could go right back to enjoying the video again.

It once more hit the end, and once more began anew. Weirdly, I think I liked the beginning more than the end. Seeing her with her shirt on, wiggling and jiggling until she gave her final advertisement for her wares... Damn. The nudity was good, but the reveal was everything.

Knock, knock.

For the second time that day, an unexpected presence at my door nearly gave me a heart attack. She'd done it. *Oh shit oh shit oh shit shit shit shit shit!!!* In spite of my threats, my blackmail, my pitiful attempt at brainwashing, Taylor had gone ahead with it anyway! As I tried to summon enough strength in my knees to stand up, I assured myself it would be fine. I'd tell my lies, try not to let my voice break, try not to break down crying. It felt hollow, though, barely comforting enough to keep me from falling to my knees and begging the police who were surely waiting on the other side of that door to–

Knock knock knock knock knock!

Shit!

I cleared my throat and opened the door as casually as I could. *Look surprised, Canon.*

It turned out not to be as difficult as I'd thought. "Abbie...?"

The girl nodded. "Come with me. I have to show you something."

"Uh... what? What are you doing at my–"

“Come *on*, Mr. Canon.” She pulled me by the wrist with both of her hands, tugging me out the front steps. I could have resisted her, I supposed, but I was too startled by her presence, and too relieved by the absence of police, to put up a fight. There in my driveway was that same crummy old car I’d seen them getting into the other day in the lot, apple red and thoroughly rusted along the bottom. A bumper sticker reading *My kid could kick your honor student’s ass* was stuck to the rear windshield. I looked around, nervous someone might pop out and jump me, that I’d been foolish to assume they’d go to the police instead of convincing some guys to just beat the shit out of me.

But we didn’t go farther than the driveway. “What’s going on here? You shouldn’t come to my house like this. It’s... not appropriate.” The reprimand felt rather hypocritical even to me, though, considering what I’d done to the lines of propriety so far today.

“I didn’t have a choice, Mr. Canon.”

“I don’t understand. A choice about what?” But Abbie didn’t answer. Instead, she inserted her key into the hole in the rear end of the car and popped the trunk.

There, inside, with her wrists duct taped behind her, screaming incomprehensible yet unmistakable obscenities into a gag in her mouth, was Taylor.

“She was gonna *tell*. But I stopped her.” She grinned at me, then glared down at her big sister’s antics. Abbie smacked her in the cheek, and not gently. “Shut up, Tay, you dumb cunt!”

She slammed the trunk closed.

“Abbie!”

She pulled the keys out and regarded me gravely. “I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room.”

Part Three: Homeschooling

Deep breaths. Deeeep breaths.

So that wasn't working. The garage door creaked shut behind me. And behind that...

The night was almost perfect aside from that. Mid-sixties, a gentle breeze to keep the mosquitoes at bay, crickets chirping, stars shining. It was the sort of night that made me miss my childhood, camping out in the woods by my parents' house, my friends and I pretending to be trailblazers braving the wilderness, yet conveniently in range to restock our supplies of junk food and flashlight batteries. Then, the worst thing I'd ever done had been hiding around the corner on the stairs and scaring my sister so badly she'd peed her pants; the hardest decision that had lain before me was whether or not to join band once we started middle school.

Oh, what a difference a couple of decades and a canister of black market neuroinhibitor made.

With a sigh, I made for the garage. My car was in the driveway now, the Stern girls' in the garage. I prayed nobody had seen her in the short window before I'd been able to hide her away. My house was on a four-lane street, plenty of traffic; anybody who knew either of us and simply saw the two of us standing together on the front lawn would likely have real questions. Not that those questions would scratch the surface of what they ought to be asking about this whole nightmare. In one week, I'd gone from breaking my bank to try to help a wayward student, to somehow making a teenage girl kidnap her own sister. It was so ludicrous, it was almost funny.

Heh, better get in there before Abbie took it to the next level and started waterboarding her in my kiddie pool.

Oh god. I quickened my pace.

There in the garage sat Abbie on the trunk of her car. Here indoors, Taylor's struggles from inside were much more audible, or perhaps she'd simply decided to kick and scream more now that she'd seen my face. That was a strange little knife in the gut, the idea that one of my students could be that frightened of me. Then again, I wasn't the one who had trussed her up like a Thanksgiving turkey and shoved her in my trunk.

Only now, she was in my garage.

"You cool now? Got the little bitch out of your system?" asked the unrestrained Stern sister.

"Abbie, we ought to have a talk, I think. No, make that *need* to have a talk. But right now, there's a young woman tied up in the trunk of your car that we need to get out of there."

The young woman did not, however, get out of the way. “Respectfully, Mr. C? That’s fucking retarded. I guaran-fucking-tee you that the second that trunk opens, she’s going to start screaming. That gag isn’t exactly Abu Ghraib grade restraint.”

“How in the hell do you know about Abu Ghraib?”

“Our uncle was stationed there when all the shit went down. Whole big thing.” How did that not surprise me? “Anyway, your neighbors’ houses are like five feet away. Y’all got fucking tiny-ass yards in this neighborhood.”

Rudely stated or no, she was right. We’d already been lucky that nobody had overheard Taylor’s brief outburst when Abbie first showed me what she’d stashed in there. On a night like this, too, there were decent odds that the Lawrences or the Maravans had their windows open, making it all the more possible they’d hear something.

There was, of course, the obvious way to make sure Taylor didn’t scream. From the way Abbie was eyeing my mini gardening chainsaw, I supposed there were technically two ways. Jesus. No time to waste. In my paranoia that Taylor might disregard both brainwashing and blackmail, I’d opted not to leave the Serenex in my briefcase. Instead, I’d hidden it in the crawlspace under the house, nestled atop some of the exposed plumbing. Time to get crawling, I supposed. I secured a promise from Abbie that she wouldn’t do anything crazy for a few minutes and got hustling.

When I returned via the door between the garage and the laundry room a few minutes later, marginally cobwebbier and no less horrified by what I’d unleashed, Abbie was bent over the hood. “... if you don’t shut up, I’m a spray that shit right in your fucking eyeball, understand? God, you suck sometimes.” She perked up at the sight of me. “Finally. You ready to do this? She’s gonna kick out the tail lights pretty soon if we don’t dose her.”

I nodded. Envisioning the possibility that she could get a good scream out before the Serenex seeped into her bloodstream, I instead crawled into the backseat. The floor was littered with old fast food containers and other miscellaneous garbage, including, behind the center console, what looked to be a discarded condom. *Classy as ever*, I thought, before considering that maybe I ought to be a hair less judgmental as I prepared to gas my hostage. With a little rehearsal, I got the actions down. Lift the toggle, pull down the back seat, spray into the trunk, slam it closed. The effects hadn’t taken long the last few times. After Abbie directed an exasperated stare at me through the window, I pounced.

Taylor did try to issue what would have been a truly bloodcurdling scream had it not been muffled by the sock taped in her mouth. I sealed her in, climbed back out of the car, and counted to ten. Fifteen, for good measure. At my signal, Abbie popped the trunk.

Taylor was still glaring, still trying to say something. Her struggling and screaming, however, was done. There had been no way to aim very precisely in my method, but I could see a yellowed spot on the shoulder of her white t-shirt from where most of it had hit. I'd used more than enough to soak through, though, and from the visibility of the dark tint of her bra, I was sure she wasn't wearing a second layer underneath. It was quite a transition, from mild-mannered workaday educator to someone who had to analyze the girl tied up in his garage to make sure he'd drugged her thoroughly enough.

"Gonna shut your gaping cunt of a mouth now, Tay?" Abbie thundered immediately, but I shooed her back.

"Taylor, I want to take the gag off and untie you. You promise you won't scream, won't try to run away?"

She mumbled something, but quickly conceded the necessity of answering with a nod. That would have to do. After all, the original manufacturer-stated purpose of this stuff was riot suppression. So far, this was as close as I'd come to use as intended. Great. Always reassuring when one finds oneself drifting into the lane traditionally reserved for authoritarian dictators and villains on cop procedurals.

As if I needed more reassurance that it was working, she didn't so much as flinch as I retrieved my boxcutter and moved it toward her. I cut off the duct-tape from her wrists and mouth, helping her out of the trunk as she worked her sore jaw around. "Thanks," she muttered as she struggled upright.

"Very welcome."

"I was being sarcastic."

"Me too. Are you OK? I mean, circumstance aside, but physically. Are you hurt, injured?"

"My shoulder hurts like hell, and I banged my head, but I probably won't die from it."

Abbie rolled her eyes. "If you didn't try to dive out like a re-re while I was closing the trunk, you'd be fine."

"If my own fucking sister didn't go psycho on me—"

"If *my* own fucking sister didn't make plans to go telling everybody—"

"He drugged us! He molested me!"

"He'd never do anything inappropriate!"

"That's just the drugs talking!"

"That's just the you're a dumb bitch talking!"

“GIRLS!”

They both turned to me, their glares for one another lingering. “How about we go inside and talk about this, calmly, in civil tones, and maybe figure out what we do from here?” Nobody had a better plan, so in we went.

One afternoon last summer, one of my students, Miguel, had stopped by my house randomly to say hello. His family lived in the neighborhood and he’d been walking by, he said. Miguel had always been a nice kid, nobody I’d ever had any trouble with, but from the moment he showed up on my doorstep, there was this nervous tingle in the back of my mind about that tiny remote possibility of someday sitting in a courtroom trying to reassure a jury about a no-witness encounter with a student in my home. Miguel hadn’t made it past the front steps, and that was a student who had never given me any trouble a day in his life before or since.

Now I was walking into my living room with the Stern sisters, one fresh from being kidnapped in a trunk and the other obviously compromised by my indoctrination attempt. In fact, as we walked into the living room, I saw I’d even left Taylor’s video playing muted on the screen. God, I was stupid. If that knock on the door *had* been the police, I’d already be boarding my one-way train to the penitentiary.

“Ew, gross! Were you just sitting here watching that? Oh my god, Mr. Canon was beating off to my video, nasty! God, I think I just threw up in my mouth a little bit.”

I turned it off immediately, as if it made any difference now. “Taylor, maybe you should start thinking about where you are and what’s going on, and if outbursts like that are going to help any of us out of this predicament.”

Abbie was just looking at her sister like the girl had lost her mind, but I wasn’t about to let them start up with each other again. The Serenex might have made Taylor biddable, but it hadn’t made her any less of a bitch. “And then there’s you. Abbie, what in the name of all that’s holy do you think you’re doing?”

She arched an eyebrow. “I told you, she was... Oh! That. Sorry, duh.” Before I could wonder what she was duh-ing about, her shirt was off, dropped on the floor like it was her living room and we weren’t in it with her.

“Abbie!”

“I know, I know,” she grumbled, two mammoth mammaries thrust forward as she arched her back to get at her bra clasp. The bra fell, and so did they. She even brushed her long hair back over her shoulders to make sure my view was unobstructed. God, I’d been a fool to think she and Taylor could be close to the same size. Those mostly-nude pics on her phone had not done these babies justice. It took everything in my conscious mind to abstain from throwing myself on the girl out of pure instinct.

“You are such a fucking skank! God, what is wrong with you?” snapped Taylor.

“What?” Abbie put her hands on her hips. Christ almighty, those things shook around just from her *breathing*. It might honestly be too much – except I couldn’t stop staring, my mouth flooding with saliva.

“You took your top off in Mr. Canon’s house! Am I, like, losing my mind here or something?”

“Apparently. I mean, why haven’t you?”

“Because he’s a dirty old creep!”

“When has he ever done anything creepy to us?”

The gaslighting almost made Taylor’s eyes pop out of her head. As the two went back and forth about why it was strange to be half-naked in my house, or why it was strange not to, I was at a loss. There was a zero percent chance that Abbie was merely a casual exhibitionist, idly strutting her stuff. No, whatever prompted this obviously had something to do with the Serenex. Trying to stop Taylor from ratting me out? That I understood, inasmuch as I understood anything about all this.

The hundred repetitions must have seared the message into her brain, and it looked like when Taylor tried to cross that line, Abbie had lost it. The programming must somehow have sunk in so deep as to be inviolate. If, prior to this afternoon, Taylor had announced her intention to go murder a bunch of schoolchildren, would Abbie have gone to these lengths to stop her? *I will not let anyone find out what happened in Mr. Canon’s room* must have been shoved as far down as her most basic notions of right and wrong. If not deeper.

As for why she was acting like Taylor was insane not to be happily flashing me her boobs... I was at a loss. Yes, I’d made Taylor take her clothes off, make that video, but I hadn’t done anything improper with Abbie. Aside from looking at her semi-nude selfies. And drugging her. And brainwashing her. *But you didn’t turn her into an exhibitionist*, I feebly consoled myself. But as she doubled down again and again against Taylor’s exasperated accusations, even her repetition of phrasing made it clear something had sunk in there.

I hadn’t done – couldn’t have done – anything inappropriate to them. Their tits, their asses, were mine to ogle. That she wanted to be my fantasy slut – words she used over and over. Even called herself a sex object, insisted she felt lucky to be with me.

That whole afternoon had been such a wild ride that I couldn’t recall any of where those exact things had come from, but something obviously had come up. Taylor had said something, hadn’t she, some sarcastic comment about how I thought of my female students as sex objects? I wasn’t sure. Yet tons of other things that had been said obviously hadn’t sunk in, so why had those?

It would seem shoving untested mind-altering chemicals into people’s mouths wasn’t the most exact science.

“All right, all right, that’s enough,” I said at last, beginning to feel like they’d go back and forth at one another all night if I didn’t intervene. “Both of you have a seat, and let’s start looking forward instead of backward. Whatever happened, happened, and we can’t undo it, so... we... uh...”

Abbie looked perplexed at why I’d stopped talking. “What?”

“Abbie, you’re sitting on my lap.”

“Yeah...? Oh. Gotcha. Sorry, new to this.” She hopped up.

“New to...?” But then her shorts were off. I hadn’t even had time to savor that broad, gorgeous booty, clad only in black cotton trimmed with white lace, bent over within easy grasping distance and offering an unspoken offer to do precisely that, before it was back on my lap, squirming into position. Or maybe just giving me a subtle lap dance.

I *should* make her get up. Get dressed. Sit by Taylor on the love seat. But if I did, then she... then, she, um...

I gave up trying to rationalize her away, and accepted that I was going to let this happen. It was too incredible not to. But I wasn’t going to touch her. That, ah, wouldn’t be right. (Would it...?)

Time to return to the real problem here.

“Ahem. So yes. Taylor, I recognize you’re upset, that you’re much more upset than the Serenex is letting you be right this moment. I understand. But we have to accept the world as it is, not as we would like it to be, and right here, right now, in the real world, this is where we are.” *Somehow*.

“In your living room with my mind-fucked sister curled up naked on your lap, you fucking pig,” Taylor said casually, crossing her legs and studying her nails. It remained just a little off-putting how the feelings were still there, but even her body language wouldn’t put all those feelings into practice beyond a feisty tone and a snotty expression.

“She’s not going to let it go. We should kill her,” murmured Abbie into my ear. Taylor stiffened, but only a little.

“That’s not a funny joke, Abbie. Drugged or no, we’re not going to terrify her any more than we already have.” Damn, I hoped she’d been joking. She had to be.

“And yes,” I continued, redirecting my attention to Taylor. “But I didn’t mean for this to happen. I didn’t mean for *any* of this to happen. But it did.”

“It sure the fuck did. And how did it, exactly?”

“Excuse me?”

Taylor drummed her fingers on my end table, fingernails *cl-cl-cl-clicking* rhythmically. “You had that shit already, right? And you obviously used it on me before today somehow, right? Looking back, no way I would have gone along with that stupid writing on the board bullshit, ignoring you creeping on me, if you hadn’t.”

For the third time, I forced Abbie's fingers away from playing at my chest and back into her lap. "I did. I put it on that chapstick of yours, the one you pelted Jesse with, that you threw that fit over. You were going to be expelled, Taylor. I thought that maybe I could use that stuff to get you out of your own way and behave well enough to graduate. I did all this to *help* you!"

She directed her eyes pointedly to the young woman squirming in my lap. "Wow. You're a real hero, Mr. Canon. Shoe-in for teacher of the goddamn year. What a fucking guy."

"I don't know why you sound sarcastic about that," purred Abbie as she rested her head on my shoulder, nuzzling her nose against my neck. I considered that allowing her to remain on my lap might not actually be worth the disruption to any effort to figure a way out of this, but then she started placing these little kisses, and my will to deny her washed away.

"So what do you propose we do then, Taylor?"

"Oh, I get a say in this now? I thought I was just playing the part of Drugged Out Kidnapping Victim Number Two in this scene of your little porno." I didn't take her bait and issue a retort, waiting until she answered my question. Or maybe I was only distracted by the way Abbie was fondling her breasts. "Well here's a scenario. You let me go, and when this shit wears off, I'll go to the hospital and tell them how you drugged me and how I need my blood tested. Then I'll take that to the cops as proof so you can shove your little bullshit blackmail video up your soon-to-be-gang-raped-by-the-rest-of-the-D-block-boys ass. How's that? Sound like a plan? Because it's what's going to happen."

"See? Let me kill her," whispered Abbie in my ear, pacifying the panic instinct her words invoked with a hand thrust between her thighs to stroke my cock through my slacks.

"I don't think that's a very productive suggestion," I said. The words were meant for both of them separately. "Now Taylor, you have every right to be upset, but you have to believe that this was all an accident. I really did feel awful for what I did to you on Monday, and I was going to throw the canister away. That's what I was doing when you walked back in and saw me with it. Then I panicked, sprayed you, and... here we are. But I promise, I will find a way to make this right."

"You will? Because the naked girl in your lap trying to jack you off right in front of me makes me doubt your commitment to justice."

Abbie licked, with delicious, agonizing slowness, up the length of my neck. The faintest of whimpers escaped her mouth, right into my ear, then somehow rushing right to my cock, skipping everything in between. It said that I could fuck her, right now, any way I wanted, right in front of her sister, that I could make another video of it, that she'd cooperate in any and every way I might dream of and that she would experience the

most intense pleasure of her young life for the opportunity. My fantasy slut. Her pussy was already soaking through her panties, through my pants and underwear, and right into where she so clearly wanted it all to go. All I had to do was grant her permission.

I wouldn't have to stop there, either. There was an obvious fix to this – figure out how I'd broken Abbie's mind, then do the same to Taylor. I'd have both sisters on their knees, pleading for the privilege of sucking me off. They'd make out with each other for my viewing pleasure as they smashed their collective fifty pounds of tits together around my cock. Taylor would confess and apologize for every bitch thing she'd ever done to me as I exacted retribution on her pert young ass. And when she ran out of sins, Abbie would supply more from her sister's lifetime of being a bully and a tease.

Cl-cl-cl-click.

I sighed, looking over to where Taylor sat, regarding her newly ensluttified sister wriggling around on my cock. No. As painful as it was to squelch that fantasy, Taylor was right. I'd already done some terrible things, but there was no uncrossing that line if I took this one step further. If I ever wanted to convince her I was capable of remorse, that I sincerely regretted what I'd let come to pass, I had to put a stop to this, right now.

"Abbie, no." *WHAT?! Are you INSANE?!* wailed my libido. "Taylor's right. We have to stop."

"Taylor's right? Bullshit! Not like we can actually let her go now!" she whined.

And there was another way she was not going to be helping this discussion. "Tell you what, sweetie." Taylor groaned at my affectionate term of address for her sibling. "Why don't you go down and wait for me in my bedroom, OK? Let me deal with her, and when I'm done, I'll come down and we'll have ourselves some fun. OK?"

"But I wanna fuck you *now*," she whined, bouncing petulantly on my lap. If not for the dampened fabric separating us, those bounces would have granted her wish. "What kind of fantasy slut would I be if I make you wait? Haven't you already waited to fuck a hot little student cunt long enough?"

A persuasive argument, admittedly, but my mind had been made up. "I know. But one thing at a time, OK? Get yourself nice and ready for me, and I'll be down soon. It's just down that hall, last door on the right."

She looked where I pointed, frowning like I'd instructed her to march across the Sahara. Then her lips were on mine, tongue on mine, a firm hand clenching our faces together until at last she came up gasping. If I hadn't spent all afternoon jacking off to what now seemed a pathetic imitation of this in Taylor's video, I would have come in my pants from that kiss alone. I hadn't even realized she'd been chewing gum, but suddenly there it was in my mouth with its flavor of fading cinnamon and Abbie Stern.

"Fine. But don't keep me waiting." She stood up, glared at Taylor. "And you just quit being a bitch. God, I can't believe you won't even take your shirt off for him."

"Yeah, whatever you say, slut."

“Cunt.”

“Easy cunt.”

“Soon to be satisfied cunt!” Abbie taunted from the doorway to my bedroom. Then it closed, and I heaved a sigh of... relief? Frustration? I don’t even know.

Taylor rolled her eyes. “So now that you’ve got my sister in your bed, juicing up in preparation for her hundredth performance of pretending to lose her virginity, what shall we discuss, hm? Any other fun plans for your weekend?”

I glanced down the hall. The door was indeed shut. Good. I made my way to the love seat and sat down next to Taylor. She’d only shuffled enough to barely let me squeeze in, so we were rather uncomfortably close. Whatever. Discomfort was going to be a big part of this, and for once, I was hardly even tempted to look down at those long legs and tightly encased boobs. Frankly, after Abbie’s little burlesque show, a fully clothed girl seemed a laughably inadequate source of temptation.

“I’m not going to do it,” I said in a low voice. “But she’s obviously been messed up a little, and we can’t have her getting in the way of you and I figuring this out. I’m truly, very sorry she did what she did to you. I never intended that. I’m sorry for what *I* did to you. It was wrong.”

“Damn right it was wrong.”

I adjusted myself, eyeing the still-wet Serenex stain soaking into her shoulder mere inches away from me. Last thing I needed was to smear that on myself and have all three of us be compromised. “Now look. I really, *really* don’t want to go to prison. You have to believe me when I say that when this all started out, I was trying to help you. I know I screwed up, but ask yourself this: if I’d really wanted things to go this way from the start, why wouldn’t I have done anything about it on Monday?”

“Aside from staring at my ass, you mean.”

“Taylor, if staring at your ass was a crime, we’d have to lock up every man and boy at that school. It was inappropriate, yes. But remember when a week ago, you jumped on me, attacked me, clawed at my hand so hard it left scratches? Officer Barbour wanted to charge you. You could have gone to *prison*, Taylor.” A major embellishment, but not by so much. A necessary rhetorical deviation from the truth.

“Prison? For trying to get *my* property back?”

“That’s assault, Taylor. And if you didn’t leave me black and blue, you have to realize that being attacked like that in your place of work... that can be traumatizing.” I saw I was losing her with this angle, probably rightly so, and shook my head. “Look, whatever. I’ll concede I put you through worse than you did me, all right? You win the victimization contest. But I mean to say, you did something bad to me, and I helped you out of suffering the consequences for it. Even tried to do you a favor after by making sure you graduate. Now I’m asking for you to do the same. Throw me a bone here, Taylor.”

“You turned my sister into your sugarbaby, and you think I’m going to roll over and let you get away with it?”

“First off, I’m not paying her anything, so I don’t think ‘sugarbaby’ applies. Second, we’re going to fix her. That’s the other thing I need help with, figuring out how she got to be the way she is so we can get her back to right.”

“That crazy bitch wasn’t ever ‘right,’ but I guess if we can get her back to *normal*... Maybe. I’m not saying I’ll drop everything. But if I could, yeah, that’s where we gotta start.”

I smiled. “Good. So first off, we need to figure out how we did it. The chemical is only supposed to force someone to calm down, as I’m sure you know since... yeah. It’s not supposed to do anything so severe as what happened to Abbie, though. Somehow, it affected the two of you differently. This afternoon I had both of you write the same message, you were both there in the classroom and heard me say the same things, yet—”

“Let me solve your little problem, professor. She drank the shit, and I just had it on my arm.”

“I was going to suggest that, if you’d let me finish,” I grumbled.

“Sure you were. I remembered the name, Serenex, and I googled it when we got home. Looked like it had worked on me like it was supposed to – like it is right now, you old prick. Shut down my resistance. But Abbie, she *drank* the shit. I felt her tongue on my arm when you pushed her face into it. I got more on me, but I didn’t get any *in* me. It has to be the difference.”

“I’m with you. But I didn’t put any *in* you Monday, and it still imprinted the things which I requested of you doing our meeting. It stopped you from telling anybody. Made you apologize. Even seemed to make you actually be a halfway decent student for the rest of the week. ”

“Halfway? Fuck you, I behave myself in class.” She stopped, eyes narrowing at realizing she’d parroted what I’d made her write. “Because you told me to. See, you said you put it on my chapstick. You didn’t think smearing the poison on my lips might wind up making me swallow any, dumbass? Guess that’s why you aren’t teaching chemistry.”

“I... why yes, that would explain it, actually. You were much more acquiescent Monday – that was why I thought trying the same method on you again this afternoon would work the same. But it must do something different when you swallow it. Instead of shutting down the brain’s resistance to physical stimuli, it shut down its resistance to the mental as well. It let words and ideas push around the ideas already in your brain as easily as it let someone push you around physically.”

“Sure, because neuroscience works on metaphors, Dr. English Teacher. But still, yeah. Whatever actually happened, that’s gotta be the trick.” Taylor stroked her chin pensively. “So, what, we make her drink the stuff, then tell her you’re not her dream guy,

she's not a slut..." Her lips twisted for a moment. "Not *your* slut, anyway. She was kind of a slut already, but for once we've found a problem that isn't your fault."

"That sounds like it might work. And we're sure that's all there was to it? She was still pretty out of it when you took her home. Did you perhaps say anything else to her?"

"What, trying to make this my fault?"

It was my turn for an eye roll. "Hey, *you're* the one who made some oh-so-cutting rejoinder about you two being sex objects to me, if I recall."

"Fuck you, Canon. Anyway, no, she fell asleep in the car, and I just put her in bed and started figuring out how to get back at you. Then she woke up, I told her we needed to go to the hospital and why. That's when she went all psycho on me."

"And once again, I'm sorry. But good. At least we have a pretty good idea what we need to get out of there."

"Yeah, well, here's hoping shit comes out as easily as it got hammered in." She glanced at the stain on her shoulder. "Not sure we can get it out of a shirt, much less out of Abbie's brain."

"Maybe we have her write it two hundred times?" I'd meant it as a joke, but maybe it shouldn't be. "And for you, in the spirit of full restitution... I suppose we could try ending the compulsion to behave the way I want you to in class and let you go back to being your usual delightful self."

"I'll pass," she responded immediately. "No offense, but I'd rather spend the next few weeks earning a nice Pleasure to Have In Class next to my A – and you bet your ass I'm getting an A – than have you fuck around with my head again."

I nodded. "Fair enough, Taylor."

There was a soft thud from the direction of the bedroom. Perhaps Abbie's masturbating had gotten over-vigorous in her impatience for me to arrive and relieve her. Taylor wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, I'm never using chapstick again."

"Once we're done with Abbie, we'll pour the rest of that crap into a hole in the ground and be done with it. Never again."

She pivoted to face me, adjusting to sit cross-legged. The girl really did have a gift for finding ways to reveal her underwear. "Yeah? And how do we know you didn't buy more of it?"

"Well for one, that one canister cost me almost ten grand, so no, I didn't buy in bulk. And for two, if you think I want to put myself in this position ever again, you're nowhere near as smart as I think you are."

The compliment, however veiled, brought a thin smile to her lips. *So maybe there is a merciful god watching over me if I really can talk my way out of this quagmire.* There could be no guarantee that Taylor wouldn't change her mind, but right then, I'd have much rather finally done the right thing and take a risk than keep doing the wrong thing and keep hurting people.

She nudged me – though very gently – with her elbow. “Flattery ain’t getting these clothes off again, Mr. C. Now come on, let’s go get the shit .”

“Oh, you mean *this* shit?”

Taylor and I turned as one. Standing there in the doorway to the kitchen and still wearing nothing but her panties, was Abbie. In her outstretched hand, being waved tauntingly at the two of us, was the Serenex. There was a cold look on her face, colder than the night air that had hardened her bare nipples to dagger points.

“Abbie? How–”

“I heard everything you fuckers were saying out here. Your shitty little plan. So I hopped out the window and came around through the garage. Did you really think I was just gonna sit back and fuck with my head like I’m some playdough playmate or some shit?”

Taylor snorted. “You did this afternoon.”

Her head bobbed defiantly, a caricature of sassy teenage girls everywhere. “Says you. But I ain’t never let somebody come along and try to change me, and I sure as shit ain’t about to now. I’m the queen of this muthafuckin’ castle, and you weak bitches ain’t shit.” She brandished the canister, aiming it directly at the two of us.

I thought I recognized some of her self-aggrandizing ranting from the captions on her pictures, especially the fully clothed but nevertheless highly sexualized ones that I suspected she shared on instagram and the like. *Don’t hate ‘cause you ain’t, im hype 4 the human race*, nonsense like that. In fact, I even recalled one that had read something like *you can’t try to make me a copy of you because I’m the original*. It had been set, seemingly without intended irony, around a very original shot of her making a duck face and flashing a sideways peace sign in her bathroom mirror with a filter that put cartoon deer antlers on her forehead. An arrangement which I was pretty sure had at one time represented half of all posts on instagram.

My snide judgments, however, weren’t going to have any effect in getting out of this without being sprayed by her, and who knows what might happen then. She really might try to do something terrible to Taylor. Trying not to imagine that gruesome fate, I slowly stood. “Abbie, come on. Let’s put that down and talk. All right? Just talk.”

“Like you talked to Satan's little helper over there? Yeah, that went great. Some talker you are, Mr. Canon.”

“It did go well, actually.” Taylor nodded along, though it was obvious she didn’t – couldn’t – share the full extent of my dread.

But Abbie looked entirely unconvinced, and if anything, her sister’s agreement with me seemed to make her grow more suspicious. I tried a new tactic. “Abbie, it’s me. Mr. Canon. You know I wouldn’t do anything inappropriate, right?”

Her arm lowered, but only a hair. “Right...”

“Good, that’s good. You’re my, um, good little fantasy slut.” Mercifully, Taylor neither laughed nor harangued my attempt at empathizing with the addled girl. “See, so you can trust me. We’re not going to change you. We’re going to *un-change* you.”

“But... I don’t feel any different...” The younger Stern frowned, her eyes darting side to side. I was so nervous I could hardly notice her state of undress.

Taylor wisely sensed that her interference would only make things worse, and let me keep going. Cautiously, trying desperately to be as non-threatening as possible, I shuffled toward her in tiny, halting steps. “But you are. That stuff did some things to you, changed the way you think, and we – I – only want to make you yourself again. Make you right, the way you’re supposed to be.”

The arm lowered further. If she depressed the trigger now, it would hit me in the feet, if that. “So... you’re saying... I’m not right right now?”

“You’re not,” I said, inching closer. I could reach it now, but I didn’t want to make a sudden movement and alarm her. Reason was prevailing. “But I’ll help you. I’ll fix you.”

“You’ll fix me...?”

I smiled. “That’s right. Just give me the canister, Abbie, and I’ll fix you.”

She looked down at it, resolve crumbling. Thank god. If she’d used that shit, who knew what–

“Psych!” The stream hit me square in the forehead. I stumbled backward in surprise and alarm, swiping at it, but by then it was all over my face. Before I knew it I’d fallen backwards next to Taylor (“*hey, watch it fuck-ass!*”) and...

and...

Well, crud. This is probably bad.

Abbie stood over the two of us, towering even with her slight stature and lack of footwear. She seemed a giant. Implacable. I knew, both intellectually and in my very soul, that there was nothing I could do to stop her. I tried to command myself to stand up. *Just get up, take the canister, spray her back.* I almost laughed. *And while you’re at it, scale Everest, then flap your arms and fly your way back home.* My arms and legs couldn’t be bothered to move, couldn’t be convinced they were in danger.

Beside me, Taylor shook her head at my plight. “Nice going, Mr. Canon. Way to flex on her.”

“You know, Taylor? Just... shut up. For once in your miserable life, shut the ever-loving fuck all the way up.” That felt good to say. Man, I disliked that girl.

“Both of you shut up,” Abbie snapped. “God, if we were half this annoying, you should have slapped us right in our fucking mouths, Mr. C.”

I chose to ignore the threat. Well, not *choose* so much as *couldn’t oppose*, and not *ignore* so much as *accept that she could do whatever she wanted to me*. I should be

panicking. Instead, I sighed the way I often did when a student was misbehaving. It was no doubt a sound Taylor knew well.

Abbie continued. "You know, that might have actually been hot. I had a huge crush on Mr. Kirzinger sophomore year. All kinds of crazy hot schoolgirl fantasies. I was super looking forward to acting them out with you, but then you have to go and wreck everything by conspiring with my bitch sister." She grabbed Taylor's wrist and pulled her off of the sofa; the girl landed on my living room floor with an indignant grunt. Then Abbie was on me once again, straddling my thigh, her pussy every bit as hot and as wet as it had been earlier.

If she decided to take my pants off and get to it, there was nothing I could do to stop her. Which was a pretty convenient excuse, considering how badly part of me wished for that very thing.

"Abbie, you're not like this. Think! You didn't want any of this before, did you? It's that stuff in your hand! It turned you into something you never wanted to be."

"We're all changing, Mr. Canon. But I actually *like* who I am." The sentiment felt laughable, a holdover from this morning when she was just an insanely hot teenage girl with the accompanying goddess complex. Either Abbie wasn't given to self-reflection, or the chemical reaction simply didn't let her reject it despite it being nonsensical. Probably both.

Time to make one last ditch effort with my silver tongue. It had nearly talked Taylor into letting me off the hook; it might be able to work on her little sister, too. "All right, Abbie. That's a good thing. You should like yourself. I like you too. But can we maybe talk about this? I still want to help you."

"No, you said you were gonna 'fix' me. But you can't fix what ain't broke." She took my hands in hers. It was almost romantic for a moment, until she moved them around to rest on her ass. Fuck. It was so soft, so inviting. It flexed and relaxed as she slowly humped herself against me.

"Do I really need to be here for this?" asked Taylor, still on the floor behind Abbie.

"You are such a fucking prude, Tay. It's Mr. Canon. Like he'd ever do anything inappropriate towards us." She leaned closer, kissed me hard. I kept the gum this time, though. "But maybe you would if I asked real nice, huh?"

"Fuck him if you got to, Abbie, but for the love of god, at least let me leave the room first."

Abbie looked back at Taylor's petulant protests. "But if I let you leave, how is he going to be able to plaster your bitch face with his cum?"

My fingers sank into her ass like a hot scoop in a bucket of ice cream. I only realized after that I'd been trying to pull her onto my cock, willing our clothes out of the way so I could get on with it. But that kind of force wasn't in me right then. A little

squeeze was all I could muster. For the moment. Nevertheless, my blood was roaring in my ears so loud I barely heard Taylor's indignant reply.

Not that she needed to. I wouldn't come on Taylor's face. Only in my fantasies. Or if Abbie made me. Which she could.

"You like that, did you?" Abbie grinned, rubbing her nose on mine. "Yeah, well, get used to it. Your little fantasy sluts are here, and we ain't going nowhere. Maybe it sounds cheesy, but... fuck, I feel so lucky you did to me like you did."

With a surprisingly minute amount of squirming, she eased out of her panties. "Just tell me how you want it, Mr. C. Tell me your fantasy. I'll do it. Be it. Whatever you want. Just tell me. I bet a man like you has a hundred fantasies about a slut like me. Just pick one."

My eyes closed, searching for...

You're in detention with me. It's just the two of us. You're complaining about how you want to go home so you can go on a date with your boyfriend, and you offer to let me punish you the old-fashioned way, just to get it over with.

