

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Twelve: Additional Responsibilities As Assigned

“You stood me up yesterday.”

It was Friday during the last passing period of the day, in between my senior English and prep period. All teachers were expected to conduct hall duty during these transitions, keeping an eye on the students and keeping them from dawdling overmuch. Most days, I skipped this obligation during this time and went right from Taylor’s class into my prep, closing the door behind them and heaving a sigh of relief. Today, however, I was in a good mood. A comparatively easy week professionally thanks to Pixar, and indubitably the best week of my life personally. Sexually anyway. I had plenty of time to decide if there ought to be a distinction between the categories before I sat down to write my best-selling and very anonymous memoirs. I had pretty much floated out into the hallway after class, wishing my students a great weekend and high-fiving Patrice for her leadership in our discussion. It had been a fine note to end the week on. That young woman was going places.

Taylor, however, was not, at least not since I dismissed her class. She was lurking in the doorway of my classroom, speaking to me over my shoulder and frankly startling the crap out of me.

“I... oh, crap, you’re right. I’m so sorry. I had some things to take care of after school,” (where by “things” I meant “neighbors” and “take care of” I meant “fill them with cum,”) “and I forgot all about it. Crud.”

“Yeah. Cool. While you were out having fun, I got that stupid essay done. The one you said I cheated on.” She thrust a stack of papers into my hand.

“Oh yeah? Well first, good on you. I’ll look it over during seventh and we can talk about it after school. Second, really? No staple, nothing? And third, you *did* cheat, so maybe lose the indignant act.”

“You got a stapler.” She brushed past me and went into the halls. I almost remembered before she rounded the corner that in the building, I wasn’t allowed to stare at her ass, no matter how good it looked in those pink denim shorts.

The essay was an improvement, at least in that it hadn't been plagiarized. The assignment had been fairly broad. As I'd phrased it on the assignment sheet, they were to identify something that people often think about wrongly and explain why they're wrong and what they need to do differently. It was an exercise in critical consciousness, inviting them to channel their personal frustrations with an issue, attempt to understand why the world was the way it was, and look for ways to change it. It got all sorts of perspectives, from the usual cliché pro- and anti-choice diatribes, to local topics like the lopsided support for girls athletics, current events like defunding the police, and for a few, more risqué subjects like arming teachers. (Lucky for Oscar I graded his essay before I gained the benefit of all this anecdotal evidence to prejudice me further against letting people like me bring dangerous objects into the building.)

Taylor's first go had been something I'd seen dozens of times, a call to legalize marijuana. Like most of the others who'd picked the topic over the years, she'd doubtless assumed that forcing me to read it would be a satisfying opportunity to stick it to the man. Unlike the others, however, she'd let someone else do her thinking for her, and thus way lead onto way until we landed ourselves in this whole Serenex situation.

This time...

"Taylor, what in the flying hell is this." I threw her essay down on her desktop once she'd settled into place for our after school rendezvous.

"What? I thought you of all people would like it." She folded her arms smugly.

I tilted my head, reading her title aloud. "Why teachers who fuck their students should be granted clemency.' Jesus, Taylor. I hardly know where to begin with this. Your lack of candor here... I'm at a loss! What if someone had seen you writing that?"

"Nobody did."

"Oh yeah? What if someone had walked up to the printer while you were printing? What if you got absorbed in what you were writing and someone snuck up on you, read over your shoulder. Then you brought it to class – what if it had fallen out of your backpack, or... damnit, Taylor, all it would take is someone seeing that top line to blow the lid off everything!"

"Oh, come on. It doesn't even mention your name until the third paragraph. You're paranoid, C-dawg."

"As we both damn well should be!" Flabbergasted, I snatched the paper up again, but didn't know what to do with it. My fingers reflexively crumpled it a bit, then slapped it back down in front of her. "Poor judgment Do you mind explaining why you decided to write it in the first place? Even if I took the paper on its merit, you'd still get an F."

Her jaw dropped. "An F? What the fuck for?!"

"Language, Taylor. This is still my classroom. And why? You really have to ask why?" I ticked the reasons off on my fingers. "It's unsourced. It's vulgar. It's satirical. You had an audience of one and you set out to antagonize them!"

“Bullsh– crap. How did I ‘antagonize’ you?”

“You compared me to Kevin Spacey!”

“No, I compared you to Kevin Spacey in *American Beauty*. Where he fucks that flat-chested blonde bitch. That guy is awesome. Or he was, once he quit being such a little pussy. I would fuck that guy.”

“Bad news for you, then. Kevin Spacey is gay, and I’m pretty sure he’s living in a hole somewhere with his mother. And why do you even know that movie? That came out before you were born.”

“You do know you’re like eight years older than me, right? So if it was before I was born, you were what, five? Just switch on over from Blues Clues to watching some suburban dad get stoned and fuck cheerleaders?”

“A friend recommended it.”

“And you recommended it to me. So I watched it.”

The fact that it seemed to be the one course of action I’d ever proscribed that Taylor had listened to was something else, but I wasn’t about to let her off the hook. “That still doesn’t excuse this. For heaven’s sake, Taylor, it’s so graphic in places that it would be better categorized as erotica than essay!”

She frowned, flipping the page a couple times and scanning with a finger. “Was it this part? ‘Watching him jizz all over my hoebag sister’s boobs didn’t seem to do her any damage, and might have even helped moisturize her ashy skin.’ Is that what you were talking about?”

“That is indeed a part of what I’m talking about. I’m serious. What prompted this? I’ve been wracking my brain trying to understand you here, and I’m coming up with nothing.”

“And how is this satire?” she pressed. “Why can’t I be serious about this?”

“We’re in a strange circumstance, yes, and while it seems to be working well for at least three of the four of us that appertain to your thesis – you can judge your own plight for yourself – I think it’s fairly obvious that this sort of thing playing out all over every high school in the world would be a fairly bad development.”

“Do as I say, not as I do, huh?”

The truth was, I was well aware that our situation was beyond problematic. Every time I began to feel guilty, though, I reminded myself that I had three hot teenage girls to fuck at my leisure, and only a complete pussy would turn down such a thing. And since I wasn’t the one who’d affixed that macho perspective in my mind, and that macho perspective was the only thing keeping me going at it, I could hardly be to blame. I was a victim as much as they were.

“We’re not going to debate the ethics of it. I didn’t create these circumstances. If your point was to try to make me feel guilty, you failed before you started. Let’s not forget that you were the one who started this by throwing yourself on my lap and trying

to wrestle that chapstick away from me, remember? If I hadn't bought that Serenex to intervene, you would have been expelled!"

"For a guy who's been drugging and fucking three high school girls, one of their moms and two of his coworkers, you're pretty judgy, you know that?"

"How did you know I..." I stopped, rolling my eyes at falling for one of my own teacher tricks. So much for not having the lot of them know I'd added Megan into the mix. "Look, what I've done has nothing to do with what you did. Don't cloud the issue. If you're acting out for attention, so be it, but if there's a deeper motive behind it, I need to know that."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you're my student. Because you're involved in this whole mess with the Serenex. Because I... look. It doesn't—"

"No no, finish. Because you... what?"

"You're deflecting again. Answer me."

"Were you gonna say you care? That was it, wasn't it?" She adopted a mocking tone. "Was oo gonna show your big soft bewwy? Just say it. Admit you have a sick pervy crush on me and we can deal with it. It doesn't make you a pussy to admit you have feelings, you know."

"I do not 'have feelings' for you!"

"Oh yeah? Then how's come you had me over the first night you had open for an all-night fuckathon, while Abbie's been throwing herself at you with open legs and you ain't done shit?"

"Because..."

I wish I could say that it was the sound of the door opening that cut me short. Randi made her way in as surreptitiously as ever, maneuvering her cleaning cart toward my desk and emptying the wastebasket. Seeing I was with a student and that she seemed to be interrupting, she mumbled a hasty apology. "You want me to come back later to tidy up, Mr. Canon?"

I eyed Taylor, and she stared right back. "No, it's fine, Randy. It's a Friday in the spring – I'm giving her the weekend off. Gotta save my energy, after all. I have her little sister in Saturday class tomorrow."

"Oh, Abbie? Have fun with that one," Randi said dryly, taking her vacuum down from the cart and unraveling the cord.

