

# **Teaching Her A Lesson**

## Part Twenty-Two:

“There’s not enough.”  
And that was that.

I am not a pussy, but I wasn't superhuman either, nor did I cleave to that tired but persistent belief that crying is a sign of weakness. I owed Isa big time, though. The fact that I was trying and mostly failing to stop sobbing with self-pity in the seclusion of my own home instead of festering in a jail cell was entirely her doing. Maybe a small nod to me for having the foresight to enslave her in the first place.

(Yes, enslave. No sense pussyfooting around the term now. Not when the whole city – the whole country, maybe, if this thing got traction – was going to be using it to describe me soon enough. *Acclimate, Canon.*)

Still, no matter Isa's insistence that they couldn't arrest me for something the girls had done, their exposure (pun intended) had done more than enough damage. I didn't know how much Principal Horen had overheard of their damning greeting, but she'd certainly *seen* plenty. The girls had been dragged to the office by Horen in anticipation of contacting their parents. Me, I'd been all but punted out the building ahead of them. By now, she'd contacted Megan, the Hutchings, Mr. and Mrs. Stern. Taylor's mom and Abbie's dad. The police department. Amy Cook-Burfield. The superintendent. Those were the ones I was sure of. If one were being paranoid, Mrs. Horen's contact list might extend to Mr. Horen, the district's lawyers, my union rep, someone from HR. Her favorite bartender, maybe, after the night she'd no doubt been having.

I was grateful to Megan for taking the risk of serving as a mule to deliver Abbie's package. She alone among all involved parties could contact me without suspicion. The look of pure wrath on her face as she stormed across our lawns had put a fright in me even knowing her real purpose. Even so, the pathetic trickle in the canister was hardly enough to make noise, much less take down everyone who now had access to our secret. If I used it as sparingly as I had on Taylor's chapstick, it would still be too little.

Per Isa's advice, uttered in haste as she'd escorted me to my vehicle in the faculty lot, I avoided calling her or any of the others. Still, thanks to Megan and her blackmailing burner phone, I had access to a safe line. As the rings sounded in my ear, my neighbor kneaded my shoulders softly but intently.

"Canon?"

"It's me."

"About time you called. You know, I've been meaning to tell you, you're not the easiest guy to run security for."

I gritted my teeth. Megan winced as tense muscles turned to stone. "You know, considering preventing this exact thing was your main job..."

"Really, master? You want to blame today on me? Do I even need to explain to you the dozen different ways this was your fault?"

It didn't help that she was right. I was the idiot who'd let Abbie get away with that idiot stunt at Gooses. Who'd gone to that dive motel with her after. Who'd routinely

used his classroom as a sexnasium. Who hadn't even told his pet cop about his latest acquisition. "Surprised you could manage to place blame without falling to your knees," I replied cattily.

"I was on my knees the moment I heard your voice, and now I'm so pissed off at you I can't stop masturbating. So thanks for that." She was masking it well. I might not have heard the unevenness in her voice if she hadn't called attention to it.

"Yeah, because you're the one having a bad day." Megan switched to teasing her fingernails along my neck, sidling up behind me to offer her breasts as a neck pillow. It was going to do as much to relax me as any massage. "Anyway, talk to me. What's going to happen?"

"Let's start with what's already happened. Parents have been notified, and the girls were interviewed by Horen. They did good, kept their mouths shut like I told them. Still, it might be too little too late. The department's been notified too, so they'll be grilled more thoroughly soon, probably tomorrow. I don't think Horen overheard enough to suspect I'm in on it, but she thinks we're friends so I'm on the outs with her anyway."

"Parents. Jesus. How did they take it?"

"Well I assume you can answer for Mrs. Brown on your own, since you called me from one of her phones. The Sterns couldn't be reached, so she left messages for now. As for Tabitha – and thanks for giving me the heads up on that addition, by the way – her mom came in and met with Horen privately, but... yeah, I wouldn't put yourself alone in a room with her. Same goes for Tabitha, I expect."

"Tabitha's mad at me?"

"Huh? No, I meant her mother's pissed at her, too."

"Oh." That felt... not better, but less bad maybe. "Anything else?"

"If it wasn't clear already, Serenex is out as a solution. There's way too many who know now, and it's only getting worse. There's Horen herself, Cook-Burfield, at least a couple officers, parents—"

"I know. I already figured. Abbie got the rest of the canister to me, but it's practically fumes."