No, not that. Maybe for...

It's a rainy afternoon as I'm driving out of the lot. As I pull up to the stop sign on Elm, I see you walking, your clothes drenched and clingy. You approach my car and plead with me for a ride; it's against the rules, but I can't say no. As you settle into the back seat, you start changing out of those soggy clothes, and when you see me watching in the rear view mirror, you ask if I mind if you ride with me for a while, dry off. You'd be happy to wait at my place, if I want.

That wasn't it either. Abbie's massive tits pressed into my chest as I kept looking...

I've confiscated your chapstick. You could wait, or try talking it out, maybe even apologize, but no. It's not about that. You make a move, throwing yourself on me, but that's not what why. It's because you're a horny teen slut and you've wanted to be fucked by your teacher for so long you can't stop yourself any more. It's the excuse you've been waiting for, and you take it. Your first time with a man, prostituting yourself for a cheap tube of lip balm...

Nope. Nope nope nope. What was I looking... Oh yeah. Right.

"Abbie... this is wrong. I can't stop you from doing what you want, but this isn't what I want. So do what you gotta do, but know that I don't consent. And I won't."

When my eyes opened, she was studying me from inches away, a wounded expression on her face. "Really? You really don't want me?"

"It's not about what I want," I answered. "It's what I'm willing to live with."

"Really? You... you don't even want to try it, just once, see how you like it?"

"No," I lied. I wanted to fuck her more than I'd wanted almost anything else in my life. But it wouldn't be right to—

“Then open wide, mothafucka!” Her eyes flared wildly.

As she tugged my chin down with her thumb and spritzed into my open mouth, I had to admit she’d been right. Serenex really did taste awful.

What happened next, I couldn’t say 100%. I’d been black-out drunk a couple times in college, and it was about like that. The time was just... lost. I woke up in my own bed. Naked. It was still dark out. (Dark out again? No, my phone confirmed it was the same night, but now it was going on three in the morning.) After pulling on some clothes, I first confirmed that the Stern sisters’ car was gone. It was.

There was no telling what, if anything they’d done with me. I wasn’t sure if Abbie had made me take my clothes off, or if I’d done it myself. I did usually sleep that way, unless it was especially chilly out. The droplets in my shower and Old Spice scent on my body confirmed I’d showered at some point, which I also didn’t remember, much less have any inkling as to why. If Abbie *had* taken advantage of me, it would only be poetic justice. Things had finally spiraled so far out of control that I might have actually gotten to live out one of my fantasies, and I didn’t even remember it. Other than a mild headache, there was no evidence the girls had ever come over tonight.

Was anything different about me? She’d said she had overheard our conversation, which meant she was in possession of the same knowledge we had in regards to the potency of Serenex ingestion. I racked my brain trying to think what sorts of things Abbie might have tried to do. There were the obvious temptations, but my bank account balance and the cash in my wallet were still there, along with my credit cards. (Not that a relatively new teacher with a mortgage and a penchant for blowing his savings on doomsday devices had much money, but to a high school student, it might seem a small fortune.)

So it hadn’t been money. Then what? Sex? Certainly a possibility, but I wasn’t sore and was still as passively horny as I’d been all week. There were no condoms in the trash, no signs a woman had tidied herself up after or the like. I ruled it unlikely, but possible. And even if she had fucked me, that wouldn’t have taken five hours. As turned on as I’d been, it might not have taken five minutes. So then what else had transpired in the missing time?

With all that had been done to Abbie’s brain yesterday, it was hard to guess what other motives were at the forefront of her mind. Not that whatever, if anything, she’d done would have had to be on impulse. She’d had hours with me out of it, no doubt wearing that some dopy, vacant stare she’d had under the same influence. Hours to think of what all she might like to do, to change about me. Oh god, and Taylor! Should it be comforting to think she’d almost certainly plugged our leak? Because it didn’t feel

comforting. Not that I was any less resolved to prevent the previous afternoon's events from going public, but that had been true of me before, nothing Abbie would have needed to adjust my thinking on. With that canister of Serenex, she could–

Oh, *no*. The canister!

I raced through the house, eyes darting frantically every which way for the little white container. If she still had that, people could be in serious danger! Those girls had been borderline sociopaths before they'd learned how to brainwash people, and there had been enough in there for a hundred more doses if the labeling was to be believed. Please let it be here. Please let her have been that careless, that stupid. But it was nowhere. Not in the living room where she'd used it on me, not dumped in the garage on their way out, not on the counters, not under the bathroom sink, not between the couch cushions. I even checked the refrigerator at one point, like they might have pranked me for when I woke up and went to pour a bowl of cereal.

But it was gone.

I sunk to my knees at the realization. I'd created a monster – an even *worse* monster than she'd already been – and armed it with power mankind had never been meant to possess. In my hands, sure, it was little more than a teaching tool, but in hers? Damn it all to hell! I shouldn't have been such a pussy. Instead of taking pity on my whiny bitch student, I should have just taken final and definitive charge of this whole fucking mess before I ever let them leave my classroom. My fist pounded down so hard I nearly broke the glass. I slumped over the coffee table, resting my head on my briefcase, imagining all the–

Hmm. My briefcase?

Oh, why not.

I opened the briefcase. There, tucked off to the side, right where I'd been keeping it all week, was the Serenex. I heaved a sigh of relief, but the sensation didn't last long.

Beside the canister was a piece of paper covered in my handwriting. It was written on the back of a quiz from my third period. Guess Faruk wasn't getting that back. It was two columns of small print that grew increasingly sloppy as the repetitions drew nearer to a hundred. The text was simplicity itself, five little words in a declarative sentence. Subject linking verb adverb article predicate nominative. Raw simplicity.

I am not a pussy.

I clutched it in my hands, staring. A deep red lipstick print was at the top of the page. Abbie's color. The longer I looked, the stranger it seemed. Why would they have me write that? It was the sort of thing you'd have a pussy write, and I am not a pussy. I am *so* not a pussy. Not at all. My fist clenched around the paper, crumpling it into a little ball. Pussy? *Me?! I am NOT a pussy!*

“Oh, fuck...”

That comment was sparked by two realizations, the first being fairly obvious. She'd brainwashed me, all right. Decided I was a pussy and had me scribble my way to manhood. Which was ridiculous, because I am *not* a pussy! Which was in turn confusing, because I was, or had been, even if now, I am not a... Crap. Those words. *I am not a pussy*. Once I'd thought them, they wouldn't go away. It was the world's catchiest jingle advertising my own masculinity and refusing to stop. Knowing what I knew about the Serenex, I was aware that intellectually the thought was new, and was false – except not false, not being a pussy was the truest thing about me – and there was no arguing with it. What could be more of a pussy move than deliberately, knowingly, trying to go back to being a pussy? And I am not...

Ugh.

The second realization, and perhaps more disturbing, came only as I tossed the ball of paper aside and saw the one beneath it. Eyes wide, I flipped past it to the next, and the next...

We'd been busy.

Part Four: Staff Collaboration Initiatives

Nice work, moron. Brainwashed by your own brainwashing victim. All the confidence I'd ever had in the supremacy of my intellect shrunk by half. Then half again when I considered the level of genius it had taken to outwit me. The goddamn Stern sisters.

So I slept. Hard. What else was there to do? It was going on four in the morning. I couldn't exactly call up Taylor or Abbie even if I wanted to. For one, I didn't know how. I'd deleted Taylor's number after I downloaded the blackmail video to reduce the evidence trail, and I'd never had Abbie's. I could access their parents' contact via SchoolWays, but that would be one hell of a conversation. *Yes, Mrs. Stern, I know it's the dark hours of a Saturday morning, but I need to talk to your daughters about our secret conspiracy. And maybe fuck them.*

For two, whatever else our new dynamic entailed, I was still pretty irate with the both of them. Abbie for feeding me Serenex, then cramming these new ideas in my head without any apparent thought to the ramifications; Taylor simply for being Taylor. And, I supposed, for her threats to betray our secret. Abbie had made good and sure I shared her passion for secrecy on that front. *I will keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret.* The thought that Taylor had nearly ratted us out had gone from terrifying the night before to positively infuriating now. I had a lot more empathy for the whole kidnapping thing now. But Taylor's copy swearing secrecy had been in my briefcase right alongside mine, so there was no more cause for worry.

Maybe I should be glad Abbie hadn't been stupid enough to have me copy the version of that sentiment I'd put to her, that is, to not let anyone "find out what happened in my classroom." That'd be a hell of a thing for a teacher. God only knew what the Serenex programming would do with an outright paradox.

For now, though, there was nothing I could do about any of it, and I was dog tired. So I slept.

It was mid-day before I woke up. Rock hard. Shockingly, spending a whole afternoon ogling and cuddling a pair of unbelievably hot naked students hadn't done anything but make the dreams more intense. More than anything, I wanted to call the girls back over and fuck the hell out of them. Thanks to Abbie, there was no more reason to hold back. None of us were going to tip anyone off, and I was done being a pussy about my desires. The next time I could get my hands on those bitches, it was time to get to work on that fantasy checklist.

(And when I say "bitches," I swear I'm not the sort to casually use the term to refer to women. It simply happened to be apt in regards to these two particular young women.)

It did occur to me until I stood in the light of day that we lived in the age of social media. I didn't need phone numbers when facebook messenger existed. Taylor was already on my friend list, after all – for once, a fact that wasn't cause for discomfort and regret. I reached for my phone, already giddy with the thought of the evening I was about to have. As I picked up my phone, I saw I already had two texts, both from unknown numbers. Abbie and Taylor, no doubt. I couldn't wait to see what a hundred hand-cramping repetitions of *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* had done to Taylor. From now on, the sky was the limit.

The first message was from Abbie. She'd opened with a picture of her in a tartan skirt and a tight white blouse, hair flat-ironed and done up in a high ponytail with a scrunchy. She was perched on the edge of her bed with her legs spread wide, hands holding her skirt down to preserve her modesty, or to tease its eventual revelation more like, but the posture had the added effect of her biceps pressing her tits together so hard that I could see skin between some of the buttons.

She followed it with a short text: *ready for my lessons, Mr. C. ;)* It was time-stamped only two hours ago.

If last night was any indication, the girl was every bit as horny as I was. I scrolled to the next message, Taylor's. God, what slutty little thing had she put on for me? From what Abbie had made her sister write, I didn't even know if she'd willingly dress up for me, but she'd sure as hell do it if I told her to. I could kiss Abbie for that alone, leaving the girl's spirit intact for me to break it. Taylor Stern, doing as she was told. Teacher's pet. My good girl. Maybe Abbie'd had her put on–

I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING.

I dropped the phone. The glass cracked audibly as it hit the hardwood. A spider web of cracks marred the screen, but I could still read it. To my chagrin, the words hadn't changed. Obviously it wasn't Taylor. So who was it?

First things first, I researched the number and came up empty. One site claimed the number was registered in Mexico City, but when I clicked on that, it put up a paywall. Google confirmed it was a scam site – not that I'd worried my escapades had gone transcontinental. Several confirmed the number was serviced by Verizon, but nothing useful. Nothing I could find put a name or address on it, no bullseye for me to... I didn't know, but to do *something*. I had to keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret!

Was it a burner phone? I only even knew the term from watching crime shows on TV. Regardless, the fact that it didn't come up like most random numbers (or the occasional student prank) with immediate confirmation of location said something was up. Or maybe it didn't. What the hell did I know about this sort of thing?

But one thing was for sure: that message had come from somewhere. My shattered screen wasn't letting me forget. *I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING*. Who the hell

were they, and what did they know? And were they trolling my grammatician sensibilities with that spelling error or what?

My mind raced through the possibilities, but there were too many. Abbie had been in my driveway yesterday in plain sight of anyone who might drive by. The incident at school could conceivably have been overheard as well, if somebody had been walking by my room and eavesdropped at the door, or easier still when I'd dragged Taylor down to the women's room to make the video. That could easily have carried out into the hallway. Any student who'd been in school late, any faculty member in the right place at the right time... fuck, anybody with a car and strong peripheral vision! The whole damn town was a suspect!

So what did I do now? I couldn't let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters! Except... it looked quite possible that someone had. Shit! Shit shit shit! Every goddamn time I was about to get a taste of one of those Stern girls, something came along and fucked it up!

Something needed to be done. But what? I considered reaching out to Abbie, who more than anyone paralleled my passion for concealing our secret, and having an ally might if nothing else take some of the edge off. Only then I remembered her stuffing Taylor in a trunk, threatening to kill her. Drugging me when I didn't give her what she wanted. Rewiring my thoughts on a whim. No. I was going to figure this out, but Abbie was volatility personified. Besides, I was a grown man. I didn't need a teenage girl to fight my battles for me. I am not a pussy.

Dammit, Abbie.

I had no leads. I had no investigative tools or skills to use. All I had was a phone number. Well, whoever it was, if they'd meant to turn me in, they would have done it. Instead, they'd sent me a message. Let's see what they wanted.

Who is this?

I pressed Send. And I waited.

What followed was one of the longest hours of my life. Abbie tried me again, this time with a less seductive *where the fuck u at Mr C, we're bored and I'm horny*. But I told her I was busy taking care of some things and that I'd contact her when I was good and damn well ready.

u fuckin better, she answered succinctly.

Not long after that stimulating exchange with the absurdly hot and desperately horny girl I ought to be fucking right that minute, though, I got the text I'd been relegated to waiting for. All caps again.

SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE DOING

I stared for a moment, waiting for the follow-up.

And waited.

Nope. Seriously? That was it? *You already said that*, I answered with an eye roll. *I don't know what you think you know, but you better start making sense.*

ABBY STERN

MAKING SENSE NO

**NOW*

?

“Fuck!” I almost dropped the phone again. So much for that faint hope that it was just someone screwing with me. Still, they’d only mentioned Abbie, not Taylor. And hadn’t spell her name right, though that may or may not mean anything. Hmm. *I don't know what you're talking about.*

I HAVE PROOF

DONT BS ME

I considered. They said they had proof, but they hadn’t proven it. Maybe they thought they’d seen something inappropriate and hoped I’d admit to it in writing? I would confess nothing. Smart. Maybe. Please let that be smart.

Proof of what...?

It took my phone a few seconds to download the attachment in their next message, but once I saw there was a picture incoming, the only question was which incriminating act they’d caught me. Then there it was, Abbie, naked and straddling my lap in my living room last night. It had been taken through the gap between the curtains in my living room from the looks of it. My face wasn’t visible, obscured by the mountain of flesh jutting forth from Abbie’s chest, but the tattoo along her spine left no doubt who was photographed here. Plus, while I may not be identifiable, it was obviously my living room, my furniture.

“FUCK!” My shout was louder this time, but was equally effective in solving the problem. I looked up; the curtains were still split just so. I stormed across the room and threw them shut. Dammit, I had to be the stupidest man to ever get inappropriately involved with a student!

What do you want? It was hard typing with the glass like this. Maybe my lucky streak would continue and right before I was about to stick my fingers in Taylor’s pussy I’d cut them to hell on my damn phone while Abbie knelt down to suck me off and landed on a shard of the broken glass and screamed so loud the cop who just happened to be driving by at that moment stopped in to see what was up.

GIVE ME WHAT I WANT OR I WILL SHARE THESE WITH THE WORD, they replied, this time not bothering to correct their typo.

*YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR FAMILY, THE POLICE, PRINCIPAL HOREN
EVERYONE*

Hmm. That was interesting. This person knew me enough to know where I worked and the name of my boss. A student, likely, given the proficiency of their

communication. Or maybe a dimwitted neighbor? Randi? My custodian had always seemed so nice, but not like I really knew her that well, and finding out I was up to this kind of thing with some students might have soured her despite the tip I'd left in my Christmas card.

I'm willing to cooperate, but you have to tell me what you want. I hated caving so easily, but what choice did I have? I was not about to let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Sure felt like I was being a pussy, but my rage would have to remain impotent for now.

Ultimately, the response was not especially surprising aside from the total amount. *\$100,000*, they answered, including several money emojis. Perhaps they were there to make sure I took them seriously.

Are you insane? I'm a single teacher with a mortgage. I don't have anywhere near that kind of money, I replied. What kind of idiot was I dealing with here?

WATCH HOW YOU TALK TO ME MR. CANON

Mr. Canon. Not my first name. That didn't mean much though; like most teachers, I was Mr. so-and-so to most of the people I interacted with. I waited for them to continue. Was I supposed to apologize? I was about to when there was finally a follow-up. *FINE, \$50,000*, it read.

With a sigh, I took a moment to pull up my bank account balance only to realize my phone was too busted to screenshot, so I had to use my laptop instead. Any details I didn't want shared were covered over in Paint, and then the pic was sent. *That's my balance. That's all I have.* Revealing so much stung, but with less than two grand left in my savings account, I needed them to get realistic about this. My father would be rolling over in his grave to see his son openly sharing financial information like that. Though perhaps he'd be pretty impressed to see me about to nail those Stern girls. (My dad was a complicated guy.)

As it turned out, they disagreed about the nature of realism. *YOU BETTER GET CREATIVE THEN*

\$25,000

YOU HAVE TIL MIDNIGHT

I grit my teeth as I furiously hammered out a reply, not caring if I scratched my thumbs or not. *Well it's 5:15 on a Saturday night, so even if I could come up with it, the bank's closed for the weekend. So if you'd rather get some \$ instead of going to jail with me for blackmailing me – as that is a felony, btw – then you'll just have to be a little patient.*

There was a long pause, over five minutes this time. Were there more than one of them, talking out my rebuttal? Did they think they were going to sweat their money out of me, like I had a trunk full of cash buried in the yard? Who knew with this idiot.

MONDAY? they proposed at last.

I'll do my best. Is this the best way to contact you with updates?

YOU'D BETTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

I sighed. I'll take that as a yes. Just be patient. I am cooperating. You'll get your money. A couple imbecilic taunts later, our conversation concluded. So that was that.

Time to figure out how to find this mother fucker and burn them down.

Abbie was damn impatient. By that evening, she was already openly regretting that she didn't just make me her slave. I gently reminded her that being dominated by her or anyone did not feature into my fantasies, and that if she wanted to be a good little fantasy slut, she'd stick to looking pretty and waiting to be called on.

Brainstorming was slow going, what with losing my train of thought a hundred times thinking about what I could and by all rights ought to be enjoying right then, namely being tag-teamed by Taylor and Abbie. No, I was having to keep at a distance, not knowing who might be watching me, tailing me, looking for more and juicier blackmail. I at least made sure to get Taylor's number. When I was finally done with this dickhead, I wouldn't have to waste another solitary second before I took my satisfaction.

However, first the dickhead.

I studied the conversation, looking for any detail that might give them away, but it was futile. A dunce, yes, but that narrowed it down not at all. It could be anyone who'd seen Abbie in my driveway and decided to get nosy. Hell, it could be a neighbor who'd seen her darting naked out of my bedroom window and into my garage. There were houses close by on either side of me, and half a dozen more across the alley behind my house who might have had a view of my yard. Assuming it wasn't merely someone out walking their dog who'd seen a naked girl and gone Peeping Tom.

If this were on TV – and if I weren't the bad guy in all this – I tried to think what the police would do. Trace the number, probably. Dust my outside windowsill for prints. Set a trap for them during the exchange? How the hell was I supposed to know how to do this sort of thing?! I'm an English teacher, not a PI! Plus even if I hired one, with my luck, I'd wind up owing yet another blackmailer when they got their hands on the pictures!

Where was an honest, hard-working cop who wouldn't object to my sexual relationship with a pair of teenage students when I needed one? I laughed despondently. Maybe Officer Barbour would be willing to do Taylor yet another favor and help her hide her soon-to-be-affair with me.

Wait a second.

Could I...?

No. NO. That was a terrible idea. It was wrong. Risky as hell. Immoral! Pure lunacy! I couldn't possibly do something *that* stupid on top of all the other stupid I'd done so far.

I mean, I *could*. It was *possible*.

But no. Just... no! *NO, Canon*.

But...

No.

“Louisa, hi!” I waved her over to my table. It was rare, seeing her like this in her civilian garb. I’d never been much for women in uniform, but weirdly, her plain clothes alter ego wasn’t bad at all. Psychological, I guess. In her uniform, she was a cop. Full stop. But like this, she was a woman, and an attractive one at that. I was a terrible judge of racial background, and her Anglicized name did less than nothing to help me figure it out, but if I had to guess, I’d go with Pacific Islander, or maybe that diluted with something else. Olive skin, hair that was dark at the roots but dyed a brownish blonde throughout... beat me. As she drew closer, I wondered if her uniform had some sort of minimizer in it, because her bust was not entirely unimpressive. She was no Abbie Stern, but few women were. I had to say, without the intimidation of her job on display, she was doing it for me.

Not that I was going to have her do anything for me. This was definitely not about that.

Louisa Barbour waved, then made her way through the Sunday morning Starbucks crowd. She managed a smile, yet although I was not a detective, I could tell it was rather forced. “Hey, Mr. Canon. Sorry I’m running late. Had to circle the block looking for parking.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I got here early, beat the rush I guess. And hey, thanks again for meeting me like this on such short notice. I know it’s—”

She held up a hand. “I think if you thank me or apologize one more time, I’m going to have to issue you a citation for it.”

I laughed, though it felt like it came out a little crazy. I’d rehearsed this in my head a thousand times since I’d gotten her to agree to meet me, but I was still almost paralytic with anxiety. Most of what I’d done up until now had been accidental or spur of the moment. Premeditation made me decidedly more anxious. “Sorry.” I winced.

“There’s my citation. But hey, can I bribe you with some coffee? My treat, of course.”

She shrugged. “Sure.”

“What’s your poison?”

“You know what? It’s Sunday, and I’m working, so let’s go nuts. I’ll take a caffe mocha, no whipped cream.”

“Done and done. Settle in, and I’ll be right back.”

I put in our order – a black coffee for me, just so I’d be getting something and not look suspicious returning with only one cup – and waited. It didn’t take long; the baristas were in the zone, moving the line like the pros they were. I took our drinks over to the counter, grabbed napkins, straws, cream and sugar to give me something to do with my hands so my shaking didn’t give away my panic, and oh yeah, half an eye-dropper of Serenex for Louisa once the hipster at my left vacated the area and gave me a window...

It was all a lot easier than I'd worried it would be. Once I sat down, it only took a couple minutes of small talk about my concerns for Taylor, some fabricated bullshit that she'd opened up to me about some disturbing things in her home life but pleaded I not tell the school counselor. "But I know you two have sort of a connection, so I thought if anyone could help..."

She finally took a sip. Licked her lips, took a nice long drink.

"It would be you."

Louisa began a response, and I could see it hitting her as she tried to get the words out. "I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised. Kids who, um, cause as much trouble as Taylor tend to... you know... tend to be... um..." She shook her head. "Taylor probably..."

And she trailed off. Like that, I had her. Now I'd just give her a command to follow me out to my car, plant the necessary suggestions, and I'd have my very own investigator. Easy as—

"Hey, guys!"

I nearly leapt out of my socks from the proximity of the voice that addressed us. It was Candace Salata, newest addition to the social studies department, assistant volleyball coach... and Louisa's girlfriend.

"Candace!" I squeaked. Oh shit, don't let her look over at Officer Barbour. "Hey, we— I mean, I didn't expect you! Good to see you. Having a good weekend so far? End of the year is crazy, right? I know I've been just slammed. Assigned an essay in May like a complete idiot. Now I'll be grading to graduation day to get it done. This time of the year is always BLALALA, ya know? But hey, this weather... can't beat it right? Good time to sit out on the patio and get some work done in the fresh air. You ever do that? I love it. Do you? Um, do that?"

Smooth. So smooth.

It did have the desired effect, though, keeping her eyes on me and off of the glassy-eyed slack-jawed stare of her girlfriend. I estimated maybe two, three seconds of close examination before anyone looking at Louisa realized something was wrong. As it was, if we sat here for very long, total strangers would begin noticing. I'd been banking on them not being intrusive enough to say anything before I could usher Louisa out of here, but now...!

"Uh, yeah. Sometimes. Wow, what're they putting in the coffee today, huh?"

I laughed, and this time it was *definitely* crazy sounding. "Yeah, guess I'm a little tweaked, huh. Haha! Good stuff though. What's your drink?"

"You buying?"

I was babbling so fast that I almost said yes – which would leave the two of them alone at the table. As it was, her eyes were still threatening to roam that direction. "Hey, you know what they pay me," I joked. "Tell you what, you may wanna hurry up and get

in line, though. I think I just saw an SUV pull up full to the brim. Don't want to get stuck in the back of that line, right?"

She glanced away from us. *SMILE!* I mouthed at Louisa. *SMILE, DAMMIT!* "No, I guess not," said Candace. She looked over to Louisa, who donned a dippy grin with no time at all to spare. It was enough to pass muster for the momentary glance. "Don't go too far into things without me, OK? If you're talking about Taylor Stern, I want to be in on it. Girl's turning my hair gray!"

My laugh was marginally less ridiculous-sounding this time, but I didn't say any more words. Nothing that would keep her standing next to the two of us for another second. I waited until she was in line, and to my incredible relief, she seemed to be actually studying the menu rather than look back at us.

My brain was going a hundred miles an hour. What was I going to do?! No way Candace wouldn't notice Louisa's mental state almost instantly. As things stood, at best, she'd think I tried to roffie her girlfriend. No talking my way out of it. And as was becoming all too familiar an instinct these days, my thoughts went immediately to the eyedropper in my pocket and the few drops still in it. I'd made sure to bring more than enough in case some of it dribbled out in my plastic-wrap-lined pocket. At this rate, I was going to have to start lugging the whole canister around to keep up with all the collateral damage I was causing.

And how had I started using it this casually?!

I could agonize about the ethical ramifications later. Right now, there was no other choice. How, though? Candace was second in line now; no, they called her to a second register. Tick tock. I raised up and struck down options in my head like mental whack-a-mole. Intercept her order when they called it? No way. Too weird, and too much chance she'd catch on to Louisa even if she let me. Dribble it in once she sat down? Too conspicuous. What if someone else saw me? At the counter, I'd been able to do it with my body in the way, but right at the table? Impossible. But what if I caused a distraction? Sneeze and pretend to knock my coffee across the cafe. No. That meant apologies, clean-up, delays, all the more time for Louisa's behavior to tip people off. How how how?!

By the time Candace picked up her order, I'd put into motion the only plan I could come up with. Dammit, this had to work. If I were religious I would have been praying, but my fortune these past few days had done nothing if not confirm that if there were a god, they were clearly not on my side.

Candace took a moment to grab her own accoutrements and returned to the table, taking a moment to set down her purse and windbreaker over her chair. "So what did I miss? Isa told me all about what Taylor did to you. Over a chapstick! My god, that girl. I can't believe she would mmf...!"

Louisa did as I had commanded. As her girlfriend sat down, she leaned forward, seized Candace by the back of her neck, and kissed her.

It was hot. Really hot. Louisa was an exotic beauty, very well put together, and while Candace might not have the curves I generally preferred on a woman, she was undeniably very pretty and took excellent care of herself. She was the object of countless crushes by her students. Faculty too, as I could once have attested to.

There was a brief squeak of surprise and alarm, even some a little squirming to get out of it. It was one hell of a sexy kiss, and right there in the crowded cafe... it was not the sort of romantic impulsivity she evidently preferred. But Louisa kept it up until, I fervently hoped, the deed was done.

My colleague wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Isa! Why would you...!" She glanced at me, blushing. "I'm sorry, I don't know what..." She smacked her lips, frowned. "Is that your mocha? Because I gotta say, it's... it tastes like... um... we..."

But whatever verb might have accompanied "we," I wasn't going to wait for it. That kiss had attracted more than a little attention, lookie loos on all sides. We needed to get out of here five minutes ago.

I leaned in. "Louisa? Candace?" Candace looked up. Louisa needed me to say it a couple more times before her eyes focused. "When I stand up, I want you to follow me. Bring your things, and say anything. Understand?" It was hard, keeping my voice soft enough to discourage overhearing but loud enough for both to hear my words clearly. But when I stood, they stood. When I walked, wishing I could sprint, toward the door, they followed.

Moments later, we'd made it back to my car. I'd done it! Done... something anyway. But I was handling things. I wasn't laying down and letting this blackmailer push me around like some weakling.

I am not a pussy.

This was still a high traffic area, both cars and pedestrians, so I drove a short ways off into the abandoned lot by the old Kmart. There, good and private. Even if somebody could see us from the road, they wouldn't recognize us. Not that I had reason to be paranoid about people watching me or anything.

Fuck me. What did I do now? I'd been ready for Louisa. But now!

Hmm.

It occurred to me that one of the primary hazards in my original plan had been the possibility of Candace discovering I'd done something to her girlfriend. So much for that. Maybe... maybe this was a blessing in disguise?

I looked to the two women in my backseat, heads lolling about like a couple of bobblehead dolls. Definitely under, bigtime. I wasn't coming any closer to getting a baseline for the necessary minimum dose for efficacy – and had a few concerns about what might happen in case of an overdose – but so far, they didn't look too bad.

“Louisa? Candace? Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” they answered in near unison.

Good start. I had not turned them into vegetables. That was the bar for good news of late.

I supposed there was no huge rush. They’d be like this for hours, it seemed; no sense acting hastily. Man, they were a hot couple. I frowned at the wayward thought. This was not going to be a repeat of what had happened – accidentally! – to the Sterns. Yes, these women were attractive, and yes, they were at my mercy, but I wasn’t some serial brainwasher on the prowl for fresh minds.

You could, though.

I shook my head. No. *Come on, Canon, do like you planned with Louisa, at least.* “Louisa, I have some instructions for you. All right?”

“OK,” she mumbled.

“Good. Now when I give you those instructions, I want you to repeat them back to me.”

“Repeat them.”

“Then, I want you to say them in your head a hundred times. The whole thing. Understand?”

Regrettably, I’d left my pad of paper back at Starbucks, so we’d have to modify my previous method. I reckoned the writing-it-down aspect of things was probably unnecessary anyway. After all, some things had sunk in for Taylor and Abbie despite them only being said once. This should work just fine. Louisa confirmed that she did indeed understand.

I took a breath. “I am Mr. Canon’s protector. My top priority is keeping him safe and preserving his freedom.”

The choice of words was somewhat hifalutin, but I’d put thought into it. I would be “safe” in prison. The inclusion had been necessary. Louisa murmured the words verbatim. Her lips kept moving, and her fingers counting up the repetitions. Good. It was working.

“Now, what to do with you,” I said, looking to Candace. She wasn’t looking back. Hmm. Maybe you had to get their attention first? It might explain why Abbie had cherry picked what details she’d seized upon. A blessing, if so. It’d be easier to micro-target my messages for their intended audiences. But what did I want to tell her?

I didn’t feel good about it, but honestly? My first impulse was that least ignoble of desires. Candace was in my backseat, the assistant volleyball coach dressed for the part in black spandex shorts and a pink t-shirt with the sleeves and most of the sides cut off, a sports bra partially visible. It matched the shorts. Probably on her way to the gym after coffee, or maybe had already been. She was definitely pretty in a natural kind of way, less made over and conformed to societal beauty standards like Taylor and Abbie. Dyed

black hair with a faint streak of purple in it, edgy for a teacher, but this time last year she'd been a sorority sister with a nose piercing, and it seemed the adjustment was still in progress. Fit, trim, tight and perky.

And sexiest of all, her mind wide open for anything I might want to do with it.

I had to remind myself that it wasn't pussy behavior to *not* make her like the Sterns. Just because I was horny as hell and she was attractive and vulnerable wasn't a reason to take advantage. But I couldn't let her go like this, obviously. I had no idea what she'd remember, but there would be more than enough cause for suspicion to land me in all manner of trouble.

Say. That ought to do it, right?

"Candace," I said. After a moment, she looked up at me, eyes slowly locking on mine. Her pupils were wide. Beside her, Louisa was still subvocalizing her new mantra. "Candace, in a moment I'm going to say something. I want you to repeat it back to me. All right?"

"I want you to repeat it back to me, all right," she monotoned.

"Uh, right." At least she was listening. "Now again, only this time, say, 'I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans.'"

"I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans." I supposed I could have used my first name with these ladies, but my title seemed less ambiguous.

"That's good. Now I want you to repeat that to yourself a hundred more times. Those same exact words. Go ahead." I watched for a moment while she got started, and soon, the women in my backseat were both assiduously drilling my programming into their heads. What I wouldn't give for students who complied with my instruction with that kind of devotion.

Well, I suppose I had that now, too, but... not in that sense.

Each of them did a hundred more repetitions when they finished, in case this was less effective than writing it down. Abbie had been done in by mere off-handed comments, so it was likely overkill anyway. I wasn't about to keep trying this on people until I had actionable data. If I had my way, I'd never use it on anyone again.

Meanwhile, I sat there stewing in guilt. I wasn't stupid. I knew those commands would do more than simply cover my ass, help me with my blackmailer. But I had to preserve the secret. I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Overkill was an unfortunate necessity. I'd probably have to tell Louisa about it all, sure, but I owned her loyalty now. She could no more spread the word than if I wrote it down on a piece of paper and stuck it in my pocket.

They went back to their vacant staring, waiting, taunting me to do more to them. But no. Jesus, I already had two gorgeous young women ready to do anything I might

want to do with these two. They were lesbians to boot! That fact might not matter to the Serenex in their blood, but it mattered to me.

All right. Enough with the violations of basic morality and the natural order. Back to work.

The original plan had been to take them back to my place. Since the blackmailer could well be a nosy neighbor who might still be watching my house, Louisa would have to hide in the trunk, Taylor style, so nobody would know I'd recruited help. Now, though?

"You two have a place together, right?"

Candace massaged her forehead. "Just so I understand you correctly, to summarize: you bought a riot control chemical to make Taylor Stern let you tutor her one on one. You got caught with it, so you used it on her and her sister to stop them from telling anyone. Then you say you wound up brainwashing Abbie to be your 'fantasy slut...'"

"*Accidentally*," I emphasized in response to her accusatory tone.

"At which point she kidnapped Taylor and brought her to your house, tried to seduce you, and when you so very stoically resisted, she dosed you, making you feel like it would be wrong *not* to take advantage of these two teenage girls. Then when you woke up yesterday morning, you found out that somehow, despite your overwhelming abundance of caution, someone had discovered your activities and wants twenty-five thousand dollars to keep quiet. So you thought instead of confessing or using the help you already had, you'd come and enslave my girlfriend. And lucky me, I just happened to be standing in the path of what let's affectionately call the Canon ball."

I sighed. "That's the bulk of it, yeah."

"You know, for a man who netted himself a pair of nubile sex slaves without even trying, you sure have yourself quite a martyrdom complex about it all." She sneered.

"What do you know about the duration of the effect?" asked Louisa, sipping at a fresh and untainted cup of coffee she'd brewed in the kitchen to help clear their heads. Unlike her partner, her voice was devoid of judgment. She was approaching this analytically, a professional through and through. It was a welcome reprieve from Candace's judgment, valid or no.

There was a question I should have asked myself a long time ago. Serenex was only a chemical, after all. Surely it would wear off eventually. Shit! Why did my hindsight never reveal any good news?

I supposed if it wore off on the girls, it would wear off on me not long after. Of course, I'd be in handcuffs or buried in the Sterns' back yard by then. Not much of a consolation.

"Not entirely sure. I first dosed Taylor Monday, and she behaved herself well enough all week that it had to be the Serenex. That was a pretty weak dose, only whatever she got from licking her lips. Abbie's been on the slut warpath for going on forty-eight hours now and showing no signs of slowing down." The text I'd gotten while waiting here at their place had left no doubt of that. *if i dont get some dick in me soon, ima come find u and spray that shit up yo ass.* It had been accompanied by a shot showing her raised fist clenched defiantly, though the wrathfulness was clouded by the bared breasts behind it.