"Oh, how could I not." I smirked at Taylor's sullen glower. She snatched her paper off the desk and threw it at me before storming out, papers scattering everywhere. The custodian's head whipped around at the girl's unforeshadowed tantrum. Taylor was out the door before either of us could do more than sputter in disbelief. Knowing what was on those pages, I let her run, throwing myself into snatching them up before Randi could help.

“What got her hackles up? You’d think being let out early would merit a thank you, not a hissy fit,” she muttered, shaking her head.

I glanced at the top page crumpled in my hand. *I came. He came. I went home. We slept. Then we met again in sixth period and he gave me notes on bias in the media and twelve vocab words to make a study tool for. I did the study tool. He graded it. Then I went over to his house and we fucked some more. We came again. Why should the man do 20 years in prison for that? Twenty long years surrounded by murderers and rapists and pedophiles? We came.*

Randi stepped aside, clearing me to toss it in the recycling bin, but I shook my head. “Not yet, for this one. Still needs some work.”

For the first time in what felt like a very long time, I had a night all to myself. Not that I would have minded company – that sort of company, at least – but elsewhere, people were still people, Serenex or no. My friends knew that in April and May I was basically unreachable. The girls had their social lives, and Fridays at the end of their senior year were a precious thing. Some of mine, I still remembered. Megan was working her second job that evening, her last shift before she took the kids to visit her mother. (This I learned from Cassie, who expressed her anxiety at being so far away in case I needed to come in someone. I reassured her I’d make do.) Isa and Candy were living their lives, doing whatever they did. Our dinner and a threesome date was tomorrow, and I didn’t want to disrespect their planning by rushing something a night early.

I did ask Isa for another topless video and for an update on her research on my Serenex. She told the whole story standing naked from the waist up in front of her bathroom mirror, phone in hand, reciting the details as stiffly as if she were reporting to a senior officer.

“Since you asked, and since I thought you might like it if I padded the run-time of this video, here’s where we’re at. In summary, our story remains safe but details aren’t yet forthcoming. Since the canister’s labeling makes disassembling more difficult, I sprayed a small amount into a plastic baggie, then sucked it out into a syringe. The syringe I brought to an acquaintance of mine in the analysis lab whose discretion I trust. I told her I’d found it in the back seat of a car in the school lot. Since it looked like drugs and the laws are pretty hard and fast about drugs on school property, I did a search, but nothing else in evidence. When I ran the plates, though, I found out the vehicle – I told her it was in the visitor lot – belonged to somebody from the state DoE, somebody with close personal ties to the governor. I implied nepotism without stating it outright, in case she got curious enough to look into it herself.”

Isa tugged aggressively on one thick nipple, letting it snap back into place. It looked like it would never stop bouncing. “Since cases like that tend to end before they begin, I played it like I wanted to know exactly what I was dealing with before running it

up the flagpole. To her mind, if it's nothing then I can forget I ever saw anything; if not, it's harder for the brass to dismiss a needle full of heroin than an unknown brown substance. So I asked her to run the whole battery on it – 'you know all the weird stuff those rich pricks get into' – and slipped him a few bucks for the troubles."

She wiggled back and forth as she finished. I really think she might be able to hypnotize a man with those suckers. "Official work comes before favors, even bribed favors, unfortunately, but I stressed the urgency, so hopefully we'll hear back soon. Could be a week, though, maybe more. Depends how busy the department is this weekend, probably. Anyway, I hope this makes you happy. Any times you need a pick-me-up from these tits, say the word. Also, as your security adviser, don't forget to delete this when you're done. It won't self-destruct, but it's a ticking time bomb of evidence against us if it's ever discovered." She blew a kiss and ended the recording.

I gave it a few re-watches with the sound off, then hit delete. With that, it was time to crack open a book and a beer and remember how to relax without my cock in something wet and warm. Three chapters and four beers later, I passed out, content with one hell of a week.

Ding-dong.

The bell rang twice before it actually woke me. My cell phone nearly blinded me as I checked the time. Almost midnight. I rolled my eyes and I grunted to my feet. "Cassie, it's way too late for—"

As I turned the lock, the door pushed open right in my face. I was still stumbling backward in alarm and confusion when the lips on the other side found mine. There was no telling who they belonged to, not at first. She held my face to hers in both hands, too close to see anything even if my eyes weren't still shaking off sleep. There was a potent taste of liquor in her mouth. And a tongue ring.

"Taylor?" I managed once I'd pushed her back for air. "Taylor, the door!" I swept around her and threw it shut. "What were you thinking? What are you even doing here?"

"Shut the fuck and up me," she said in a slurred voice. From how she was dressed, it was likely she had come from a party somewhere. Her hair had received some attention, more lift and less wavy and unkempt than usual. Her makeup was thicker than the norm, eyes dark and lips bright. The cloud of perfume around her almost obscured the smell of booze on her breath. Her outfit was a blue suede dress with faux fur trim (except where it would obscure one's view of her cleavage, naturally). The bodice was as clingy as the rest of her wardrobe. The skirt was short; the thighs pouring down from it long. Her boots came up only a few inches past her ankles, recognizing their obligation to show off as much of those glorious gams as possible.

"Whoa, calm down. Tell me what you're doing here, Taylor." She was swaying on her feet. I put my hands on her shoulders to steady her, which almost immediately became a restraint to stop her from kissing me again.

“I’m horny. You like fuckin’ me so fuckin’ much, so fuck me already,” she whined, scratching at some itch on her upper thigh that flashed her panties at me. Solid black. My favorite. Though sometimes it felt like my favorite color panties were simply whatever she happened to be wearing.

“Do your parents know where you are? Does anyone?” I asked, guiding her to the sofa and sitting her down. Suspecting she wouldn’t stay there long if I didn’t join her, I took a seat, too.

She spurted a laugh that made me wipe some of it off my face. “Yeah right. ‘Hey Mom and Dad, going to get wasted at Justin’s house and then go fuck my sonofabitch English teacher, home by midnight.’” The girl snickered. “They don’t care.”

“How did you get here? You didn’t drive in this condition, did you?”

She shook her head. “Marcus dropped me off next door. Told him Cassie and I had started hanging out. ‘That Cassie Brown, she’s not such a stupid bootlicking twat after all, ya know?’” Another laugh, this one harsher than Cassie’s ego might have been able to take. “Figured I may as well, ya know, since we’re probly gonna be over here all the time until this shit wears off and Abbie kills you.”

I sighed. “She’ll have to get in line.”

“No shirt, shitlock. Err, whatever. I tried to get her to bet me whether Officer Barbie plants a bunch of drugs in your car or just kicks the front door down and shoots you, but she’s all ‘shut up, we’re fantasy sluts,’ blah blah.”

“You were the one who put that in her head, you know, not me.”

“Pffffff.” Again, I wiped at my face. “Like you didn’t fantasize about me before you ever touched that Snaren... Serel... stuff.”

“Like you weren’t working over-time to inspire those fantasies? Or do you expect me to believe that whole ‘I have to go to the bathroom’ stunt last semester was inadvertent?”

“I have no idea whatcher talkin’ ‘bout.”

“The hell you don’t. Remember, you’d already been to the bathroom, and you were gone for almost twenty minutes. Then you got back, got bored, and started whining to go again. When I said no, you did that little fake pee-pee dance at your desk for the rest of the period. You flashed me your panties probably a hundred times!”

She fell backwards, laughing hysterically. I was only glad I wasn’t getting spit on this time. “Oh my god, I forgot about that! You should’ve seen your face. I’ve never seen a guy try not to stare so hard in my life! I can’t believe you didn’t say something.”

“Right, nothing uncomfortable about acknowledging to a student’s face that she’d been showing me her underwear for half the class. Certainly not the sort of thing you’d throw in my face and make a big accusation out of, right? I rearranged my whole classroom after that so you couldn’t pull that stunt again.”

“If I told somebody, I couldn’t do it again!” Suddenly her hand was in my crotch, fumblingly fondling. “Now come on, C-dawg, fuckin’ fuck me already!”

“Taylor, I’m not sure that’s...”