Megan wordlessly lifted her top above her breasts, wrapping her big bare tits around my head. They were weighty enough that I didn't even need to hold onto the phone any more, their weight pressing it there firmly. I reached back and pinched her ass appreciatively.

Isa continued, "Right. So... looking ahead, there's going to be an investigation. Hard to say how it'll go, but we're going to make them work for it at least."

"Hard to say how it'll go? My boss – ex-boss – has a video of me making out with a student in a bar, and walked in on three other students waiting for me half-naked in

my classroom. How the hell can this be anything other than a one-way ticket to Fuckedville? Am I missing something? Some exculpatory miracle?"

"Hey, I won't lie; it doesn't look good. Still, it's not all bad. All of the girls are going to help cover for you, and without their testimony, they won't find out about all the *really* bad shit. I've already made the rounds, and we're agreed on a story. As far as anyone's concerned, the whole thing this afternoon was a stupid prank initiated by the Sterns. Cassie and Tabitha will say they were bullied into it."

"Bullied. Into showing me their asses, in school. Are you serious?"

"Kids these days, ya know. It's stupid, but they can't lock you up for something someone else did to you, and I'd be surprised if they'd risk taking this to trial when every witness will swear you had no knowledge of it. Not sure what fallout will hit the girls, but less than would come down on you."

Interesting. I suppose under normal circumstances, the girls would probably confirm Horen's assumption. Without their word, I could claim I'd been as surprised as the principal had been. Flimsy, but maybe a reasonable doubt? "What about the bar, though? She has a copy of the video. She matched Abbie's dress to her own prom pics."

"That's going to be trickier. How much had you had to drink that night? Enough that your friends would agree you weren't operating at peak efficiency?"

Megan pulled her breast to the side, then released it, letting the mound of jiggling flesh slap against my cheek playfully. "Some. I was probably tipsy, but I wasn't drunk. Why, are we supposed to claim she roofied me or something?"

"No, but if you were drunk enough, you might not have recognized her. She's not one of your students, after all, which might muddy the waters enough to give you plausible deniability. If she were still a minor, it wouldn't matter, but the codes on teachers banging students have a higher burden of proof of intent."

"You're sure?" It sounded too easy. Way too easy. I hadn't expected to be peddled hope, especially not from Louisa Barbour, a woman who'd called me a child molester to my face.

"I'm sure you have a chance. Not all of your fuck slaves lie as well as the Sterns, and there's no telling what else they'll dig up. We don't know who else has suspicions that may come forward. Plus they'll likely check your phone records, so we'll need a reason why you made any calls to your girls. I figure we can explain Taylor with your after school meet-ups, and Abbie we'll say she used her sister's phone and you just assumed it was Taylor at an alternate number. You were helping Cassie do some SAT retake tutoring as a favor to her mom, I figured, in case you two ever used phones."

"Huh. All right, I guess that makes sense. Sort of."

"They won't be able to get copies of your text messages, thank god, so just make sure you do like I told the girls and delete anything incriminating."

I squeezed Megan's tits tighter around my head, a warm, fleshy security blanket. "What about surveillance?"

"Surveillance?" she repeated incredulously. "Canon, you're an English teacher, not Jason Bourne. I suppose they might put your house on a patrol route. It shouldn't need saying, but given your penchant for ignoring the obvious, it's a bad idea to have your pets over, just in case they get nosy or your usual penchant for fucking everything up strikes again."

"Man. Lied to by TV once again. Guess you guys are more useless than I thought."

I'd thrown in the barb just to titillate her, and was rewarded by the addition of a slight tremor in her voice as the rage translated into heightened arousal. "Canon, at worst, you're some lucky prick who got to do what half the assholes at the precinct only wish they could. They don't tap phones and do stakeouts for guys like you."

"For an accused child molester, even? Sorry, just... not what I expected."

She clicked her tongue reprovingly. "First off, they're not children. You're all adults in the eyes of the law. If you weren't their teacher, you could fuck them all day every day and nobody could say boo. Second, that's not what you're accused of. The charge is a teacher engaging in sexual conduct with students. What they've seen doesn't look good, but they didn't walk in on... well, any of the hundred-odd incidents that would be damning."

Hearing it that way was at least some relief. Not much, but some. "How do you rate my odds?"

She was quiet a moment; I could hear Candy in the background prodding her to admit she'd just come in her panties, Isa shushing her. "It's hard to say, master. Horen wants your head, that's for sure. Still, all she has is girls who will all swear you knew nothing about their state of undress, and a grainy video of what's probably a student kissing you in a bar. If I were you, I'd be getting in touch with my union and contesting the charges. You'll look a lot less guilty if you formally deny it. Innocent men tend to fight back."