Still no word from Taylor, but then, there wouldn't be. There didn't need to be.

"Well there's one of our first concerns. If we're going to maintain security of information, our biggest potential liability is that one of us will snap out of it. Not much question that any of us would bring you down first thing if we could."

"Who, me? What about me leads you to think I'd object to a teacher drugging and raping his students?" groused Candace.

I was unconvinced any of this could constitute rape to begin with considering the tangled web of who had brainwashed and compromised who, but there was no point arguing semantics. The point was, Candace was going to let me do what I wanted to do, which was good enough.

Louisa patted her girlfriend's shoulder consolingly, but she wasn't deterred from her consultancy. "So that's really the thing. The blackmailer isn't the problem. It's the sheer number of people with knowledge they shouldn't have, that person or persons among them. We need to figure out what we're dealing with here. I'll see what I can learn at the department, if we have anything in the database about side effects of Serenex ingestion. Better give me your phone, too. In case the number isn't enough, we might be able to run a trace with the phone itself."

"Can you do that without anyone reading it?"

"No worries, I'm friends with the tech. I'll buy him a coffee and dose him with the Serenex. Twice the manpower, that way." It wasn't only Candace who looked at her aghast, but Louisa soon cracked a grin. "I'm kidding, geez. Relax, you two. I'm trained on the software myself. Comes up all the time at school, kids sending threatening messages, cyber-bullying, that kind of thing."

"Oh. Well that's good, I guess."

"In the meantime, you two need to be thinking about what you're going to do to keep Candy and I from blabbing if or when it wears off."

"You know I don't like it when you call me that in front of people."

But Louisa merely bent down and kissed her forehead, fuzzing her hair. “Tell me you love me.”

Her eyes darted to me resentfully, but she gave in soon enough. “I love you. For some reason.”

Louisa tucked my cracked phone in her hip pocket and headed out the door. “And then there were two,” I said dryly.

“Look, I was on my way back from the gym when you caught me this morning, so if it’s all the same to you, I’m going to clean up and get dressed and then... I dunno, hide in my room and pretend you’re not here. No offense.” I had a hard time believing she didn’t intend at least *some* offense.

“What about what Louisa said?”

Candace rolled her eyes. “Isa. Nobody calls her Louisa except at work.”

“Candy and Isa, eh? Shows what I know.” I donned a cheesy high-pitched voice. “*Isa me! Candy-o!*”

“Don’t do that. Oh god, don’t ever do that.”

I allowed myself a smirk. “Anyway, what about what she said, about a contingency plan? She has a point. Seems pretty certain you’ll report me the second you’re able.”

“Maybe. I don’t know, seems hard to imagine doing anything to cause you trouble. I would never do that.”

“Let’s hope it stays that way.”

Paradoxically, for all her naked disdain for my conduct, Candace nodded sincerely. “Yeah, let’s hope. If I start to feel like anything you shoved in my head is coming loose, I’ll warn you ASAP, OK?”

“Yeah. That’s, uh, great.” Huh. Guess she preferred keeping my plans intact to having her mind back in one piece.

Well that shouldn’t turn me on.

My hostess retreated to her bedroom. I tried not to think, as I had been for most of those seemingly interminable hours when I’d been waiting for them to come to, of what I could get away with. Spending this much time in close quarters with the two of them had only made me more keenly aware of what their respective work uniforms had allowed me not to ignore. Candace’s athletic build might not command the same attention as classic bombshells like the Stern girls, but as I watched those spandex shorts glide down her hallway, it seemed unjust. There had been a good reason I’d been attracted to Candace back then.

There was a brief pause, then I heard water turn on. The shower. I grit my teeth. Nudity. Prolonged nudity. Wetness. Soap. Hot warm water. Hot warm teacher.

No. That was the slipperiest slope I’d ever stood on. One inch downward, and I’d be coasting until... oh god, yes, until...

I sat up. There it was. Abbie. I needed to contact Abbie. What was I being blackmailed for, after all, but for the presence of a naked student in my house? All I had to do was have Abbie come over here and take some pictures of my own. Then if Louisa and Candace – Isa and Candy, that is – did snap out of it, they'd be as screwed as I was, caught in the exact same vice of guilt and blame as me, and look how far I'd been willing to go to get out of it! It was perfect.

Or maybe I was just tired of waiting and wanted to get my girls over here. Whatever. I was doing it, and if the pictures never served a higher purpose than fueling my spank bank, that was fine by me.

I was going to need a phone. Hmm. I could borrow Candace's, I suppose. Looking around, I surmised she'd taken it with her. I stole quietly toward the bedroom, trying not to think of how she'd disapprove of what I was about to do. Ah, well. She'd find out before long anyway when–

“Need something?” asked Candace. She was standing in the middle of her bedroom. Apart from her sports bra and two long socks, she was naked. Holy shit. Candace – Candy – shaved. (Anyone with that name and that pussy was definitely a Candy. I was never letting that go.) She waxed too, from the look of things. I couldn't help but gape at the two pink, puffy lips in front of me – then more so when it occurred to me that rather than push me out or dive in the bathroom, she merely stood there. Her response was no more severe than to place her hands on slender hips, watching me with a mildly irritated expression.

“I... um... phone.”

“What for?” Despite her question, she didn't hesitate to point to where it sat charging on her nightstand beneath a framed photo of her and Isa sitting in some picturesque gazebo somewhere. They were dressed up nice. Someone's wedding, maybe? They looked happy. Content. Much more so than the real Candy, who was gesturing for me to answer her and looking anything but.

“Oh, nothing. Just, um, some pictures. Your girlfriend took my phone, so... yeah.” Explaining everything to her the first time had been hard enough. Having to admit my sleazy plan aloud was more than I felt like doing. “It's part of a plan.”

Excellent – my choice of words evidently struck home, and her veneer of disdain vanished. “Oh? All right. Here, let me swipe you in.” My nearly naked colleague walked over and retrieved the phone. Holy *shit*, that ass! Two spherical bubbles above a thigh gap that was basically an arrow originating at her pussy. It couldn't have been tighter if she had been sculpted in plastic. She caught me looking as she turned, but said nothing as she handed me the activated phone.

“Thanks. Um, I think your water's hot now.” A cloud of steam drifted slowly from the open door to the master bathroom.

“Oh. Right.” Her lips twisted to one side for a moment, but only a moment. Then it was off with the sports bra in one swift motion, revealing a pair of unbelievably cute little tits. Her fair skin almost hid the petite, conical pink nipples. The socks went last, giving me an amazing view of the slit itself as she bent to peel them off. Then the social studies turned and strode into the bathroom. My cock threatened to jump out of my pants and follow. The glass door slid open, and in she went. With the panes already fogging over, I waited for her to close it so I could pry myself away. After a brief pause, it did so, and time started moving again.

Jesus. Causing me trouble and disrupting my plans had one hell of a broad definition where sweet Candy was concerned. I wondered if she'd let me...

No. No, on with the actual plan. Thankfully, I still remembered Abbie's number. I punched it in hastily, double- and triple-checking to make sure I didn't send it to some stranger. *Abbie, this is Mr. Canon. Get your ass over to 2530 Rock Creek Rd. Now.*

Bring Taylor.

The reply came fast. *How do I know this is u*

I considered. And wear that schoolgirl outfit, slut.

<3 <3 <3 omw soon!!! She included half a dozen eggplant and kitty emojis, evidently in case I'd forgotten she wanted to have sex.

There. Now hopefully Candy would stay out of the way so we could—

“You coming, or what?”

I looked up. There she was again, leaning around the shower door and looking expectantly at where I was sitting on the end of her bed. “Am I what now?”

“Yeah. If you don't do this soon, I'm gonna start pruning up.”

“Do what?”

“You said you were going to take pictures, right?” There was no mistaking the mild teacherly condescension in her voice. It worked; I felt pretty stupid just then.

“Huh? Why would I...?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Isn't that your plan? Get some naked pictures of me, make sure you have leverage in case I get un-mind-controlled?”

Wow. It somehow hadn't occurred to me to do something so straightforward. That was a lot simpler than my plan of using the Sterns. She sure leapt to that assumption about my intentions quickly, though. Should I be offended?

“Uh, yes?” Why did I make that a question? Here was one of, if not the hottest teachers in school inviting me to take pictures of her showering. What was I supposed to say, “naw, lame plan”?

To tell the truth, as I entered the bathroom and took my place in front of the open shower door, I was barely bothering with the camera. Why watch her on the screen of her phone when I could just stare at the genuine article in all its glory? Her slim, taut body gleamed head to toe under the sheen of steam, water beading across her chest and

slowly dribbling down to the underside of each breast. It was like a game, waiting to see if each trickle and droplet would trail down her stomach or drip right down through the air.

I could have stared at this all day.

“Do you think it’s better if I pose, or just act naturally?” she asked, adding, “Sorry if the loofah’s in the way, but I actually do need to get clean, too.”

“Um, maybe posing? And smiling, yeah. The shower door’s open, after all, so not like anyone seeing these would think you didn’t know you were being watched.”

“Yeah, that’s smart. OK, sure.” She clasped the loofah to her chest with both hands and cocked one knee forward, and I swear, the sight of Ms. Salata’s naked, glistening ass in profile almost did me in then and there. An experienced observer might say she didn’t know how to model, that she largely alternated between the simple acts of thrusting out her butt, thrusting out her chest, or both. I couldn’t have cared less. My preconceptions about the sex appeal of body types was realigning itself even as I looked.

“God, your fucking tits look amazing like that.”

Oh crap, did I say that out loud?

Candy frowned. “Please don’t use that word.”

“What, fucking? Or tits?”

“I suppose either, but I meant the latter. I don’t go for the whole dirty talk thing with Isa, and I sure as hell don’t want to hear it from some random coworker. OK?” Then, as if to confirm the utterance had offended her only in its vulgarity and not in its clear relation to her behavior, she cupped her breasts, one in each hand, kneading and caressing them for the camera.

“Sure, sure. Sorry. Just... damn, Isa’s a lucky woman.” Her nipples hardened as she played. “You know, when you first started at GHS, I was actually trying to flirt with you?”

“I know. Half the single men on staff did. At least you were more subtle about it than Coach Krieger. He literally cornered me in the lounge one day. Would not stop talking at me. I started to wonder if he just meant to keep me there until I surrendered or what.” Her eyes flicked to her phone in my outstretched hand. “Of course, he didn’t drug me and my girlfriend and film me in the shower, so...”

“Yeah, yeah. Use more soap.”

Her nostrils flared at my command, but she did it, fetching a fancy-looking artisanal bottle from the caddy slung over the nozzle. Fresh suds bloomed across her torso as she massaged the fragrant oil into her skin. I could barely make out the discomfort and disdain in her eyes. She couldn’t be blamed, I guess. I hadn’t made her want this like Taylor inadvertently had with Abbie. But still, the traces were there.

“Come on, smile for the camera, Candy,” I said, modeling one such. Instead, she flipped me the bird and went back to pinching her left nipple. “I’m serious. If these are going to work for keeping you quiet, they can’t look coerced. Right?”

She stopped, glared openly, then flicked a splash of soapy water at me. “Fine.” My coworker turned to face the stream, lowering her head under the spray. “Are you taking pictures, or video?”

“Um, pictures.” Technically true. I think I’d taken three or four so far, and I wasn’t even sure if they showed her. I didn’t care.

Her petite breasts heaved in and out, as much as they could anyway, as she steeled herself. Then practically before I knew what was happening, she turned back to me, a broad smile on her face. “Stop!” she cried, but she was giggling in apparent glee as she swatted playfully at the space in front of the camera. “You’re such a fucking pig, Canon! I can’t believe you’re going around dosing women with some shit you don’t even understand!” She splashed me playfully. “And now I have to let you record me in the shower like some garden variety whore!” She feebly tried to cover her breasts with one arm, her pussy with the other. As seemed to be her intent, the act did more to draw the eyes than thwart them, and with how much she was wiggling and squirming, it failed completely at covering her body.

“Like, ohmygosh, if there’s a hell, you’re going to the lowest level! You do realize that right? Heehee!” Candy shifted from the faux embarrassment act and went to the opposite extreme, leaning against the far wall of the shower and spreading her labia for me. “One-way ticket, first class, all the way down. Haha!”

One would think that, being served this compact bundle of sensuality served up on a platter of steamy suds, my mind would be incapable of wandering. But instead, as Candy’s middle finger teased between the folds of her labia, probing at her swelling clit, I had a flashback to one day last fall.

It had been right before Halloween, I recalled, my memory somehow retaining the presence of cheap paper pumpkins stuck to the window, drooping even before their short-lived utility had been reached. Funny though, I couldn’t remember exactly what had brought me to Ms. Salata’s classroom that day. It was pretty rare for me to need to stop by the room of someone outside my department.

Anyway, what brought me back to it was the memory of that moment when I walked in. She’d been helping a student with an assignment, bent over with her palms on their desk. At her questioning glance at my arrival, I’d motioned to continue, no rush on my account. My patience, however, had not been born out of courtesy, but rather out of the way her ass looked in those pants. Tight enough I could make out her panty lines, which were a lot narrower than I would have thought. The detail only helped paint a picture in my mind of what it would have looked like without those pants in the way. I hadn’t *stared*, per se, but any man would have at least looked.

And then I caught a female student looking at me, and her eyes went back to that ass, back to me, and the girl somehow managed to simultaneously smirk and sneer at having caught me. I narrowed my eyes as a soft rebuke of her correct assessment, then went on with whatever it was I'd come for.

But I'd gone home that night and satisfied myself at length to the memory of that image. It hadn't made its way into my playlist, as it were, but perhaps it ought to have. If not for that student intruding on my admiration, it might have.

That student had been Taylor Stern. Because who else would it have been.

"Turn around."

"Really? We have to have enough by now. And if you can't see my face, it's not exactly useful as blackmail. Unless we've moved beyond 'the plan' now."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means, if you're done prepping for the eventuality of blackmail and are now just enjoying yourself, say so, and let's get on with things." She sighed, brushed a strand of hair off of her forehead, and turned away from me. There it was. The ass, straight-on, unobstructed, posed for consumption. "Not like I can do anything about it, so have your fun."

Something in that made me look up for a moment. "What do you mean, you can't do anything about it? This was your idea."

"Uh, no, I just figured out your idea before I had to hear you say it. I agree, making sure I have something so humiliating hanging over my head that I'd never betray you is smart. I'm not sure this will be enough, but it's a good start." For the life of me, I couldn't say why I got so turned on hearing her agree to that. "But if you just want to leer at me, watch me shower, then that's just you being a pervert. It's fine, I already knew you were, but own it, and get on with it."

"I'm... I'm not, ah..."

"The hell you're not, Canon. Now relax, I guess, and get on with it. I mean, what am I gonna do? Report you to HR? Call the police? Tell Isa? You know as well as I do I can't cause you any trouble." She planted her hands on the wall. It may as well have been that kid's desk. Her back arched, her ass thrust back. The water was hitting the small of her back, pooling there, then running off along her ribs, and right down the lines of her ass.

So yes, six seconds ago I had been excoriated for reprogramming her to be the perfect victim, but my mind was six months ago. Only this time, there was no judgmental student watching. To quote the woman whose butt I was reaching out to pinch, not like she can do anything about it. It was too slippery to get much of a grip, but that didn't stop me from trying again.

And again.

“Really? Fucking really?” Her head swiveled to face me, scowling murderously. It was intimidating enough that I pulled back – at least, after a couple more seconds – and held my hands up in surrender.

“Fine, fine. Sorry, I couldn’t help myself.” Oh, fuck it. I gave it a few pats. And a squeeze. But that was it. “Finish up in here. Take your time. I’ll be in the living room, but feel free to hide out back here if you’re feeling put upon, Candy.” One last squeeze.

“*Candace.*” My god, she hadn’t even adjusted out of her pose, as I was still watching. Did not offering herself up like a rack of lamb constitute ‘causing Mr. Canon trouble’ to her warped mind? Jesus, this Serenex stuff was dangerous. In the wrong hands, that is.

“You’re too sweet not to be Candy, Candy.” One more squeeze, a quick stroke along the length of her exposed pussy, and I finally left the bathroom.

There was company coming, after all.

Part Five: Lesson Planning

Last year, I agreed to help chaperone the class trip to Mexico that the Spanish department put together. My own Spanish was negligible but the kids helped get me through it. I dare say I even learned a bit from them, as well as some of the (very patient) locals I interacted with. The whole trip was incredible. Amazing food, fascinating cultural and historic sites, and lots of opportunity to roam and play. I got a first rate vacation and a first degree sunburn. (Yo soy muy blanca.)

Back in the hotel, the kids all slept four to a room. After the first night or two, they even piped down with complaints about “sharing beds with other dudes,” as the homophobic dude-bros put it. Some of the chaperones doubled up to save money, but as an introvert about to be thrust into non-stop company nearly every waking hour for over a week, I splurged and got my own room. It did me a lot of good to have somewhere to retreat to at the end of the day, and if I could still hear them down the halls and out the window, at least I could let my hair down, so to speak, and relax. To the extent I could.

I didn’t masturbate once the entire trip.

Not for lack of inspiration. We hit up several beaches, thronging with bikini-clad women, and no matter where we went, I was surrounded by scores of horny teenage girls working double-time to advertise their interest in going home without their v card intact. (Or another hole punched in it, at least.) No, Taylor wasn’t there; she threw quite the tantrum over her ineligibility, but her discipline record precluded her from going on a field trip across town to the bowling alley, much less international. Still, she was hardly the only pair of mouth-watering tits to be found in Mexico, imported or local.

By the time I got home, my balls had been ready to explode. A mild breeze was enough to induce an erection. It felt like I went through a bottle of lotion in a week while I caught up on lost time. But there’s just something about being in an unfamiliar place that makes it hard for me to relax enough to enjoy myself. Always has been.

If Taylor and Abbie had taken thirty more seconds to get to Candy and Isa’s house, I would have painted the ceiling of the living room pearlescent white.

I heard them before I saw them, even knew it was them and not Officer Barbour coming back unexpectedly early from the creak of the door opening and closing on that rustbucket car of theirs. I met them at the door, ushering them in quickly and keeping myself behind the door and out of sight of lookers-on. I doubted they were being followed, but I’d been burned enough already.

“What in god’s name are you two wearing?”

It wasn’t the most cordial welcome, I’ll grant, but it was the first thing that came to mind. Abbie was dressed in a bulky sweatsuit. Her hair was still straightened from yesterday’s flat ironing, up in the same high ponytail she’d had in yesterday’s pictures,

and she had a touch of makeup on. Very red lipstick. Otherwise, she looked like she was on her way to a slumber party. An all girl slumber party. Full of girls she felt completely and totally unthreatened by.

Taylor was little better in a baggy t-shirt and her own sweatpants. As they walked into the living room, studying their new environment warily, I saw she at least had the decency to pick a pair of sweats that clung to her behind nicely, even had the word “juicy” written in calligraphic script across the butt to give people an excuse to be looking. Still, compared to what I felt like I had been promised, they were both crushing disappointments.

“Tell me where the fuck we are first,” said Abbie, frowning.

Taylor let out an exasperated breath. “I told you, we’re—”

But Abbie put a finger to her sister’s lips, and Taylor fell instantly silent. Looked like a hundred copies of *my little sister is the boss of me* had produced Abbie’s desired results. If nothing else, it made my own commands feel humble by comparison. I was very glad I’d never had a boss like Abbie.

“We’re at Ms. Salata’s and Officer Barbour’s house,” I answered coolly. I didn’t like her taking control of the conversation, but it was fair of her to ask. We had to keep our relationship a secret.

“So Dick-Breath over there was right.” She removed her finger, allowing Taylor to sullenly mumble an I-told-you-I-googled-it under her breath. “All right, so *why* are we at their house?”

Another fair question, but trickier. “First off, let me stress that I have the situation well in hand.”

“Situation? There’s a situ-fucking-ation now? Pardon my French, but, dafuq?”

“Someone found out about us, see, and—”

Four eyes threatened to pop out of two heads. “Someone...! And we’re just now finding out?! Is it Barbour? I will stone cold knife that little piglet!”

“No, and keep your voices down. So when I woke up yesterday—”

“Yesterday! And we’re just now hearing about it!” exclaimed Taylor.

“Because like I said, I have the situation well in hand.”

Abbie threw her hands in the air. “Well in hand, he says! Like when you were gonna let this back-stabber blab about us to the whole world? That kind of ‘well in hand’?”

“Someone saw you at my house and got pictures of it! They want me to pay them twenty-five grand or they’ll share them with the world. Now let’s see, was it me who climbed out the window naked, or was that you? I forget.”

“Don’t put this shit on me! I was taking care of business, yo!”

“Abbie, you moron!”

“Kiss my cooch, Tay!”

“BUT!” I roared. These two were unraveling everything I knew about de-escalation. They did turn back to me though. “But, I’m handling it. I, ah, gained the services of Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. They’re going to help me find this son of a bitch, and then I’ll make sure our secret stays safe.”

They stared at me in silence. It was Abbie who finally broke it. “Now let me see if I got this straight, Mr. C. You’re telling me, our secret got out, and your reaction to that was to involve TWO MORE PEOPLE in it?! Is THAT what I’m hearing?!”

“I’m sorry, do you know how to run a trace on a cell phone? Conduct an investigation? If needs be, subdue and detain someone? Because from what I hear, you make your sister’s D average seem a work of genius. We needed the help of a professional, and Officer Barbour was the only one I knew!”

Taylor gestured to a photo hanging on the wall of the two residents of the house. It looked to be from the Winter Formal, actually. “And her rug-munching bitch of a girlfriend? What’s she bring to the table?”

“Language, Taylor. Now as for Ms. Salata, she was... we...” I sighed. “It was an unavoidable necessity. But she’s dealt with. Neither of them can spread word any more than you or I can. So we’re fine. Officer Barbour is out right now looking into things for me. For *us*. She seemed confident that she’ll be able to trace the communication. When she does, we’ll take care of that leak Abbie created, and that will be that. So going all the way back to your original question of why we’re here and not elsewhere, since you alerted someone to the nature of our relationship, my house isn’t secure any more. I figured your parents probably wouldn’t love the idea of me swinging by to spend some quality time with their daughters, so it had to be here. There, now you’re all caught up.”

The girls glared at me, at each other, at the pictures on the wall, at the house they stood in. Really, though, there was nothing else to say, so I went on. “Let’s get back now to *my* question. I believe I asked why you two are dressed like you’re heading out on a camping trip. When you professed to be my fantasy slut, Abbie, I have to say, this was not how I fantasized you looking.”

Like that, Abbie’s glare vanished, replaced immediately by a look so smug she could probably copyright it. I hadn’t noticed the high-heeled platform sandals she was wearing, but as the girl stripped out of her sweatsuit to reveal the fetish schoolgirl outfit beneath it, I appreciated how prepared she’d been to get into costume. Thin white blouse tied off beneath her breasts, buttons straining to contain their bounty beneath. A bra, this time, easily discernible through the paper-thin fabric of the top. Navy blue? Black? I wasn’t sure. I would be soon. The tartan skirt from the photo, though, that was navy. Once Abbie had adjusted it to where she wanted it, the waist was clear up over her belly button, which meant the bottom was struggling to cover anything it was meant to be covering.

To satisfy the itch of curiosity, I lifted the front to inspect. Plain white cotton panties. Like a good schoolgirl should wear.

“Teacher likey?” she asked, twisting to give me a good look from all angles.

My mouth was suddenly parched. “Very much. You get that just for me?”

“The top, yes. The skirt is from middle school when my cunt stepdad tried to force me to go to St. Mary’s. Nuns couldn’t handle me. Virgin-ass penguins held me back and everything. But what do you think? Still fits pretty good for what it’s doing, right?”

“Yes, it certainly...” Somehow, mid-sentence it dawned on me that if she hadn’t been held back a year, she’d be a senior. “Hang on, what?”

Abbie shrugged. “Nuns are cunts. They just don’t know how to use ‘em.”

“No, you’re... wait. That’d make you two the same age.”

“I’m six weeks older,” Taylor clarified ambiguously.

“But... but are you... twins can’t...”

The girls shared a look, then broke into laughter. “You thought we were twins?” snorted Taylor.

“Not before thirty seconds ago! So then what—”

“Stepsisters. Duh. Her mom married my dad, like, six or seven years ago. How could you not know that? We don’t even look anything alike.” Taylor eyed her apparent stepsister with disdain.

“She wishes,” retorted Abbie.

I looked back and forth between the two girls with their long blondish brown hair, curvy figures, tanned skin, beautiful faces. How could they *not* be... but I supposed they weren’t the only busty blonde girls with tans in school. “Huh. That’s... I don’t know. Huh.”

Abbie dragged a fingernail in zigzags down my chest. “You thought I was seventeen, and you were gonna fuck me anyway?”

“Um, I wasn’t... I mean, I was, but—”

This time, Abbie’s giggling was pointed rather more directly at me. “Holy shit, Tay, I’m so hot I turned him into a fuckin’ child molester!”

“You hit on me first!” I cried defensively.

Taylor was howling. “Right, so it would’ve only been statutory, see?”

I glared between the two of them until, after a bit too long for my dignity’s sake, they finally stopped laughing. “Are you done?”

Abbie patted my shoulder. “Come on, Mr. C. A couple minutes’ teasing is better than twenty to forty without parole, right?”

Before I could say something clever back at her, or more likely, the girls could continue mocking me, there was the pointed sound of a throat clearing behind me.

“Oh hey, Ms. Salata. You got a nice pad.” Taylor’s tone was as dry as Candy’s shower had been wet. Her hair still was, somewhat, though the rest of her was now dry

and covered in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and a billowy shirt. It couldn't have been more of a pointed attempt to protect her shape from roving eyes than if she'd come out in a hazmat suit.

"Good afternoon, girls. I take it Mr. Canon has brought you up to speed on our arrangement?"

"Yeah, he said he made you his bitch, pretty much." Abbie helped herself to a seat on the sofa. She didn't bother crossing her legs, not that it would have done anything to preserve her modesty. "So how's it feel?"

The sight of a teacher mustering the resolve to show restraint despite a student trying their best to provoke a reaction engendered more empathy in me than all of her belly-aching and sass in the shower had. "Look. Abbie, Taylor, none of us are in a position we want to be in," their other teacher began.

Abbie shrugged. "I dunno, I'm kind of OK with it."

"OK, a situation none of us wanted to be in this time Thursday," continued Candy evenly. "Now it's going to make some things complicated, obviously. That said, I expect you two to remember that I am still your teacher, and presently, your hostess, and I expect you to act accordingly."

Taylor took her own seat in the armchair I'd used when I'd broken all this to Isa and Candy. "But like, you can't tell anybody about any of this, can you? Like, for instance, if I called you, say, a gash guzzling geezer... you can't actually do anything about, right?"

Always the age slams with these two – and Candy was even newer to the profession than I was! She wasn't put off, though. "If I understand correctly, no one in this house is empowered to disclose the nature of your relationship, you included. So if I opted to assign you detention every day through graduation, my question is what exactly *you* think you're going to do to stop me."

"But Mr. Canon already has me with him every day after school."

My colleague glanced to me, and I nodded. "Fine, Saturday classes then. We still have time for a few of those."

Abbie giggled. "Oh no, don't lock us alone in a room with Mr. Canon for five hours. However would we fill the time?"

Candy sighed. "You do Saturday class?"

"Yeah. Most weeks. I had to call in a favor to cover it yesterday because of... well." All this chest-thumping was getting out of hand, though, and moreover interfering with my plan. "Look here, girls. You two are going to behave yourselves for Ms. Salata. Ms. Salata, you're not going to unjustly punish them either. The more out of character you behave, the more attention it calls to us, and the last thing we need is more people asking questions or looking for connections. Yes?"

One by one, they each sullenly conceded that I was right. Whatever our different opinions and compulsions, none of us wanted people to grow curious, however slightly. “Good. Now, if you’ll excuse us, Candy, the girls and I have a lot to catch up on.”

Abbie snickered. “Translation: piss off so we can fuck in your living room without you lezzing out on us.”

“Hey, enough!” I snapped.

Taylor scrunched up her face. “What? We’re just busting her girl balls, Mr. C, chill.”

“That’s not the first homophobic slur I’ve heard you girls utter since you entered Ms. Salata’s home. Nor, frankly, is it the first outside of it for you, Taylor.”

Taylor folded her arms. “I have no fucking clue what you’re talking about.”

“Let’s see. How about the time you spread a rumor that Deborah was, and I’m quoting it as it was revealed to me here, ‘a dick-disdaining deep-diving diesel dyke?’”

Recognition bloomed on her face, followed by fresh gales of laughter. “Oh my god, I forgot about that! It wasn’t a rumor – remember, it was the day we did, what’s it called... alliteration! Oh shit, Ryan fucking lost it over that. That shit’s on you, Mr. Canon.”

“And you don’t see how you’re making my point for me with your reaction, Taylor?”

Abbie rolled her eyes. “She’s too used to guys who wanna fuck her so they laugh at all her dumbass jokes.”

“Yes, well, nevertheless, ‘it was just a joke’ is not an acceptable excuse for bullying or mistreatment of others. Now apologize.”

Taylor stroked her chin contemplatively. “Or... now I’m looking at this from all angles here, so bear with me. Or... get bent.” More laughter. Abbie giggled along this time.

Quit letting her behave like this, Canon. Don’t be a pussy.

“What you girls may or may not realize is that such displays of bigotry can often be a mask for latent homosexual urges in the person espousing them,” I began.

Candy arched an eyebrow and addressed me in a low tone, meekly interjecting. “Actually, the science on that is not really confirmed...”

“Ms. Salata, I’m trying to teach these girls something, and you’re *disrupting* my lesson *plan*.” The significant look that accompanied my words was totally unnecessary. Her eyes widened, mortified, and she mouthed a hasty apology.

“Though there have been numerous studies to suggest that very possibility,” she amended.

“Nice save,” said Abbie. “So can we fuck now or are we gonna get the whole SJW treatment?”

“My point being, how do we know you’re not using these outbursts to cover for your own feelings of attraction to other women, Taylor?”

“What? Seriously? Look, I got nothing against her kind. But I’m not gonna tone it down just to spare some weak-ass bitch’s feelings. I ain’t built that way.”

“Oh yes, we’re all familiar with your capacity for ‘keepin’ it rull,’ as the kids say,” the social studies teacher replied dryly.

“Nobody ever says that,” the two answered in unison.

I ignored all three of them. “So I think what we need to do, as a thought experiment, is to give Taylor an opportunity to engage in lesbian behavior and see whether or not her body responds.”

This time, it was all three women who spoke together. “We need to what?!”

“Was I unclear?”

Taylor rose to her feet, hands wadded into fists. “Mr. Canon, you can’t do that! She’s... she’s my *sister*!”

“I thought she was your stepsister?”

“Yeah, but like since we were twelve! We didn’t even have tits back then! You can’t!” Abbie, for her part, was objecting no less vociferously.

“Well, if the idea of being with one another makes you so uncomfortable, then perhaps we’ll need a third party to assist us.”

Candy was already back-pedaling as we all looked to her. “What? No. No way, Canon. You want me to... I don’t even know, but no. If you’re going to engage in sexual intercourse with students, I’ll state once more for the record that I don’t approve and I think you’re sick, but I won’t get in the way. But I will not stand idly by and let you involve me in—”

“It’s part of the lesson plan.”

Seven little syllables and her protest died on her lips. All she needed was that nudge, and her next breath was a sigh of resignation. “Fine, then. Just tell me what you need me to do.”

Thank you, Serenex.

“For starts, go change into something less... that. See what Abbie did? Like that, but for teachers. Best you can do.”

Now that it was part of the plan, there was no resistance, no sulking. She would never do anything to disrupt my plans, even made-up sex lessons with her students. Candy nodded and padded quickly down towards her bedroom without another word.

“And you,” I said, walking over to Taylor. “You had to know what I had in mind for this afternoon. You might be lazy and disrespectful, but you’re not stupid. And yet you dressed like this. Were you trying to provoke me, or what?”

“Abbie made me!” Taylor insisted. “But look, I—”

“Shh. Hush, Tay.” Her sister cut her off quickly, rising from the couch and coming up behind me. Abbie’s body pressed against my back, her pelvis grinding softly against my ass, hands massaging my chest. “I wanted her to look cas for the road. Low profile, keeping our secret and all. I will *never* let anyone find out what happened in your room. But what you’re looking at is just the gift wrapping. See, Mr. C? I brought my favy teacher a shiny red apple. You just gotta unwrap it.”

Mixed metaphor aside, I have to say I was pleased. Abbie Stern was a lot of things, but I was fast learning that an incredibly generous sexual partner was chief among them. Or maybe her ego simply couldn’t handle not having jaws drop at her handiwork. I looked over Taylor, and indeed, on closer consideration, there was something under that baggy tee. As for the sweats, I couldn’t tell, but I suddenly had a good feeling.

A very, very good feeling.

It was happening. My god, at last it was happening! Taylor Stern, the unrepentant bitch who’d made my job hell for two long years, who’d bullied and lied and thrown tantrums and teased and frustrated me in every way a student and a woman could... It was happening. She was mine.

It was happening.

I began by untucking her shirt. It was wedged in there good and tight. That provided a glimpse of her lower belly, as smooth and flat as Candy’s. Except it was Taylor Stern’s. With a hand on her chest, I shoved her back down into her seat so I could untie and remove her shoes and socks. Abbie stepped back to let me work. Nice of her. As for Taylor, ditching footwear was necessary, true, but tackling that first was mostly done to give me a moment to ponder whether I wanted to go after the top or the bottoms first. Those tits of hers had been shoved in my face for years, at times almost literally when she took the opportunity to loom. Her ass, though... ever since her first dose, watching her bend over to write her lessons on the whiteboard, it had haunted me.

With two handfuls of buttocks, I pulled her back to her feet, but I remained kneeling.

Her pussy was mere inches from my face. I could feel the heat emanating from it. Was I imagining things, or was it hotter than the rest of her? Well duh, obviously the girl’s pussy was hotter than... oh, never mind. I hooked a finger in both of the hip pockets. It would have been easy to pull them down all at once, but why rush? Whatever happened in the time to come, I would never be able to undress Taylor Stern for the first time again. I didn’t even untie the drawstring, giving it maximum resistance.

It was high time to wear down that resistance.

Left side down an inch.

Right side down an inch.

Left side.

Right side.

Left...

“Whoa.” I looked back to where Abbie was sitting. The girl looked pretty pleased with herself at the look on my face, and she had every right to be. I was finally getting a glimpse of what Taylor had on under those pink sweats. I’d wondered if it would be a classic teen slut uniform complete with the fluorescent thong, or perhaps nothing at all. All those times her panties or thong straps showed above her pants, the times she wore those white leggings and brightly color panties beneath, the skirts that found ways to divulge their secrets. I’d been beside myself with anticipation of which one my eyes would meet.

Instead... Leather. It was leather.

Once I’d gotten a glimpse, my incrementalism was forgotten. Those things went right down to her knees, showing me the painfully tight black leather boy cut shorts Taylor’s sister had picked out for her. They were so tight they cut into her skin. The cleft between her labia was visible, even. Right there in front of me. There was no stopping it now. I nestled my face into that heavenly space between her thighs.

Suspicion confirmed: it was indeed hotter than the rest of her. The smell of her... god. I couldn’t wait to taste it. Except I could, because I wasn’t done unwrapping my apple yet.