But she wasn’t waiting for excuses. She flipped herself over the armrest behind her, one foot on the floor, the other knee supporting her on the sofa cushion. Her skirt rode up to reveal most of her ass, though the view was momentary because then she flipped the thing up onto her back and tugged her panties down around her thighs. “Juss... fuck me!” she mumbled into the armrest.

God. Even drunk and slobbery and bitchy, she was still the hottest thing I’d ever seen. Weirdly, it took me back to my own high school days, thinking back to a small party (a gathering, really, but there had been alcohol so we’d called it a party). I’d had this huge crush on my friend Trent’s newly single friend Julie Hiess. She’d been built a bit like Taylor, tall and busty, curves in all the right places. That night, she showed up drunk and started drinking. With some help from a friend I’d gotten her alone and we were hitting it off. I don’t remember what we’d talked about, but I remembered it had made her laugh. Suddenly she kissed me. We made out for a while. She asked if I had a condom. I sprinted out of the room to find one, and by the time I came back, she’d passed right out. Later that week she started dating Trent. Last I’d heard, they were starting on their third kid, so... good for them, I guessed.

My instincts were telling me no, it was wrong to take advantage of her in this state, but this was the same girl I’d dosed with Serenex and stripped half-naked and made her create a video offering me sex for a grade. Then she’d come over to my house tonight and told me to fuck her anyway. What in the hell had Abbie done to her sister’s head when she’d had us both under? Was she compelled somehow? The more I pissed her off, the stronger the urge to fuck me? It was the sort of twisted thing a mind like hers would come up with.

Either way, here she was, and no sense pussing out and wasting the opportunity. I made sure she was wet enough with my fingers, and boy was she ever. A few rubs of my tip against her labia and I was ready enough to go myself.

Then she snored.

I sighed. “Shit.”

She was heavier than she looked. I dumped her in my bed; she slept right through it. Taylor’s purse lay near the door where she’d dropped it after storming in; I fished out her phone and texted Abbie. *Staying at C’s tonight. Cover for me?*

lolz zat you C-dawg?

How could you tell?

Abbie knows all, she replied. but I’ll see u tomorrow right???

Saturday class is a go.

u got that fantasy ready?

I glanced at my bedroom door, where Taylor's snores were audible through the door. I thought of Julie.

Yes.

Saturday class was a small group that morning. Some days the roster swelled to the point that we had to move to the library to fit everybody. When I had my druthers, though, I kept it in my own classroom. Easier and more comfortable for me to get stuff done in there without having to relocate, and frankly, the books I had on my shelf to keep bored students awake were better than what our librarian kept on stock. Calvin and Hobbes anthologies, Jack Handey's *The Stench of Honolulu*, or, for kids I trusted better, Gary Brodsky's *The Art of Getting Even: The Do-It-Yourself Justice Manual*. Some real gems in my collection.

This time of year, teachers were increasingly inclined to let things slide, and students were increasingly inclined to ignore our dwindling attempts at discipline. Saturday class, after all, wasn't for garden variety tardies and missing homeworks. No, Saturday class was reserved only for those just shy of suspension. I'd overheard that we owed Jimmy Fulton's presence that morning to his decision to call Madame Gabrielle "a fucking bitch" earlier in the week.

(Ah, to work in a field where some snot-nosed fourteen-year-old punk can hurl invectives at you in front of a snickering audience of his peers and you're expected not to retaliate. Another counterpoint to Oscar's thesis.)

Still, a crowd of six was easy to manage. Seat them far enough apart that there was no opportunity for side conversations, keep everyone in easy sight of my desk so I could monitor phone use. With finals and summer vacation only weeks away, suspension of my usual disbelief regarding claims of not having homework was possible; by this point teachers were focused on getting old work turned in and final projects prepped, not pushing new material. An email from Dr. Clendenin asked me to administer a test to Amber, and a quick search on SchoolWays displayed a couple missing assignments from Allan. That was all done before 8:30. With work out of the way, we settled in for the rest of our four-hour marathon of boredom. It was a punishment the Geneva conventions narrowly missed in its definitions of torture, but then, so was the crap most of them had put their peers and teachers through.

The small crowd was sufficiently well-behaved that under ordinary circumstances I would have sent them home early. The only problem was that, as I'd told Abbie, I had my fantasy ready, and unfortunately, it was running on a schedule. It meant that for four hours, I was stuck in a room with Jimmy, three other petty offenders, and the Stern girls. Taylor wasn't actually on the roster today, but nobody else knew that. I'd woken her up in time to drop her off at home with instructions for her and Abbie. Besides, after her stunt yesterday and my own negligence Thursday, she had plenty to make up.

If Taylor didn't appreciate my taste in fantasy apparel, the broad grin on her sister's face as she flounced into the room at eight o'clock sharp had told me that she did. It was nothing exceptional. A loose white tank top over an electric blue sports bra, complemented by plain white tennis shoes and a pair of black cotton sweatpants that

despite being loose elsewhere, clung tightly to her ample backside. Taylor was dressed nearly to match, though her own tank top was so tight I could see the dimple of her belly button. There were several inches of golden midriff beneath that, and then her shorts were practically a bathing suit, so brief that even this girl with her boundless contempt for the dress code had never dared wear them to school before. Beyond that, nothing but flip-flops and an expression of disdain.

She'd slept most of the ride home, so there had been scant chance to talk this morning. Did she remember our discussion, or was the slow spreading and closing of her legs an independent decision? It sure played its part keeping Jimmy awake, though as I glanced over his test, it didn't seem to do much for his capacity to string words together coherently.

I didn't get much done that morning either.

At 11:51 I got the go-ahead text.

"All right, everybody, ten minutes off for good behavior. Go enjoy the rest of your weekends." Jimmy let out a whoop and ran out the door. His peers weren't far behind, except for the two.

"So, we hitting the gym now or what?" Taylor asked dryly. "You just gonna follow us around, stare at us while we do squats like some simp on a fitness stream?"

"That's a thing?"

She rolled her eyes. "Everything's a thing."

"Oh man, I can't wait! Are you gonna fuck us on the wrestling mats? I've always thought it would be really hot to fuck a guy on the wrestling mats. Like all pinned down and everything. Mmm. Come on, don't keep us in suspense!"

"Cassie Brown is waiting in the north lot. Go meet up with her. Do what she says."

Their reactions couldn't be more disparate. Taylor's eyes narrowed guardedly, while Abbie clapped her hands. "Fuck, it's like a sex scavenger hunt or something. Mysteries and clues and shit! Oh, I can't wait."

"I'm glad you're excited. Now go. I'll see you soon." I gave each sister a prompting smack on their respective asses, then gave them ten painfully slow minutes' head start before locking up my room and heading out.

The warmth from earlier in the week had lingered. The weather report (which had briefly not failed to distract me from Taylor's thighs) had said we were due for rain tomorrow and cooler temperatures next week, but for today, things were high seventies and sunny, a fine spring day by any standards. The school parking lot was sparsely filled. The baseball team and both track teams were away for competitions today, so there were a good many cars parked by the boys clubhouse and the gym. There were a few vehicles in the faculty lot, and a few scattered vehicles that never seemed to leave. It was enough to make me nervous, but alibi in mind, I walked purposefully toward the girls field locker room.

It ended up being unnecessary; nobody emerged into the lot by car or from the school during my long walk. *I swore I saw a cat sneaking off behind the building, but I think it ran through the bushes over there!* Save that one for next time. Per my arrangement with Cassie and her assistant coach/my co-conspirator in student-fucking, the door was unlocked. I'd never been in the field locker room before, though come to think of it, I hadn't been in a high school locker room since I'd been eighteen and a senior myself. I'd never even walked near this little structure except for graduation, when the processional formed outside before marching over to the football field for the ceremony. It was perhaps the most remote location on the GHS campus, a small brick building tucked away behind the field the football and soccer teams used for practice in the fall, also used by the girls track team in the spring. They were hours away from here right now, however, and shouldn't be back until well after I was due at Candy and Isa's. There was a small parking lot adjacent, currently filled by the dormant vehicles of the track team. The entrance was blocked from sight at most angles. It was secluded, isolated, and best of all...

It was a girls locker room.