"Huh. So you really think we could get away with it?"

"I don't think we have any choice but to try."

We spent some time going over the particulars. It was determined that our story about the Gooses incident would be that I didn't recognize Abbie until after we left the dimly lit bar, at which point I spurned her and sent her home untouched, then was subsequently too mortified to tell anyone. Her outrage at that rejection was Abbie's motive for pushing her sister, a girl with a well-established record of despising me, to fuck with me as she had after school. The Sterns had gotten compromising information about Cassie and Tabitha at a recent party at Cassie's house, using it to coerce them into joining her. I was the victim, not the perpetrator.

Like *Wild Things*, basically, except without the circular firing squad.

Horen would never believe our little fiction, but she didn't really have to. We had only to satisfy the detective, help them present such a mild case that it drifted away in a cloud of he-said/she-said. Horen could try to fire me for what she thought she'd seen, but when it came to the judicial end of things, it was nebulous. Maybe not as nebulous as I'd like, but Isa succeeded in convincing me that it wasn't over.

"So you're going to pawn this all off on Cassie and the girls?" inquired Megan in between casual slurps on my cock. It was late, now, closer to the sun's next rising than its prior setting. Megan had tasked Cassie with putting Robby to bed so she could stay over here and work on her debt. She'd been doing so for hours now, rotating from method to method as orifices and limbs grew fatigued. I'd taken a nap after dinner, during which time she'd taken a break to quietly tidy the house. Then it was back to work.

"That's the real question, isn't it," I non-answered. There had been no judgment in her tone; she was merely helping me process. "If I don't, I'm done. There's no other reason besides the truth why those idiot girls would be in my classroom half-naked and grinning."

She wiped a tear from her eye brought on by a fresh effort at deep-throating. Mere weeks of practice and her daughter was already surpassing her. Still, big tits and a round ass went a long way toward taking me away from my troubles. "And if you do?"

"Then... I don't know. If we can sell our story, the Sterns will be expelled. Cassie and Tabitha too, maybe." There had been a boy my first year teaching who had claimed one of the PE teachers had made sexual advances on him at a track meet, though he hadn't counted on a friend betraying him and admitting the kid had made it up. That boy had been tossed out of GHS so hard I wasn't sure he'd landed yet. "Somebody's head is gonna roll for this. I just don't know."

"If that's what happens, how are you going to feel about that?" Again, no judgment. Lord, I'd done a number on her.

"Shitty. So shitty. Cassie and Tabitha never did anything wrong. They're great. Hell, even the Sterns don't deserve expulsion." I reflected. "Not for this, anyway."

She let her hands take over for her mouth, only sucking me off now when I was talking. “There’s always GED programs. They wouldn’t have to do much to finish them, considering their situations.”

“You know that’s not the same.” Megan had a GED herself, and she’d complained more than a few times about the distinction in the eyes of employers, especially when she’d been younger. “Besides, they earned it. I’d never forgive myself if I cheated them out of a rite of passage like this. But then, I also really, really don’t want to go to prison.” Or explain to my mom why I lost my job. Ugh.

“So then... quit. You could quit, right?”

“Quit? I can’t quit. This is my job. My *calling*. This is what I was meant to do. Without this job...” I shook my head. “What good would it do the girls to quit anyway?”

“Tell your b.s. story, get them to drop charges. Then trade Horen your dismissal for their graduation.”

I snorted. “You say ‘drop the charges’ like it’s a guaranteed thing.”

Megan took the time to give me a few dozen bobs before replying. It was oddly frustrating, this first moment in my life where I was more interested by words coming out of a woman’s mouth than my cock going into it. “Tell ya what, I think you’ve got a real shot here, buddy. From what Isa was telling me earlier, the Sterns have disciplinary records as long as my legs. Cassie even told me Abbie was already expelled once in middle school. People would believe they’d do something like that.” She paused, swished a finger in her mouth and flicked something irritably. “Sorry, pube. But seriously, this is the *cops* we’re talking about – they live for the chance to ignore allegations of sexual misconduct by men. At my old job at the cannery, at least half a dozen women made complaints about our manager and they didn’t lift a damn finger until they found out he was hiring illegals. Some bro fucking hot babes? Hero. But let a few Mexicans try to make a buck and blammo, they’re out in force.”

“What would *you* do, if you were me, Megan?”