I didn’t tarry long before I spun her around. It was equally tight in the back, cutting a horizontal line across her butt cheeks that caused the lower portion to pooch out like an upside down muffin top. Perhaps inspired subconsciously by that very thought, I helped myself to a bite. I took that revealed flesh and sunk my teeth in and just chewed for a moment. Somewhere in there the sweatpants came off the rest of the way, but my whole world was that tender, rubbery buttock. What my hands were doing was their business; my mouth was busy chewing on Taylor Stern’s ass.

She said nothing.

Eventually I remembered there was more to her than an ass and a pussy. But first, I crooked a finger to Abbie, beckoning her. She took my meaning, slipping to her knees and crawling across the room to me. The bitch knew exactly what I’d wanted her for, too, because as she reached me she climbed up my body like a snake until we were chest to chest, and I locked my mouth on hers instantly. No gum this time, just a slippery teen tongue and the fervent desire to use it.

“Good girl.”

She grinned. “You ain’t seen nothing yet, Mr. C. Go on. Ogle that body. She’s a sex object. Tits and ass.” Until that moment, I couldn’t recall with clarity what exactly had been said to make Abbie this way, but hearing her echo her sister’s words did the trick. Taylor Stern’s penchant for sass had indeed, as I had long predicted, proven her undoing.

Abbie graciously helped me to my feet, but remained kneeling beside me. The girl's thighs spread so she could press the whole center of her body against me, from her pussy against my ankle to my tits draped around my thigh. But my attention was back on Taylor. Standing face to face was a handy reminder that she had a face at all. Presently, it was glowering like I'd accused her of cheating.

"Well? Get on with it. Need me to lift my arms for ya, or can you handle it?"

No sir, I hadn't come this far to let her start calling the shots, even if it was the thing I'd been about to do anyway. No. She wanted me to play on her terms, or if she couldn't have those, then to savor what enjoyment she could by denying me my control of the situation. Taylor was still Taylor. So instead, I grasped her ass in both hands and pulled her slowly but firmly against me. "Did you bring any of that chapstick you love so much?"

The question took her by surprise. "Um, yeah? It's in my pocket. The pants." She pointed. I gestured, and Abbie helpfully fetched and delivered it. Which one of us was more into watching Taylor brought down a few pegs?

"Different color," I observed, examining it behind her head.

"Yeah, something about the last one being poisoned or something." She flashed a sardonic grin.

I took my time, casually unscrewing the cap with my arms still wrapped around her back. Took a sniff. Sweet, fruity. Berry, maybe? Taylor waited, chest heaving with each breath. At last, I brought the body of it near her lips. "Tell me you want it."

Her eyes narrowed. This close, those resentful orbs were my window to the world. "I want it."

I slapped her ass, open-palmed, with my free hand. She yelped in surprise and pain. "Like you really want it. Like you did in my classroom."

Her jaw was trembling. In outrage, anticipation, dread... who could say. Maybe lust, even if she'd never give me the pleasure of admitting it. "It's mine. Give it to me. You can't take my stuff for no reason."

"Say please."

My forehead leaned against hers. Our noses touched. I wanted to feel her breath on my lips when she gave in. The girl made me wait for it, though. Hand to god, this was better than any sex I'd ever had. When I got around to fucking her, I had no doubt it would be incredible. That face, that body, her power and her energy... it would be great. But here, watching her hold out as long as she could, knowing there was no way out but to give me what I wanted, unwilling to yield but left with no alternative... I was watching her spirit break. I only hoped it was resilient enough that it could handle breaking a little more.

A whisper. "Please."

I gave her what she wanted. I smeared on a layer across each lip, first upper, then lower. The berry fragrance filled my nostrils along with the barest hint of my student's breath. By reflex, she puckered her lips in and out to apply it evenly. I gave her a little extra help with my thumb.

"Food for thought, Ms. Stern. If you'd been so accommodating when it was first confiscated, you'd have never been put in this position. You'd be at home cyber-bullying the fat girls and getting high with your idiot friends. Instead you had to pick a fight with me. And it looks as though you lost."

"Fuck y—"

I kissed her. Not in the celebratory way I had Abbie. I simply extended my lips, and hers were close enough they made contact. She didn't kiss back. Good. I sucked her lower lip into my mouth, wet and tender and berry. Then as my tongue slowly invaded her mouth, she had little choice but to kiss back, or stand there like a statue and be explored. Either was fine with me, but she evidently preferred the less awkward path of submission. Taylor's head tilted to the side and her jaw slid open for easier commingling of our tongues. My hands slid up her back and came to rest behind her head, fingers twining into Taylor's thick wavy tresses to hold her face to mine. I made out with that beautiful, evil face until we ran out of air.

Then I kissed her some more.

Was she reciprocating because she liked it? Because she'd been compelled to? Because she'd rather play along than submit to being the victim? Who the fuck cared. By now my hands had run out of patience for my lips, and they were easing that shirt up of their own accord as they'd done earlier with the sweatpants. There was something under that outer layer, I felt, but I couldn't tell what. It was on her stomach, so no mere bra. Taylor's shirt flew across the room, knocking over a pile of junk mail and coasters on the coffee table, and I knew I had to look. Despite my desire to remain attached to those lips, those lips which had devoted so much time and energy to pissing me the fuck off all this time, I needed to see Taylor. The new Taylor.

My Taylor.

It was a corset. Taylor Stern was wearing a corset. For me.

There was a thin strip of tanned flesh between it and the black leather shorts. The corset looked like leather at a glance, but whatever the imitation material was made of was crimson red. The bodice was decorated with stitched patterns of the same color. Taylor was slender already, but it pinched in her waist all the more, which only helped to showcase her breasts in a way nothing ever had before. Upwards, outwards, lifting and thrusting and squeezing and bulging... her tits were a work of art. Literally, I think. They were spectacular.

"Abbie... I am going to fuck that slutty pussy of yours harder than anyone ever has or will again," I promised, marveling at the sight before me. That she was back to

scowling only sweetened it. I was seeing the real Taylor, the bitch, the vixen, the tease and the thug all at once. Seeing how much she hated being seen that way was icing on the cake. Or on the apple, as it were. My bright red apple.

Abbie purred at my promise. “You better. I’d almost forgot she had the corset, actually.”

“You already owned this Taylor? What the heck for?”

She tugged at the garment here and there, adjusting it into place. Better still. “I do a little cosplaying at cons sometimes. You can make insane money off these dorks just to pose and smile. Corset set me back two hundred bucks, but I raked in close to six grand off it so far this year.”

“Look at that initiative, Taylor. I’m proud of you.” Her smile at my praise only rendered my punchline all the sweeter. “Already completing an internship in the prostitutional arts – good career planning for a girl who’d rather flunk out with glossy lips than graduate without.”

“Eat me, Mr. Canon.”

“I will. But I think I’ll let you go first.”

Abbie was running out of patience, though. “Yeah, so can we skip this stupid thing with Ms. Salata, or wha...”

I saw my colleague’s apt entrance at the same time the girls did. “Jesus Christ, Candace...”

Really, she’d earned the moniker of Candy now more than ever, but I reached for the more familiar term of address by reflex. The outfit itself was actually quite simple. Black stockings ending mid-thigh, held up by suspenders. A black mini skirt with pin stripes that, not unlike Abbie’s, couldn’t be covering more than an inch or two below her pussy, with the same margin above her ass. Where did one get such an outfit? With her slight build and the tightness of the skirt, it was like she’d found it at a rummage sale for pre-teen skanks.

Then there was the top, which... didn’t exist. There was a black jacket, buttoned once near the belly button, and beneath that, nothing. Skin. Cleavage. Nakedness. Miles of it. The only decoration above the neck was a fairly plain gold necklace with a tiny blue stone that dangled between her breasts, its luster making sure we all took a look in case we’d forgotten to.

Oh, and her earrings matched. That was a nice touch.

“Is this OK?” she asked, giving us a spin. The skirt was so tight it outlined each ass cheek separately. Damn.

“Sorry, but why does a teacher even own something that slutty?” queried Abbie, evidently oblivious to the irony of asking such a question while kneeling subserviently at another teacher’s feet.

“It was something I had for a sorority party senior year. CEO’s and Secretary Hoes, it was called. I didn’t choose the theme. I used to have this see-through top that went with it, but I think something got spilled on it and I threw it out. Guess I didn’t figure I’d have any further need to dress like a slutty parody of professionalism in my career. Shows what I know.”

God, I wanted to fuck her. Bend her over, tug those panties aside, and dive in. She’d let me too. Say it was educational, or some such nonsense. I didn’t care. She wasn’t going to make trouble for me, so if I wanted to do it, I could do it. Same with Abbie, my fawning fantasy slut. And Taylor, the sex object who’d let me do whatever I wanted thanks to her little sister’s intervention. I looked back to leatherclad Taylor, then down to schoolgirl plaything Abbie, and back to slutty instructor Candy, round and round.

“Mr. Canon?” prompted Candy at last. “I believe you said there was a plan...?”

I blinked. “I did, didn’t I.” I mean, why not? After this long of a wait, may as well enjoy myself as thoroughly as possible. It was a sobering thought, that once I actually took it out and put it to use, this thing would be over all too soon. Today was for savoring.

“Very well, ladies. Let’s start the lesson.”

Part Six: Anti-Bullying Initiatives

“Wait, so... you’re serious? I really have to...?” Abbie’s look to me was pleading, to her social studies teacher, revulsed.

“To let her teach you, yes. Is there a problem?”

“You mean, other than her being my teacher and me not being gay?”

“Are you my fantasy slut, or are you just here to get yourself off?”

“Hey, don’t be like that, Mr. C. You know I’m your T&A sex object. Such a fucking hoe.”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe you’re letting him do this to you,” grumbled Taylor.

“Do what? Not like Mr. Canon would do anything inappropriate,” retorted Abbie hotly. “We’re lucky to have him, you ungrateful cunt.”

“That’s enough, you two. Now come on, Abbie. Be my good girl and pay attention.”

She sighed. “All right. Fine.” Suddenly she affected such a smiles-and-sunshine demeanor that the mockery was almost painful. “So, Ms. Salata, what super awesome new and exciting thing are we gonna learn about today?”

Candy gave me a pleading look of her own, but there was no reprieve in my eyes. She’d likely have verbalized her own misgivings if not for her desire to look less pathetic than Abbie had doing the same. Then she turned back to her pupil, looming over where her student sat on her living room sofa. “Today, we’re going to learn about...” She steeled herself with a few deep breaths. “About how to pleasure a woman.”

“Oh, cool! Gee golly, how lucky am I to have a genius teacher like you!” Abbie clapped her hands together, but when she caught my warning gaze, she let up. “Fine. Sorry, just... This is so lame. How fucking hard can it be.”

Candy shook her head. “I didn’t say it was hard. But... hmm. What’s something you’re really good at?”

“Rollin’ bliggity blunts, yo!” She made some funky gesture with her hand I didn’t understand. Taylor rolled her eyes, and I simply stood behind Taylor, watching passively. Without her audience, Abbie would quickly lose her steam.

“Hilarious. But really, Abbie. What’s a skill you have? Something you’re proud of?”

To my colleague’s credit, her student actually seemed to give it some thought the second time around. Abbie was too proud of herself by half in my estimation, but playing to it got her invested fast. “I dunno. I used to be pretty decent on a skateboard.”

“Skateboarding, eh? That’s pretty cool,” continued Candy. “Though is that really a skill? You stand on the board, give it a push, try not to fall down. Seems idiot-proof to me.”

“Yeah? Think you could do it? They’d be scraping you off the bottom of the half-pipe, Ms. Salata.”

“But my little brother used to skateboard when he was eight or nine years old. I mean, if a small child could do it...”

Abbie still wasn’t picking up on the analogy, but she had all night. Or until her curfew, anyway. Candy and I had insisted before getting started that the girls notify their parents they wouldn’t be home for dinner. “Well yeah, a kid can stand on the board and glide a little, but they got no tricks. That shit—”

“Watch the language, Abbie.”

“Fine. That *crap* don’t come easy, yo.”

“So how’d you get good at it, then?”

“I mean, like ya do, right? Watch how the pros do it, practice, and when you can do something good, you try something harder.”

“I see. So, to summarize what you’re saying, anyone can partake in the activity, but it takes practice, mentoring, and observing experts to become truly skilled?”

“Yeah, but what does that have to do with—” Her eyes narrowed in suspicion upon having realized she’d been tricked into learning something. “Oh.”

But Candy laughed it off and took a seat beside her. There was something fire engine red under that skirt, I couldn’t help but notice. “I’m not trying to tease you, Abbie. I’m only making a point. When it comes to sex, any knuckle-dragger with a penis can...” She made a circle with her left hand, then jammed two fingers from her right in and out a few times. “*Pth, pth, pth, plrrrb!* It’s the old biological imperative. If it took actual talent rather than mere genital friction to cause a male orgasm, our species would have died out in our infancy.”

Abbie actually laughed, her observers beginning to be forgotten. “I can’t believe I just saw Ms. Salata go *pth pth plrrrb.*” She duplicated the gesture. “But, like, no offense, what do you know about dicks and genital friction?”

“For one, it’s tough to grow up with a television and an internet connection and *not* know about that. The basics, anyway. I concede I’m no expert there. And before you ask more explicitly, yes, I’ve slept with a man before, but I’m admittedly not the best fit for an instructor on that subject. Which is why we’re talking specifically about how two women can do this, in those rare and blessed moments when we find ourselves in the state of *phallus absentium.*”

I was pretty sure that was not authentic Latin, but it merited a chuckle. As Candy went on, explaining the differences between female and male pleasure, I bade Taylor stand up from the armchair, then took her place. A pat on my lap summoned her to sit back down, her leather-bound bottom nestling in right next to my straining cock. Her tits, upthrust by the corset, were closer to my face than ever before, so close she had to

feel my breath on the acres of bared cleavage. Her hands folded themselves in her lap self-consciously, while I rested one above her knee and the other on her hip.

I pulled her hair back to reveal her ear, a pair of silver studs set in it. “Now, Taylor,” I whispered, “you’re going to watch these two women do... whatever they wind up doing. And we’ll just see if all your haranguing is mere heterosexism, or if it’s a beard for your own urges.”

“If you think this shit’s gonna turn me on, you’re fucking cray-cray, Mr. C.”

“We’ll find out.”

As our attention returned to the lesson, Candy was laughing gently at something Abbie had said. “That’s called the clitoris, sweetie. And yes, some men will have some idea of what to do with one. But I promise you, there are plenty out there who don’t even realize you have one, much less endeavor to do anything with it.”

“Well maybe I don’t care if they do. I mean, shit, sex still feels good, clit or no clit,” said Abbie defensively.

“Sure it does. Nobody’s denying that. But remember, we’re talking about skill here, and one of the major goals of sexual skill development is enhancing the pleasure of the experience. And that’s what the clit is all about.”

“OK, so... diddle the clittle. Boom, I know how to lezzie. Done.”

Candy patted her knee; Abbie only recoiled slightly, but with a glance at me, relaxed somewhat. She was going to be touched by a woman in this fantasy, no boners about it. “We may have gotten ahead of ourselves, sweetie. The clit is... well, that comes later. Now I won’t ask you about your own sexual experiences—”

“Good thing, or we’ll be here all night,” Taylor whispered to me. I pinched her thigh and motioned for silence.

“—but I imagine most of them don’t begin with tearing off pants and jumping right into the sex. There’s other things that come first, right?”

Abbie pursed her lips. “Sure. I mean, sometimes there is.”

“Yeah. And those things, what some people call foreplay, can do a lot to make things better. So for today, rather than dive in to the deep end, why don’t we wade into the shallows together, start with the basics and then see what we see? OK?”

“I... I mean, I guess. Do whatcha gotta do, Ms. Salata.”

Candy laughed. “Relax, Abbie. I don’t bite until lesson three.” Abbie did not laugh with her. Taylor did a bit, though only at her sister’s discomfort. “All right. For starters, I think you look a little tense. Which is understandable and perfectly normal, OK? So for me when I’m tense, and a woman wants to help me relax so I’m ready to go further, that woman might—”

“You mean Officer Barbie? You can just say her name.”

There was a flash to Candy’s eyes; she wasn’t going to disrupt my plans, but talking explicitly about her sex life with one of her least favorite students was pushing it

further even than the lesson in abstract, I could tell. “Yes, but there have been others. At any rate, one of the easy ways to start relaxing a woman is massage. That might be a neck rub, a foot rub, shoulders, thighs, the whole back, whatever. To make things more comfortable for you, we’ll start with the neck. Have you ever had your neck rubbed before?”

Abbie shook her head, looking surprisingly bashful. “All right, Abbie. Let’s get you comfortable first, OK?”

As Candy positioned her to lie face-down on the couch, her head propped up on a pillow, I amused myself by moving my hand up Taylor’s thigh, stroking it softly. Naturally – no, not naturally, but whatever passed for “natural” in my new life – she let me.

Candy knelt beside the sofa, adjusting her student’s ponytail off to the side. The tartan skirt had ridden up somewhat, revealing a significant portion of the white panties beneath. Candy tried to smooth it down, but seeing it wasn’t going to be possible without either starting over or a lot of touching on and around Abbie’s butt, she chose to ignore it for now.

“All right, Abbie. Now just close your eyes, try to relax. Remember, this is about making you feel good; it doesn’t necessarily need to be capital-S Sexual. When I was a little girl, my mom used to rub my back to keep me quiet and calm during these long boring church services. It wasn’t erotic, but it felt nice, and I liked it. Try to think of it like that, in terms of the sensations, and not the broader situations. OK?”

“Whatever. I’ll try, OK? I’m not sure I even *oooooongmmmf...*” The effect of Candy’s finger’s was instantaneous. From across the room, it simply looked like a very basic kneading around the base of her neck. But to Abbie, evidently, it was pleasurable enough to shatter her resistance in an instant.

Or maybe she just knew what I wanted to see. Good by me.

The house was almost silent, save for the occasional unconscious grunt from Abbie. Taylor adjusted herself, then one more time, as I idly stroked her inner thigh. I couldn’t help myself, and snuck a soft kiss on the exposed slope of her breast. The skin was chilly; Candy and Isa kept the AC quite cool. Poor girl. Someone should help warm these things up for her. I rested my cheek against it, careful not to nuzzle my stubble too hard into the tender mound.

“Seems like you liked that,” said Candy.

Abbie smiled sheepishly. “It’s been a long weekend is all.”

“Sure. Now if it’s all right with you, I’d like to move a bit lower. Would you like that?”

“Yeah. Sure, I guess backrubs are fine. Um, do I need to...?” The girl pointed to the sleeve of her blouse.

“I think you’d enjoy it more that way, but it’s your choice. Do you want to?”

Abbie considered. Meanwhile, I took a page out of the instructor's playbook and shifted my right hand from Taylor's hip to her neck, up under that tangled mass of hair. Her eyes closed for a moment as I pressed my fingers softly into her skin. I was so caught up watching her for reactions that I didn't even see that Abbie's top had come off until Candy was already at work on her shoulders.

"Now to make sure you're learning something and not just milking me for backrubs," the teacher said, "I want you to see if you can pick out some things I've done that you could imitate in your own activities."

Her student was too busy groaning in pleasure as Candy worked an elbow in along her spine to reply. When it suddenly stopped, her eyes opened and she seemed to gradually remember she'd been called on by teacher. "Oh. Sorry. Um... I don't know, you rubbed my neck and my back. Isn't that it?"

"There is that." Candy resumed, but more gently, teasing her by withholding the more forceful treatment the girl had been enjoying. "But I was doing other things, too. For instance, I could have told you to take your top off, or simply tried to remove it without asking. What did I do instead?"

"Uh, you asked?"

"I did. Consent is important." I didn't miss the three pointed looks that were suddenly shot in my direction, but she went on quickly. "You can push for what you want, try to expand your partner's comfort zone, but don't press past it too aggressively, and take no for an answer."

"I dunno, all that 'please can I maybe hold your hand' crap is for pussies. And don't complain about cussing because that word is so on the vocab list."

"It's good to show your partner that you're interested, yes. But you don't want to push too hard past those boundaries if you aren't sure they're ready." Abbie was already in the midst of forming a rebuttal, but Candy continued on top of her. "For instance, I might think you'd enjoy some ass play."

Candy suddenly flipped up the girl's skirt to show her whole ass. Abbie suddenly shot up on her elbows. "Whoa there, what?!"

The teacher was already jerking her student's panties down. "I might be sure of it. Who's the veteran lesbian here after all, right?" Prone and surprised, it was easy work, and suddenly there was the younger Stern girl's thick juicy ass out there in the open air. Taylor's neck was abandoned; her whole body trembled softly as I squeezed the leather encasing her butt.

Abbie was sputtering protests, but kept looking to me as if unsure this was part of the fantasy, or just her co-slut taking advantage of her. Candy wasn't slowing, though. "I might want to just shove my thumb right up your presumably virgin ass, watch you explode with pleasure as I stimulate you in ways you didn't know were possible."

"Ms. Salata!" Abbie whined.

“But...” The teacher stopped with one of Abbie’s broad buttocks in each hand, pulling them wide, poised to do exactly as she’d suggested. Her thumbs kneaded the skin up along the inner crack of her student’s ass cheeks. There was plenty of it, and Abbie’s Serenex-induced compulsions muted her resistance to mere skittishness. Her ass and her mind alike were putty in our hands.

Candy planted a kiss on the back of Abbie’s thigh. With aching slowness, her tongue dragged up to meet her hands. “However,” she murmured softly into the girl’s ass, “whether or not I know you’d love being my little butt slut... it’s obviously not something *you* want. So, because I want you to feel good, I wouldn’t shove anything up your ass.” She sat up, gave Abbie’s bottom a few soft pats. “No matter how enjoyable it might be for me.”

Abbie glared at her for a moment, flopping back down to her stomach now that the threat had passed. The instructor, though, was immune to her scorn. Who knew, maybe she was actually starting to enjoy herself. Me, I almost had to laugh. The number of times I had thought (or privately said aloud) that I wanted to see Taylor shove it (whatever “it” was) up her ass? Beyond number. Presently my finger found where the crack of Taylor’s ass was peeking out of her shorts and teased in and out of that space softly.

“So yes. Direct skin on skin contact, asking permission, seeking consent, accepting boundaries. All ways you can enhance your partner’s pleasure. And so far, all good for men or women, too, so that’s a bonus for you. Are you keeping up?”

Slowly, Abbie nodded. “Yeah.”

“Now I’d like to model another lesson.” With a flick of the wrist maneuver that was honestly the most impressive thing I’d seen her do yet, the clasps of Abbie’s industrial strength bra were undone. It had happened so fast, Abbie seemed to barely comprehend. “I was teasing you a moment ago, but in all honesty, Abbie, I think you’re a very attractive young woman. Mind, I’ll never repeat it outside of this room—”

“Bet your ass *none* of this shit leaves the room, Ms. Salata.”

Candy chuckled, resting one hand between Abbie’s bared shoulders, the other in the small of her back, fingers grazing the girl’s skin softly. “So like I said, consent is important. Now I want to put the onus for it on you. Learning when to say no is important. I’m going to start touching your body, and I want you to tell me when I’m doing something you want me to stop. All right?”

Abbie frowned. “Don’t you fucking dare put *nothing* in my ass.”

“Understood. And—”

“Hold up a sec. May as well...” Abbie pushed up to her hands and knees and slipped her bra off altogether. Those pendulous tits of hers hung low beneath her, nearly reaching the couch cushions even with her arms fully extended. God damn, but that girl

was stacked to hell and back. I could hardly wait to get my hands on those things. Delightfully, I knew she felt the same way. "There."

The teacher's hands returned to their former places. "Ready?"

"As I'm gonna be," the girl muttered, but her eyes closed, and the caresses began.

And then, Candace Salata... taught. Her hands and digits everywhere and lingering and moving on to everywhere else all at once. Abbie's shoulders, her arms, her fingers. Along her ribs. Higher, near the sides of her breasts. The back. Lower, near the swell of her buttocks. Lower.

On our side of the room, it was time for a check-up. I trailed along Taylor's inner thigh right up to where her pussy was doing its best to suck in the leather. Even through that layer of fabric, though, there was a palpable moisture.

Oh god, I was running a finger along Taylor Stern's sopping wet slit, and she was spreading her thighs to let me.

"Well, well, well... looks like somebody's enjoying the show."

"The hell I am," she grumbled.

"Why not? I am." I stood Taylor up, pulling myself up behind her using her waistband for a handhold. I started taking off my clothes. Taylor whirled. "What the... oh fuck. Oh... *fuck*." Her eyes widened at the sight of my swollen purple shaft as I kicked my pants and underwear aside. This time, instead of seating her sideways, I planted her facing front, the crack of her ass resting along the length of my cock.

Her pussy was a furnace.

Across the room, Candy had shed her jacket; Abbie's eyes were open now, staring at the topless teacher whose lips had now joined her hands, raining rose petal kisses at random across her exposed body.

Each of Taylor's breasts more than filled the hand that grasped it as I pulled her backwards against me. She was incredible, as incredible as I'd imagined for so long. The pressure of a single finger was sufficient to turn her head to the side. Like last time, she didn't reciprocate at first, but was soon motivated to kiss me back rather than lay there being kissed upon. The more I tasted her, the harder I squeezed those big tits of hers. I was vaguely aware of the corset's neckline (which, upon tactile exploration, turned out to be more like lycra than leather, as cheap as the reputation of the girl wearing it); the deeper my fingers sunk, the more it abandoned its efforts to conceal her. Finally, with a barely audible *snap*, it slipped beneath her boobs entirely and I was no longer inhibited in the least.

Taylor Stern's tits were mine. Two hard points pressed into my palms; I grasped each and let myself pinch, twist and pull until finally, I heard a noise claw free from my student's throat. Pain? Humiliation? Bliss? I didn't know. I didn't care. But one thing was for sure: there was nothing cold about them now.

Her whole body was soft, sexy heat.

Along the whole length of my cock, her cunt was an inferno.

As I devoted one hand to an effort to maneuver into those impossibly tight leather shorts to experience this fact more directly, I got a fresh look at the other teacher-student couple in the room. Candy was straddling Abbie's lower back, facing her feet. The whole weight of her torso was being put into a vigorous massage that was at this point really just fondling. Aggressive fondling at that, squeezing and pulling at Abbie's ample booty, up and down her thighs, easing them wider, caressing higher, probing ever closer to that holy of holies.

I noted that her student hadn't voiced any objection. When at last Candy extended her long, slender middle finger and slipped it effortlessly into her student's juicy wet pussy, there was no resistance at all. To the contrary, Abbie wailed in ecstasy into the pillow, back arching, thighs thrown wide to welcome the intruder.

Around that time, my own probe finally reached the corresponding target on my pupil. To my surprise, I felt no hair beneath those shorts as my hand slid down the front of her. Shaved. Taylor Stern shaved her pussy – and had done so since I stole her panties after school on Friday. Had she done it herself, or had she been made to by her sister to prepare her for me? Both thoughts were so hot that it was only surprising that the *splat* against the back of Taylor's shorts was only a bit of precum and not two aching testicles full.

Then I was at the pussy itself, drenching my digits on contact.

"Wow. So this lesbian stuff really is driving you wild, isn't it?" I taunted, pulling my hand out of her shorts and thrusting the moistened fingers into her mouth. I waited for her to suck them clean before removing them. It took her a moment to succumb, but she did it.

"I told you, I'm not into that," she mumbled once I withdrew.

"Really? Because it sure feels like you are. Come on, stand up and take off your shorts. Show me how unaroused you really are."

"I'm—" But I twisted hard on her nipples, and her eyes and mouth squeezed shut. Then I prompted her again with a slap on the ass. Sullenly, she rose and turned her back to where her sister was grunting and moaning with what may well be her first orgasm of the evening. Candy wasn't letting up or resting on her laurels. The sight of Taylor's tits, however, blinded me to everything else in the world. Friday's show had burned their likeness onto the backs of my eyelids, yet now it was like they were going a step further, searing right into my soul.

I was so eager to get them back in my hands – oh fuck, and in my *mouth* – that I almost forgot why I'd had her stand. Taylor hadn't, though. With her eyes squeezed shut, my leggy bitch goddess of a student forced her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts. It took visible effort to peel them down, wriggling her hips side to side to pry at the clingy leather. Her body was revealed in minuscule increments. Taylor's mound

exposed itself more and more, the skin so smooth I suspected it had been waxed as well. Then, at last, her shorts cleared the bottom of her ass and finally were allowed to tumble down her thighs unaided. Taylor stepped out of them, her glistening pink snatch bare and beautiful.

Her wetness spread before my eyes. My feet were resting between hers, keeping them shoulder width apart and thus providing an uncensored view. As the seconds passed, the abundance of moisture gathered between her labia and trickled right down her evenly tanned thighs. A single droplet was seized by gravity and born directly onto my bare foot. The echo of that splash filled my universe.

I dragged a finger from the back of her slit up to and over her clit. It was a little marble of a bud that peeked out like a budding flower upon receiving my touch. “I rest my case. Taylor Stern, closet lesbian.”

Her hands balled into fists, but she remained stock still as I fingered her pussy. “I. Am not. A lesbian!”

“Your mouth says no, but the pussy doesn’t lie, Taylor.” I rubbed my thumb and forefinger together, then slowly pulled them apart. The ooze from her cunt stretched into a thin line between them.

Nine days earlier, Taylor Stern had screeched accusations of impropriety at me so loudly I’d had to stall my entire class in order to address her insistence that she was not the cheater that we all knew she was. But the sounds that tripped from her lips now were so quiet they wouldn’t have been audible over the *shlick shlick* of Candy’s vigorous pumping of Abbie’s snatch, much less the delirious moans that accompanied it.

“Come again, Taylor?”

Her whole body was trembling. “I said, ‘it’s not from them.’”

I affected confusion. “Oh? What then?” Abbie managed to split her attention enough to sport a wolfish grin at her sister’s mortification, but Candy was easing into position, scooching her butt back so that soon, she could join her mouth with her fingers.

Her knees buckled for a moment as I surprised her with a sudden pressure on her clit, swirling my thumb around it while she fought to regain her balance, her voice. “Gee, I fucking wonder,” she grumbled, face contorting in unwilling acknowledgment of her body’s response.

“What, this?” I seized her ass in both hands, pulling her pussy right up to my face. To her credit, she managed to maintain her balance and prop one leg up on an arm of the chair to keep from falling. Not that it made a difference. Sitting on my face or standing pressed against it was pretty much the same. As I dove in, devouring that hot drippy pussy, lapping and slurping and providing the tongue-lashing of a lifetime, she fast gave out altogether, sinking to rest one knee on either arm rest, only maintaining

her balance with two tight handfuls of my hair. If I'd wanted to pull back, I couldn't have. She wasn't letting me.

Right before her grasp grew to be uncomfortable, I stopped. After a moment, she dazedly let go, slipping backwards to straddle my lap across the thighs. The moisture that had trickled down her legs now smeared across mine.

A few inches farther forward and I'd be fucking her.

I seized her tits again, rubbing each swollen orchid pink nipple between a thumb and index finger, smirking at the convulsive gasp that followed. "Sorry, Taylor, I'm not following. Surely it's the show on the sofa that has you so turned on. It has to be, right? Because I distinctly remember you saying that you'd rather flunk out of school and spend eternity in purgatory before you let a pervy old creep like me touch you. Right? Isn't that what you said?"

"But... but Abbie, she... I don't have a choice. You can do anything you want to me. It's not... I don't..."

"Oh no, Taylor. She didn't make you like it. She just made you permit it. This..." I dragged her forward, her pussy gliding up the length of my cock. I was sandwiched between her folds. A moaned trickled forth from Taylor's throat in spite of herself. "This is all you."

"I... I... No. No, I... I... please, Mr. Canon," she whimpered.

Abbie's sudden wail of elation interrupted us for a moment; Candy was now positively devouring her, the bombshell's whole body spasming uncontrollably on the sofa. The girl's pussy was wrapped around her teacher's face like a scarf.

"Sorry, please... what, Taylor?"

"Don't make me say it. Just... just do it already. *Please!*" That word, the entitled, petulant, resentful delivery... It brought me back to last Friday, when I'd had her begging me in my classroom not to make her show me her pussy. That *please* had been reverberating inside my head ever since. Suddenly I realized, her reticence hadn't been because she'd been embarrassed at the thought of having me see her body.

It was because she'd been embarrassed to have me see how horny she'd been.

My hips slid my cock back and forth along her slippery, hungry pussy. I made sure the tip was making contact right along her clit with each go. "Say it, Taylor. Come on, just open wide, choke down that ego of yours, and tell me what you want. Tell me, and I'll do it."

Behind her there were two squeals of surprise followed by peals of giggling as one of Abbie's orgasms became so violent that she threw the both of them to the floor. But it didn't stop them for long. Taylor's breath came spasmodically as I teased her, but I could wait. It felt like I'd been waiting my whole life for this.

Meanwhile Abbie had thrown herself on top of Ms. Salata, pinning her to the ground by her shoulders and doing her best to thrust both of those tits of hers into the

woman's mouth at once as she dry humped her teacher's toned, pale midsection. Candy groaned in pleasure. I couldn't blame her. I meant to spend an hour or two sucking those nipples off Abbie's body myself. Later, though. First...

Taylor.

"Fuckme," she whispered in a rush.

"Speak up, Ms. Stern. Come on, we went over this in our presentation skills unit last year, remember? Clear, and enunciate."

"I said *fuck me*," she growled, raising up her hips. One hand found my cock and started guiding me to her wet, ready hole.

I wasn't quite ready, though. My hands clutching her ass were more than powerful enough to stop her from sucking my shaft inside her. "First, you will apologize to Ms. Salata."

Taylor didn't delay this time. She wanted it. Bad. The girl didn't half-ass it, either. "I'm sorry, Ms. Salata. I was just trying to fuck with you. I'm not actually like that. I won't say shit like that again, I promise." The woman's only response was a thumb's up as she devoured Abbie's nipples as if they were her own namesake.

"Good girl. Now apologize to me."

This time it was more reserved. "I'm sorry, Mr. Canon."

"For what, Ms. Stern?"

Her eyes flashed. "For being bad."

I planted a kiss on each of her swollen nipples. "And how do you intend to make up for that?"

Taylor licked her glossy, chapstick-coated lips. For the first time since our lesson had begun, she cracked a smile. "Duh, Mr. Canon. By being good."

I returned it. "Say please."

Taylor entrusted her entire weight to my hands. The only thing stopping me from being inside her right then and there was the strength of my grip on her ass. Her body pressed forward, tits jutting into my bare chest, and her lips met mine. There was an absolute hunger to her kiss this time. Her hands cupped my chin and held it to her face, fingernails sinking possessively into my skin, unwilling to let me pull away again.

Her words were spoken right into my mouth. "Please, mother fucker."

I let go. Her sweet teen cunt sank down to the hilt in an instant, lips never leaving mine as her moan echoed around my skull. But before I thrust, I gave her ass a nice sharp smack. "Language."

I gave a single upward thrust. In an instant, her back arched, her eyes shot wide as big as dinner plates, and her body toppled backwards all the way down to the floor. A volcano of cum jettisoned up into the air where she had been, launching right past her thrashing, helpless body and splatting across the face of a woman standing behind where Taylor had been, the taser in her hand still flashing menacingly.

“Officer Barbie?” said Abbie.

“Isa?” breathed Candy.

“Louisa!” I roared.

“Ghhhrpl,” managed Taylor.

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry, was she not choking you? I thought she was choking you,” the woman said dryly, deactivating the taser and returning it to its holster.

“Choking...! She was...! We were...!”

“Innocent mistake. Anyway, Mr. Canon, girls, *dear...*” She directed an absolutely withering gaze to her girlfriend where she was still catching her breath from the smother embrace of Abbie’s boobs. “When the three of you are done here, I’ll be in the kitchen cleaning this crap off my face.”