Was it common for a teacher to fantasize about his students? I didn't know. Fantasizing about this place, though? This one had been with me and every post-pubescent male since the invention of the first girls locker room. It was a place of unhurried stripping, of casual nudity, a place so linked to dirty thoughts that it had its own showers to rinse the girls clean. As I let myself in, I considered sending a text of gratitude to Candy for lending us the key yesterday via Cassie, but no, I'd thank her in person at dinner tonight. Seven plus inches of gratitude. Call it eight if Isa showed her breasts.

I took stock of my surroundings. There was a smell in here, and while it was unlikely the R&D folks at Glade were on their way to take samples, I found it was to my liking. A little musty; a little mildewy; some unnameable scent wafted out of lockers full of the wrinkled clothes the track girls had tossed inside them before changing into their uniforms and boarding the bus earlier that morning. This place was used. This was a real place, worn down by years of female inhabitation. It wasn't some porno set where they put a five dollar periodic table poster on the wall and called a bedroom a chemistry lab. This was the real deal.

There was a small office for the coaching staff, locked and dark. Lockers, some sealed with padlocks, some opened. A pile of folded white towels on a table near the entrance to the showers; beneath the table one lay crumpled and yellowing, neglected there for who knew how long to the point that now nobody was willing to touch the thing. I wondered whose body it had last dried, who had carelessly dropped it there before casually strolling naked back to their locker.

Honestly, I would have been hard simply from standing in such a place even if I weren't expecting company.

It was some time before company arrived, long enough for me to change out of my button-down shirt and slacks into khaki shorts and a polo shirt, a whistle slung around my neck. The adrenaline was already pumping. This was going to happen. I could kiss Abbie for pushing me into doing this – if it wouldn't break character, that is.

At long last, the door opened. I waited around the corner from the frontmost bank of lockers, taking in the sounds of the three young women's heavy breathing. Panting, for at least one of them.

"You are such a fucking cunt, Cassie, I'm going to fucking kill you," moaned Abbie.

"You're going to kill her? Who's the one who just ran a fucking mile *barefoot!*"

"Shit, bitch, I told you to dress for a workout. You're the idiot who decided to wear flip-flops."

"I think you guys did great out there! For two ladies who aren't runners, you kept up pretty good. For a while, at least. Barefoot's gonna be slower, of course. Though she also got to run inside the track so it was shorter, so never mind. Still, you worked up a good sweat, so yay!"

"Die in a hole, Cassie."

"A deep hole."

My patience ran out. I rounded the corner, and there they were. Taylor and Abbie, still dressed in the outfits they'd worn to Saturday class, only now after a nearly half hour jog, they were dripping sweat. Taylor's shirt was wet to the point of near transparency except where her sports bra covered her, which I could now see was bright pink. Abbie was fanning herself with the bottom of her shirt, and with her back to me I could see where her sweatpants were earning their name, soaking up the excess running down her back. Each had their hair in a ponytail, Taylor's bound at the base of her neck and Abbie's up high.

As for Cassie, she looked a good deal peppier, but no less affected by sun and exercise. She'd had the sense to put her hair up in a full topknot, and hadn't bothered with the added layer over her vibrant purple sports bra. Then an expanse of smooth, flat, glistening tummy, and then, praise whatever sick god was allowing all this, the volleyball shorts. How could anyone ever get tired of those things? Whatever fashion designer or porn mogul had imposed that fashion on the sport deserved a medal.

"Good workout, ladies?" I put my hands on my hips, projecting as broad a chest as I could manage.

Abbie pivoted around on the bench, red face brightening. "Hey there, Coach."

"It was just a warm-up run, really, Mr. Canon, but they tried. If you want them to build up their lung capacity we really ought to get back out there, but since you said you

just wanted me to run them until they worked up a good sweat, I figured they looked sweaty enough. Me too. I hope that's OK. Sweat's kind of gross, ya know? I put on deodorant right before we went out, but still. It's a total swamp under my bumps."

"I don't know, I don't mind working up a sweat if the exercise is something I enjoy." Did I sound like a porn actor? I felt like I sounded like a porn actor. Maybe I should ask for Cassie's thoughts.

"Well next time you're gonna have me out there running, let a girl get proper footwear, 'Coach.'" Taylor flopped down on the bench opposite Abbie's, kicking off her flip-flops and inspecting her feet. They were grass-stained and dirty, all right. Enough that it was almost a turn-off.

"You know, let's drop the 'coach' thing, at least as a term of address. It's not actually working for me. I kinda feel weird in these clothes, actually, too."

"You look good, C-dawg," Abbie said quickly. "I like the little chest hair tuft sticking out. *Tres* manly."

"Thank you, Abbie. You don't look half bad yourself – apologies for not saying so earlier."

"Aw, thanks." She grinned, or maybe smirked. "So... yeah. Do you have more coachy things to go over with us, or... should we start getting cleaned up?"

I couldn't remember the last time I felt this kind of excitement. Considering how I'd spent the past week, that was saying something. I owed credit to each of them, in their own way. Abbie for being so unabashed in demanding I produce my dirtiest desires. Taylor for reminding me of Julie Hiess and that regret at not being ready to seize an opportunity when it came up. Cassie, for planting the seed the other day when I'd fucked her fresh from track practice. She'd been only too happy to be given an order to skip today's meet (tended to get motion sickness on long bus rides, which I got to hear way too much about).

For such a momentous occasion, however, it almost seemed a shame to dive right in without savoring.

"Before you do, let's talk workout clothes," I said. Where was I even going with this? Whatever. Improvisation time. "Let's start with Cassie here."

"Me? Is this not OK?" she frowned. "I can take it off if you want, but this is definitely a super normal thing to wear for practice. I think I wore this exact thing Tuesday. Or maybe different shoes? I have two pairs and I kind of go back and forth because even though one is newer, the other is broken in so—"

The shrill *tweeep* of my whistle echoed around the locker room. "I was going to say, Cassie here is a good model for how to dress for practice. The shoes are fine – looking at you, Taylor – and then... here." I came up behind her, spinning her to face the Sterns. "See, no extra layer up top. Much better ventilation. No wonder she's not

sweating like you two. And as you can see, her bra still provides all the support she needs.”

Cassie giggled as I hefted her boobs from underneath a few times. That thing really did keep her in place. She might have the smallest boobs here, but she wasn't small. Quite possibly still growing, too, if Megan's were any indication. “See? Nice and snug. No ratty old shirt is going to help with that job. And these shorts? Very practical. Keeps everything right in place, doesn't create extra friction.”

“Thanks, Mr. Canon! I figured you'd like these considering the other day how you—”

Tweeep! Roleplay was turning out not to be Cassie's strong suit. “Now you, Abbie. Go on, stand up, let's take a look at you.”

She hopped up to her feet. “Yeah? Something wrong with what I'm wearing?”

“For starters, let's ditch the shirt. You too, Taylor. They're impractical and counterproductive. Only thing they cover that your bras don't is your tummies, and only fat girls hide their tummies, right?”

“What do *you* think Tay?” Abbie asked pointedly. I belatedly recalled Megan's story about the bullying at girl scout camp and suppressed a wince. I'd slipped into that meathead coach mindset again, and in seconds I'd regretted it.

“Taylor's got the best body of any girl here, so maybe as the girl who felt like she had to hide her thighs in *those*, you should watch where you throw stones, Abbie.” Taylor's brief vengeful look dissolved into a mere smirk.

“Yeah, Abbie. Tell me again how ‘thick thighs save lives,’ track star.” She tossed her discarded tank top into a nearby locker, and Abbie did the same with hers. It was almost funny – the two both had such incredible bodies, but their sports bras couldn't do shit to contain those breasts of theirs. Taylor's responded to the pressure by lifting up and pushing straight out, bulging like playdough squeezed in a toddler's hands. Abbie's were simply too big for spandex alone to stop, a visible gap showing on the underside where the sheer mass of her was threatening to pop the thing off altogether.

How many jumping jacks would it take before it flipped up and over her tits? I could... no. No, keep to the scenario. For now.

“I ain't hiding shit,” Abbie protested hotly. “Problem is my track shorts... well... Here. I'll just show you.” A moment later, her sweatpants followed her tank top. To my surprise, beneath the pants she was wearing a pair of fairly typical track shorts, bright orange with yellow trim. They were the sort of breezy, comfy looking things I would have worn if I'd been going to run.