“I’d use the last of that Serenex shit on Bradley Cooper, that’s what I’d do. I love me some Bradley Cooper.” She chuckled. “Look, I don’t know what to tell you. You don’t want to go down for it. You don’t want to throw the girls under the bus. You don’t want to go for a plea. I guess you just gotta figure out what you want, and what you can live with.”

I put her mouth back to work as I mulled it over. Maybe this would all blow over. It sure didn’t feel like it, but as someone who’d taught *Crime and Punishment* three years running, I knew that my sense of guilt over what I’d done outweighed the evidence against me. By the time Megan coaxed a grudging spurt of cum out of my balls, I was no closer to peace of mind nor to a plan for dealing with Horen, but the distraction had been fun while it lasted. I wasn’t sure what I could live with, but as I considered a life

separated from my ladies, I was more certain than I wanted to admit about what I couldn't live without.



Tuesday morning I contacted my union rep to appeal my dismissal and for legal counsel. They rushed somebody out before noon, a tired-looking fellow named Capaldi with wire-frame glasses and only a few lonely hairs left on his head. I explained my situation using the lies I'd settled on with Isa. We were still talking over what to expect when I got the call from someone at the police department asking me to come in for questioning as soon as possible. The appointment was set for that afternoon.

I'd driven past the place a thousand times without a second glance, an old brick building next to the courthouse. It was on my route to the high school. Nonetheless, it was a daunting thing, walking into that police department with all that guilt weighing me down. I couldn't escape the feeling that I would never leave, like they would ask the perfect question and I'd be left with no choice but to confess all my sins and throw myself at their absent mercy.

Capaldi and I were led to a sparsely decorated office. It was nothing like what I'd expected, some concrete cell with a heavy steel door, a hanging lamp and a window through which their profilers might observe me, watching every word for signs of guilt. Instead, the dread interrogation chamber was brightly lit and comfortably furnished, more welcoming than my reception the day before in the principal's office. It was cozy, almost. Disarming. Perhaps that was the point.

The occupant of the office was a heavysset man close to my father's age who introduced himself as Nick Shipman. I shook his hand, he asked permission to record, and off we went.

The interview proceeded about like how Isa had said. Maybe because she was the school's resource officer, I'd been doubtful about her knowledge of more conventional police proceedings. Not so. He asked about the incident at Gooses, and I explained my version of events – my impaired state, my swiftness to reject Abbie once I recognized her, her anger at being pushed away. Shipman asked why I didn't go back in to rejoin my friends, but I said I was feeling too confused and upset by what had happened to be good company.

From there, it was a checklist of sorts, asking about my relationship with each of the three bare-assed and/or bare-pussied high school girls who'd been discovered in my room the day before. I explained what I could and lied my ass off about what I couldn't. As to contact with them outside of school, I vaguely replied that Taylor and I kept in touch about her makeup work; remembering the handful of texts to Tabitha, I claimed that she had asked me to write a letter of recommendation for her and we'd briefly corresponded, as well as a few other times earlier in the year regarding special projects for her honors credit – in case they were that thorough. That last part was actually true, but nonetheless felt as deceitful as the rest to say.

All in all, it was fairly pointed and easy to navigate the simple lies we'd constructed. As near as I could tell, he didn't try to sweat me out, trip me up, entrap me,

or press on the weaker points. I'd subjected students to greater scrutiny about lengthy trips to the restroom. Still, I reminded myself that they could always call me back in again – or drag me back in – and it could simply be some cop trick to make me feel comfortable enough to let something slip.

I didn't. I don't think.

"All right, Mr. Canon, I think that about wraps it up – unless there's anything else you think we ought to know about...?" the detective said. I glanced at the clock on the wall. It had barely taken half an hour.

There was a part of me that thought back to two years – eight seemingly interminable academic quarters – of Taylor Stern. The snickers, the smirks, the lies, the interruptions, all the time and effort not merely wasted, but actually counterproductive, her attitude worsening with every attempt to bring her to heel. This was my chance. I had a heap of stories as deep and juicy as her silken cunt about the bullshit that girl had put me through. If I wanted to paint her as the evil bitch who'd made it her mission to drive me out of teaching once and for all, here was the chance. Isa had even suggested it might be worth saying something, since Horen would likely not be using the Sterns' disciplinary file to do me any favors. I ought to plant the seed, at least. Abbie I barely knew, at least for purposes of our narrative, but Taylor...

But part of me was the taste of cold spring rain washing over crimson lips.

"I don't think so. I'm not sure I fully understand what all happened in those girls' heads, but for my part, I think I've shared everything I know."