We all watched in sheepish silence as she strode of the room, my cum dribbling down her cheek. She paused in the doorway for just a moment and turned back. “And by the way, you’re welcome. I found your blackmailer.”

Part Seven: Collaborative Learning

“Looks like someone’s got a case of the Mondays!”

The look I gave Mrs. Cook-Burfield, almost knocked her back a step.

“You know, like the movie? *Office Space*?” She smiled apologetically. “Sorry. You just look... you know. Tired. But who wouldn’t, right? Thirty-some Mondays in and all. Geez, maybe *I* have a case of the Mondays.”

After a moment, I forced a smile. “Yeah. Sorry, long weekend, but I still don’t feel ready for the week. One of those, eh?”

“One of those. Hang in there, Mr. Canon.”

“Yeah. You have a good one, Amy.”

It was 6:45 when I let myself into my classroom that morning, fifteen minutes earlier than usual. I wasn’t surprised to see my department head here this early. She’d only inherited the position last year and practically had a complex about proving herself. She was on the benefits committee, the extracurricular committee, hiring committee, PTA, and co-coached Academic Super Bowl. Somehow the woman even managed to raise a kid and keep a husband. Whenever I felt overwhelmed, I thanked my lucky stars I hadn’t been afflicted by whatever ambition plagued Mrs. Cook-Burfield.

I hadn’t been lying to her, either. It really had been a long weekend, and I really wasn’t ready for the week. Candy, Isa and I had met in the kitchen to figure out how to deal with our little blackmailing issue, though we’d wound up letting the girls in on it in the end anyway. Better than leaving them huffing and grumbling by their lonesomes in the living room, pouting at being ignored. I’d bid them a grudging but thorough goodbye once we were as ready as we could be. Taylor, who’d hardly said a word since we’d scraped her body off the floor, ran to their car the moment she was given permission. Abbie practically begged me to give her a turn, but between finally getting off and the cloud of judgment Officer Barbour had brought to bear on the proceedings, I was having misgivings about the whole thing.

As for Isa and Candy, the former refused to discuss the subject of what she’d walked in on or the ensuing tasing (a “mild” one, she insisted); the latter made it plain that she blamed me without expressing a single word. I supposed it was up to them to handle it, at least for now. If they couldn’t fix things, maybe I could try to find a way to intervene – this time, *without* the Serenex.

After all, despite Isa’s best efforts at researching it using her police resources, she hadn’t turned up much. There was no mention of deliberately inducing the mind-altering effects we’d unwittingly discovered in their archives. Her thoughts were that considering how probable it was that spraying a crowd with the stuff would end with some of it being inadvertently ingested, she speculated that it was possible the

canister I'd purchased had an impurity or defect. Common enough with black market drug purchases, or so she said. There was always the possibility of having the chemists in the regional crime lab run a test on it, but she warned that could raise red flags, force her to answer questions about where she'd gotten it, to say nothing of the possibility of not getting it back. For now, we'd hold off. For now.

As to the question of the duration of the effect, what she'd found was only marginally less useful. Serenex suppressed the fight or flight system in the brain, while the influx of its chemical compound damaged that portion of the brain in the process. In effect, it meant that the memories of being dosed couldn't produce those responses either. (I'd given Taylor props for applying the metaphor of a scar over the brain's panic button. Not perfect, but considering the source...) We had no way of knowing if that would extend to the added mind-altering effect, but it was cause for hope, at least.

(And yes, I recognized that having Abbie think of herself as my fuck buddy for the rest of her life was problematic in all sorts of ways, but it was preferable to having her wake up one morning and decide to stuff me in a trunk.)

Our business concluded, then it was home to do laundry, prep the week's lunches, and finish grading my juniors' tests over our read of *Night*. It was quite the transition, from the most intense sexual encounter of my life to assigning grades on a 5-point scale for responses to a Holocaust memoir.

It would make today easier, at least. My seniors and I would be transitioning out of that weighty subject matter with the help of a three-day viewing of *Toy Story 3*. They didn't believe me yet about its status as a Holocaust allegory, but they'd come around as their predecessors had in years past. My juniors were working on assessing bias in the media, so I filled the morning looking for a few different takes on some current events and headed down to the photocopier.

When Ms. Salata walked past me to check her mailbox on her way into the building, we nodded hellos to one another and went about our business. Nobody can know about my relationship with the Stern girls, and it only made sense to extend that rationale to Candy. Play it casual. Don't think about what she'd looked like spreading herself for me in the shower. Just keep collating. Get through the day.

One day a few years back, I'd dropped a marker while writing the day's standards on the board before school. When I bent to pick it up, I then managed to split my pants down the back. Too embarrassed to explain my predicament to anyone so I could get somebody to cover for me, I'd had no choice but to ride it out. Until lunch, I'd had to teach sitting in my chair at my desk. Then during my lunch period, I wrapped my jacket around my waist and darted home to change. It had been some of the most intense anxiety of my life. I'd been on edge for hours, knowing that if anyone found out, it would be all over school in minutes and take years to live down.

Today made that memory feel comical by comparison. Having even one person out there in the world who knew what I'd done – one who wasn't part of our pact of secrecy, that is – made it feel like anyone and everyone else might, too. I'd texted them to promise payment this evening, and they'd assured me they'd be in contact with instructions. No word as yet. Every minute I didn't hear from them was a minute closer to discovery.

"Oh my god, Mr. Canon! You're the worst!" exclaimed Billie during second period. My head jerked up from the essays I'd been grading at my desk. Oh no. Who'd told her?! How had she found out?! I should kick her out of class, send her to the office before she could tell everyone that–

"You guys, look, the toys are stuck hiding in the attic – it's all Ann Frank and everything! You have ruined this movie for me!" Billie chided, laughing.

"No freaking way!"

"That's kind of a stretch, don't you think?"

"No, but look – then they get sent off to the daycare, which is like a labor camp, right?"

"Dude!"

I shushed them and let the movie play on, my heart slowly sinking back down out of my throat and into its proper place. *Don't faint, Canon. You're not a pussy.* I made sure I hadn't peed my pants. Nope. Solid.

Needless to say, the grading wasn't going very expeditiously.

By the time sixth period rolled around, my final class of the day, I was feeling a bit better. In part, I had the girls to thank. Right before lunch, I saw Abbie in the hall leaving her own English class, but she ignored me altogether except to give me a dirty look when I lost sight of myself and stared a little too hard. Nobody seemed to notice, though. But a few minutes later as I flipped open my lunchbox, my phone buzzed in my pocket. It was her, texting a picture of her shirt lifted over her bra in a bathroom stall. *NOW u can stare :P c u soon!*

Stare I did.

As for Taylor, the first time I saw her all day was in class. She behaved as well as she had ever since I'd first had her write those words on my whiteboard. I tried to orient myself so I didn't have to look directly at her – too distracting – and did my best to forget she was there. To forget those mouth-watering tits, that gorgeous round ass, that sopping wet pussy. Those lips.

I'd fucked her. I'd fucked Taylor Stern. For like two seconds, technically, but I'd done it. Every time I caught one of her classmates checking her out, a common enough occurrence any day but particularly so in today's beige leggings and her v-neck shirt, I had to fight down a smug grin. *Eat your hearts out, losers. I've been there, and you never will. And yes, it was as incredible as we all imagined it would be and then some.*

It was a bizarre high, but an intense one.

Taylor lingered for a moment after class. I made the handoff per the plan. She took it without a word, tucking it into her purse.

“Taylor, wait,” I said as she reached the door. She paused, closed it, turned to face me. Her face was as imperious as ever; no one looking at her would think a thing had changed between us.

“What.”

“About yesterday...”

When I didn’t say anything, she rolled her fingers, prompting me. “Yeah? What about it?”

“Do you think we should talk about it?”

“I’m on the pill, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

It hadn’t been, but holy hell it should have been! “That’s a load off.”

When I once again trailed off, threw her hands up. “Is there anything else? Because I got somewhere to be, you know.”

“No, I guess that’s it for now.”

“Fucking waste my time, why don’t you. Asshole,” she muttered as she threw the door open.

“Ms. Stern, hold it.”

She once again froze, once again shut it. “Am I allowed to leave or not?”

“Come here.”

With a sullen scowl, she stalked over to me. “Yeah?”

I placed a hand on her back. Wordlessly, with soft but unyielding pressure, I bent her over the top of my desk. Her leggings came down easily. “Thong today? Nice.” It hadn’t been twenty-four hours yet, but damn, had I ever missed her body.

It was her turn to be unresponsive. Leaving her in place, I snatched the scissors from their place on my desk and snipped first at her right hip, then her left, then pulled the stringy yellow panties free. I gave her naked ass a few soft pats. “All right, now you can go.”

“You know, that’s the second school day in a row that you’ve stolen my panties. If this is going to be a daily thing, lemme know so I can buy more underwear.”

I tucked them into my pocket as she pulled her leggings back into place. Rubbing them between my fingers, I made an observation. “Doesn’t feel like you mind so much to me.”

“You do know that’s not necessarily from being turned on, right?”

“Not necessarily. Sure. Now hurry up and get to class.”

Her nostrils flared. I didn’t stop her this time.

Part of me was chiding myself for doing something so rash without even having the door locked – and during passing period no less, when the halls were thronging with

people. But the bigger part of me told myself that was the old, pussified Mr. Canon speaking, and patted me on the back for bringing the girl to heel.

She would be on her way down to Officer Barbour's office now. There was nothing left to do but wait and see. If it didn't work out, I supposed I could take Isa and Candy up on their offer to empty their savings and pool it together to pay this lowlife off. Or, I tried not to tell myself, I could always pack up my girls and flee, start a new life somewhere far, far away.

And never leave my new bedroom again.

"Well?" I demanded an hour later. "Did it work?"

"Of course it worked. Why wouldn't it work?" Taylor folded her arms beneath her breasts.

"So? What happened?"

"She took the bait. I offered, she took it, smeared it right on. I even told her she needed a little more to make her lips really pop, and she put it on."

"Yes!" I pounded my fist on my desk. At this point, the school was emptying out. I didn't have to worry about making a little noise. Randi's vacuum was already audible down the hallway.

"Sure, cool. Anyway, I sent the text like we said, and she got called out like thirty seconds later. Never came back by the end of class. Her stuff was still sitting there a few minutes ago when I left."

"Good work, Taylor."

"Don't thank me. We used to be friends when I was still doing sports. Just don't go all psycho like Abbie, OK?"

"Speaking of, why don't you go out and wait with her. We will get some work done today, but I don't want you two around while we deal with this."

Taylor sneered. "What, you don't trust us?"

"Why would I."

"Mr. Canon... that hurts." Her sarcasm was kept nice and thick.

My solitude lasted only a few more minutes before the door opened again. Officer Barbour came in first, but right on her heels was our quarry. My blackmailer Cassie Brown.

I'd known Cassie for years, even before I started teaching. She and her mother Megan and little brother Robby were my next door neighbors. They'd lived there for many years before that, but I was the new guy on the block. I knew the family pretty well. Our grills were situated adjacent to one another on either side of the fence between our properties, and Megan and I would shoot the breeze while we cooked oftentimes. I'd

always liked the lot of them rather well, and my sense had been that the feeling was mutual. I dog-sat for them when they were out of town, for crying out loud. Pepper and I were fast friends.

But Officer Barbour had traced the number to a prepaid phone, and had taken some “extrajudicial” measures to find out who paid for it. Luckily, Cassie had been stupid enough to use a credit card instead of paying cash. I remember talking to Megan only a couple months back about her apprehension about letting her daughter get a credit card. Had I supported the idea? Opposed it? I had enough conversations with parents about their students that my memories weren’t a hundred percent.

It had floored me to learn that Cassie was behind this. Before this weekend, the most trouble she’d ever given me was the time she and some of her teammates were practicing in her backyard and bumped a volleyball over the fence and knocked over my bird feeder. Cassie had still been crying when she knocked on my door to tell me, horrified that she might have (but didn’t) hurt some innocent bird. She’d always been such a good kid – that made her perfidy all the harder to accept. Sweet, shy little Cassie Brown. I’d once thought of her as a friend of sorts. Now, she’d photographed me in a compromising situation and demanded a king’s ransom to delete the evidence. I guess greed could be a powerful motivator.

However, thanks to Taylor’s uncharacteristic generosity with the Serenex-infused chapstick I’d provided her after class, Cassie was dosed. Thanks to Officer Barbour, she’d been called down to the office and kept under close scrutiny to keep anyone from screwing with her before she could be delivered to me. The plan had gone off without a hitch.

Remembering the last time I’d had that confidence – Saturday, moments before I’d had to improvise a second dose for Candy – I hurried over to lock the door before I said a word, then gestured for Officer Barbour to stand guard in front of it while I handled things.

“Cassie. Have a seat.”

“Yes, Mr. Canon.” Terrified. That was the only word for her expression. Good. Served her right. This weak of a dose of Serenex ought to keep her pliable but not altogether suppress her personality. Well done, Taylor. (When was the last time I thought those words in this classroom?)

She took a spot near my desk. The desk in front of her made a handy perch for me, ideal for looming. Cassie was taller even than Taylor. Coach Howland had been crushed when Taylor’s grades rendered her ineligible, but Cassie was her pride and joy. “Let’s cut to the chase. Do you know what you’re doing here?”

She swallowed, and it was audible. “I... no?”

“Really? Because I’d be willing to bet that you do. Sticking your nose in my property, prying into my business, cheating me out of my hard-earned money? Any of this ringing a bell?”

“But... but... this is about *that*?”

“Yes, Cassie. This is about that, that one tiny incident of you trying to screw me over. You really thought you’d get away with this?”

“I know I was being kinda pushy, but I didn’t think it’d make you this mad!” Tears were already brimming up in her eyes, but I didn’t have any sympathy for them.

“Didn’t think I’d be mad?! Didn’t think I had friends in law enforcement is more like it,” I thundered, gesturing to my protector in the doorway. “If not for Officer Barbour, no doubt you’d be kicking my door down right now, demanding your little bounty. I was the one being taken advantage of! I thought we were friends, Cassie. I trusted you! And this is how you repay my good will?”

“I’m sorry! I thought I was doing the right thing!” she wailed. The girl had the audacity to start crying. It might have moved me were I still a pussy like I had been in those pictures, when she’d caught me in the act of struggling not to fuck Abbie Stern.

“The right thing? Right, the Send Cassie Brown to College Foundation, one of my favorite charities,” I said snidely.

“Not just me,” she mumbled.

“Right, you were thinking of others. It was a selfless act, antagonizing me. Your altruism is truly moving.”

“Alt... what?”

“Self-sacrifice. Which, by the way, is what you’ve accomplished. Not in the way you might have intended with your little venture into entrepreneurship, but I’ve got a special remedy for predators like you, Cassie. Very special.”

“Wait, am I in trouble? I didn’t think it was that big of a deal!”

“Of course not. After all, what’s a little blackmail between neighbors?”

“Blackmail!” Cassie exclaimed. “That’s not...!”

“Not... what? Here’s a vocabulary lesson, Cassie. When you take pictures of someone, threaten them, that’s called blackmail. Now be quiet,” I snapped. “Until we’re done here, I don’t want to hear another word out of you unless I tell you to. Do you understand?”

She nodded. It looked like she wanted to reply, but the Serenex was working. I’d been careful to avoid imperatives or any of the incidental identity-altering phrasing that had done its work on the others. Still, remembering the less pronounced results I’d gotten from Taylor’s initial session, I wasn’t settling for half measures when it came to this little would-be thief. I retrieved the Serenex from my briefcase and tilted her mouth open with my thumb. Her eyes were wide, frightened, but she didn’t resist. Couldn’t resist.

I'd have to repay Taylor for her role in this later. Maybe the people who made her chapstick, too.

She made a face at the acrid taste, but I didn't let her spit any out. Sure enough, after a few moments her posture relaxed. Her mind opened. *Blackmail me, will you? Now, you're mine.*

"Try not to go too hard on her," cautioned Isa. It was the first she'd said since leading Cassie into my room.

"If I don't do at least twenty-five grand in damages, she can consider herself lucky."

"I mean it, Canon. I'm here to keep you out of trouble, not watch you violate students," she said evenly. "Again, that is."

I made sure Cassie wasn't paying attention, but like the others had, she was staring into space, oblivious to the world. With the others, I'd had to say their name, make noise in their face to get their attention, otherwise they didn't seem to absorb anything that was said. With Cassie sufficiently docile, I approached Isa more aggressively than I'd thought I ever could. The woman didn't budge in the least.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"I.. what are you getting at?"

"You're my protector, right?"

She frowned. "Oh. Yeah, you know I am. You made damn sure of it."

"And what is your number one priority?"

"Keeping you safe and preserving your freedom."

"That's right. And you don't think that this girl and her hare-brained stunt were a threat to those priorities?"

Isa's eyes flickered to Cassie, then back to me. "Well, yes, but—"

"And as an officer of the law, what do you do with people who threaten the safety and well-being of others?"

"Arrest them, usually, but I can't exactly—"

I cut her off. "Why do you arrest them?"

"So they can be tried and prosecuted."

"The goal being?"

Her eyes narrowed. I could see she didn't want to say it, but there was no honest way to answer the question without using the word. "Punishment," she conceded after a lengthy pause.

"Good, we're on the same page. So since the regular system isn't set up for situations like mine, pipe down and let me handle this."

I'd thought I had her, but instead she took a step forward, as in my face as anyone had ever been. "Like you did with those other two girls? Like you did with Candace?"

"Hey, first off, I never laid a hand on her. I just—"

“Just used her to get you off while you molested two teenage girls? Took skeevey pics of her showering?”

I wasn't about to let her cow me with heavy-handed rhetoric. “First of all, I only took those pictures because you two said I needed a means of keeping you in line if the Serenex wore off. So you can blame yourselves for that.”

“Blame...?!”

“*Second*,” I cut in hotly, “I only ‘molested’ one of them, I’ll have you know. And if you get in my way again the next time I feel like doing it, you and I are going to have a whole different discussion. Officer.”

“Oh yeah? And what’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means you’re going to keep me safe and keep me free no matter what, which makes you an accessory to anything I do. For starters.” I stepped forward, my chest pressing against hers and pushing her back against the door. She didn’t do anything to stop me, and I saw a thread of fear run through those fiery eyes. “It also means that you can’t stop me from doing anything I want to that girl. Or to Candy. Or to you.”

She squirmed a little, but my body was still pinning hers to the door. Our foreheads were practically touching. “And how do you figure that?”

“Well what are you going to do if I do something you don’t like? You can’t tase me like you did Taylor. Can’t kick my ass with all your cop training. Because you have to keep me safe, and hurting me does the opposite of that.”

I put my hands on her hips. There was power in this woman, but none of it could be directed at me. “And you can’t arrest me, obviously. Can you?” What had even come over me, acting this way? It was so unlike me! Plus, there was... that. Ever since this whole thing started, more and more I’d been getting hard without even doing anything sexual.

I just felt... powerful. It was new to me.

Isa shook her head. “No, but... but I can still...”

“Still what? Use a stern voice when you beg me not to do something? That’s about all you got.” I let her go and took a few steps back. “Now if you’re done helping me, then get the hell out of my classroom.”

She took a few slow breaths. I waited for her to tell me I was wrong, that I’d overestimated my leverage over her, but she said nothing of the sort. In fact, her only response was a petulant growl of, “Fine.”

“And Isa?” I said before she could escape. Ever the teacher, shouting instructions as people fled my room. “Be a doll and send in the Sterns on your way out.”

“You know, you’re a real piece of work, Canon.” She opened the door. “He’s ready for you.”

I hadn’t felt the need to justify myself to Isa, but I should clarify: I did *not* intend to do anything sexual with Cassie Brown. Not at all. Was it tempting? Sure. She had legs

up to her elbows and a pleasing body even beside that. Her face was the original mold from which innocent schoolgirls were fashioned, sweet and freckled and just a little bit more horizontal than her very vertical frame suggested. She smiled too much, giggled too loud, talked too high-pitched. Everything about her was sort of annoyingly cute.

Except for the fact that the bitch had blackmailed me. That simple fact was enough to make me forget a lot of my usual restraint. Nonetheless, I had enough presence of mind about what Abbie had done to me to want to approach this rationally. Cassie would be zonked for hours yet, and after what I'd done to Taylor in class, after my display of dominance with Isa, I honestly didn't trust myself to do this right.

I needed to clear my head.

The Stern girls filed into the room. First came Taylor in her leggings and cleavage-baring top, followed by Abbie in jeans that were somehow even tighter and the blouse she'd half-removed for me during lunch.

Before locking the door behind them, I put my trash can in the hallway and put the Testing In Progress sign back on the door. The blinds were already closed.

Abbie wasted no time in turning a malevolent glare on where Cassie sat with her back to the door. "Oh hey, that went quick. How's it feel now, dick for brains? I swear to fuck, if it had been left up to me, you'd be—"

I clamped a hand over her mouth. She squealed irritably, but didn't fight back much. "Not a word to her, understand? I have her well in hand, and she'll be dealt with. I don't need you going and screwing up her head like you did to the two of us."

"But she deserves it! Come on, let me make her a meth addict, or have her piss her pants when she—"

"Abbie, this is your only warning. If you so much as look in her direction again—"

"All right, all right, all right!" she huffed. "So then what the fuck did you bring us in here for if we're not allowed to play?"

My answer was to unceremoniously take off my pants and my briefs. Although Cassie had her back to me, she probably wouldn't have seen anything even if I'd waved it under her nose. Abbie clapped her hands giddily. Taylor just watched it with a wary look, like I'd released a snake into the room with us.

This was wrong. I knew that. *So* wrong. To do what I was about to do, with students, in front of another student, one whom I'd drugged into a waking coma so I could compel her to... to do whatever I wanted, really. What the hell was I turning into? Sure, maybe I wasn't hiding from my urges like some pussy, but perhaps this was getting out of—

"Oh yippie, is it finally my turn to ride that bad boy?" cooed Abbie, coming up behind me and giving my erection a few slow strokes. She must have licked her palm already, too. Or shit, was that Serenex?! No, no, I'd locked it back in my briefcase. This girl made me almost as paranoid as she did horny. With good reason. If not for her, I'd

still be subtly peering at Taylor while she made up for overdue econ assignments, and ashamed of even that.

“Taylor, get on your knees.” I snapped my fingers and pointed at where she might ideally do so. Right at my feet.

Her sister’s jaw dropped in indignation. “But... no fair! She got it last time!”

“For one, keep your voice down. For two, I didn’t say you couldn’t join her.”

That brought back that lascivious grin of hers. “Bout time. C’mon, Tay, hurry your skank ass up! Abbie thirsty!” she baby-voiced.

“Sorry, I forgot how fucking enthused I’m s’posed to be to suck my lame-ass teacher’s dick,” the girl grumbled as she joined Abbie.

“You seem fairly enthused to get a shot at it yesterday,” I countered. Abbie was plainly ready to go; I had to take a step back to keep her from simply engulfing me on the spot.

“If you say so.”

“Are you really going to deny it? We were there, Taylor. You were literally *dripping* from arousal. I felt it.”

“Do we have to rehash it? Fuckin’ A, be a sore winner, why don’t you. I’m here, I’m kneeling, and you can stick it in my mouth if you want to. What the fuck more do you want?”

“If you insist.” In it went. My student didn’t do anything once I’d penetrated her mouth, so I simply grabbed her hair and started slowly thrusting. Finally, I was fucking Taylor Stern’s face, shutting her up in the most satisfying possible way. *Good luck trying to squeeze in some bitchy wisecrack now*, I thought at her. Abbie clearly spent time contemplating what my fantasies might be so she could put them into action, but the only way this one could be attained is with this singular mouth.

God, this felt good.

Psychologically, anyway.

Physically... hmm. I’d never realized how much difference there was in an authentic blowjob where the woman was making an effort versus this, this imitation where the woman was simply a hot wet hole making token effort to keep her teeth out of the way. Huh. Yesterday, she’d been literally trembling with desire. She must just really not like giving head. Not a unique mindset, clearly, but...

“OK, get out of the way,” I snapped, bucking her backwards with a firm thrust of my hips. Taylor tumbled from her knees to her butt, knocking into a desk and crashing it into the one behind it. Cassie looked back for the source of the noise, curious, but she’d already lost interest before Taylor even picked herself up.

For what it was worth, I did apologize. Sincerely. But then Abbie saw her opening, and I left Taylor to nurse her own wounded pride. “My turn, Mr. Canon?” she asked, staring up at me coquettishly as she massaged her sister’s spit into my shaft with

both hands. The girl even batted her eyelashes. She couldn't look more wholesome about this if she were... well, if she were Cassie Brown.

"Show me what you got, Abbie."

"I'll do my best. You're actually really hung – for a white guy, anyway." She sounded daunted; I genuinely didn't know if it was an act. It was certainly a momentary break in her character, but then she was easing my cock between her lips, through a soft, wet, tight little ring she'd made just for me. Her moan vibrated through the core of me as I entered. Despite her face being split wide by my girth, there was no missing the smile in her eyes.

Simple mind, simple pleasures, I supposed.

While Abbie's was far from my first blowjob, it was indubitably the best I'd ever had. As Taylor had just demonstrated on the opposite end of the spectrum, I was learning that enthusiasm counted rather a lot. Oh, perhaps there was something to all of Ms. Salata's lecturing about skill in the arts of love, but I'd take a girl with Abbie's devotion to her task over another who was surgical in their use of their tongue. Or whatever "skill" meant in this arena. I had no such metrics.

Abbie's blowjob, though? It was messy. It was wet. It was noisy. It was eyes monitoring me, beaming with joy. It was hungrily licking up and down her favorite treat, sucking on my balls for dessert. It was clutching my ass in her hands to make sure I didn't get away. It was rubbing my cock on her cheeks, her nose, all over her face like she was anointing herself with cock. It was worship.

"Mr. Canon? Would it be OK if I took my top off?" she asked in a voice that was barely recognizable as hers. Too shy by an order of magnitude. "I just think I could do a better job if you could see my boobies."

"Boobies"? Oh my fucking god, Abbie," grumbled Taylor from... somewhere. I couldn't look away as the girl accepted my nod and hastily shed her shirt. I recognized the bra from the pictures earlier, but as she resumed sucking me off while now adding fondling herself into the mix, it seemed to get in the way and quickly joined the shirt. I could feel her tits rubbing against my bare legs. Those things really were amazing. She might only be eighteen years old, but she was all the woman any man could ask for.

This was good. Soon, she'd drain my balls dry, and then I wouldn't feel all that temptation to turn Cassie into another fantasy girl. The conniving little bitch deserved it, and in a fashion more in line with Taylor's grudging acceptance than Abbie's elated adventurism. It would be a lot more convenient, too, as my next door neighbor. Mere feet away. She could come and go at my whim. Their mom had a spare key to my place already for emergencies, even. When I woke up panting after another of these wild dreams the Sterns had been injecting into my soul of late, I could call her over and in seconds, be sucked and fucked right back to sleep. She could sneak back home before anyone knew she'd been gone. It was ideal, really. Plus, one hell of a baller move, as the

kids say. I was no pussy. I was all man, as Abbie's deep-throated gagging was so amply demonstrating. Not like I would actually hurt Cassie or anything so extreme. Just have some fun. If it embarrassed her a little, maybe that was what she deserved. Had it coming, really. Maybe I should...

No. I had more than enough on my plate as it was. *Come on, Abbie, do your job. Suck that cum out of my brain.*

As if reading my mind, she let my dick pop out from between her lips with a noisy *shklop*. She leaned back until her weight was on her hands on the floor behind her, mountains of tit rolling back and forth as she adjusted her position. "Mr. Canon? Am I doing a good job?"

"You were until you stopped."

The girl giggled. "I'll finish, I promise. Only I was thinking... you like my big boobies, right?"

"Abbie, who wouldn't?"

"Yay!" She rolled her shoulders, jiggling them for effect. And what an effect! "So yeah, I was thinking that, if you wanted, maybe I could put *it* between them? Like, I think it's called, um... 'titty fucking'? I know, I know 'language, Abbie!' But I don't know what else to call it, and I wanted to say if you wanted to, then, like, I would be happy to do that for you. If you wanted to."

Dammit to hell, that character she was playing was working. It was a little fourth wall breaking considering this was one of the most ruthless people I'd ever met, but Abbie was so committed to it that I could hardly begrudge her sub-par acting skills. Her eyes were sparkling like the devil himself was back there enjoying the show, but outwardly, she was all wide-eyed willingness to put her assets to good use.

"S-sure," I answered instantly. How could I say no to an offer like that? "How about..." I looked around. Taylor was sitting in her assigned seat – even looked to be working on homework – and Cassie was still studying the carpet fibers. They actually looked pretty uncomfortable. One of the social studies teachers had a sofa in his room, the lucky bastard. I supposed I'd have to make do with what furniture I had.

Would it be more bad-ass to sweep all the junk off my desk in one elaborate gesture? Sure. But as the person who would also have to pick it up and resort it after, I opted to go about it with a little more finesse. It didn't take long, though, before the desktop was clear and Abbie was on her back looking up at me giddily. I climbed on top of her carefully. (This thing really wasn't all that wide, but she was well worth the risk.) My prick hadn't lost a whit of its turgidity, its weight bearing it down to rest between and fill that lengthy valley between her two high peaks. She pressed them together, and my cock instantly disappeared, happily smothered.

"Do you have any lotion? It'll feel better if we can make 'em slicker," she said, gazing around awkwardly.

Ironically, I *used to* have lotion in my desk. Then one day, a student (who shall remain nameless but just so happened to be sitting across the room trying not to notice me tit-fucking her stepsister) saw it on my desk, and thought it would be hilarious to make a joke about me using it to jerk off during my prep period. Oh, then “or maybe during passing period, three minutes easy!” which I’m not sure I fully grasp as an insult but certainly seemed to further throw the class into chaos. I’d taken it home that same day; if I got a little ashy, it was better than tolerating more snickering from Taylor and her peers. Abbie was right, too; as I took a few thrusts, the spit on my shaft was quickly drying up in the air conditioned classroom.

Hmm. Maybe this was Taylor’s opportunity to make it up to me.

“Taylor, come over here.”

She looked up in evident disgust. “I think she’s got things well in hand. Or in ‘boobies.’ Ya nasty.”

“Do you need me to come over there and lead you by the hand, or are you coming?”

She sighed. “Fine. But let me remind you up front that I think I proved last night that I am *not* into chicks, and I am majorly, majorly not into incest shit.”

“Incest? I thought you weren’t sisters.”

Taylor stood at the side of my desk, her shadow cast across Abbie’s naked torso. She kept her eyes riveted on mine, refusing to glance down. “Yeah, let’s split hairs. Now what do you want.”

“I don’t have lotion.”

“Why, over-spank it or something?” She snickered.

“Ha, yes, very funny, just like before. At any rate, I need you to get your mouth down there and keep my dick wet.”

“Uh... what?”

“Was I unclear? Bend down, open your mouth, and for once put it to productive use.”

“Wait, you want me to...?”

I rose up to my full height, the desk more than making up for my kneeling stature. From this vantage point, it was easy to remove her shirt for her. Unlike the heavy-duty no-nonsense bra her sister had put on that morning, Taylor’s was pretty sexy, white lace with lots of lift.

Almost sexy enough to make me hesitate to take it off, too.

With her nipples serving as handles, I pulled her up until our lips met, kissing her roughly but briefly. “Atta girl. Seems like you got plenty of spit in there. Now get to it.”

The stare-off lasted all of three seconds before she caved.

“Aw gee, thanks, sis,” Abbie chirped as Taylor leaned over and started licking up and down my cock. Her voice was muffled by the presence of Taylor’s own ample chest

hanging in her face. I almost laughed at how hard she was trying to keep her tongue exclusively on me. There was actual rigidity in her tongue, no joke, a warm stiff sponge poking up and down the length of my cock. It was enough, however, to reinstate some lubrication, and my titty-fucking of Abbie Stern resumed with Taylor holding her mouth in place to keep the machine running.

“A man could get used to this,” I uttered with a sigh. This was the life. Being serviced by one of my least favorite people and another who probably ought to be but was somehow becoming an expert at ingratiation. I guided Abbie’s hands to her sister’s chest, and without hesitation she began kneading and squeezing.

Behind us, Cassie sneezed. I looked back, but she was still sitting there like a vegetable. Ya know, maybe I should bring her over and—

No, Canon! Yeesh. I needed to make this one hell of an orgasm, purge these thoughts completely. Taylor’s tepid participation wasn’t helping – or at least, not nearly as much as it could.

“All right, enough with the bullshit, Taylor.”

She twisted her head to the side to glare up at me. “What now? I’m licking, just like you said!” Meanwhile, Abbie was still groping with abandon. I thought I could even hear some slurping down there. Was she sucking on Taylor’s tits? I was jealous.

“Here’s what’s going to happen. I’m going to stop thrusting. Taylor, you’re going to take Abbie’s tits in your hands and use them to get me off. And you’re going to start actually licking – no more of this...” I stuck my tongue out, imitating her style. “...bullshit. And when I come, you’re going to catch it all in your mouth, and then share with Abbie.”

Taylor stood upright, though her jaw might have remained where it was. “What?! No fucking way! That’s disgusting! I—”

I put a finger to her lips, already bored of her foot-dragging. There was no question I could make her do it. I had a paper reading *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* a hundred times in a drawer in my desk at home, and it was only in there because I hadn’t had time to frame it and hang it above my mantle yet. (Not really, obviously, since nobody can know about my relationship with the Stern girls, but it sure as hell deserved to be in a place of honor.) Sure, I could always let her off and just have my fun with Abbie alone, but... no. No, that was a pussy way to go about this. She’d proved I turned her on last night, and god knew she turned me on, so no way was I going to be the one to back out over some minor stumbling blocks.

But how to get her not merely tolerate, but to cooperate?

I could threaten her. I had authority as a teacher, for one. That was to say nothing of the countless ways I could mess her up with the power Abbie had given me over her. Tattoo the word “whore” on her stomach. Put naked photos of her on the internet. Bend her ass over my desk and spank her black and blue.

Also all good ideas for how to handle the Cassie situation, my subconscious added, but I squelched it.

I could, I suppose, physically force her to do it, but I didn't want to have to play puppeteer, forcing her hands (and mouth, and so forth) every step of the way. Maybe if I got her started, she'd get into it? I guess I could I try—

“Taylor? You heard the man. Get to it. *Now*,” snapped Abbie.

Taylor's eyes squeezed shut, and when they opened they had been hollowed out by resignation. “OK, Abbie.”

Oh yeah. Abbie was the boss of her.

For the first time, I wondered just how far Abbie was taking that outside of our interactions. Then Taylor Stern was squashing her sister's big fat tits against my cock and slurping on them noisily, and I stopped caring about anything else.

It was the best of all worlds. The thrill of knowing I was fucking two of the most sought-after tits at GHS. The soft, yielding skin gliding up and down my cock. The outline of Taylor's ass in those leggings. Her unspoken permission as I leaned in and pulled them down, and the way her cheeks clapped softly as she maneuvered around exploring Abbie's tits. The warmth and the wetness of the mouth slobbering all over my dick. The way Taylor's back was trembling as Abbie sucked a nipple into her mouth and did her best to return the pleasure – all to put on a show, to be the kind of slut she thought I fantasized about.

Which, if I hadn't fantasized about this before, I sure as hell would from now on.

“Are you gonna come for her, Mr. C? I can tell she wants it. You should feel her pussy – it's fucking soaked,” crowed Abbie. I hadn't even seen her snake her arm down there to check, but there she was, fingering Taylor's pussy as casually as if it were her own. At home, in her own bedroom, instead of in my classroom.

I didn't answer, but Abbie didn't let up. Maybe her tits had some sixth sense for when the cock between them was getting harder or something, I didn't know. But she kept at it. I'd never had sex with an especially vocal woman before, and I had to say, I was liking it.