Then she turned around.

It was well-known, and by most of those present in this locker room especially so, that Abbie Stern was a thick-ass white girl, to quote her own instagram posts. It was another thing to see what that ass did to her shorts. From the front, everything had

looked normal enough. If there was a lot of leg showing, that was how they were cut. Abbie was half a head shorter than Taylor, besides, so she had a lot less leg to show. From the back, however... they were sucked right up the middle of her ass. Plump, meaty cheeks were squeezed out the bottom in much the same style as her sister's bra. I'd literally seen her wear underwear that covered her ass better, and moreover, I didn't even get the impression that these shorts were particularly skimpy. The girl just had that much ass.

"See? I get cat-called by everybody on the boys team when I wear these, C-dawg. I can wear 'em if you want, but my mom says they make me look slutty." She looked over her shoulder at me. "Do you think they make me look a little slut?"

I let myself stare for a time. Abbie held her position, letting me inspect her mother's fabricated claim. "We'll work on it," I said at last. "Really, if we're talking about slutty... Taylor." I snapped my fingers, and when she realized I meant for her to stand. She stopped trying to brush the grass stains off her feet and complied. "Now *those* are slutty."

"What, my shorts? I love these shorts!"

"I think you know full well that those are in clear violation of the school dress code, Ms. Stern."

"It's... we're not even in school! And at least these things cover my ass!" She gestured to Abbie, but then her hands found their way to her own backside. "Mostly, anyway. More than *that*."

"Whatever, butt slut."

"They rode up while I was running!"

"You'd think you'd be used to having your ass rode."

"You're about to get used to having your ass *beat*, bitch!"

Though I was curious how much sass Taylor could give her before Abbie asserted her boss stats, I stepped between them. They glared at one another around me, but I turned Taylor around roughly and let that end the quarrel. Then I took the liberty of pulling her shorts down to cover her cheeks, only in the process, without even meaning to, the small adjustment allowed her butt crack to peek out of the top.

No panties? And she'd been splaying her legs like that?! I composed myself. "See what I mean?"

Suddenly Abbie's hand closed over mine as it slipped into the top of Taylor's waistband, index finger sliding down her crack. "Mr. Canon," she said gently. Like that, she'd dropped her beef with her sister. Now Abbie was the mediator, trying to pull me back before I ripped Taylor's clothes off and our fantasy was lost in the weeds. Atta girl, first rate fantasy slut all the way. "I think Taylor was only wearing those because it helps with her flexibility."

"I was...?"

“Sure. Show him how you do the splits, Tay. Go on.”

Taylor eyed her sister a moment, but ultimately, she was the boss, thanks to Serenex. “This floor is fucking filthy, Abbie.”

“You could do it on the bench,” Cassie suggested.

Taylor paused a moment. “I... guess? Don’t you guys let me fall, OK? I don’t wanna break my neck over this shit.”

Cassie and Abbie each took one side of Taylor as she stepped up on top of the bench and slowly let her bare feet slide along the varnished wood. She didn’t stretch, yet nevertheless, it didn’t take long for her to assume the position. Abbie winked at me as I glanced up appreciatively. God damnit all to hell, that was a mouth-watering sight. Almost six linear feet of smooth legs and wide-spread butt. With her palms on the concrete to support her, the shorts crawled up lewdly.

Abbie knelt down behind her and started smacking out a rhythm on her sister’s ass. It was stretched too tight to jiggle much, but it didn’t stop Abbie from trying.

“Wow, Taylor! You’re in really good shape!” Her head cocked to the side as she took Taylor’s hand to steady her. “Kinda surprised you can’t run better, honestly.”

“Cassie, I swear to fuck if you weren’t holding me off the floor right now I would cunt punt you through those lockers.”

The athlete was undeterred, however. “I meant it as a compliment! Do you do gymnastics? I guess it’d be hard with boobs that big. And you’re so tall, too. Though maybe I’m just saying that because those tiny little things in the Olympics are so itty bitty? It’s like they never went through puberty. You could have probably done high school gymnastics, though, not like you need to go pro. Still, those are awfully big boobs. You know, I used to think you stuffed your bra in middle school. I heard a rumor that you did and I sort of spread it to some other people, but looking back I think I was just jealous. But I think I’m glad mine aren’t that big because I feel like everybody would stare, you know? Especially if I dressed like you do and all. I’m really surprised teachers let you get away with that.” She glanced at me with an awkward smile. “But I guess some teachers like to stare, too. Not that everybody stares at your boobs or anything. Not all the time, at least.”

“What about mine? Do people stare at mine all the time?” Abbie interjected dryly as she rose to her feet.

Cassie shrugged, eyeing the younger Stern like she had forgotten she was there. “You’re a junior. How the heck would I know?”

“Nice flexibility, Taylor, but let’s work on keeping things appropriate. Now come on, I can’t send a bunch of dirty girls out into the world. Shower up, ladies.” I gave her a couple pats on the butt and helped her to her feet.

With that, it was time to kick back and *watch*.

A little groping, some posing, a bit of roleplay – that was fun and all, but *this* was the fantasy. A fly on the wall of the girls locker room as three gorgeous young women did what gorgeous young women did in locker rooms.

It was interesting, the way they each stripped differently. None of them hurried through it. As little as they were wearing, each could have been naked and in the shower in thirty seconds. Instead, they took their time. With a little pout for my prior criticism, Taylor began with her shorts, bending at the waist and dropping them almost to the floor until catching them with her foot, pausing to rub the flesh of her buttocks, massaging out the sting of Abbie's drumming. Then she once again noticed the status of her feet, at which point she sat down and resumed scratching at the cake-on dirt. It was actually a little gross, but that made it more real, which made the whole thing more sexy.

Cassie went top to bottom, releasing her hair from the bun, then off with the sports bra as she asked a distracted Taylor follow-up questions about her hopes for a gymnastics career. The volleyball shorts came after, her white cotton panties following in the same motion. Then she retrieved a brush from a gym bag she must have placed in here when she unlocked the place and calmly went after her tangles in nothing but a pair knee-high socks with white and blue stripes.

As for Abbie, she came closest to crossing the line between my voyeuristic fantasy and her exhibitionist one. She ditched the bra right off, freeing those enormous jugs of hers. They were still drenched in sweat, literally forming droplets along the underside, stray wisps of her hair clinging to them on contact. She made to shuck her track shorts, but paused, winced at a cramp, and began a series of stretches. Twisting at the waist, lunging toward one knee, then the other, arching her back... quite the display, but still, she could at least pretend she wasn't being observed. All the fuss she'd made about getting my fantasy just right, only to–

POP-OP-OP-OP. I blinked. Cassie looked up from her brushing, eyes wide. “Damn, Abbie! Was that your back?”

“These things ain't exactly spine friendly,” Abbie answered, hefting her tits. Her nose wrinkled in distaste at the puddles of sweat gathering under them, snatching her shirt from her locker and wiping them off. Huh, maybe those stretches hadn't been a show after all. That simple distinction, however, was enough to transmute my cock from stone to solid steel.

Cassie frowned sympathetically. “Yeah, I bet. I miss being able to sleep on my stomach sometimes. Do you guys miss that? I bet you miss it more than I do with those things. I slept on my stomach at Mr. Canon's house the other day, but that was because he'd been about to fuck me from behind when we fell asleep, and I figured I should stay ready since I'm his booty call, plus he kept squeezing my butt in his sleep. I must've rolled over at some point I guess because I remember he got *really* gropy when his hands found my front bumps. I mean, my titties. Sorry, my mom called them that in the

whole birds and bees thing when I was younger and it sort of stuck in my head. Anyway, Mr. Canon, he—”

But then Abbie’s finger was in the girl’s mouth, probing in and out softly. Cassie frowned, not sure what to do. Was this bringing me pleasure? Or was it just bullying? (Or did being bullied by these girls bring me pleasure?) I could read the pondering in her eyes. I gave her nothing in mine.

“Cassie, you helped get us started today, so for that, I’m going to say this once nicely,” Abbie said, slowly withdrawing her digit. She wiped it off on Cassie’s chest as she went on; Cassie did nothing. “We’re Mr. Canon’s fantasy sluts. That means whatever gets him off, we’re down for. Understand?”