"Good. You think of something, you let me know."

He rose, which I took as a dismissal. Capaldi and I followed suit, but as I shook his hand again, I paused to ask, "What happens now? We're close to the end of the school year. Any chance this might be resolved before finals?"

Shipman nodded. "I hear you. I can't comment on the process, but I can share that we're fast-tracking this thing. I promise, you'll hear from me before long, one way or the other."

Ominous, but there was probably no other way for him to say it. Either he thought I was full of shit and he'd have charges to press, or he was ready to write it off as bratty Gen Z shenanigans. Either felt possible. "Right. Thanks, detective."

Having carpooled on the way over, Capaldi and I spoke some on our drive back to his office. He assured me I'd acquitted myself well, and reminded me not to try to contact any of the alleged victims or their families. Really, he said, just go home and stay there. Order in, he suggested. And let him know if I heard anything. I told him I would, and that was the end of it. He moved on to his next case, and I got back in my car.

I started the engine, as anxious as I'd ever been. It was impossible not to notice that the vehicle's clock read 2:55. Not ten blocks from here, school was letting out. Normally I'd be waiting for Taylor to swagger in for her daily makeup session. She'd try

to distract me by crossing her legs a certain way or flashing her panties under her skirt, and I'd try to not rip them off her and fuck her on my desk. It was the best, most excruciating game I'd ever played.

Back home, it was a hell of a long evening. Megan was at work. My only interaction was with Isa, whom I called with Megan's burner phone. There wasn't much to it; she said she didn't know Shipman personally, but figured she'd at least try to put in a good word, see if she could learn anything or give it a nudge. Beyond that, yet another reminder to keep my hands to myself and get used to solitude. The worst thing for my situation would be for some nosy neighbor to see a schoolgirl sneaking in my back door, then read the next week in the paper about charges.

To my credit, I made it until almost ten o'clock. For a guy with a contact list full of nubile sex slaves, that was one hell of an achievement as far as I was concerned.

*You up?* I sent.

I didn't have to wait long. *Is that you???*

Smart girl. Saw an unknown number, but clever enough to use pronouns. *Who else.*

*Are you OK? I've been freaking out!*

*I'm sorry about that. I'm fine. Can you get out?*

*omw.*

The door to the garage swung quietly open a short while later. Entering my house was a figure who could have been nearly anyone. It was disguised in a bulky hoodie and leggings, both black. The hood was up, shrouding its face. Even the shoes were black.

"Tabitha, Jesus, you look like an urban ninja or something." I rose to greet her, but she was already starting to strip even as she closed the door with a foot. Not the worst hug rejection I'd ever gotten, I supposed.

"Sorry. I didn't see any police cars, but I didn't want to take chances. I parked two blocks down in the lot by the Walgreens and hiked over – down the alley, just to be sure. Nobody saw me."

She was already naked by the time the brief explanation was done. Lack of socks, bra and panties probably helped, but still, impressive stripping speed. "I appreciate the caution, but they don't have a SWAT team on standby. I'm an English teacher, not Jason Bourne."

"Did you crib that line from Officer Barbour, or did she steal it from you?" A little shiver ran through her body as she took stock of me taking stock of her. Still conquering that shyness, though you'd hardly know it with how quickly she'd tossed off those clothes. Had it really only been a few days since I'd first seen her naked? The smattering of tits and ass sort of blurred together after a while. Still, the sight of her was something else. She might not share the Sterns' porn star builds, but Tabitha's petite body was mesmerizing in its own right.

“Surprised your mother let you out,” I deflected.

Tabitha shrugged, apple breasts bouncing once, twice, then still. The physics were so different on those cute little things. “I’m grounded, officially, but she’s three sheets to the wind as usual.”

“Grounded? First time for that, I’ll bet.”

Her lips pursed. “Just because I get good grades doesn’t mean I’m some simpering do-gooder, you know. That’s one of those shitty positive but negative stereotypes. Like Asians being good at math or Jews having a lot of money.”

“OK, OK. I’m sure a bad-ass rebel like you gets grounded all the time.”

Her face softened. A bit. “It’s the *second* time,” she conceded in a scarcely audible mumble. “First time was in fifth grade when Mrs. Melendez gave me a B+ in social studies.”

“You mean when you earned a B+ in social studies,” I corrected. Students, always blaming their teachers for grades like we invented the points on the fly. “And if your mom hated that, you better start boosting your grade in sex ed double time. A couple rocky assignments – but still plenty of points left to be earned.”