“How does he taste, Taylor? It's good, right? I thought it was good. I can't wait until you share his cum with me.”

“God, Taylor, from down here, your boobies look almost as big as mine. Almost. They're super cute, though!”

“You are going to share, right? No fair swallowing it all for yourself!”

“Doesn't it feel good to do something nice for someone? Maybe I should let you tit-fuck Mr. Canon every day!”

That did it.

The first spurt caught Taylor in the chin, but she got her mouth in place quickly as more followed. (“Oh gawd, that tickled my titties!”) Once more I was essentially

fucking Taylor's face, pumping in and out, only now she wasn't just a hole. ("She looks so cute with her face split around your gigantic dick, Mr. C!") She was licking, sucking, trying her best not to cough too much up. ("Hey Cassie, are you awake over there?") No joke, my climax was so intense my vision was blurring, and at the last moment I lost my balance and fell to the floor. It was more surprising than anything, and I felt too good to be—

Wait, what was she saying...?!

"Cassie? Hey, Cassie! Doesn't it look fun to pleasure Mr. Canon? There's nothing wrong with it, and it feels amazing being his personal booty call. You should totally—"

Not knowing what else to do, I launched myself to my feet and slammed Taylor's tits down into Abbie's face. It worked, muffling her words beyond intelligibility, though the sudden pressure on Taylor made her cough up a mouth that had to have been full to the brim of my cum all over her sister's breasts. She gasped for air after, but before I understood what was happening, she was slurping it back up, then pressed her mouth to Abbie's, an open-mouthed kiss that fulfilled the final letter of her boss's instructions. It helped shut the stupid bitch up, too.

It would have been the hottest thing I'd ever seen if I wasn't preoccupied by the sight of Cassie Brown swiveling backward in her chair to stare at us, mouthing words to herself that I didn't need training as a lip-reader to interpret.

I was already pulling my pants back on. My head was indeed clearer. Great plan. "Abbie, Taylor, I think that will be all for today," I managed through gritted teeth.

What on earth had they done.

Abbie giggled as she dabbed her "boobies" dry with a tissue. "C'mon, Tay. Sounds like someone has a case of the Mondays."

Part Eight: Differentiated Instruction

There. My desk was put back together. Better double check and make sure nobody dribbled anything anywhere. Hmm. Couple little spots where Taylor didn't get her mouth in place on time. Some tissue, dab dab dab, aaaand good. Cleaned up. Very good. One thing down.

Cassie yawned, the first sound she'd made since I'd pumped her full of Serenex. Somehow it made her look even less alert.

Now, what else needs doing...

Knock, knock, knock.

"Can's in the hallway! Testing!" I called once my heart started beating again.

"It's Candace and Louisa," came the reply.

Cassie blinked. Sort of. One eye, then the other a second later. But that was about it.

I let them in.

Their expressions said they knew perfectly well what had transpired between me and the Stern sisters this afternoon. At least in terms of the carnal, that is. Not the other thing. Even so, their disapproval was apparent.

"Is she...?"

I nodded. These two had never been around someone in a Serenex ingestion trance before, other than each other when I'd put them both under. "Try not to do anything too loud, say her name, poke at her. If we let her stay adrift like this, it's safe to talk around her."

They each studied her for a moment, but one by one turned back to me. "So Isa said she confessed?"

"Yeah. Actually had the guts to act like we were overreacting. Kids these days, ya know."

My colleague sighed at my attempt at humorous hubris. "You do realize we're the same generation as her, right? You're what, twenty-eight?"

"Twenty-six. But millennial, gen Z. Apples and oranges."

"Look, whatever. So how did it go? Once you finished defiling Taylor and Abbie, that is."

"You're one to talk, Candy. And... well, I haven't quite started yet. Quite."

Louisa piped up. “Haven’t started? When you kicked me out, you were ready to chew her up and spit her out. I don’t think she’s capable of appreciating your very sinister biding of time when she’s like this.”

“I’ll do it when I’m good and ready.”

“You’re not ready?” Both women spoke on top of one another, and Isa continued. “You had all last night and all day today. How hard can it be to tell her not to blackmail you, and if you’re feeling vindictive, to feel guilty about trying?”

Candy dug deeper, asking, “You don’t mean... emotionally ready, do you?” *Pussy*, added her expression.

“I’m not... Rather, she isn’t...” I rounded on them. “Look, it’s a little more complicated than that.”

Eyes were narrowing at me. I tried not to shrink away from them, but having screwed up this spectacularly, it wasn’t easy. “It’s nothing to worry about, but... there was a small... accident.”

“An accident,” Candy repeated.

“What kind of accident?” probed Isa. *Moron*, added her expression.

“I’m managing it.”

“If I’m going to help keep your nuts out of the cracker, Canon, I need to know what’s going on. Don’t b.s. me. You might be pulling the strings with those girls, but when it comes to OPSEC, I’m in charge.”

This was a good reminder why women in uniform didn’t do it for me. I sighed, thinking truly unpleasant thoughts about Abbie and what I’d do to her if she crossed my path right now. No sense trying to dodge the truth with these two. “All right. So, Abbie... said some things. To Cassie.”

The women shared a look before Candy asked, “What kind of things?”

“Not to be crude, but... well, along the lines of making Cassie a bit more like her.”

“What’s ‘like her’ mean? A bully? A bitch? A narcissist?” she pressed.

“A sex slave?” said Isa more directly.

“That one. Now look, before you go flying off the handle,” I raised my hands defensively as they both plainly prepared to do just that, “it wasn’t my idea. She caught me off guard, blurting some things out before I could shut her up. I dismissed them both immediately after. She will be reprimanded when the time presents itself, I assure you.”

Candy took a seat in a vacant desk on the opposite side from where Cassie sat. Isa was content to remain standing, asking, “And will this stern talking-to of yours undo what she did?”

“Well, no, but—”

“Then maybe we ought to focus on what needs to happen here and now. So you said some things were blurted. What kinds of things?”

I tried to think. “Something like, it would be fun to sleep with me, nothing unusual about it. Like that.”

“Oh come on, you expect us to believe that!” exclaimed the resource officer. “Don’t blame those girls. At every turn you’ve been scheming to use that crap to force women to—”

Candy shushed her, though, and we all watched Cassie a moment until we were sure she wasn’t stirring. I chimed in before Isa could go on. “It’s not my fault! I know how it looks, but it really isn’t. I told you yesterday, Taylor said some things to me – sarcastically – that wound up sinking in for her sister. Now her sister can’t separate these new thoughts from her old ones, and it’s making her act out. Come on, Candy, you saw her yesterday, the lengths she was willing to go to be the sort of girl she thought would make me happy.”

“Is that what that was,” Isa grumbled with a sidelong look at her girlfriend. Ex-girlfriend? I didn’t know what had been happening in their household since she’d caught Candy’s tongue buried in a student’s pussy.

“I’m serious. You saw how she was playing a character, didn’t you? She says she’s my ‘fantasy slut,’ that they’re ‘lucky to have me.’ And with that in her head, and Cassie threatening to blow open our whole operation—”

Candy frowned. “It’s an operation now?”

“Figuratively. But Abbie overreacted. And anyway, it’s done now, so it doesn’t matter. All we can do now is press forward, figure out how to make it as right as we can.”

I gave them a moment to join me in acceptance and brainstorming. How must I seem to them? How had things gone so far? Thankfully, when Candy next spoke up, it wasn’t to criticize, but to be productive. “How sure are you that she heard what Abbie said? Is there a way to tell if she internalized it?”

“You can ask her yourself. Just stick to questions and she should be fine. It seems to be a lot like teaching when they stayed up too late the night before. They can sleep through anything until you say their name.”

She nodded, then crossed the room and knelt in front of Cassie. The girl didn’t look up, not even when the teacher joined hands with her. “Cassie? Cassie, can you hear me?”

“Yeah, Coach.” Coach? Oh right, volleyball. I’d forgotten they were already close. No wonder she was pissed. Then again, she’d been the sweet giggly neighbor kid to me for years; amazing how fast goodwill dried up in the face of most of a year’s salary in ransom demands.

For Candy, though, it was a relief to be recognized. I wanted to assure her that she’d looked just as out of it and she’d come out fine, but I let her go on and learn for herself. “Did either of the Stern girls say anything unusual to you earlier this afternoon?”

Cassie nodded. “Yeah.”

The ladies waited for her to go on, but she didn't. Isa came around, sparing a brief disgusted look for me. Like I was the one who'd made her blackmail me! Her attitude was beginning to annoy me. "What did they say? Cassie? What happened?"

"Taylor invited me to use her chapstick. I thought it was kind of gross but I was afraid of her so I said yes. It wasted kinda bad, too. I was just glad she didn't start anything. I heard one time Taylor was drunk at a party at Maxine Wightman's house and she tried to kiss Ian only Ian was dating Anna so he said no, and she took someone's lighter and burned his arm."

It was a small vindication that my suspicion that the chapstick would work and for pretty much that exact reason, though I'd expected her fear would be more social consequence than pyromania. Regardless, with the slow, dreamy way of talking Cassie had taken on, we'd be here all night if we didn't cut to the chase. Candy simply rolled her eyes and went on. "What about Abbie? Did she say anything weird to you?"

"No, Coach."

Both women turned to me, confused, but it caught me off-guard, too. Was it possible she hadn't heard somehow? "You didn't hear Abbie say anything?" I asked. Why was part of me disappointed?

The feeling didn't last long, though. "Do you mean when she said, 'Doesn't it look fun to pleasure Mr. Canon, Mr. Canon?'"

"There it is," Isa grumbled. "Why didn't you say that before?"

"Ms. Salata asked if she said anything weird."

"And that's not weird?!"

The question had been rhetorical, but Cassie answered nevertheless. "There's nothing wrong with it. It feels amazing being his personal booty call. I should, totally." She made a little squeak noise, which I suppose was her approximation of the sound Abbie had made when I'd mashed Taylor's boob in her mouth.

With the mystery solved, I could tell Candy was about to make a cutting remark at me, but my warning look kept her from saying it in front of Cassie. Taylor's sarcasm in front of her compromised sister had already done enough damage. "I see. Do... do you believe her?" asked Isa.

"I guess so."

"Why? Why do you guess so?"

"Because what she said is true."

"But... how do you know it's true?"

"I dunno. Just a feeling. But I know."

"So you don't know, but you know?" Candance countered. "Cassie, that's—"

"That's enough, Candy."

"But she's—"

"We're not improvising this. We're sticking to my plan."

Like yesterday, all it took was the assertion that I had a plan to shatter her resistance. We walked with Isa to the far side of the room, and like that, Cassie went back into her shell. “All right. So what’s the plan?”

“If it involves making that girl into your ‘booty call,’ then let’s skip past it and get to the backup plan,” stated the officer firmly.

“But here’s the problem with that,” I said, choosing my words carefully, doing my best to project calm reason. I’d had time to think this over, and I knew that when it came to selling it to my co-conspirators, it wasn’t going to be easy.

Here goes.

“Those things that Serenex put in our heads... they’re very deeply ingrained, as you both know. Enough that Abbie stuffed her sister in the trunk of her car. That those two young women and I are doing things none of us ever imagined we might a week ago. That even you two, who received a much lighter touch, have allowed things to happen that you otherwise never would have.”

Isa placed her hands on her hips. “We know all this. Get to the point.”

“In short, my point is that I’m honestly worried about what might happen if we try to put two directly conflicting ideas in her head.”

Isa could already see where this was going. “Canon...”

“Before you go accusing me of ulterior motives, keep in mind that for one, let’s remember we’re dealing with an extortionist. I looked it up, and you can do twenty years for what she’s done.”

Before Isa could point out how unlikely Cassie was to receive the max sentence, I hurried to my next point. “For two, just because Abbie put these feelings in her head doesn’t mean I have to indulge them. I already have, as you put it yesterday, two ‘nubile sex slaves’ – a categorization I don’t agree with, but for purposes of my point, I’ll temporarily concede the basic nature of it. Point being, it’s not as if I didn’t already have an outlet for... that.”

“Is there a three,” Isa prompted dryly.

“For three, let’s look at it like this. If I said I planned to go all in, embrace Abbie’s plan and turn her into an actual sex slave... what would the two of you do about it? Not what do you *think* should be done, but if I did it, right now... what would you actually do?”

Neither was in a hurry to speak up. “I... I guess I’d make sure you got her the way you wanted her,” mumbled Candy sheepishly.

Isa looked at her lover aghast, but as I prompted her again for her own response, her indignation faded. “I’d tell you you’re a piece of shit,” she said softly, “and then figure out how to make sure nobody caught you.”

“That you would. Now – suppose you found out someone was going to... liberate her, I suppose you’d say. Set her free, try to fix her. What would you do then?”

“Nothing good,” mumbled Isa sullenly. Candy said nothing, which said it all.

“See, so this is my point. Look what you’d do, thanks to how Serenex transformed your thinking. It somehow seems to overpower every other consideration. So what happens, then, if we try to use it to counteract itself? Suppose I dosed you again, Isa, and told you to beat me black and blue and drag me down to the station to tell them everything?”

“I would *never* do that!” she insisted automatically. In the next breath, she understood me. “I... yeah. Shit. I don’t know.”

“Exactly. Abbie already fired the unstoppable bullet; if we then put an immovable wall in that girl’s head, we could cause some kind of complete psychotic break. I do realize, I really do, that what Abbie did is wrong. But right now, all she’ll have is a more colorful version of a schoolgirl crush on a teacher. If we try to tell her she doesn’t... we may well do a lot more harm than good.”

I gave them a moment to think it over. They even huddled in the corner to discuss privately, as if I couldn’t hear it all anyway. With their deliberation proceeding in the direction I wanted, I said nothing.

“Do what you have to do, Mr. Canon,” said Candy sullenly.

“Fair enough.” I was a bit relieved that she paused to give Isa a swift kiss before she left, directing a lingering look at her athlete before excusing herself from the room. Then it was down to me, Cassie, and the officer.

“So like the woman said, we’re resigned to this. When we’re done here today, though, I need you to give me the Serenex canister so I can have it tested. I’ll make up a story about where I found it, something that won’t lead back to you. Don’t worry about that. But we need to know more about this before you fuck up someone else’s life like you did ours.”

It was only my relief to have successfully persuaded them that kept me from responding in kind. “Why? We have plenty of it left – that canister was meant to disperse a mob, and so far we’ve spritzed it a half dozen times. A few teaspoons, maybe. We have more than enough to reapply doses if needed.”

“But you don’t know that you’ll get any warning before that happens, do you?” She took a step forward, and though I had a few inches on her, it certainly didn’t feel that way as her tone darkened. “I can tell you right now, if I wake up one morning and that crap is out of my head, out of Candace’s head... I can’t guarantee you’ll make it to jail. You get me?”

My head cocked back. “Is that a threat?”

The question seemed to confuse her for a moment. “Of course not. I’m your protector, after all. Just think of it as good advice. Very, very good advice.”

“So noted, Officer. Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me. Now we got work to do, so let’s bite the bullet already.”

She withdrew, and I was amazed at how much easier I could breathe. How could I be so frightened by someone who I knew for a certainty couldn't hurt me? I glared at her shapely backside as she made her way back to the far side of the room. *Don't treat me like a pussy!* I wanted to scream at her, except what could be more of a pussy thing to do than that?

For the first time since I'd dosed her, I approached Cassie, pulling up a desk in front of her, seating us face to face. Her eyes were barely open. Had she fallen asleep? No, when I said her name, those soft green orbs slowly focused on me, a bit dazed and droopy, but focused nonetheless.

After jotting down a few words on it myself, I slid a piece of paper across the desk, along with a pen. Inwardly I chuckled; my policy on lending students a pen was to take collateral to make sure I got them back, but I supposed I had reasonable assurances of its return. "Cassie, I want you to read the words I wrote on that paper and copy them a hundred times. All right?"

"Sure, Mr. Canon." She picked up the pen, and I watched to make sure she was getting it right. From a few feet farther away, Isa watched for the same. *I will protect Mr. Canon's secrets.*

Simple and straightforward. That was important. Misinterpretation or using too broad strokes could foul this up in a hurry. This should both nullify her threats of blackmail as well as make sure that if or when Cassie noticed anything happening that might be a threat to me, she'd help me regain control. Isa and I watched as she copied it, and little by little, I began to relax.

I relaxed for the first twenty or thirty repetitions, anyway. I hadn't realized at first that Cassie's huge, loopy handwriting was taking a lot longer than it had the others. By the time she was nearing fifty, I decided that was good enough and told her to stop.

"Can't. Need to do a hundred," she murmured, continuing unabated.

Isa and I shared an exasperated look, but I didn't push things. On some level it was a relief. Her minuscule defiance here wasn't confirmation that we couldn't plant contradictory commands in her, but that we'd told her to do something and then been unable to tell her to stop corroborated my suspicion at least. With that, we let her go. Even after the encounter with the Sterns and the conference beforehand, it was still only just past four. Cassie's predecessors had all needed several hours before waking up. Candy had needed over four. We simply needed to be patient. Everything was taken care of now; all that was left was to—

My phone buzzed. Cassie was on line eighty-two. I fished my phone out of my pocket, and...

It was the number. The blackmailer. "What the hell...?!"

ARE YOU READY FOR INSTRUCTION? read the text.

I looked to Cassie, as if she might have covertly sent the text without alerting me. She was starting eighty-three.

“What is it?” asked Isa, concerned.

“It’s... them. It’s that number.” I held up the phone.

Not surprisingly, Isa was analyzing the caper faster than I was. “Shit. She has a collaborator. Dammit, I was worried about something like this.”

“Shit! Cassie, did... Cassie, look at me. Cassie, stop.”

“Can’t. Writing a hundred times. Almost done.” Splitting her diminished capacity for attention actually made her even *slower*!

“Cassie...!”

But she shushed me. She shushed me! “Not yet.”

“Relax, Canon,” said Isa, putting a soft hand on my shoulder before I could go fully apoplectic. “She’ll be done in a minute, and then she’ll be able to talk. Not surprising, really. Having someone else know the secret is a good failsafe to prevent someone from getting leverage over her. Plus she’s a high school girl. Not a one of them who can keep their mouths shut worth a damn.”

“But what if she told all her friends! What if—”

“She didn’t. Man up, OK? She obviously didn’t. For one, if there was a rumor going around school about you fucking Abbie Stern, one of us would have heard about it. For two, if she wants her money, she has to at least keep the secret until she gets her hands on it.”

“But she already told someone!”

“Hey. Calm down. You’re panicking, and we can’t have you panicking around someone in her condition. Most likely scenario, she told one other person. Now take a few breaths, grow a pair, and keep them occupied on the phone while we wait for Cassie to finish up. And remember, don’t tip them off that we know about the kid. Whoever that is probably feels nervous enough as it is, and we don’t want them pissing themselves either.”

My fist clenched, and not only because of the avalanche of anxiety crashing down on me. Officer Barbour sure knew how to push my buttons. She was, however, right. Annoyingly. Her suggestion of deep breathing actually did help. Cassie’s scribing was still advancing in its glacial way. Eighty-seven now.

What assurances do I have that those pictures will get deleted? I typed slowly, reasoning Cassie’s ally would see I was replying and thus not do anything rash in the midst of it. Plus, avoiding answering their question could drag it out a little longer. My students had taught me this tactic well.

Eighty-nine.

NONE BUT YOU HAVE MY WORD

*YOU TRYING TO BACK OUT? I CAN SEND THEM TO THE WIDE WORLD
BEFORE YOU CAN BLINK BUDDY*

Ninety-one.

My fingers wanted to sprint, but I kept them on a tight leash. *I'm not backing out of anything. You're getting your money.*

Ninety-two.

GOOD

I WANT YOU TO LEAVE THE MONEY ON YOUR BACK POUCH

**PORCH*

A blackmailer who couldn't bother to proofread before hitting send. Karmic justice for a wayward English teacher, I supposed.

THEN I WANT YOU TO GET IN YOUR CAR AND TEXT ME

ILL TELL YOU WHERE TO DRIVE

WHEN YOU GET THERE, SEND ME A PIC SO I KNOW

Ninety-four. Hurry the hell up, Cassie!

That's fine, but... how do you know I won't have someone else watching?

DO YOU????????????

I rolled my eyes. *Of course not, but obviously someone who did wouldn't tell you they did.* Good god, did Cassie and her little friend not even google "blackmail" before they dove into this?

YOU BETTER NOT!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ninety-six. I silently cursed her third-grade teacher for cursive lessons so heavily over-prioritized form over efficiency. Isa was reading over my shoulder, though I credited her with looking a good deal more serene than I felt.

I don't, I promise. But I'm at work now, and I have a few things I need to finish up. It might be an hour or more before I can get home.

LEAVE NOW

IT TAKES TEN MINUTES TO GET HOME

*ILL GIVE YOU FIFTEEN TO SEND ME A PIC OF YOUR GARAGE DOOR SO I
KNOW YOUR THEIR*

Ow. Just... OW. I looked over.

Ninety-nine.

omw. There was nothing else to say.

The pen clicked as she set it on the desktop. "Done, Mr. Canon." She even handed me my pen back.

Officer Barbour escorted Cassie to the lot, practically pushing her to keep her moving. I went on ahead, and when the officer judged it clear, we stuffed Cassie in my backseat, lying on her side, and I got the hell out of there. Isa was going to follow behind as a just in case; she'd wanted to ride with us, but I insisted we were taking enough of a risk with me and Cassie without adding even more potential questions with her presence.

There was no time to waste. Traffic this time of day wasn't helping, either, so I steered down side streets, skipping stop signs wherever it was safe. Meanwhile, it was finally time to interrogate this little bitch about how much blabbing she'd done.

"Cassie? Are you listening?"

"Yep, Mr. C," came a voice muffled by the seats.

"Good. Now Cassie, you need to be completely honest with me. Understand? Tell me the complete and total truth, no mat—" I caught myself, proud I still had some small amount of my wits functioning in spite of everything. "The complete and total truth, so long as it's only me and the other people who know my secrets." A list that was already too long for my liking by far. "Do you understand?"

"Yeah." She didn't elaborate, but with nine minutes to make it home, I didn't have time to waste on repetitions.

"Good. Now tell me, Cassie. Who else did you tell about me and Abbie?"

"Miss Salata, and Officer Barbour."

"What?" Oh right, when I'd had them question her. "No, *before* today!"

"It only happened today, Mr. Canon."

I tilted the rear view mirror down, but all I could see of her was one hip. The seats blocked the rest of her. "What do you mean, you didn't know before today? Cassie, remember, you have to tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We know you sent me those messages. We know you bought that prepaid phone. We know you took those pictures."

"I... I don't... My mom pays for my phone. Me and Robby's. I didn't send you any messages or take any pictures of you."

"Bullshit. Officer Barbour said it was *your* credit card that bought that phone."

"It wasn't me. I swear."

Despite the girl's deadpan words, my mind was on fire. Had Isa lied to me? Was she in on it?! Had I left some loophole, some way she could exploit the situation to—

"My mom could have done that though. We both have a copy of the card. She made a big deal about telling me not to go near your house the other day."

A car horn blared as I ran through a red light. If either of us had swerved a moment later, they would have T-boned me, right there by where Cassie's head was resting on the seat. The girl didn't so much as sit up, just squeaked when her head banged against the car door.

We'd gotten the wrong person. Fuck me, we'd gotten the wrong person!

Detail after detail clicked into place. The atrocious grammar – classic Megan. All caps? It had been a couple years since I'd hidden her on facebook for screaming in her posts, but that was her all right. I'd long known she wasn't an especially bright woman, but I gave her a pass the same as she did for my intellectual snobbery. And the money! Of course, the money! A daughter hoping to go to college in the fall, and things had always been tight for them thanks to her deadbeat ex-husband. Must be tighter than I'd realized – or maybe Megan was simply a greedy bitch.

I slowed a hair through the next intersection, this time avoiding a brush with death. It didn't sting any less that it was Megan Brown and not her daughter Cassie. Only... “So why did you admit to it before I dosed you, Cassie?!”

“I didn't.”

“Yes you did! I asked you why you were trying to steal from me, and you said you thought you were doing the right thing? Ringing any bells?”

“I thought you were mad about the coupon books for the volleyball fundraiser.”

“But you said you were going to use my money to send you and your brother college!”

“There's a scholarship for the girl who sells the most. And if I go to college, I can get a good job and help my brother go, too.”

Dear god. Any other time it would have been touching. Right now, it made me want to scream.

We crossed Route 2. Just over a mile to go. Shit shit shit! What did I do now? I couldn't dose *another* woman. This was already approaching insanity. If I had a couple more hours, I might be able to use Cassie to talk her mother down, make her see reason. I didn't have hours, though. I had just over four minutes. Isa wouldn't be far behind. My pet policewoman wasn't going to be much help, though. She couldn't arrest Megan for blackmail without the blackmail coming out; if she didn't arrest her, there was no guarantee she wouldn't disseminate a backup of those pictures the moment she and Isa part company.

I turned into my subdivision. There was no time for elaborate plans. Nothing left but that damned spray. Megan didn't know I was on to her. I'd go over, knock on the door, then spray her the moment it opened. Then one last no-secret-blabbing indoctrination, and that would be that. And this time, nothing more complicated like that shitshow at Starbucks.

Megan scrunched down at my command. For good measure, I tossed my jacket over her back. We pulled into the driveway with less than a minute to spare. Once the car was parked, I snapped a picture of the garage door and sent it to the offending phone number.

I'm here.

Her response came so quickly that it had to have been pre-typed. *GOOD. SET THE MONEY ON THE BACK PORCH THEN GET BACK IN YOUR CAR AND GO*

Suddenly I realized my plan had been stupid. Megan was in all probability watching us right now. If she saw me get out of the car and start towards her house, she could get paranoid – rightly so – and she could pull the trigger before I had my shot. Dammit! What did I do? If I'd taken up the ladies on their offer to front the cash, I could have at least passed it along and bought some time. As things stood, though–

DO IT NOW

No doubt about it. I was being watched. And Megan was impatient.

The garage door creaked and groaned open, and I pulled in. “Come with me, Cassie.” Luckily there were no windows in here, and it was adjoined to the house. Her mother wouldn't see I had her daughter with me. That was imperative now.

Not knowing what else to do, I grabbed my gym bag and started filling it with books from the shelf in my office. How big was \$25,000? I had no idea. But I doubted Megan knew either. Meanwhile, I was conveying instructions to her daughter as quickly as I could while still watching my phrasing to keep from further warping this apparently innocent girl's mind.

I had no idea if this was going to work, but it was all I had.

“All right Cassie. I'm going to put this bag on the back porch, and then leave. I want you to stand by the back door. In a few minutes, someone is going to come over and take the bag. When they do, I want you to take this...” I put the Serenex in her hand. Oh god, what was I doing?! This girl shouldn't have a weapon like this in hand if she were in full command of her faculties, much less...! “Then I want you to open the door and spray this into her mouth. Cassie? It *has* to be into their mouth. Keep spraying at them until you get some in there. Do you understand?”

“I... think so.”

That wasn't especially convincing. “Tell me what's going to happen, Cassie.”

“You'll put that on the porch, then leave. Someone is going to come over and take it. I'll take that and spray them. Until I spray it into their mouth.”

“Very good. And then just stop and wait for me. OK?”

“OK.”

I guided her where I wanted her to wait, where she could see through the window set in the door to watch for her mother. “I'm sorry, for what it's worth,” I said, then took my bag and stepped out. The heavy bag thudded as it slammed down on the bricks of the porch. I forced myself not to look up at the Browns' house across the fence and reveal my knowledge of who was watching. Then I walked around the outside of the house and back into the garage. My phone was ringing as I walked. Isa, I saw. Megan was the only communication I was answering right then, though. She didn't take long, the alert buzzing before I reached the end of the driveway.

DRIVE TO THE ARBY'S ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN

TEXT ME A SELFIE OF YOU IN FRONT OF THE DRIVE-THRU MENU

Arby's? Classy. *Want me to pick you up anything?*

JUST DO IT

NOW!!

So much for humor. I backed out of the driveway and pulled out into the street. Meanwhile Isa was hitting the redial.

“What the hell is going on up there?” she demanded. “Did you just leave?”

“I have it taken care of,” I said vaguely.

“What does that mean?”

“It means, stay away. You’re only going to make this worse if you get involved. I have it in hand, I promise.”

The phone moved away from her mouth to growl in frustration. “People always think that they know better than the professionals. You’re in over your head, and I can’t keep letting you fuck this up like you’ve fucked up every other thing in this whole mess!”

My jaw clenched. “I need to get off the phone before I get pulled over by the real cops.”

“I *am* a real—”

I hung up. Fuck things up, did I? She was the one who’d pushed the idea of Serenex into my head in the first place! The one who’d pegged the wrong person as the blackmailer! The one whose brilliant sting operation had painted me into the corner, nearly blown our secrets! I couldn’t wait to show her how I’d made this work *in spite of* her hamstringing me. Tasering Taylor. Guilting Candy for what was probably one of the hottest experiences of her life. Acting like I couldn’t handle myself, like I was some kind of... of... of pussy! *I am not a pussy!*

It was a good half hour to Arby’s and back. (*Arby’s, Megan? Seriously?*) Not that I had any intention of going. I figured she’d wait a few minutes to make sure I didn’t pull a one-eighty at the end of the block. Maybe not. Either way, I circled the neighborhood a few times, giving her ample time to work up the nerve to go get her “money.” I drove until my frayed nerves couldn’t take it any more. So like, three minutes.

I pulled into the driveway at a crawl. Yes, objectively it was pure idiocy trying to sneak back in, like the car had tip toes or something. Once I was there out of the car, though, my instincts reversed themselves and I sprinted around to the back of the house. Had Cassie come through for me?

Standing there on my porch, sure enough, were two women. One of them was Megan Brown, two long stripes of sepia fluid staining her face. One of them led right into her mouth, which hung open.

Next to her, similarly slack-jawed, stood Louisa Barbour.

I looked around, but saw no sign of Cassie. Then I opened the back door only to find she'd been standing on the other side, so close her nose had probably been pressing against the glass. Stand and wait, I'd said. And she'd done it.

"Cassie? What happened!"

"I did what you said. Then Officer Barbour showed up."

"I didn't say to...! Oh, never mind." Why bother chastising her? It had worked out well enough. "Cassie, Megan, Isa? Inside. Now."

Every door was locked, every curtain drawn, every phone confiscated. At long last, I was in total control of the situation. No more interference from the outside, no more unknown variables making a mess of things. Time to make things right.

"Well now, Isa," I began, kneeling down in front of her. "Let's talk."

Part Nine: Core Curricula

Every other Tuesday in our district was an e-learning day for the students. For most of them, it meant sleeping in, waking up two minutes before sign-in was required for attendance, then brushing their teeth and eating breakfast while they half-listened to their first recorded lecture of the day. Then another lecture or two, along with a series of half-cocked worksheets and quizlets that were so basic it insulted even the dullest student's intelligence. While the student body had been excited for it at the onset, after a while the comforts of home became less and less of an allure. E-learning meant no socialization, boring lessons, technical glitches, minimal engagement, and a tragic exacerbation of the hardships our impoverished students suffered.

For teachers, it was little better. The morning was a series of meetings, most of which were either updates on the state DoE's latest bit of fuckery or collaborating to respond to them. The afternoon was departmental work on curricular coordination, which had its place early in the semester, but by this time of year was simply each department cramming themselves into one teacher's room and getting their own work done, then pretending to be working together if Mrs. Horen popped in.

Everyone hated e-learning Tuesdays. The only exception was probably the school's business officer, for whom the one in ten days of instruction with no students was an opportunity to stable the buses and turn off the AC as she watched those savings mount.

That Tuesday, however, I walked into the building with a spring in my step.

"Good morning, Amy!" I motioned a tipping of my nonexistent hat.

Mrs. Cook Burfield smiled behind bleary eyes. She'd had a new kid only last fall, and her sleep schedule was still in shambles. "Morning, Mr. Canon. You seem chipper this morning."

"Just off to a good start this week. And hey, it's the second-to-last e-learning Tuesday of the year."

"I suppose it is. How 'bout that."

"Save me a seat in the caf, all right?"

She offered a fist bump, which I heartily returned explosion and all. I let myself into good old H121 and set down my briefcase. The combo lock entered, it clicked open and I emptied it of last night's workload, sorting the papers into piles by period number.

For the first time in weeks, there was no Serenex in it. There was no more need.

Megan had confessed everything, crumbling like a cookie in a woodchipper. And of course she did. A hundred *I will enthusiastically cooperate with and support anything Mr. Canon wants* left her little choice. Was it a tad extreme? Maybe. The time

for half-measures was over, however. No more light touches that left outcomes up to chance. No more second-guessing myself. Last night, I got stuff done.

As for the budding extortionist, her story had been simplicity itself. As the new and improved Isa opined while we heard her spill the beans, criminals were generally not the masterminds that they were on TV. Megan had seen Abbie in my driveway, recognizing her from her daughter's school. She'd thought it a little strange, and far more so when I came out and hurriedly ushered her car into my garage. She hadn't even seen Abbie sneaking naked out my bedroom window, as it turned out. Megan had simply been suspicious and decided to take a closer look. She used the excuse of walking Pepper, then peered in and saw what Abbie had been doing. Our friendship had quickly been squelched by her then-inaccurate perception that I was sleeping with a student, and greed had taken over. That she had used Megan's credit card had been sheer coincidence. Her own cards were maxed out – hence the blackmail.

With the interrogation over in minutes, Megan then deleted the pictures from the prepaid phone, the originals on her own phone, and her backups on the cloud. My neighbor apologized and swore she'd never tell anyone about anything I did that might be seen as inappropriate or reflect poorly on me. Isa took it one step further, and at her suggestion I directed Megan to let me know immediately if she heard or saw anything that might assist Isa with her protector duties. They exchanged numbers, in case I couldn't be reached. All of it ran so much better than the half-assed improvised plans we'd been relying on to date.

If I'd had any worries that Megan might misinterpret my commands or find a way to weasel out of them, her daughter Cassie had put those to rest. Once I'd started Isa and Megan on their copying, I'd turned my attention back to Cassie. There hadn't been much more needing doing with her beyond the usual swearing to secrecy, and by the time she'd finished that up, the girl had been starting to come around. I'd told her to go home and keep an eye on Robby, get some homework done while I tended to the other two. Eventually, though, I'd gotten her number from Megan and called her back over to make sure she was coping all right. After all, she was innocent in all this.

“How are you feeling, Cassie?”

“Pretty weird? I dunno. Like, this is all kinda crazy. Is my mom OK? The way you two were acting earlier was pretty wild. Like, you could make her do anything at all! Is that how she's gonna be from now on? And if so, do you think you could ask her to let me go camping with Derek's family next weekend?”

“I'm sitting right here, sweetheart, and trust me, that is not happening. Unless you think otherwise, Mr. Canon.”

“Your mom's got the last word on this one. Sorry.”

“It's OK. It would have been cool, but I already figured that was how it was gonna be. Anyway, are we gonna have sex now?”

“Um, what?”

“Cassie Brown! That is unbelievably inappropriate!”

“He called me over, Mom! Did he not tell you I’m his personal bootycall? I gotta say, it feels amazing. Not that I’ve never done it before, but... Mmm.”

“Cassie, you stop that this instant!”

“Moooooom, you’re being super lame! There’s nothing wrong with having fun pleasuring Mr. Canon.”

“There most certainly is!”

“No, Megan, there’s not. I want her to give me a blowjob.”

“Oh. Oh, I see. Well, if that’s what you want...”

“So I can, Mom? Really?”

“Of course you can. Make it a good one.”