“Yeah, I was just—”

Abbie cupped the girl’s jaw, pinching in her cheeks. “And the fantasy is girls in a locker room. Not Mr. Canon’s mind-fucked sex toys talking about current events. It’s three hot track girls, taking their clothes off and enjoying a nice long shower to rinse the aches out of sore muscles, to rub some soap into our sweaty bodies. For fuck’s sake, moron, you’re literally the actual fantasy. So shut the fuck up about that shit and be a hot track slut in a locker room. Like it’s just us girls until he says otherwise.

Comprende?”

“But—”

Of all the ways I expected Abbie to shut her up, slugging her upside the head with a five-pound tit would never have made the list. Cassie staggered backwards, and for a moment, I failed to suppress my surprised laughter. “Act like we were normal teammates who you wouldn’t go blabbing about fucking him to, OK? Keep asking Tay about those cute little tits of hers if you want, or hell, you can interview mine. But we are his fantasy, and you will not fuck that up for me. Get me?”

“Y-yes,” stammered Cassie, shellshocked.

In an instant, Abbie was smiling again. “I just love your hair by the way. I wish mine was that straight, but I have to use the straightener for hours to even try and it’s just not worth it. Is that genetic, or is there a trick?” She grabbed a handful of Cassie’s red hair and held it up against her own brownish blonde.

“Um, I think it’s my shampoo,” said Cassie, slowly getting back into things.

I wasn’t listening any more, though. I had followed Taylor into the showers.

My ignorance of the layout was deliberate. I hadn’t known whether there would be stalls, or a row of shower heads along a wall, or one of those pipes with multiple heads coming off of it that they’d all gather along, or something novel. I was glad it wasn’t stalls. Old as this building was and as little money as we invested in girls athletics, such a renovation would have surprised me. The fantasy definitely did not grant the girls stall levels of privacy, not even from each other. The fantasy was girls unabashedly naked and exposed to anyone in the vicinity – as Taylor now was.

It was laid out about like I'd seen in movies, eight shower heads on each of the two lengthy sides of the rectangular chamber. The sound of the shower immediately filled the small room. She turned on the spray, testing the temperature with her hand. Her whole body shivered as the cold water splashed over her, nipples hardening before my eyes. Suddenly she frowned and rolled her eyes at something, then pranced out of the shower area in a mesmerizing display of wobbling woman parts.

Soap. She'd forgotten soap. After a few minutes of searching for an open locker containing what she needed, she returned with another girl's loofah and a single bottle of cheap, grocery store brand shampoo-body-wash-in-one and set them down on the floor in front of her. The water was warm by then, but her nipples didn't seem to notice as she stepped into the stream.

Moments later, Cassie and Abbie strolled in; I stepped aside for them, then right back into my post in the doorway to observe. Per Abbie's specifications, they acted like I wasn't there, not even glancing back in my direction. Cassie took the spigot next to Taylor and Abbie the one next to her, a neat little row of naked high school girls, bathing themselves, washing the sweat and dirt off their bodies.

What a sight. It was everything I had imagined and more. Then still more, because it was *real*. My imagination had merely conjured moments, snapshots. It had fed me a picture of liquid soap being squirted onto Taylor's breasts; Cassie nonchalantly digging around in her slit as she cleaned her pussy by hand; Abbie's tits giving birth to twin waterfalls as the stream ran down her chest, splashing right to the floor.

The real thing was infinitely better, they were teaching me. Watching them wasn't staring at a picture and fiddling with the zoom, but rather a real time video capturing the multitudinous delicious details.

The way Cassie swept her hair over her left shoulder, a deep red curtain that the water made nearly black. It covered over her left breast, but that only made me appreciate the other one more. Her fingers dug in, massaging her scalp, heedless of the way it turned that exposed breast into a show. Little by little it shook the hair curtain to the sides, splitting around the breast in the middle as if it couldn't bear to remain unseen.

Taylor had slept in her makeup from the night before and hadn't had the time to remove it as yet today. Now it ran off in thin black lines down her cheeks as she rubbed at her eyes with her fingertips. I followed the trails as far as I could do where they became too faint as the water split into the numerous trails around her breasts.

A deep, throaty moan escaped Abbie's lips and reverberated around the walls and then even louder in the space between my ears as she leaned against the wall with her hands, head low, hair hanging down into space. The hissing shower water spritzed intensely into those sore muscles of hers, beginning to wash away the tension she'd

shown in the locker room behind me. The tattoo along her spine was almost lost in the glare of the overhead fluorescent lights on her bare skin.

“You OK over there?” asked Taylor with a surprised grin. One teammate gently ribbing another for what had almost sounded like an erotic noise.

“Mmhmm.” That was her whole answer.

My imagination’s greatest failing was thus illuminated. The sounds. I had imagined it in pictures, but there were other senses here, too. They reeled me in; my clothes grew damper with each step, but I couldn’t have cared less.

The staccato claps of water against the tile as the girls moved this way and that, water pooling and then falling in bursts. The growl of the stream against Cassie’s wash cloth as she wetted it. Up close, I could even hear the friction of Taylor’s stolen loofah exfoliating her soft wet skin. And of course, Cassie chatting up no one at all, filling the silence with her speculation about what the girls at the meet were doing, how pissed Lori would be if she found out Taylor was using her loofah, whether they had a shot at state, wouldn’t it be funny if they pulled a prank on some of the girls while they had access to the locker room, but not really, because that’d be mean, unless the Sterns were into the idea.

They were not.

It really wasn’t fair. These girls were all amazing in their own unique ways. Physically, of course, but also as partners in this whole mad scheme. The frankness and sweet simplicity Cassie brought into it. She owned her desires and was curious about mine in a way most women – most people period – were too afraid to be. Her wide-eyed innocence regarding her corruption was too charming, and too alluring.

Abbie and that strange cunning of hers. She read people better than most would give her credit for. Much as I was predisposed to believe that “street smarts” were code for people who failed to realize their place in the Dunning-Kruger paradigm, she really did *get* some things about people. She’d be lucky to finish high school, but it was hard to imagine her not seizing whatever it was she wanted out of life and taking it. Even if what she wanted was a duffle bag of cocaine and a tattoo of the name of the lover she’d poisoned to obtain it.

And Taylor. It wasn’t fair to play favorites, I knew. The girl next door had made it plain that she’d be delighted to fuck me every day and night. Abbie wanted me so badly she took my lack of attention as a personal slight, redoubling her efforts every day she didn’t get my cock in her pussy. But Taylor? Last night’s drunken episode aside, she barely tolerated me. She was as capable of acting on her arousal as they were, but even when she was in the midst of what all evidence suggested was a truly satisfying orgasm, she never let me forget the score. Not who she was to me: my entitled bitch student who had no respect for me personally or professionally; nor who I was to her: her lecherous,

feckless, controlling pervert of a teacher. Yet somehow, that balance still drove me wild. Maybe it was because it was honest – a lecher hate-fucking a brat, plain and simple.

Fuck, maybe it was the simple fact that she was the hottest girl I'd ever laid eyes on. The why didn't really matter.

In both the abstract of over a decade of meandering daydreams and the specifics of this moment since I'd hatched the idea, this shower scene had seemed like it would be a pornographic episode. Soapy tits and bright shiny asses. There were those things, of course, and those things were as incredible as I'd hoped. But it was also a shower, in the true sense of the word. Taylor awkwardly propped up a foot on her knee to scrub doggedly at those grass stains. Her body was an unwitting symphony of tremulous tits and ass. Next to her Cassie dragged a razor across her pussy, scraping away shaving cream and the pubes beneath it bit by bit. She was shaving for me, I knew, but watching her, it was no more dramatized than it would have been in her own bathroom at home.

Abbie still hadn't moved, simply letting the water caress her endless curves. She moaned again.

"Um, are you OK?" Cassie asked, concerned.

"Mm. Just sore."

"Oh." Cassie scraped off the last few bits of shaving cream. It was a blank white slate. Her eyes darted to me for a moment, the first sign any of them had given of noticing my presence. Until then, I'd been invisible. "Do you, um, need help Abbie?"

"I would fucking kill for a massage right now," Abbie breathed.