I’d meant it as a joke, but Tabitha nodded austerely. “I mean to. That is, at least as long as you’re out of jail and all. Do you really think that’ll happen? Because I’m going to have to make more corrections to my five-year plan if that’s the direction this all goes.”

Touching. “I don’t know. My lawyer didn’t laugh in my face and tell me I’m fucked, at least, but I suppose we’ll see how our little fiction plays out. How were things in school today? Are we trending?”

“Nah, I haven’t heard anybody talking yet. Can’t believe the principal could walk in on me showing you my bare butt and not even get in trouble for it. I guess Mrs. Horen kept her mouth shut about it though, because I wasn’t even getting weird looks. So far, so good, I guess.”

I got to work on my own clothes. “That’s a relief. If we can actually somehow keep this under wraps, coming back will be a lot easier.”

“Yeah, it’d be nice not to graduate with an asterisk. ‘Most likely to whore her way through college’ doesn’t feel like a cool superlative. I wonder if Mrs. Horen is going to investigate along those lines, now that we’re taking the fall for you. Ugh, just the idea that *I* would be bullied into *that* by a total loser like Taylor Stern...” She grimaced, evidently not appreciating the irony of her words.

Myself, I was grimacing for a different reason. “I am sorry for that, you know. That you’re in this position. It wasn’t my intention to... well, none of this was my intention, least of all inserting my best student into all this chaos and drama.”

“And if sorry’s and please’s were infectious diseases, we’d all be dead by winter.” She reacted to my expression with a dismissive eye roll. “Something my grandfather says.”

“Colorful. Still, I want you to know—”

But Tabitha held up a hand. “You really don’t have to apologize. We’re here. It’s happening. Let’s not waste our breath on accusations and apologies, OK? Taylor sucks, her sister sucks, and what’s happening sucks. Now you invited me over. I hope that wasn’t why.”

Somehow, in that moment I was reminded of my second year teaching when Chris... crap, I’d already forgotten his last name. Anyway, Chris Somebody wasn’t happy with his semester grade, and he had the temerity to swing by after school and pull the old “my parents’ taxes pay your salary” routine. It hadn’t done much for Chris. Tabitha probably hadn’t meant it like that, but something in her tone, the entitlement...

“Have you ever been spanked?”

It just rubbed me the wrong way, here at the end of a hard day.

The sudden flush to her skin, the way her whole body went rigid, was already satisfying enough that I barely felt the compulsion to do it any more. Barely. “N-no...” she stammered.

“Well lucky you, Tabitha. You’re about to have a new experience to put on your transcript.”

“You can’t... I didn’t...”

“I can’t what? Speak up, sweetie. Are you here for my approval, or do you want another F?”

“No!” she shook her head fervently. “No, you can... you can spank me. That’s fine. So I, um... what do I do?”

I ventured a thin smile. “Assume the position.”

“Yeah, but... what position? If you want me on your lap you’ll have to sit down. Or do I just grab my ankles, or...? You have to throw me a bone, here, Mr. Canon.”

I let my displeasure show, and the effect was visibly chastening. “First things first, spanking is about punishment, and contrition. If I wanted sass, I’d have brought Taylor over. You have to want my approval more than her, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she squeaked, then cleared her throat. “I mean, yes... sir? Please punish me, sir.” She arched an eyebrow. “Is that better?”

“It’s progress. Now... assume the position.”

Quick learner that she was, Tabitha didn’t balk or stall this time. Instead, she shuffled across the room, eyes on her toes, until coming to a stop next to the coffee table. There she bent down and placed her palms on the surface. Half the girl’s height was in her legs, and with her ass flying high in the air like that, she was suddenly nothing but.

The honor roll student looked back over her shoulder, big blue eyes meek and plaintive. “Like this, sir?”

“That’s my girl.” I took my time admiring her. I’d always fancied myself more of a tit man, but there really was a lot to be said for a pair of smooth lean thighs. Two cute little bubbles of an ass, between them a smooth pink slit just begging to be fucked. Tabitha Hutchings, academic all star and teacher’s pet extraordinaire, presenting herself for anything I might want to do to her. If I came around and shoved my dick in her mouth, she would suck it, and do her best. If I surprised her with a thrust into her pussy, she’d thank me for helping show her how to ride a cock.

When my palm came down with a sharp *crack* against her naked bottom, she... moaned.

She moaned.

“Thank you, sir.”