“Now I should warn you, I’ve never sucked anyone’s dick before – pardon my French – even though my ex-friend Owen told all his friends that I did, but it was only a handjob and he came, like, right away. I guess he got embarrassed. Maybe that’s why he lied about it, so if I told anybody they’d think I was the one making stuff up? Boys are weird, Mr. Canon. Oh wow, you’re like, already hard! Well, here goes nmmfmm...!”

“Mind your teeth, sweetheart.”

Megan had sat by, smiling dotingly and offering the occasional sage bit of blowjob wisdom as her daughter did her best to get me off. It was a far cry from Abbie and Taylor’s tag-team a few hours earlier, but it wouldn’t be much of a test of Megan’s loyalty if I didn’t push her limits. Cassie was caught off guard by my very telegraphed orgasm and coughed up all manner of jizz onto herself. Her mother gently scolded her for making a mess on my floor. Then, as Cassie tried to mumble an apology around a mouthful she hadn’t yet figured out she should swallow, Megan fuzzed her head and told her to toss her clothes in the laundry and she’d get the cum cleaned out for her before it stained.

Isa had been well and thoroughly satisfied that the girls would not constitute a breach of security. I’d agreed, then patted her ass and told her to get home and work on patching things up with Candy. She giggled, waited until I was done squeezing, then sashayed out of my house with a wink and a smile.

The new Isa was going to be a lot easier to get along with. *Making Mr. Canon happy is my second priority*, read fresh papers in my home office, right under the original outlining her first priority as my protector. I’d had her go two hundred times, for good measure. Bitch.

Candy’s judgmental glances and Taylor’s sulkiness were the only burrs left in my saddle, but those could play out. The former was probably a good check on my impulses,

reminding me where the lines were supposed to be. As for the latter, it was nothing short of the sexiest thing in my world.

That morning, as Mrs. Horen explained the newest wave of modifications to our curriculum-standards re-alignment that would be necessary under HB 117, I was monitoring Taylor's progress on my posted assignment exploring bias and propaganda. Her letters appeared on my screen as she worked. She typed faster than I would have thought for someone who copy-pasted most of their essay paragraphs.

Hi, Mr. Canon, she typed after a few minutes. She must have noticed I was logged into her assignment. The words were immediately backspaced. Smart girl. No traces, on the off chance another teacher happened to do the same.

Morning, Ms. Stern. How goes the e-learning? I followed suit, deleting my message after I saw her cursor move past it.

*Same s***, different day. (yw for not cussing btw)*

I chuckled softly, then looked around to make sure nobody had noticed. *See? I told you that you were teachable.*

oh I'm sure you're getting teacher of the year for sure

Oh, come now, you know I don't do it for the awards.

trust me I know better than anyone what you get out of it

She sure did. Oh, how I wanted to leave this meeting so I could have her show me what she was wearing. Was she still in her pajamas? Did she even wear pajamas?

Just the smile on my students' faces is reward enough for me, Taylor. I deleted again, but then quickly added, *And just because today is e-learning day doesn't mean you're off the hook after school.*

Don't you think it'll be weird if I'm the only student in the entire school...?

We can do it at my house. I'll park on the street and leave the garage open for you. 3:15 sharp.

Fine. The word disappeared almost as soon as she typed it. *Do I need to bring anything?*

I'll provide required materials.

Any one?

I thought immediately of Abbie. She'd be elated to be allowed to come back over to my house. An elated Abbie was a thing to behold. At my house, we could make all the noise we wanted, finally let her be as wild and unrestrained as she wanted. The girl probably had a dozen fresh fantasies she wanted to play out, and would have parts for Taylor in half of them. She'd likely want Cassie over, too. Not that I had any idea what to do with that many tits and asses all at once. Abbie probably had ideas.

Just yourself.

I closed the window.

Once there was something to look forward to, the day was suddenly crawling by. Every inane bullet point was agony. When we broke up into departments, it was a fight to project proper attentiveness and collegiality. During our lunch break, despite the rare privilege of permission to eat off-campus, I instead made my way up to Ms. Salata's room. Maybe it would cheer me up.

Part of me hoped she'd chew me out for what I'd done to Megan and Cassie last night. It might be helpful to be reminded where the lines were supposed to be.

"Afternoon, Candy," I said as I closed her door behind me. She looked to be in the middle of updating her bulletin board. Being sufficiently caught up on work to have time to fritter away on such things with weeks to go in the year seemed unthinkable. Must be nice not to teach a subject with standardized tests that the state ignored when it came to funding.

"Afternoon," she returned. Seeing the door was shut gave her freedom for some candor. "So I heard you took care of the Cassie situation?"

"That I did. Isa filled you in on the details, I take it."

"Yeah." I almost missed the impish grin on her face until she turned to pick up her stapler. "Eventually."

It took me aback, but if she was in a good mood, I wasn't about to go out of my way to request a tongue lashing. "Eventually? Why, you two had something more pressing to talk about?"

"Can it, Canon. She told me you sent her back early to smooth things over between us."

"The least I owed the two of you."

She seemed to be looking for the staple remover; I retrieved it from the corner of her desk and ferried it over. "Yeah, well, you're not wrong. Not gonna lie, some of the stuff you pulled Sunday... you got issues, buddy."

"Yeah, that's probably true."

"Probably shmobbably. You were out of line with Taylor before her sister ever even got involved."

I frowned. "How do you figure? Before I had to dose them to cover for having the stuff at all, all I was doing was trying to drag her to the stage for graduation. I was only thinking of—"

"You spent thousands of dollars on a black market drug to force her to spend an hour alone with you every day. And if you don't understand how fucked up that is, you're farther gone than I thought you are."

I stepped back and sat on top of one of the student desks. "Yeah, I know."

"So why? Did you really think you were going to fix a grade A brat like Taylor Stern? Or was there more to it?"

“Would that be so wrong? Come on, you’re almost a year into this gig. Don’t tell me you haven’t seen anybody whose neck you wanted to wring until you saved them.”

“Sure I have. But I didn’t drug them and lock them in a room with me to do it.”

She let me think in peace for a bit. Or maybe she was just more focused on her work. The truth of it was, I didn’t know why I’d done it. I wanted to believe it had started because I wanted to help her. Save her from herself. But I’d wanted something else, too. She’d pushed me, bullied me, teased me, and... there was no denying that played a part. But I’d had other shitheads in class, too. Matt, two years ago... if someone had treated me the way he had in any other context, I’d have thrown fists, yet with Matt, I wouldn’t have given a moment’s thought to serenexing him into compliance. He’d failed, made it up with Mr. Posener in summer school, and the world had spun on without my giving him a second thought.

Could a fantastic body really make that much difference?

“We are where we are now, anyway,” I said at last. “And as a history teacher, you don’t need any reminders that we can’t go back and undo the past.”

“That I don’t. And... if I tell you something, do you swear not to tell anybody?”

“Even Isa?”

“Especially Isa.” She walked up to me and, to my complete shock, flicked me right in the fly! “I’m not sure I want to undo it. There’s no point pretending I didn’t have fun Sunday, and whether or not I ever would have initiated it, teaching a couple bigots to be a little more open-minded and sex-positive felt good. I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and maybe our glass is half full, not empty. Maybe it’s more than half, even.”

I arched an eyebrow. “How do you figure?”

“You don’t think those girls will be better off with us being able to push them this hard towards a right direction? You’re not wrong that if you hadn’t intervened, Taylor wouldn’t have finished high school. She was failing three required classes with only weeks on the clock. Abbie is even worse. That kid was probably bound for juvie.”

“So you’re saying that justified us taking advantage of them?”

“Of course not. But... nobody got hurt, aside from Isa’s taser, which we talked about and won’t happen again. In fact, I dare say everybody got the opposite of hurt.”

“Yeah. I guess not. Feels... weird, sometimes, but maybe you’re right. Though I am sorry about the other thing. You know, before.”

“You mean that stunt you pulled in the shower, watching me like that? Eh. That was actually... yeah.” I didn’t miss a little grin. “Not that I’m inviting you to do it again,” she added quickly.

“Really? Little exhibitionist streak in you?”

“More like a two year streak since I’ve been with a man. Don’t get me wrong – I’m happy with Isa, like ninety percent of the time. But there’s nothing quite like a cock.”

“Hey, any time you–”

“I’ll do what I have to because of the Serenex, same as you. But where that’s concerned, let’s hold off until the next lesson, all right? Assuming there is another lesson planned.” She turned, anticipation plain. “Is there?”

“Of course there is.” There was now, anyway.

“Good. I... don’t suppose Cassie is now enrolled in our little course?”

Oh, right. I’d forgotten they were close already from the volleyball team. “I’m sure that can be arranged, thanks to Abbie.”

“Good. That girl has a lot to learn.” She grinned. “I’ll make sure I have something special planned for her. As for you... don’t be surprised if you get a dinner invitation some night this week.”

“Dinner invitation?”

“Isa knows I’ve been missing a man’s touch, and... well, after the way she freaked out on me the other day just for doing what the Serenex made me do... as part of her apology, she’s become a bit more amenable to certain... arrangements.”

“Oh, so dinner invitation is code for—”

“Dinner. Something yummy.”

“I can’t wait.”

With that, I left her to it. For a while, I was stumped by her change of heart. I guess getting to fuck Abbie Stern has a way of bringing one around. Besides, not like lusting after hot young women was something I had a monopoly on. So much for trusting her to be my conscience. Even my parting words to her had been a lie.

There was only one encounter I couldn’t wait for.

“Abbie’s fucking pissed,” said Taylor as she let herself in via the door to the garage. She looked... normal. More normal than she usually did even in school. Jean shorts, a shirt striped in green and blue under an unzipped hoodie, tennis shoes. Her hair was damp. She must have showered. Her makeup was neither absent nor conspicuous. Her curves made even the drab outfit pop, but objectively, she was as casual as someone with that body could be.

“I was a little surprised she didn’t invite herself along,” I said, gesturing for her to take a seat wherever. I’d tidied up a little, but only a little. I hadn’t even had time to change out of my work clothes.

“She probably would have, but I told her I wasn’t leaving for another half hour yet, then bugged out early and shut my phone off. She’s the boss, not the mistress.”

“Has it been hard, all that?”

“All what? Abbie? She’s as big of a bitch as ever.”

“Yeah, but with tha whole new ‘boss’ dynamic.”

“Oh, that. You know how it is. Feels normal, even if you know it’s fucking weird. She hasn’t been too bad about it. Can’t make me do her chores without weirding out mom and dad, and obviously we can’t let them suspect anything’s up. And she might be a cunt, but we’re still sisters.”

“Were you two close before all this?”

Her eyes narrowed. “Is this today’s assignment, being grilled about my sister?”

“I’m just trying to get to know you, Taylor. Making conversation.”

“You need to get to know a girl to fuck her now or something?”

“What makes you think this has anything to do with that?”

She arched a brow incredulously. “Right, you just made me come over to your house, alone, with nothing, in secret, to *not* fuck me.”

“I really just wanted to talk, Taylor.”

“I’d have an easier time believing you if you weren’t staring at my pussy while you said it.”

She had me there. “Sorry. Just... you have nice legs is all. That’s what I was looking at, not... Whatever. It probably doesn’t make a difference.”

“Not really, no.”

“Look, I know things have been... intense. Let me ask you though, in all sincerity... are you doing OK?”

“Would it make any difference if I said ‘no’?”

I heaved a sigh. This was what I got for trying to show a little humanity with her. She had a way of shredding my patience that was unparalleled. “It certainly never made any difference to you, all the times I said no.”

“What? When did I ever ask you to lay a finger on me?” She laughed the familiar cruel Taylor laugh at the mere idea she might ever have entertained such a thought.

“I don’t mean that. I mean when I said no don’t plagiarize. Don’t talk over me in class. Don’t draw on my desks. Don’t copy your neighbor’s answers. Don’t pelt people in the head with your friggin’ chapstick.”

She gasped. “Language, Mr. Canon!”

“I’m not trying to justify what I did. I shouldn’t need to anyway, since if it hadn’t been for your sister, I never would have done it in the first place. But I was there, Taylor, and you can say whatever you want, but that was real.”

“What? You shoving your dick in my mouth? Making me suck Abbie’s tits? Because that lying bitch made that shit up about me being turned on, yo. I’m not some weak-ass blowjob queen, and I sure as shit don’t get off on another chick’s boobs.”

“No. Well, yes, but I meant at Ms. Salata’s house Sunday. You and me. You were into that every bit as much as I was.”

Taylor studied her fingernails, huffed irritably. “Whatever you need to tell yourself, C-dawg.”

“Dammit, Taylor, just be straight with me!” I took to my feet. “I know what I know. You were more turned on than any woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Maybe ‘cause you’ve never seen—”

I held up a hand. “Save it. But if you didn’t like it, then... I don’t even know what that means. Did Abbie do something to you? I’m not stupid. I know we were both out of it for a while on... god, was that only Friday night? Did she put something else in your head, something she didn’t tell me about?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. Frankly, after what you pulled this weekend, I wondered the same about you.”

I realized I was looming, and sat down on the far end of the couch from her. I could smell her shampoo, this close. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean, have you looked at yourself lately? Before that Serenex shit, you were probably the biggest pussy I ever met. No offense. But check you out now, brah. Now you got Abbie and Cassie as your fuckbunnies, me as your whatever, teacher hottie and slut cop who do whatever you say.”

She failed to mention Megan, but I didn’t correct her oversight. “And?”

“Like, you’re making a fucking harem. You know that, right?”

“A harem? What on earth are you talking about?”

“All right, go ahead and name all the dudes and the non-hotties you’ve used that spray on so far. Go ahead. I’ll wait.”

Her rhetoric was on point, but it didn’t make her right. “If our school employed a male resource officer with a boyfriend, I would have used it on them. If my next door neighbor had been a boy, I would have used it on him. Yes, it fits a pattern, but correlation does not imply causation.”

“All right. So you’re saying the only one you first degree Serenexed was me?”

“‘First degree’? What’s that mean?”

“Premeditation, Mr. C. I watch a lot of serial killer shit. Try to keep up.”

That made more sense than I wanted it to. Still, on analysis, she was actually right, at least in spirit. Yes, I’d planned the dosing of Isa and Cassie, but really, it was like I’d said – I’d dosed a police officer because I’d needed one and what I’d thought was a blackmailer in self-defense. The only person I’d ever set out to use Serenex on because of who they were was Taylor.

“I suppose you’re right. What of it?”

“Well, why? You obviously didn’t know what the stuff did all this when you started. You just thought it made people put up with your bullshit. I heard you bitching about how expensive it was for your poor ass, so... why? Why spend all that just to make me be willing to do your stupid homework?”

In essence, it was the same question Candy had asked me during lunch. The same question I'd asked myself all afternoon. But it wasn't until right now, with Taylor herself in front of me, that I had an answer.

"Why you? All right. There is a part of it that was just me trying to get you to graduate. I can't tell you how frustrating it is watching you flush your education down the toilet because being smart isn't cool."

She groaned. "Oh my fucking god, not this bullshit again."

"But," I went on quickly, "you're right. I wouldn't have bought that stuff for any other student but you. Hell, I could have bought a used car for that amount. A decent one. But I did. For you." I tapped her on the knee.

"Because...?" She gestured impatiently.

I scooted closer, halving the gap between us. She noted it warily. "Because you're a fucking bitch, Taylor."

Her eyes widened. Clearly, that had not been what she'd expected. "Excuse me?!"

"I'm serious. You treat people badly. Use people, manipulate people, bully people. And you get away with all of it, because you have a gorgeous face and a body that was frankly made for underwear modeling. People give you a pass because the way you show off your tits and your legs reminds them on a daily basis that as big of a cunt as you can be, they'd still forget all about it in a heartbeat if you let them into your panties."

It was her turn to stand, exasperated. "What, you're slut-shaming me for how I dress now? Like I have a hot face and big tits and don't hide it, so that makes what you did OK or something?!"

"I'm not talking about what I did. And you know I'm not slut-shaming. Have you ever once seen me enforce the dress code? For the love of... Do you not remember when you were wearing that short dress, the beige one with the red flowers, and you kept trying to sit on the stool in the front of the room? You whined half the class period to be allowed to sit there. Was a backless plastic stool really so comfortable, or can you just admit you like flaunting your body?"

"There's nothing wrong with it if I do!" she shouted.

I wasn't about to let her shout down at my face. Not in my own home. Not any more. I stood up and got right in her face. "I'm not saying it's wrong! I'm just saying it worked!"

"What? What worked?!"

"Making me want to fuck you more than anyone I've ever met no matter how much I despise you!"

She froze, and for a moment I really thought she was going to knee me in the balls. Instead, she slowly broke out in a smug grin. "Is that right?"

"Oh, don't gloat. It's beneath even you. You have to know that you're the top of every hate-fuck list of every guy who's ever made one. You or that sister of yours."

“No no, don’t deflect, C-dawg.”

“I’ve told you not to call me that.”

“Yeah, but you know me. I’m bad at listening to teachers. You say ‘don’t,’ and I say...”

The girl was sidling closer, and there was no missing the flirtatious way she was doing it. “What are you doing.”

“Making you uncomfortable.”

It was working, all right. I took a step back. “What... what’s come over you? I just told you I hate you.”

“Yeah ya did.” Her fingers lanced out and grasped my shirt, preventing my retreat. “And that you wanna fuck me, like I told you when I showed up, like you pretended you didn’t.”

“I don’t understand this.”

“It’s simple. There’s two things I want from a guy. The first one?” She started working on the buttons, but while she did, her lips ascended to my ear. I could feel them on my skin when she whispered. “I want to be worshipped like a goddess.”

I shrugged the shirt off my shoulders and let her get to work on my belt as I went to work on her shorts. Pink panties. Bright fucking pink. As pink as the pussy inside them. “And the second one?”

My pants went down. Underwear, too. I attacked her shirt next. A black bra. It looked amazing. A moment later, it looked even more amazing on my living room floor. There was no more waiting left in me. I threw her down to the couch, pouncing after mouth-first. When I came up for air, her eyes flared indignantly at the rough handling, but only for a moment. At least, only a moment as far as I knew, because then I’d flipped her upside down and hefted her hips into a doggy style position, leaving her to rest on the side of her face.

“You need to clean this fucking couch, man,” she griped.

“And you need to order some new underwear pretty quick.” I tore the waistband of these at both hips. The right one almost didn’t tear, but before it could transition from discomfort to pain, those stitches yielded their treasure. She was naked now except for a gold-colored necklace.

“I swear, I don’t understand what the fuck you have against my panties,” Taylor grunted.

“I have nothing against them. They’re just in the way of *this*.” This time I adjusted her so she was standing facing the couch, hands braced on the wall behind it. There it was, two exquisitely sculpted ass cheeks, and between them, Taylor Stern’s pussy. I dove in.

“I told you you were a pervert,” she spat out between moans.

With my tongue swirling her clit and my nose trying to bury itself in her slit, I started banging her ass like a bongo. She wailed indignantly, but that only made me go harder. Not that she tried to stop me. The closest Taylor came to resistance was when her legs turned to jelly as she came.

“Told you,” she panted, “you brought me over here to fuck me.” She was on her knees now, her face planted back in the couch cushions.

Two fingers slid inside her, grazing her inner tightness. “Feels to me like you came over here to get fucked.”

Her hips pumped slowly back against my hand. “You’re the one who’s making me do this, asshole.”

My fingers slid in and out of her like a hot knife through butter. Warm, soft, melty, fuckable butter. “You mean, making you come? Because you’re welcome. I’ll admit this isn’t what I was aiming for when I set out to touch my students’ lives, but... I suppose this will have to do.”

“Mothafucka you trying to act like you settling?” The snarl on her face as she tried to look back at me was almost dauntingly sincere-looking. “Like you’re ever gonna get your hands on a piece of tail like me ever again?”

I withdrew my fingers, then seized her tits and pulled her upright against me, squeezing them hard. Her nipples jutted out into my palms. “Like your sister?”

“If you wanted Abbie as bad as you want me, you’d have her ‘fantasy whore’ ass over here right now instead of mine.” With impressive grace, Taylor reached back and grasped the back of my head, roughly forcing my lips down to hers.

With my cock rubbing up and down the crack of her ass, Taylor gasped when I bent it down to rest between her thighs, letting it press meaningfully along all those wonderful bits along the way. “You know you just called yourself a whore, right?”

“My bad,” she breathed. Was she trying to trick my cock inside her? Her hips writhed to some unseen rhythm. “Whores get paid, don’t they? Don’t know what that makes me then.”

I obliged her, finding the spot and slamming it home in a thrust so forceful it momentarily lifted her knees off the ground altogether. Her back arched, and for the first few seconds, my student’s scream was silent. I held her there until she ran out of air, trailing off into a guttural moan. Then I swept aside that mass of still-damp hair and put my lips right in her ear.

“Taylor, you never pay attention to my vocab lessons. I already told you what you are, and I don’t believe I said ‘whore.’” The thrusts began, and she wailed again in bliss. “You’re a bitch.”

I could hardly believe my own stamina that evening. Then again, it was fueled by Taylor's insufferable attitude. Every time we let up for more than a few minutes, she found some way to get my hackles up.

Your place looks like you decorated it with shit from the dumpster behind Goodwill lead to throwing the two of us to the floor, finally fucking face to face with her hair splayed out on the faux hardwood floor of the dining room. It seemed so unfair that someone so terrible could be so beautiful, but then again, if life were fair, she wouldn't be fucking me in the first place.

You're not tiny or anything, but you're not as hung as Abbie says you are converted a brief use of her mouth to clean my dick off into a full-blown blowjob. I let her outburst over having me give her a facial slide, at least until she brought it up again later when she found a bit dried into her hair. That gave her an hour crouching under the table in my office slowly jacking me off while I pretended I was getting some grading done. In actuality, I was mostly texting Abbie to discuss some of her ideas for what we might try the next time we got together. The mere suggestion that we could have Taylor roleplay being our maid almost pushed me over the edge by itself.

Heya, Mr. Canon! I just wanted to say I had a lot of fun learning to suck your cock yesterday, and now I'm thinking about it a lot and I'm really (REALLY) horny, which is weird because I don't normally get like this, but maybe it's because of that chemical stuff you talked about? but anyway I wanted to say if you're bored or horny or anything you could totally call me over to pleasure you. it would be super fun! kthx!

That was from Cassie, obviously, but Taylor snatched my phone away when she saw the name on the text and read too much of it too quickly to bother stopping her from reading it all. Then I got to hear a whole diatribe about what a perky pig I was, using all these innocent high school girls the way I was. To which I responded that I'd had sex with four women in my life to date, including her; that she was no more innocent than I was; that if she'd like me to do something less innocent, she still had one more hole I hadn't touched. In the end, I kept to the usual one, with her moaning and complaining and coming all the while.

I left Cassie on read.

"What time is it?" I mumbled into her hair after collapsing on top of her sweaty naked body, both of us exhausted.

"The fuck should I know? And I can't reach my phone because your hairy ass is crushing me."

I rolled over, and after a moment she crawled across the bed to get to the nightstand. "8:45. Fuck. I was supposed to be home for dinner at seven." She rolled back over until she was draped over the top of me, one powerful thigh rubbing back and forth across my flagging manhood, then began typing out a text to her mom. It looked to be

some lie about getting caught up watching a movie at her friend Justin's house. I'd had both of them in class together the year before. It had been hell.

After hours of her vitriol, the tenderness of her proximity caught me by my surprise. "What the heck are you doing, Taylor?" I ran a hand over her naked body to clarify.

She finished her message and hit send, then looked up at me, annoyed. "You fucked me like forty fucking times in half the rooms in the house and had me kneel on the dirty floor to jack you off. But you're right, a little cuddling crosses the line. God, you're a shit heel."

She started to roll away, but let an arm around her shoulder mollify her. Or maybe it was just the Serenex. Who knew. "Fine. Sorry."

Her phone buzzed after a minute. "Shit," she grumbled after reading. "Mom wants me home."

I kissed her. "One more go. Ten minutes, tops."

"Considering it took even my sexified ass that long to get you hard again after last time, I think that shit's some fairy tale optimism, C-dawg. Plus I gotta wash up a little so I don't go home with dirty knees and smelling like my teacher's cum-sweat."

I laughed. "What on earth is cum-sweat?"

She grinned. "I don't even fucking know any more. Now come on, lemme go. You know you can molest me again whenever you want, you old perv."

"Except now, apparently." I gave one nipple a parting pinch; Taylor held for it, eyes closed, until I stopped. The sound of water issued from the bathroom; the only thing stopping me from going into that shower and taking as many minutes as I damn well pleased was Abbie's prohibition against letting someone discover our relationship. If I went in there, we'd be in there until the water heater gave out.

Once we were dressed again – except her shredded pink panties – I walked her to the garage. "You know, you never said what the second thing was."

Taylor dug in her purse for her keys. "What second thing?"

"You said there were two things you wanted from a man. To be worshipped like a goddess, you said, but you never said the other."

Taylor let herself into her car. She nearly slipped, her thighs were so wobbly. The car started so loudly in the confined space it literally made me jump. Was she not going to answer?

But as she backed out, her window rolled down. "Duh, Mr. C. Same thing every goddess wants. To be fucked by a god." Then she winked, flipped me off, and drove away.

Fairy tale optimism, my ass. I fished my phone out of my pocket, the most recent text still on the screen. *Get over here.*

I stopped myself before I put it away. *And wear pink panties.*

Part Ten: One on One Conferencing

“Morning, Mr. Canon!”

The truth was I had already been awake for several minutes by that point, thanks to the gentle but unceasing dedication of Cassie’s tongue, but I was only now letting myself open my eyes. It was the first time in my life a woman had ever awakened me with a blowjob. I have to say, it sure beat the hell out of an alarm.

“Good morning, Cassie.” I flashed her a smile and helped hold her hair back out of her face while she kept at it. It was a little chilly without the sheets. The thermostat was programmed to cool off a little in the morning hours to facilitate my waking up process, which was still working. In fact, just to make sure we hadn’t overslept I snatched my phone off the nightstand and made sure. Only 5:35. Wouldn’t even go off for another ten minutes. I silenced it early and let Cassie take its place.

Sweet, relaxing silence. The whole reason I woke up so early on weekdays, so I could take my time on myself before I had to worry about the rest of the world. Nothing to do but read the news, maybe play a video game for a bit, anything but think about being a teacher and listening to students.

Well, just one student maybe, but she had her mouth full.

“So now that you’re awake, do you want to finish in my cha-cha, or should I keep using my mouth?” she asked. Not unlike the grueling pace of her handwriting, her words took forever to get out as well. Only this time, it was on account of liberal slathering of my cock with her saliva, so it was easier to be patient.

“Dealer’s choice,” I mumbled after a moment to clear my throat. My real preference had been for her to continue as she was, but telling the girl to essentially shut up and blow me felt crass.

Cassie giggled, then gagged when she tried to go down too far, then coughed on my leg, then licked some more, then responded. “Dealer’s choice? What does that mean?”

“It means you pick. I’m happy either way.”

“Oh! Is that about dealing drugs? Because I remember that one time I came over to return your hedge trimmers but your shed was locked so I had to come in and get you to unlock it, and you were watching that show *The Wire*, and you said it was one of the best shows, and then I tried to – *UNNNNGGGGGGGH HOLY JEEBERS THAT TINGLES* – to watch it with you, but I didn’t understand anything they were saying.”

“No. It’s for cards. Like poker.”

“Dealing cards! Oh geez, do I feel dumb now. Man. So, um, I’m s’posed to just sort of wiggle up and down, right? Because I watched a TON of porn yesterday afternoon to get caught up on this whole ‘booty call’ gig, and it looked like that was what the ladies

did. Do you watch porn, Mr. Canon? Because you wouldn't believe how much there is out there on the internet!"

"Um, sometimes."

"Like, I knew porn was out there, but my mom has all these blockers on our internet because Robby's a total weirdo. But then yesterday I came home and she goes 'Cassie don't tell your brother but I unblocked everything, and you need to learn a few things if you're gonna be any good to Mr. Canon.' It was SO uncomfortable, but after she pointed me to a few sites where I could kinda search and browse, she left me alone. But there was *everything* there, Mr. Canon. Like, *everything*."

"I think they call that rule 34."

"You have the rulebook memorized? Man, you're so smart, Mr. Canon. Or do all the teachers know that?"

"No, it's not a school rule. It's an internet thing."

"Geez, there's rules for porn? I don't think this site was following them. There were all kinds of stuff that was super gross and creepy. Like hidden cameras in bathrooms, and foot stuff, and old people..." Her eyes widened. "Not like *you* old, Mr. Canon, like *old* old. Like grandmas and grandpas and stuff."

"You know, Cassie, we do have school in a couple hours."

"Oh, right! Durr, Cassie, like he wants to sit around listening to you talk about you watching nasty porn and touching yourself for hours and hours while your mom gave you pointers on which things those porn ladies were doing that I should try out on you. Sorry, Mr. C. Kind of slow this morning." She patted my chest playfully as her hips started to move. The girl took it slowly, intuiting what worked and what didn't with incremental yet intensely satisfying movements. It was a fun transition from how I'd spend most of the previous evening; Taylor had known quite well how to use her body to create the right sorts of friction. But watching Cassie learn was wasn't such a step d-

"Huh, I guess I'm not a virgin any more." Oh, GOD. "Wild, huh? Guess I can't tell my friends, but man, wait 'til I tell Mom. She's gonna flip! Do you think I should... Um, Mr. Canon? Did you just...? Did I make you...?!"

Shit. Well that wasn't my most impressive showing. "Yeah, I guess I did."

There was a flutter of self-congratulatory clapping. "Oh wow! Wow, that's such a rush! No wonder my friends are always talking about how awesome sex is! Not all of them that is. Most of them are good girls, or they used to be. Mom says we're growing up too fast. But geez, that feels cool. Like it's squooshing around in me! Does... does it dribble out? Oh man, I don't wanna make a mess in your bed. I really like your sheets by the way. They're so soft."

"They're flannel. Wear out fast."

"Cool. I hope it's OK that I stayed the night, by the way, but you fell asleep so fast that I thought maybe that was what you'd wanted? I dunno. I texted Mom and she said

it was cool, though. Just between you and me, it's actually really fun to have somebody who can make Mom be chill about things. Sometimes it's like she thinks I'm a bad kid or something, with the tracky thingy on my phone and my stupid curfew and and making me take birth control even though before you I only ever made out with two boys, and I never even let them touch my boobs. Well, no, one of them did a little bit, but I decided that was special so I told him to stop pretty quick."

With our ninety-second bout of love-making already over, I rolled her off and hauled myself into a sitting position. She slipped a finger between her legs, sniffing at the traces of cum she dredged up. "I think I'm gonna take a shower, Cassie."

"Oh, yeah. I probably should, too, right? Do you want me to shower with you? I remember one time when I was in middle school I got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and I saw the TV was on so I went to see if I'd left it on because I didn't wanna get yelled at, but it was my dad, and he was asleep, but there was this porn on the TV, and it was shower sex. I didn't watch it for long, but now showers always sorta make me think of sex. I guess that's weird, huh? But they're such a naked place. That's my favorite place to masturbate, too. It can be hard not to lose my balance, but that's part of what I like about it, the challenge. I can't just GO GO GO because I'd slip and fall, so I sort of have to take my time, which is cool. Sometimes I come two or three times even, if I'm feeling super horny. Yesterday after practice I stayed in there until I came five times thinking about when you let me suck your cock. Pleasuring you is so fun. You're not gonna tell Mom I said that about my showers, are you? She gets cheesed that I use so much water already. If she knew I was petting Miss Kitty in there, it would be so weird."

"I'll take it to my grave."

After using the bathroom, I opened the door wordlessly. Cassie let herself right in. She was walking weird, stiff-legged and with her feet wide apart, as near as I could tell to make room for her hand to remain between her legs to catch anything that might dribble out. Good thing I'd already established she'd been on birth control. That had come out last night before I zonked out. I couldn't even guess what had been said to elicit the sharing of that information at this point.

"Sorry I look like a spaz, but I'm trying not to dribble. Oh cool, you have one of those overhead rain shower things! I've seen those on those home improvement shows Mom really likes, and I always thought they looked so cool, like you're in the rain, but you're in the bathroom. Don't you love the rain? It's so quiet and peaceful, you can just sit there and think. Oh, weird, I've never seen your cock when it's soft before. Is that normal? Is it still a cock when it's soft, or does cock mean hard? It still feels weird to say that word, but you used it so I guess if you like it, it's totally fine with me. Cock, cock, cocky cock. I can learn to use the porn words if you want, by the way. I just don't like how they sound, but maybe it's time to grow up and start saying pussy and dick and

titties.” She wrinkled her nose in distaste, then fed a little dribble of cum into her mouth. Her smile returned. “It’s so weirdly yummy. It’s like the taste of your happiness.”

The glass began to steam. I let myself into the shower, Cassie right on my heels. Once inside, she abandoned her silly-walking and let the cum dribble where it may. A twist of the shower head adjusted it from my usual narrow hard spray to a broader, gentler fall. That would get both of us better. I’d installed this fixture not long after I moved in here. I’d been dating Nicola at the time. She’d refused shower play because she complained that one person was always left out of the water, so I’d thought it would be romantic. Or sexy. Or something. In any event, it had turned out her disdain for shower sex additionally had something to do with my being in the shower. We’d broken up before I ever even told her I’d had it installed.

“Do you want me to wash you? Or do you wanna wash me? Sometimes when I’m imagining, while I’m you-know-whating myself, I think about a man washing me. I close my eyes and I picture his hands on my body. Massaging my neck, pulling me up against him and rubbing my tummy, then lower down from my tummy. Imagination man spends a lot of time rubbing there, to be honest. Is it OK that I have hair down there? A lot of the porn girls had theirs shaved off. Mom said I should think about it, but I figured I’d just ask. I think it might feel weird? But I like having my legs and armpits smooth, so maybe it’d be the same?”

“Sure, Cassie, give it a try. If you don’t like it, it grows back.”

She giggled. “Yeah, that’s a good point. Anyway, I didn’t mean to make it sound like I only wanted you to touch my cha-cha. You could touch my body anywhere you want to. If you just wanna squish my boobs, that’s super cool. I know guys really like my boobs. They’re sort of annoying, though. Like, I know they’re not huge, but it’s track season right now and they’re such a pain to run with, and I bet I would make way better times if I were flatter. Do you think they’re too big? I’ve never really let a guy look at them before, so I’m real curious what you think. I love that I have a guy I can just show my boobs to and ask his opinion! Man, you should have done this to me years ago. Well no, years ago my boobs weren’t very big yet, and also I was underaged so that would be way weird, but yeah. So what do you think? Too big?”

My head had been leaning against my arms, my arms leaning against the wall, but I looked over. Cassie’s hands were on her hips, back arched to thrust those things out as far as they would go. They looked great on her, a little too big for her trim figure, but in a good way. Drew the eyes. She stood by, posing, until I muttered a response. “You have nice tits, Cassie.”

She giggled, pleased. “Cool. ‘Tits.’ I never used to like that word before, but it’s *everywhere* in porn, I found out. Maybe I should get on board, now that I’m officially a woman and all? I dunno. Feels dirrrrrty though. But maybe dirty is good. I’m not sure. I watched this one porn video titled ‘dirty little teen whore gets the ass-fucking she

deserves,' and it probably wasn't for me. I couldn't come watching that girl get her booty badumped. Not until the next one where this stepbrother and stepsister were doing sex stuff while their parents were out of town. Which sounds SO gross I know, but I figured since you had me and Mom and the Sterns like this, maybe that was something you were into so I should check it out. It turns out their being steps didn't even matter, they just mentioned it in the opening scene and then he was like 'you're so hot, I wanna fuck' and she was like 'no you're my brother' and he was like 'c'mon' and she was like 'ok.' After that it was pretty much normal porn. Kinda boring, actually, except the boy was really hot in that one. Is that something you're into, Mr. Canon? Do you think you'll have me and Mom double up with you? She said it'd be cool with her, and if it'd pleasure you, I guess there's nothing wrong with it. It'd probably be fun, actually. If you wanted. Do you?"