Cassie glanced back at me again. I could see her weighing options. Did she offer to massage it out, risk being scolded for breaking character by turning the "mundane" shower into something lewd? Did she treat it as an innocent comment and risk chastisement for failing to pick up on cues? Or did she—

"The athletic trainer's not in. Go see if Mr. Canon knows what to do," Taylor instructed.

Cassie nodded, looking tremendously relieved not to have to decide for herself. They might all be my fantasy sluts, and one of them might only be a junior, but a healthy fear of the Sterns was a survival skill at GHS. "Sure, right. Um, hey Mr. Canon!" She called out in the direction of the shower entrance, but her eyes flickered to me. "Can you give us a hand in here?"

I licked my lips. It was time. I'd watched for long enough. Positioning myself back in the doorway, ignoring the water that had already more or less drenched me from the waist down, I answered, "Yeah, Cassie, what's up?"

"Abbie. I think she might have, I dunno, pulled something? I didn't mean to push her so hard on her first day. It's probably my fault. If you, um, wanted to yell at me, or, ya know, punish me or anything."

It was impossible to miss the way her hips shifted backwards as she made the offer, her butt thrust right at me. “No, Cassie, it’s fine. You did good today. Go on, finish up while I...” I stopped behind Abbie, who was still a motionless mass of womanly curves under her spray. “You not feeling good, Abbie?”

Slowly, her head shook. “No, C-dawg.”

“What’s wrong?” I took a step closer. A steady splash of water cascaded off her back and into my shirt.

“I don’t know. I think it’s maybe my shoulders. Do you...” She looked back, eyes wide with pitiful desperation. It almost looked real. “Do you think you could rub them for me? I don’t wanna make shit awkward for you, though, so—”

“I’d be happy to, Abbie. Can’t have one of my best girls limping home now, can I?”

She sighed in preemptive relief. “Thanks, seriously. I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t really, really need it.”

I rested my hands atop her shoulders. “Any time, Abbie.”

It had been a while since I’d given a woman a massage, and I’d had so many women throwing themselves at me of late that I hadn’t needed to engage in foreplay. This was a nice shift. Once I got going, it was like riding a bicycle. Like one of my exes had taught me, it was more about not doing it wrong than doing it exactly right. There were plenty of people who could do it better, but as long as you didn’t pinch or strike a nerve, it was a fairly idiot-proof process. Her skin was wet and slippery, so I simply dug my fingers in and kneaded.

That tattoo down her spine was right in my face now. As I worked on her shoulders, I at last made a real effort at deciphering it. It was indeed Roman numerals, and I slowly pieced out that they were dates of some kind. Two of them.

For a moment, I was affected. “Who was this?” I asked softly. I hadn’t meant to turn our shower massage into an opportunity for bonding, but the tenderness was making me—

“Juice WRLD,” she answered gravely.

Like that, the moment ended. Cassie bailed me out. “You’re going to get your clothes wet, Mr. Canon. Wetter, anyway.”

“So why don’t you and Taylor help me get them off?”

The girls silently moved to my sides and began peeled my sodden clothes off. There was almost a solemnity to their motions. Perhaps they’d had similar fantasies, or maybe they were being sucked into mine. I halted the massage only to let Taylor get my shirt off. As Cassie removed my shorts and underwear, my cock flopped out, landing on Abbie’s ample left buttock and slipping along her lubricated skin to rest along the crack.

“Lower,” mumbled Abbie. As I moved my hands to her lower back, Taylor and Cassie each tackled one foot, removing shoes and socks, and then there we were, the four of us completely naked in the showers of the girls locker room.

“Maybe get her legs, Mr. Canon,” Cassie urged softly. “She looked like she was cramping up real badly out on the track.”

If she'd waited five more seconds, my cock would have taken the six inch journey down into Abbie's pussy. It was a good suggestion, though. There was no rush to this. I dropped to my knees. Abbie's sudden groan of stupefied satisfaction echoed around the walls long enough for her to suck in a sharp breath and let out another as I pressed my fingers deeper into her wet, tender thighs. My thumbs tended to the muscles of her quads; only moments later, her arms gave out and her face and chest collapsed against the shower wall, grunting in the sort of delirious physical happiness that we could all tell was utterly sincere.

Of course, leaning forward like that thrust her butt backwards. Right in my face, in fact. The warm water poured down her shoulders, pooled in her lower back, then overflowed down the slopes of her bottom. It occurred to me she hadn't used any soap as yet, nothing on her but water and maybe a touch of lingering sweat.

I gave it a lick. Her leg quivered in my hands; I pressed down to make sure she kept steady. Once I was confident she wasn't going to slip and fall, my hands resumed their leg massage, and my mouth was exploring any sensual bit of her body it could reach. There was no finesse to it, nothing but pure id, licking and sucking soft round naked teenage girl parts. Abbie accommodated me – or perhaps issued a silent plea – by reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, arching her back higher to avail her pussy to my lips. I showed mercy. There was a new taste there, something other than the metallic well water that ran to the field locker room and the salty tang of her sweat. Something sweet. My tongue demanded more of it, and it knew right where to find it.

My arms crossed at the wrist, each massaging the opposite inner thigh. Somewhere in the midst of it all I became aware of a presence behind me. There was a body against my back, a mouth on my neck, a hand reaching around the front to stroke gently but persistently at my cock. The only way I could even discern that it was Taylor rather than Cassie was that I heard a whimper of pleasure to my right that I recognized as the latter.

“Are you masturbating while you watch us, you little slut?” Abbie asked playfully.

“Sorry, I know I should be helping, or showering, or whatevering, but just... this is so insanely hot, you guys. So much better than porn.”

“Good girl, Cassie.” She whimpered louder, and then my mouth was once more buried between Abbie's thighs, slipping my tongue inside her as deep as it would go. I couldn't get at her clit very well from this angle, but she came like a bottlerocket even without it. The orgasm trembled up and down her body in a tangible wave of pleasure,

so intense I had to pull back. There was nothing in me that wanted to stop – I’d have given her ten more and not gotten bored or tired – except that when I dove back in right as it looked like it was subsiding, it triggered an immediate second and higher peak of bliss. This time, it was so powerful her butt spasmed backwards and bowled me right over. Taylor had to dive out of the way to avoid getting smushed.

I was reeling for a moment, sprawled out on my back in a puddle by the shower drain. Blood pounding, libido raging, head spinning. A tit descended towards my face, blotting out the light and then obscuring sight altogether as the plump nipple lowered into my mouth. It didn’t matter whose it was. I sucked it in and didn’t let go. “Please let me fuck you Mr. Canon,” a needful voice pleaded in a near-moan. It could have been any of them. Someone’s weight settled on top of me. Then off, then back on cunt-first. They’d gotten their wish. Someone else was lapping at my balls.

A pair of hands seized mine, pinning them to the floor. Whose hands? Tit’s? Cunt’s? Mouth probably couldn’t reach from down there, but my sense of anyone’s orientation was vague at best, and irrelevant besides. There was nothing to do but lie in the warm puddle and be pleased by my trio of desirous teens.

The fact that I came within the first couple minutes was irrelevant. As my cum rushed into her, Cunt came with me, laughing in delirious pleasure. She locked down on me with a firm grip, throbbing and warm and with a wetness that had nothing to do with the shower. I didn’t go soft. I couldn’t. She needed this. I needed this. As her body went momentarily slack with pleasure, bending forward and baring half my length, Mouth seized the opportunity to slurp our juices off the exposed portion of my shaft. It kept me warm. It kept me wet. Who needed a shower with girls as horny as these.

Then we were fucking again. The shower chamber was filled by the steady clap of ass on thighs along with the commingled grunts, whimpers, sighs, moans and shrieks of the four of us. To think that earlier in the week I’d worried that when it came to tonight’s threesome, I wouldn’t know what to do with so much woman and only the one man. It turned out I didn’t need to. These women were committed to my pleasure as much as their own. They knew what to do without my saying a word. Which was good, because my mouth was too busy trying to suck Tit’s nipple right off her wet, vaguely soapy body.