After giving myself a moment to relish in that post-spank moment, when the aftershock reverberated throughout her rounded bottom, I wound up and gave her another one, harder. A grunt, this time, but not entirely of pain. “I’m sorry, sir.”

I took a moment to fondle her ass, squeezing each plump cheek in turn. Damn, she kept this thing in perfect shape. The sudden shift to another smack caught her off-guard, only her grip on the tabletop keeping her from teetering over. “Again please, sir?”

I gave her what she asked for. “Thank you for teaching me, sir.”

Another. “Please punish me, sir.”

Another. “I’m so sorry, sir.”

Another. “Spank my naughty ass, sir.”

Another. “Please don’t stop, sir.”

Another. “Harder, sir.”

Another, one on each cheek in rapid succession. “Fuck... I’m getting s-so horny, sir.”

I probed, and fucking hell, you could cook a roast in the heat emanating from between those thighs. Wet as hell, too. Had she really never done this before? We’d only just begun and she was ready to be fucked. “You sure you don’t have a thing for being spanked, Tabitha? Damn.”

“I will if you want me to, sir.”

Hot damn. She earned another swat for that one. “C-closer, sir. Please don’t stop.”

“Arch your back more. You have a great ass. Show it off.”

In a flash, she complied. The hunch became a deep valley, and I swear it was like her ass was suddenly... smiling at me. The red blooming in her cheeks shone in the lamplight; the cleft advertised her pussy even more tantalizingly. “Like this, sir?”

I fondled that thing lovingly, a kid with a new puppy. Except my puppy was wet and ready to be fucked. *What? Jesus, Canon.* She seemed to be waiting for it, so I gave her another smack. “I’m so sorry, sir. Would you like to pull my hair while you spank me?”

Until she offered, I hadn’t realized I wanted to. She gasped – in fright? in discomfort? in delight? – as my fingers snaked into her thick mane and seized a handful. Somehow the girl even managed to keep her back arched as I pulled her face sideways to where my cock now waited. She was already braced to accept my shaft in her throat, though I didn’t leave her time to make another slutty plea before I skewered her perfect face.

I used my new handle to fuck her at my leisure. With my other hand, I kept on spanking at intervals. If she hadn’t been moaning into my shaft like that, I might have been more gentle, but as it was, she only spurred me on to new heights of savagery. A short time later – I think; I was beyond time in this slut’s mouth – I inadvertently set off a chain reaction.

A smack.

A shudder.

Weak knees thudding onto the tabletop.

A muffled squeal.

Fade to groan.

Rise to squeal again.

A shockwave.

A pussy thrumming in climax.

A cock spurting into a girl’s mouth.

Desperately eager swallows.

Dizzy stumbles toward my chair.

A girl crawling after me.

Eyes locked on eyes.

Matched breathlessness.

“Thank you for teaching me, sir.”

“If I spank you any more, it’s going to bruise. It may have already,” I told her some hours later.

She looked back at me, sulking. “So? So when I sit down tomorrow, I’ll remember how much Mr. Canon approves of my ass. It’ll feel good. Go on. Bruise me.”

I patted the bed. “Come on, give it a rest for a bit. I can only take so much.”

Tabitha stood, frowning, and gestured to my admittedly fully erect shaft upthrust from my prone position. “Really? Because it looks like you could take more.”

“I meant my hand, actually. But if you’re so intent on brushing up, climb aboard. You’re almost as bad as Taylor about getting me off-topic from my lesson plan.” Not that I’d had a plan. And no one was as bad as Taylor.

It was a little strange, in a way. If I had told Taylor to mount my cock, she’d have grinned that self-satisfied smirk of hers. Abbie, too. Cassie would have practically leapt on it. No, not practically, definitely. Isa would pout, Candy too, but they’d have that angrily horny face on to mitigate it as they complied. Megan would flash her cockeyed grin and say something funny.

Tabitha merely nodded and obeyed.

“Cowgirl, or reverse?”

There was something to be said for her dutiful approach. Her unquestioning compliance quickly banished my reservations about taking advantage of her. With Taylor I’d push her buttons just to bother her. Tabitha, however, somehow didn’t have any buttons. Her dignity, sometimes, but once she’d committed, there was no more hesitation.

If I wanted to fuck her face, she relaxed her throat and let me. Her first spanking had transitioned in mere seconds from grudging acceptance to what looked to be a full-blown fetish. If my cock was anywhere beyond completely flaccid, she was analyzing how best to make use of it, and her analysis plainly ran something like this: *what will bring Mr. Canon the most satisfaction?*

All so she could get another A in my make-believe class, Sex Slavery 101.