"I don't really know, Cassie. Never tried it." Yet. Technically. If I didn't properly fuck Abbie soon, she was going to drug me again and make me. I hadn't yet discounted bringing Taylor on board. I didn't know if it turned me on because they were sisters (step or otherwise), or because they were Taylor and Abbie.

"Here, let me wash you. You look super tired. Is it better if I wash you to do a good job, or just to be gropy? I kinda wanna be gropy about it because I'm crazy horny after that sex we had. The best sex I ever had, right?" She giggled hysterically. "But if you're too tired, I understand. You slept like the dead, though. I got up to pee at one point and I was super sneaky about it because I didn't wanna wake you, except then I tripped over my own shoe and like kuh-*rashed* into the wall really hard, but you didn't even stop snoring." She giggled. "But when I got back into bed, you kept snoring, except you rolled over and started squishing my boobs around. You did that for like an hour. It was AWESOME. I was so bummed when you rolled over and stopped fondling them. I guess it was good because I needed my sleep because I have a test in third period. Anyway that's why I was so horny this morning. I guess I really like being touched, I'm learning. Bet you never thought you'd teach a student something like that, huh?"

Cassie pressed her body against my back as she talked, massaging body wash into my skin. She'd elected a "gropy" wash without my bothering to answer, but she was nevertheless thorough about it. More attention was dedicated to my reinvigorating shaft than elsewhere, but no flesh was left unsudsed. At some point she broke contact. The sound of her squirting out more behind my back followed. Then she was back, and from the way her body glided frictionlessly against mine, it was clear she was using her torso as well as her hands as a sponge. Cassie was getting everything her breasts could reach, cupping them in her hands and spot cleaning my backside inch by inch. I'd never felt a woman's nipple roaming up and down the crack of my ass before. I didn't know how to feel about it. It wasn't six o'clock yet, though, so I didn't have to feel anything. The usual deal I'd made with myself concerning these morning hours.

“Guess not.”

“You know, you’re such a good listener, Mr. Canon. You just let me say anything and you don’t judge me. I really appreciate that, you know? I’m really shy around most people, and people act like I have nothing to say, but there’s all this stuff inside me and sometimes I wanna scream it out, but I feel like people would think I was weird or something. But with you I feel like I have to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It’s scary sometimes, saying stuff out loud that I never told anybody. Like remember last night when I told you that I loved the taste of your cum so much I wished they made a salad dressing out of it? It felt really slutty to say, but cum is sort of the flavor version of the emotion that goes with pleasuring you, which is super fun, and I just love it. I bet a lot of guys would think I was sort of a slut for talking like that, but you just let me keep blowing you like you were totally OK with me. Then this morning when you let me have sex with you for a bit, and by the way we can totally do that again if you wanted more. I for sure do, but I’m starting to think maybe now that I’m your personal booty call maybe I just always want more? Because I for sure have the past few days. Geez, maybe I *am* a dirty teen whore who deserves an ass-fucking.” Her giggled echoed around the shower chamber.

I remembered. I hadn’t said anything at the time because it had made me realize she was also slurping Taylor’s cum off of my shaft and I didn’t want to gross her out. Plus I’d supposed she may as well get used to the taste early if this was going to be a recurring thing. I’d already given up any hope of summoning the willpower to prevent that from happening. From here on out, I meant for that to be my cock’s regular flavor. If I got my way, I’d fuck Taylor every day of the week and ten times on Sundays. And it looked like I was in a position to get my way.

“Anyway, do you wanna?”

“Huh? Do I wanna what?”

Her point was made visually before it was elucidated vocally as I craned my neck around. Cassie had both hands planted on the far wall of the shower, water splashing down the lines of her deeply arched back. Her ass was on display, the very one I’d tried not to notice when I attended school volleyball games with her mother. Cassie’s feet were set wide enough that all the space between was displayed, the whole of her ripe for the taking.

“Do you wanna ass-fuck me? I loosened it up some yesterday, so I dunno if it’s ready, but we can totally try.”

I stood, using a hand to shield the water from falling in my eyes so I could stare. Gape. Leer. “Loosened it up?”

“Yeah, when I saw how much porn there was for ass-fucking – sorry, I know that sounds super dirty – I figured if I was gonna be your personal bootycall, it’d be pretty dumb not to have my booty ready if you called on it.” She snorted. “Sorry, teacher pun.

So anyway, you wanna have sex with my butt, Mr. Canon? I'll do my best. I've had a bunch of boys say stuff about how they like my butt. It's usually really creepy, but I do work out a lot and I think it looks pretty good. If you wanted to say stuff about my butt you could, and I don't think it'd be creepy at all. The opposite of creepy. Sometimes my imagination boy will say stuff about me and I actually get even squooshier down there. He'll be like, 'Cassie, your butt looks so awesome tonight, leg day paid off bigtime,' and I'll say – but in my head, not like out loud – 'you can touch it if you want.' It's not like the porn stuff, but it makes me come really hard when guys are romantic like that." Finally realizing I hadn't touched her, she looked back, but her ass stayed poised and spread for me. "Well, Mr. Canon? Are you gonna ass-fuck me?"

I closed the short distance between us. Her head turned back toward the wall, but not before a giddy smile stole onto her face. Cassie's buttocks rippled, the streams of water finding new runnels, as she broadened her stance further. Her legs were so long that even spread apart like this, her ass was even with my crotch. She whimpered as my cock nestled between her wide-spread cheeks. I took my time aiming at my target, savoring each microspasm of pleasure that jolted through her lithe young body.

At the last minute, I readjusted. "This will be fine for today, Cassie. But keep working on the loosening. You never know."

Taylor would have made some bitchy remark. Abbie would snarked that it was about time. But Cassie's reaction was, per my idiotically inflicted compulsion to truthfulness, truthful. The whole truth.

Which, I was realizing, was not an ambiguous term for Cassie Brown.

"Wow, I love how you feel in my cha-cha! Is that weird to say? But seriously, it's so awesome! It feels *really* good. I think shower sex might be even more fun than bed sex. Though I guess bed sex was kinda short. Was that short? It felt short. Not that I'm criticizing or anything. Did that sound witchy? I didn't mean it to, I swear! I bet if a hot guy woke me up giving me a girl-blowjob or whatever that I'd be super ready to whoomp it up too. Oh man now I sound conceited. I don't mean like I'm so super hot or anything – I know Abbie and Taylor are like insanely hot, so I'm like totally bleh next to them – but I just mean, you know, I don't think I'm *ugly* or anything. Gosh, that's *really*, *REALLY* good, though. I think I really like sex, Mr. Canon. At least with you. I don't think I wanna go out and start doing it all over the place, but this is super great. Are you having fun? I hope so. I feel like I don't really know what to do, like I'm just sorta standing here letting you stuff my cha-cha and squish my boobs around. Can I like squeeze it or something? No... no, I don't think so. Like, *something* is moving, but I don't think I'm squeezing. Or would that hurt? Sorry, Mr. Canon, I'll do some more porn research and see. Or maybe Mom knows. I know I sound so dumb about sex and all. I'm sorry. I promise I'll do better once I get some study and practice and all. That's what Coach Salata says, work like it's game day so when it's game day it's not work. Or

something. I think I said that wrong. Oh GAWSH I like that – that thing with my nubbin, I mean. That's AWESOME. My friend Quan – I think she has you for English – she was just ranting the other day in this post about how how awful it is sex ed doesn't teach about female pleasure. I guess they did back in your day, huh? You seem to know it really good. Or no, really well. I always mix that up. Geez, I like your hand down there. You don't have to keep doing it just because I like it. I really do though. Wow. Oh wow. Wow wow wow wow wowowow..."

With her body going slack in my arms, I let up before she slipped and hurt herself. Wouldn't that be fun to explain to Megan. *Sorry, your daughter has a concussion because I made her come too hard in the shower this morning right after I took her virginity. I guess she'd never been fingered while a guy fucked her from behind in the shower before.* The woman tried to blackmail me to cover her debts; just think how much fun a fat hospital bill would be to cover my over-stimulating her firstborn's clit.

"Gosh, sorry, Mr. Canon. That was... wow. You can do that to me any time. I mean, you can pretty much do whatever to me any time, since I'm your personal booty call and all. Nothing wrong with that. But I definitely liked that. I guess that's the perk of learning sex from a grown-up, right? Like, I–"

All right, that was crossing the line. "Dammit, Cassie, please do not refer to me as a 'grown-up' when I'm the middle of...!"

She snort-laughed. "Yeah, I guess we're all kids at heart, right Mr. Canon?"

The *shcrack* of my hand slapping down on her dripping wet ass reverberated around the shower. "Just shut up and let me fuck you, OK, Cassie?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Canon."

Finally, some quiet. I held my position a moment, basking in the snug grip of her breathtakingly innocent grip on my shaft. There was no rush. We'd gotten up early. The shower only gave me twenty, maybe twenty-five good minutes of hot water before it kicked me out. That meant I still had plenty of time to savor her, to drag out my satisfaction at my leisure. After my e-learning day, I was all set for first period, so I didn't need to be at school for well over an hour. All the time in the world to enjoy a leisurely bout of–

"I really like this position, I think. My behind is my good side, everyone says, so it feels kinda sexy to be showing it to you. And like, with my face mashed up against the wall like this, I can close my eyes and let my imagination help, too. Not that I need imagination man. Honestly, I think I so prefer you to him. Your cock is so hard in my cha-cha it's like a rock. But warm. And awesome. And moving so fast! Wow! Mmm. You know, I don't think I ever said thank you? I mean it. Thank you, Mr. Canon. I might have gone years before I let a boy do all this, and it's just the best. I swear I'm not just sucking up! I could do this every day. I mean, not tonight, because I have this group

project for econ we're working on and I'll be lucky to get home by curfew as it is. Though hey! You could tell Mom to let me stay out past curfew. We could do another sleepover, and we could do as much sex stuff as you want! Man, that'd be awesome. I really like sleepovers anyway, and getting to pleasure you is so fun that it makes them like a million times better. Man, you're really going hard! I think I like softer better, but maybe I just don't know enough yet. I'll watch more porn and see what the deal is. Geez! Wow, the tile feels really cold on my boobs, you know? Which is weird because the water is so warm. I feel like I'm at a bad angle. Here, maybe if I get up on my tippy toes? Yeah, that's way better. For me, anyway. Let me know if it's not better for you. Oh. Oh, man, Mister, Canon, you're, sexing, me, so, hard, it's, hard, to, talk! OPE! Spanking! That's, so... Oh! Oh wow, did you just come in me? Twice in one day? Oh man, awesome! Why do I feel so proud? I guess I never made a grown—err, a boy come before. Except with my hands a couple times, but that barely counts. But doing it like that, with my cha-cha, that feels... mmm. Like... womanly. I really like that. I hope you do sex stuff with me a lot, Mr. Canon. You're really, really good at it."

My chin sunk onto her shoulder as I caught my breath. "Likewise, Cassie."

"Aw, thanks!" As my cock deflated and eventually slipped out of her, it was replaced by her hand probing the site. "Does it just slip out of me? Or stay in? I don't know how cum works. Like, is it going to just squoosh out in my underwear all day, or does it come out when I go to the bathroom, or what?"

"I don't know, Cassie."

"Huh. Well I'll let you know once I find out."

"Thanks, Cassie."

She twisted her head and gave me a sweet but lengthy kiss, lips only. "Any time, Mr. Canon."

"Afternoon, Mr. C."

"Abbie? Why aren't you in class?"

"Fuck me, you're so hot when you're doing your teacher shit. 'Why aren't you in class, Abbie,'" she parroted in a deep voice, wagging her finger sternly and laughing off my concern. "Anyway, my class is watching a video and doing a worksheet. I'll have one of the horny dork-boys copy their answers on mine. Probably just a completion grade anyway. Mr. Reeves is retiring, and he pretty much checked out after spring break."

"I'm sure he still at least takes attendance. You can't ditch class. You'll get suspended."

“I’m not ditching. I called this little dork-ass freshman who thinks she’s such hot shit taking junior classes a prepubescent cunt. I got up in her face when I said it, so he sent me down to Officer Barbour ‘cause it looked like we were gonna fight.”

“You what?”

“Chill. I went down there, got the referral stamped and shit so it’s legit. Then I told her to give me a Saturday class and left. She knows where I was going, said it’d be cool. You wanna lock the door though? Be pretty weird if somebody stops in, since I don’t even have you or nothing.”

She was right, of course, and I did as she suggested. Why didn’t I just kick her out? The way her chest looked in that scoop-necked top probably had something to do with it. “So, to what do I owe the privilege of your illicit company?”

The girl shook her head, sweeping her hair back over her shoulder as if to make sure her breasts suffered no obstruction. “You do it for me, Mr. C. You really do. But that vocabulary of yours dries me right the fuck up. No lie.”

“Humblest apologies,” I said sarcastically.

“Oh, don’t pout. You know I’m just giving you shit. Taylor said you like real talk anyway. That right? You like us when we’re a little bitchy?”

I gestured for her to sit. Rather than use the desk’s chair, though, she sat down on the desktop. The usual rebuke came by reflex. “In the chair, please. Those surfaces aren’t built to take a hundred-some pounds of weight on them. It breaks the brackets that hold the desktop in place.”

“Yeah, but if I sit in the chair, how you gonna see how cute my panties look.” She lifted her skirt, flashing me a glimpse of something black, or maybe dark red, underneath.

“Off the desk.”

She laughed, hopping down. Instead of sliding into the chair, though, she glided over to where I was sitting and threw one thick leg over my lap. There was a cloud of fragrance around her, the sort of blindingly floral perfume I remembered the sorority girls in my dorm dousing themselves with before a big party. She plopped down atop a stack of worksheets from my juniors, legs spread wide. I was only a few inches too tall to be able to see right up her skirt right there, but it didn’t keep me from trying to develop X-ray vision. Up close, her scent really was transfixing. Simply looking at her had a way of gumming up my thoughts. Adding in another sensory input was downright discombobulating.

“This better?”

“It’s fine. Just don’t mess up those papers. I collect them in order so they’re easier to redistribute.”

“Pretty sure my twat doesn’t know how to shuffle, dawg. It’s gonna be OK.”

I let the vulgarity slide. “So what all did Taylor tell you?”

“Pretty much all of it. That you called her a bitch, said you wanted to hate-fuck her. Then you did, like fifty times. Seemed like somebody was a little embarrassed about how much she liked it. Took some work getting it out of her.”

“Poor you...?” I shrugged.

“No worries. But you know what? It got me thinking. Look at you, getting students thinking. You should feel good about yourself.”

“Are you going to tell me what you were thinking, or are you waiting for me to ask? Because believe it or not, I do actually have work to do.”

Abbie leaned forward, hands braced on the desk surface between her legs. Her breasts hung invitingly in my face. “Why haven’t you fucked me yet?”

The bluntness of her question took me aback. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, look at me. I’m hot as fuck. They built pornhub on girls like me. Search ‘big tits teen’ and you find a hundred girls built exactly like me. I got it, and enough to share with the mothafuckin’ class, yo. I’ve even been overdressing for it lately, too. Shit, I got sent to the office second period by that fucking bitch Mrs. Lindstrom for dress code today.”

“For that? Or were you actually wearing something sluttier before?”

“This. I didn’t actually go, retard. Sorry. ‘Mr. Canon.’ Half the time teachers think the central office is letting my shit slide, but really I just don’t go and y’all are too busy to follow up. Anyway, the point is, even I wanna fuck me. Taylor and I look enough alike you thought we were actual sisters, so I know I’m your type. Shit, I’m every guy’s type. I’ve flashed you my underwear, sent you nudes, told you in every language I speak that I wanna fuck you, but you still haven’t. So... what the fuck?”

“Pretty sure you only told me in English.” If that was what she was speaking, I didn’t share some of my colleagues’ contempt for black English, but coming out of the mouth of this suburban white girl, it was a bit much.

“Yeah, well, I’m flunking Spanish. Answer the question.”

It was hard not to ogle her while I sought the answer. She didn’t seem to mind, though. Heck, the ogling might even mollify her bruised ego. “Look, I don’t know. It’s not personal. Yes, like you said, you’re attractive.”

“I said ‘hot.’ ‘Attractive’ is for forty-something cougars who used to be hot.”

“Semantics. But I’m not trying to hurt your feelings, all right?” What had the world come to, where I was apologizing to a student for *not* having sex with her?

“And you’re not. Trust me, I know what I’m worth. All this?” She gestured expansively to her bust, or maybe it was meant to refer to the entirety of the person sporting it. “It’s premium content. There’s bitches got onlyfans and private snapchats making bank who don’t got half of this. Feel me? I ain’t coming in here crying because poe widdle me ain’t getting her muffin buttered. Now lemme axe you again, why you ain’t fucked me?”

One unintended slight and suddenly she was full-on channeling Nicki Minaj at me. Poor time for a lecture on cultural appropriation, though, I supposed. “I don’t know, Abbie. Honestly. I don’t.”

“Well something’s stopping you. You could be inside me, right now, but instead you’re all ‘buh, buh, I dunno, Abbie.’ Just be straight with me. You’re obviously dtf, so—”

“Dtf?”

“Down to fuck. Jesus.”

“Isn’t that dtfj?”

“Hilarious, Mr. C. But you wanna fuck pussies, that’s established. So why not mine? Is it just now you got Taylor, you don’t want nothing else?”

I shook my head. “That’s definitely not it.”

The girl read more than I’d meant to reveal in that response, smile broadening. “I thought Cassie was walking a lil bowlegged today. Good for you, man.” She swatted me on the arm. “So you’re not a strict Taylorsexual, either. So... what? You gotta gimme something.”

“It’ll happen eventually, Abbie. When I feel like it. Did you really ditch class to come down here and try to bully me into having sex with you?”

“Bully...? What? Fuck you, Mr. C. Fuck, man, I risked getting my ass suspended to come down here and talk to you about getting this pussy on you, and you act like I’m being selfish? Damn. What I’m saying is, if I ain’t got what you want, you gotta tell me that shit so I can doordash it.”

“Can you translate that into English for me? I’m apparently flunking... whatever *that* was.”

Abbie laughed. “Yo, I know what girls like me and Taylor are to you. Tits and ass. Sex objects. We’re supposed to let you ogle our bodies, be your fantasy sluts.” There they were – Taylor’s words, spoken in sarcasm but now translated into frank pragmatism by her brainwashed sister. “Thing is, only Taylor’s getting to be in those fantasies. Seems like I gotta force my way in. But I’m your fantasy slut too. That’s just who I am. And if there’s one thing that drives me out of my goddamn mind, it’s somebody trying to stop me from being me.”

It took me a moment to wrap my head around that. “Holy shit, you are twisted, Abbie.”

“Well if I am, I ain’t the one who did the twisting. Now what do I gotta do? What’s your fantasy girl? You want me to be a prissy little princess bitch like Taylor?”

(Taylor? The girl who last night told me how she’d ripped a handful of pubes off of a guy from Westmoore High because he’d told somebody at a party she dressed slutty? Yeah, move over, Meghan Markle.)

But Abbie kept right on going. “You want me to wear a schoolgirl outfit and call you ‘sir’? Wear a cheerleader uniform and giggle at how smart you are? Wear leather

and slap you around? Just name it, yo. But quit ducking me because you're afraid to take what you want."

"Is that supposed to goad me into something, Abbie? Imply I'm a pussy, and the Serenex will make me lose my mind and do anything to make you think I'm not? Even for you, reverse psychology is a fairly amateur gambit."

"Right, so having a teenage babe like me alone in your classroom begging you to fuck her any way you want no questions asked, no limits, and you go 'nah, I'd rather grade worksheets' – that doesn't seem like pussy shit to you."

She had a point. But... "Just because I'm not having sex with you specifically here and now doesn't mean I'm not having sex with someone else elsewhere and later. I'm not a pussy. I simply have a modicum of self-control." Not the best way to categorize my recent history, but in this exchange at least.

"OK, so you want me to be a good girl. Behave myself. Wait for you to be ready. Is that it?"

"It would be an excellent starting point."

"Fine then," she said, sliding down off my desk. To her credit, she kept the papers under her butt from being knocked onto the floor and making a mess. "I'll start waiting."

"Thank you."

I expected her to leave, but instead, she walked to the opposite side of the room and sat down at a desk facing my own. That was it. She sat there, and she stared. Better than a tantrum, I supposed. Why is it I wasn't giving her what we both wanted, anyway? Was I really denying myself this pleasure simply because I didn't like being pushed around in my own classroom?

Once again I wondered what all, if anything, she might have put in my head during my own Serenex trance without telling me. Whatever it was, if anything, it hadn't turned me into the sort of man she wanted. Some sort of misogynistic brute, from the sound of it.

Whatever. Let her sulk. I uncapped my pen and got back to work. It was easy grading at least, fill-in-the-blank stuff that was a quick boom, boom, boom down the rows. Hopefully a little simple work like this would boost their grades a little. It was my juniors' second-to-last semester colleges would look at, so a little padding never hurt. After a little while it became like Saturday class, sitting in a room with silent occupants who needed no minding. Abbie faded out of existence and I got back in my zone.

For about twenty whole minutes.

Unff.

I heard it before I saw it. Honestly, the first time the noise reached my ears, my peripheral vision assured me she'd merely been adjusting herself in her seat, thighs bared by her short skirt squeaking softly on the plastic seat. Then after a few moments, I

heard it again. That time I ignored it. She was only trying to act out, get attention. A tale as old as time in my profession.

The third time the noise reached my ears, I made a fatal mistake. I looked up.

Abbie was still in her seat. Her legs were crossed, and if the length of her skirt meant that showed me a few square miles of soft, tanned thigh, the leg at least blocked her panties from view. Her hands were folded neatly in her lap, and her eyes were closed. If I'd kept my eyes on her for one second less, I might not have even noticed. Partially obscured by that raised leg, one wrist was betraying the slightest bit of motion.

Abbie was playing with herself.

It was impossible not to watch. All the things I'd done with these women in the past week, and yet I still hadn't had them simply sit there and let me watch them pleasure themselves. With the spectacle unfolding in front of me, I wanted to kick myself. Abbie was remarkably subtle. If not for that micro-moan, if not for the fact that I could stare as hard as I wanted without her caring, I probably wouldn't have noticed. She could have sat there in my class in the middle of my lesson and masturbated in front of me, and I might never have even noticed.

Her lips parted. *Unff.*

"Abbie..." I said cautioningly.

Her hands flew out from between her legs, eyes flew open. "Shit! Sorry. Shit shit. God damnit, now it's happening in school! Shit!"

"OK, I'll bite. What's happening in school."

"Fuck you. You're just gonna be a dick about it."

"About you... masturbating in the middle of my classroom?"

"I wasn't...!" Her mouth pursed at the obviousness of the lie. "Fine, I was jilling it, whatever. But it's your fault. Anyway, chill. I won't do it again."

"My fault? What on earth did I do to make you start behaving *that* inappropriately in my classroom?"

"Yeah so first off, maybe the guy who fucked my tits on his desk while my sister lubed him up with her tongue should be a little less judgy about being inappropriate in his classroom. Second off, it's... it's embarrassing."

It was bizarre, seeing her blush. Was it an act? It had to be. Right? "Abbie, is something really wrong, or are you just playing games with me for attention?"

"Is something wrong? Is...!" She laughed. "You're a piece of fucking work, Mr. C. Make me like this, treat me like shit, then blame me for not being able to handle it."

"Make you like what? I thought you were OG, don't play by nobody's rule but my own, yo." Admittedly, caricaturing her did feel pretty satisfying. I could see why she did it so much.

"I mean for being... being so..." She grit her teeth. "For being so fucking horny I can barely function every waking minute of the mother fucking day!"

I arched an eyebrow. “That’s just what being a teenager is like. Trust me, it’ll pass.”

“No, not like that. This is... different. I can still *feel* your cum on my tits, your cock stabbing in and out of them. Like, whenever I close my eyes... you’re there. I can’t stop thinking about you. About doing stuff with you. About you doing stuff to me. About the things we’ve already done, the things we didn’t do yet. And like, I just...” She trailed off, eyes squinting shut.

I frowned. This was still probably some game... but if it wasn’t, could this be something serious? I hadn’t been paying close attention to what all Taylor and I had said in front of her that afternoon, nor did I know what else Taylor might have said to her in the car on their way home. Maybe nothing. But maybe...

“You just have to relax, Abbie. It’s just hormones. If you’re this worked up, maybe just find a nice guy and have a little harmless fun. Work it out of your system.”

The girl scoffed. “Yeah, ‘cause that’s your fantasy. Me fucking a bunch of randos to blow off steam.” Then she paused, looking at me warily. “It’s not, is it?”

Her tone conveyed an unspoken certainty that if the answer was yes, she’d walk out the door and proposition the first boy who walked past her in the hallway. Be a whore, spread her legs because I said it might amuse me. God, this much power over a person... it was heady. “It’s not,” I assured her. “I’m only trying to give advice, such as it is. Though really, the best thing for it is to just go home, take care of things yourself, and one of these days we’ll get together and have some fun. After last night, I just need some time to recuperate.”

“Yeah. Yeah, you’re probably right. Just... go home, do it there. Yeah. That’s a good idea.” Her eyes drifted shut, her words slowly transmuted into mumbles. “Don’t think about it. Not a whore. Masturbate at home. He’ll have fun with me soon. God, be soon...”

Right before my grading regained my attention, I saw it. Again. “Abbie... you’re masturbating again.”

“No I’m...!” She caught herself, pulling the guilty hand away with the other. “Fuck! This is just unreal. I’m really not trying to be a pain, Mr. Canon. Just... I’m so horny. I’ve never felt anything like this, like what I feel for you. These thoughts, these images, they’re constantly in my head. I actually had to start a list on my phone so I could keep track of all the fantasies I’ve had about you – they keep coming to me so fast, so often, I can’t keep them straight otherwise. It’s like all I think about.”

My pen tumbled from my fingers, clattering to my desk. “You... have a list?”

She nodded. “It’s not spell checked or whatever, but I got one, yeah.”

“Can... can I see it?” Why? Why was I indulging this? The girl seemed like she was on the verge of hysteria, and here I was feeding it! What was wrong with me?

But the list! insisted my subconscious.

Abbie handed me her phone a moment later, kneeling beside my chair to watch me read.

I read.

“Holy... Abbie, this is... this is almost two hundred items long!”

She nodded. “I know, I didn’t start it until Sunday night, or it’d be way longer.”

“That’s three days, Abbie! That’s...” My brain tried to do math and not dwell on *blindfold him and bring tay in and have him guess whose tits and cunts are who’s at the same time.* “That’s a lot.” That was as accurate as I could be, thanks to *record a pov of him fucking me and sell 4 porn so everyone can see me 4 what i am but not no who it is fucking me.*

“You’re telling me. And don’t make fun of it. I know some of them are weird. I can’t help it. I don’t know what you want, so like, my brain keeps making me try to think of everything you *might* want. So I can be ready for anything.”

But I was reading more than I was listening. Every blink was stretched out over an hour, the words playing out in my mind. “You have this one twice,” I said after a while, pointing to *help him sneak into my room and fuck me while my parents are still up.*

She looked. “No I don’t. See, the other one...” She scrolled up, scanning until she found it. *help him sneak in and fuck me in my parents bed,* it read. “See? Totally different.”

“If you say so.” On and on it went. It was certainly creative, more so than anything most of my students ever generated in their brainstorming for topics. Some of it was positions, some of it locations, some of it was fetishes to explore, roles to play, costumes to acquire. A good many included Taylor along with us, too. *bury his head in mine and tays tits until he doesnt know who’s are who’s; take turns spanking tay with paddle; tie her to a tree and leave her there until she agrees to be his willing sex slave 4 life.* I didn’t even know how the hell that would work, but it wasn’t even the least plausible of her ideas.

“Twisted” barely began to scratch the surface of what had been done to her.

“Abbie, I—” But when I looked down, I saw her eyes had closed, and she was once more masturbating. Her arousal was evident to more sense than one. The scent of moist teen pussy commingled with her perfume into something almost animalistic, a new subspecies that was pure feral slut. Had the Serenex transformed her into raw id? Reduced her into a mere sex object? One who submit to any whim, any perversion, any kink that might strike my fancy?

One kneeling in front of me, panting with lust, eyes begging me to take her, promising that nothing I asked would be off limits, that every way I could want to use her teenage bombshell body would be the greatest joy she could ever know, that her

entire being was an extension of the filthiest, most self-centered pieces of my imagination?

“Take your shirt off, Abbie.”

Her eyes opened, one hand darting out of her panties to hastily obey. She stood, chest thrust out, breathing heavily even though we had barely started. Her bra was deep red; looking up at those colossal tits of hers from underneath was the only way one might be able to see the little white bow beneath them. A present, just for me.

“Now the skirt.”

She nearly tripped, taking it off with her shoes still on, but she managed. The panties were red after all. They didn't quite match the brighter shade of her bra, but I could well imagine when you had to custom order bras because your tits weren't covered by the regular catalogs, you had to make do.

Wine red. Almost black where her pussy had dampened them.

“Jump up and down.” I said the words before they were even a conscious thought. Before I could even chastise myself for such juvenile sentiments, she erased my doubts about her sincerity. Abbie didn't hesitate, bouncing awkwardly on her chunky platform sandals. It didn't matter the footwear, however; those tits were going wild. I felt like I should be paying admission to see a show like this. Hell, she was the one who had written, *let him pay me for sex like a hooker*. Maybe it would be fun? Couldn't hurt to try one someday.

“Turn around.”

It was a thong. That was unexpected. It split her two wide, round ass cheeks neatly. When I took turns squeezing them, one, then the other, I could feel her body quiver at my attention. There was that tattoo down her spine, mostly Roman numerals from the look of it. Birthday, maybe? Who cared. I wasn't about to puzzle it out right then.

The bra and thong I removed myself, savoring the quickening of her breathing as I touched her. How could two girls whose pussies both got *that* wet *not* be biological siblings? Maybe it was another Serenex side effect. Questions for another day.

“Ask... no. Beg me to fuck you.”

Her hands clasped together pleadingly. “Please fuck me. I know I was kinda bossy about it, but I don't know what else to do. I want you so bad. I need you. I need you inside me. I need you to let me be a little fucking slut. The slutty little student you fantasized about all your life. Fuck me, Mr. C.”

It was addicting, see how fast she caved, how automatically her personality was overwritten by my desires. “Call me sir.”

“Yes, sir. I'll do anything you want, sir, anything, if you just fuck me this one time. I'll fuck you so good, I promise. I need your cock, sir. My pussy is so fucking wet for you.

Just try it on, you'll see. You won't be disappointed. I'm such a good fuck. It's all I want, sir, to be fucked by you all day every day. I'll—"

"Say 'I'm a stupid slut.'"

"I'm a stupid slut, sir."

A minor ad lib, but it worked for me. "Say, 'Taylor and I are your fantasy sluts.'"

"Taylor and I are your fantasy sluts, sir."

"You can fuck me any time, anywhere you want."

She was staring so hard at my cock that she struggled to piece the words together.

"You can fuck me any time you want. Anywhere, sir."

She kept repeating after me, spouting lines so depraved I was barely comprehending them until I heard them parroted back to me.

"My tits belong to Mr. Canon."

"My cunt belongs to Mr. Canon. Mr. Canon can use it any time he wants."

"Mr. Canon's cock makes me come my silly little brains out."

"I am a weak-willed horny slut who would sell her soul for a ride on Mr. Canon's cock."

That last one I liked so much, I had her keep repeating it while I fucked her, right up until I came.

The bell rang. Students flooded the halls as eagerly as my balls had flooded Abbie Stern's pussy. They hurried from classes to lockers, from lockers to buses and cars. Except Abbie, who was still spasming in little aftershock orgasms as I massaged her dripping slit with my fingers. Our combined cum was oozing out of her, right onto that pile of papers I'd warned her not to mess up earlier. Looked like I wouldn't be returning those, if I could even finish grading them. When I helped her stand, I could hardly even believe my eyes, and broke into a fit of laughter so hard she had to use her phone's camera as a mirror to see what I was pointing at. From where I'd bent her over my desk, the sweat on her breast had absorbed a bit of the ink from one of the papers I'd been grading. Right above her left nipple it read in Bic blue ink: *10/10*.

"I am so tattooing that shit on me, right there, right like that," she said when she recovered from laughter of her own.

"I... actually really like that. You'll have to show me once it's done."

"I will." She gathered up her clothes and began dressing herself. "So, how'd that go for you? Fantasy quality sex?"

"I... well, yes. Do you feel better?"

"Mr. C, I felt fine before, but I always feel pretty good after sex."

"I'd hardly call uncontrollable masturbation 'feeling fine,' Abbie. If this keeps up, we're going to have to—"

"Relax, 'sir.' Unlike Taylor and the weed, I could quit whenever I want. I was just trying to do you a favor, yo."

My muscles tensed. “What? Do me a favor? I was only trying to help you with your arousal situation.”

“Oh gawd. Seriously? You thought I was sooooo turned on I couldn’t stop randomly playing with myself? Fuck, man.” She put a hand on my shoulder to steady herself as she tugged her sandal straps into place. “It’s sorta like you were telling our girl Candy. You know, about why you did what you did to Taylor. To try to ‘save her from herself,’ I think you said.”

“What does that have to do with what we just did?”

“You got hangups, man. You’re acting like we need to be mature about this, have relationships, set boundaries, all that shit. I’m just trying to show you, it can be whatever you want. *We* can be whatever you want.”

“Wait, so you... that was all an act just now?” It was fairly obvious, in fact, and I was embarrassed to have taken so long to realize it.

“Not an act. It was a fantasy.”

“That’s not what I...” I stopped myself. What was the point in denying I’d enjoyed it? I’d fucked her so hard it had moved my desk half a foot from its usual place. There was a bright spot where the carpet had never gotten dirty before. “How did you even know that would work?”

She rolled her eyes. “Horny, desperate, submissive teen slut? Gee, it was a tough guess. I figured I’d throw you a softball first one out.”

I cinched my belt, then folded my arms across my chest. “I’m not sure I like being manipulated.”

“You and Tay both, dawg. You just need to get your minds right.” Suddenly, she was pressing herself against me, arms around my neck, her voice a smoky whisper, lips so close to mine I could feel them move. “That list was real, yo. Every word I wrote, I would do for you if you wanted. I’ll send you a copy. I hope you double that bitch.”

“Are you giving me homework?” I asked with a wry smile.

“I’m giving you *me*. Now if you wanna go again any time, you know how to reach me, but otherwise, Ima give you space to think about what you want from me. But come Saturday morning, after our little Saturday class together...”

Her lips closed in. There was no missing the hunger in that kiss. I’d doubted her sincerity when I’d first seen her touching herself. Again when she blindsided me with the news that her plight had been a ruse. But those lips left no doubt how very sincere her desire to please me was. In fact, we stood there making out for so long, the hallways were silent again when I let her go.

I’d forgotten she’d been saying something, but she hadn’t. “You have that fantasy ready for me, all right? Sir?” She winked. “And do me a favor, make it something weird. Something no other bitch would ever do for you.”

Abbie winked, and I could only stare after the swishing of her skirt as she left my classroom. Taylor entered only a moment later, and Randi came in right on her heels to take the trash. “You’re going to burn yourself out doing all this overtime,” Randi joked, gesturing to where the girl was already unloading work from her backpack.

“Oh, you know how it is,” I answered with a smile. “Just living the dream.”