In a perfect world, we could have stayed there in that shower forever. But as Cunt bounced away on my shaft, as Mouth sucked up our cum as it dribbled down, as Tit filled my awareness with my very favorite thing in the world, there was only so much I could take. My body tensed in spite of my best efforts, but then there was suddenly another presence. A second mouth, this one by my ear.

A woman’s voice whispered, “Just admit that this is what you meant to happen the moment you bought that shit, you fucking pig.” I couldn’t have if I wanted to. Her nipple was still in my mouth, after all. But in two years as my student, that voice had never uttered truer words.

Clarity was restored as I came. Taylor chewed gently on my earlobe as I yelled my climax into her throbbing breast. Abbie's own orgasm followed soon after as Cassie shifted her tongue from my balls to her playmate's ass. She'd sensed rightly that the best way to pleasure me in that moment would be to feel Abbie's trembling body collapse atop mine, arms embracing me tightly in ecstatic union. Taylor and Cassie, who'd evidently been playing with themselves all the while, joined the two of us, crying out in orgasm soon after. The globe of supple flesh in my mouth shook, then fell away as she flopped down onto the shower floor. Cassie came in last, her head slumping down on my thigh atop a pile of her wet hair as she collapsed between my legs, gasping delightedly.

The four of us laid there for a while, catching our breath, letting this surreal moment drag on as long as it could. Even with the steam thick in the air, though, the water wasn't hitting us any more. Soon someone got cold enough to stand up and get back into the water. The rest soon followed. I took turns helping clean each of them, squeezing at tits and asses too wet to remain in my grasp. Soon I realized they expected round two was coming, pruney fingers and toes be damned. The water heater was industrial – we had hours yet if we wanted them. We could dry off, de-wrinkle, and come at it again if we felt like it.

“All right girls, rinse off and get dressed.” I had to force the words out. Harder still was making myself pull my fingers back from the Stern girls' pussies on the end of each hand. Cassie had been looking on in open envy as she played with herself.

“What? Fucking seriously?! All that, and I get no fucking dick?” Taylor demanded.

“Sorry, girls. I, um, have a date tonight,” I said sheepishly.

Cassie cupped her hand and funneled a splash of water at me. “No way! Is it my mom! Are you gonna be my new dad? Oh gosh, that's so mucked up! I wonder if I would need therapy or something. Probably not. Not like there's anything wrong with it. It feels *amazing*. Plus I did the R-rated with you first, right? And I think we're closer in age. If you wait until after graduation, do you think we could date? But man, then if it got serious with us and you sproinked my mom again, it'd be like you were sproinking your *own* mom. Geez. My friend Rosemary was right. Relationships are just plain complicated.” She looked to the sisters. “I guess you two know how I mean, huh.”

“Who's the lucky gal?” asked Abbie, eyes narrow. I could see her plotting against them.

“Gals, actually. Not that it's any of your business, but it's Louisa Barbour and Candace Salata. We're having dinner, that's all.” It sounded less like a sleazy threesome rendezvous if I used their full names.

“If dinner is all you're having, then why are we getting dressed,” Taylor asked rhetorically. “You got hours before it's anybody's dinner time.”

“My dog Pepper starts begging for dinner at like three in the afternoon sometimes, even though we don’t feed him until five,” Cassie pointed out. When two withering glances redirected her way, she looked down, folding her hands in front of her freshly shaved pussy meekly.

Abbie ignored her. “Come on, C-dawg. We got plenty of time for another fantasy or two. Right, girls? What’ll it be? We could be prison inmates and you could be the guard watching the showers. Or we could drop the roleplay, just mess around. Like you could blindfold yourself and try to guess whose pussy is whose. Come on, you know we’re gonna be tighter than those two old bitches.”

“Or hey, we could just have sex like normal people without a bunch of weird games and incestuous team sports. Now there’s a crazy idea,” Taylor muttered.

“Hang on. Are you guys saying... Mr. Canon, are you doing the deed with Ms. Salata and Officer Barbour, too?” Cassie’s eyes widened as she took my silence for an admission of guilt. “Holy jeebers! Mr. Canon... you’re kind of a slut, you know that? Man, how many women are you...?”

The fact that I had to stop and think before having a number was pretty damning, as far as her accusation went. Nevertheless, I was resolved. Not only was it not in me to let students push me around, Taylor least of all, but Isa and Candy seemed to be going to some effort to treat me to a good night, and I didn’t want to show up in no condition to be of use. It sounded like it had been quite some time since Candy had been with a man, after all. Isa, maybe never? I wasn’t sure. I felt obligated to make a good showing for my sex. Besides, while the girls in front of me were each plenty attractive, Candy and Isa were each sexy as hell as well, and I hadn’t gotten to so much as touch them. Nothing wrong with wanting to have a full accounting of all the women at my disposal.

I grabbed my wet clothes and left the shower for the locker room area. One by one, the girls twisted the shower nozzles off and followed, sulking every step of the way. I couldn’t resist ordering them to let me towel them off, which mollified them somewhat. Abbie and Cassie were, anyway; Taylor simply smirked in the knowledge that I couldn’t resist her. We each began slipping back into the clothes we’d worn in. It was a tad unseemly watching those sweat-dampened clothes return to their bodies after the lengths I’d gone to in order to clean them.

“So this dinner tonight... was it your idea, or theirs?” Abbie asked as she squeezed her big ass back into those tiny shorts.

“Theirs.”

“They put it out there as a sex thing, or did they put it out there as a ‘let’s talk about this fucked up arrangement we’re in’ thing, and *you’re* making it a sex thing?”

“The sexual component was all their idea, I promise.”

“But... they’re dykes, ain’t they?”

“This again?” I fixed a firm glare at her. She might not be my student and this might not be my classroom, but still. “Do we need to arrange another lesson in tolerance for you?”

“Fine, lezzies, rug-munchers, dick-ditchers, whatever. They are though, right?”

“To a degree. Sexuality is a spectrum, Abbie.”

When her tank top came down over her face, I saw her eyes narrowed considerably. “I don’t like it.”

I chuckled, pulling up my fly. “I’m sure you don’t.”

“Seriously. Those bitches are up to something.”

“They’re as caught up in this as any of us, Abbie. One’s determined to keep me safe and happy, the other to help my plans along however she can.” I patted her ass, wishing she didn’t have those sweatpants back on it. “Relax. Maybe tomorrow once I get some work done, we can get together again for a bit.”

“But I want it *now*,” she whined.

“Me too. But right now, I need you three to head out there and make sure it’s clear for me to leave. I can’t exactly be seen sneaking out of the girls field locker room in the middle of a Saturday afternoon.”

“We could stay in it,” Cassie teased.

I swatted her ass. “Go on, squirt.”

“You’re the one who did most of the squirting, Mr. Canon.” She giggled.

Abbie shook her head. “I don’t get why you’re settling for them old-ass bitches and their dried-up coozes—”

“They’re in their twenties!”

“—but you try not to have too much fun. Don’t want you forgetting who your fantasy sluts are. Come on, Tay, quit worrying about your stupid feet. They’re feet.”

“So suck ‘em clean, bitch.”

“Suck *me* clean, bitch.”

“You two are so mean to each other!”

Abbie snickered. “You’ll get used to it. Now what you got going on tonight, Sassy Cassie?”

The door swung shut behind them. I stood by the door and listened after them; Abbie had already launched into a pitch to persuade Cassie to ditch the visit to her grandmother’s house with Megan and Robby so the three of them could have some fun. A subtle ploy to get closer to me, clearly, but I wasn’t about to talk her out of it. In fact, after I did a quick triple check to make sure nobody had left anything incriminating behind, I sent Megan a text instructing her to let Cassie stay at home by herself if she wanted. Taylor confirmed the way was clear, and I darted out of the locker room, sealing it up behind me with Candy’s keys.

I settled into my driver's seat and heaved the longest sigh of my whole life. That had been the best thing that had ever happened to me. Tonight, I would go visit a pair of lesbian lovers and do some variation of it all again. I waved to Cassie as I passed her in the lot, the casual acknowledgment of her neighbor as far as any lookers-on would be concerned. I pretended not to notice the Sterns' reactions as they walked alongside her, Taylor flipping me off and Abbie flashing me her sports bra, both laughing hysterically at their own displays.

There were no cars in front of me as my car reached the street in front of GHS, but the light was already bright green.