“Reverse. Let me admire my handywork.”

The budding young slut was selfishly selfless, perversely perverted. Everything about it was backwards. Brainwashed by another to belong to me, to spite her with pleasure, so she would better herself as she uplifted herself through submission to degradation. I could barely wrap my mind around how utterly fucked up things were with this girl. Yet as I watched her pretty pink snatch get split wide by my shaft, I couldn’t help but wonder if there was any higher pleasure in life than this. To have a woman wholly and unquestioningly committed to my carnal satisfaction.

Egotistical? Sure. But that it stoked the fires of my ego was part of what made it so good. For her, too, because the more I liked it, the better she got to feel about herself. Slapping her ass and telling her to go faster wasn’t greedy; I was doing her a favor,



helping her learn how to improve her ability to get me off. The better I helped her do, the more she got to bask in new heights of my approval. There was no greater generosity I could show her than raw, unapologetic self-centeredness.

“Twist yourself, if you can. I want to see those little tits of yours bounce while you work.”

And she was learning. This was Tabitha Hutchings, after all. She watched and listened and *felt* for my reactions, seizing on anything I seemed to like, avoiding anything that hadn't produced results. Sometimes her discoveries came from pointed questions, but she was also learning how to learn independently. Interrogating me about my preferences wasn't sexy. No, better to experiment and learn from the response. She was taking mental notes: *side to side with hips good; hamming up orgasm meh; playing with her clit unnecessary when I can't see it but hot when I can; vocalizations super hot.*

Her teeth clenched in an effort to keep from wailing in pleasure, she still managed, “Oh god, I must be the luckiest fucking slut fuck toy at GHS, I swear to fuck, Mr. Canon! My tight little fucking pussy can barely fit your huge fat fucking dick, but, ungh, I can't help myself! Just *please* promise me, *please*, that you won't make me stop!”

For instance. Theater, to be sure, but she was good at it, and frankly, her tight little fucking pussy really was damn snug around my presently huge-as-it-was-gonna-get dick. The girl was feather-light, so with a firm grasp of her slender waist I could ram her up and down until she was a wet, warm jackhammer of sex. She reacted perfectly, head thrown back in wild ecstasy, her on-going presentation on the merits of being my teen pleasure slave cut short by what may or may not have been another orgasm. I didn't care either way, because she didn't care. The only pleasure either of us cared about was happening between *my* legs, where I was soon flooding her tight pink cunt. Because I fucking felt like it, and because she wanted to learn how to get comed in like the little slut I was turning her into.

Tabitha pivoted to collapse on top of me, her mop of brown hair sticking to the sweat on my shoulder. I caught her eyes glancing up to mine, monitoring to make sure that cuddling was the right answer, that her living essay on the theme of being too delighted with my boundless masculinity was following the assigned font and formatting.

I patted her butt reassuringly. “Another A+, sweetie.”

Her body trembled, and I just caught a shallow gasp over the sound of my own heavy breathing. “Really? I thought I'd lose some credit for whipping you with my hair there at the end.”

“Nah, you just missed. Plus you look good when you lose control. Don't overdo it, but if you're coming, I like to know it.”

She caressed my side softly, suggestively, making sure I understood how wet and ready she remained should the desire arise. “How can I lose control when I’ve already given all the control over to you?”

I snort-laughed. “All the control? Come on. You were steering there as much as I was.”

But Tabitha shook her head. “I was following your directions. Really, Mr. Canon, it doesn’t take a genius to figure out what gets you off. I’m just trying to train my body and my mind to get on board with it.”

I gave her poor, overwrought butt a squeeze. This little minx was going to have me ready again in no time. “Oh yeah? You think you got me figured out?”

“I *know* I have you figured out. You’re more complex than the boys at school, but you’re not exactly an enigma.”

“OK. Let’s call it a quiz then. Tell me what it is that you think gets me off. Pass/fail.”

Her hands folded under her chin and she looked up at me with an almost condescending expression. No, not almost. Definitely condescending. “It’s simple. Obedience.”

“Obedience? Tabitha, I never told you to—”

“Like hell you didn’t! But it doesn’t even matter. You don’t have to. Look at you, Mr. Canon. Yeah, us girls are all hot, boobs and pussies and an excuse to bandy about the term ‘nubile’ in your head and whatever. Sure. You like that, but that’s not what you *love* about it. It’s breaking us. Taking the evil bitch who’s pissed you off and putting her on her knees with your dick in her mouth and there’s nothing she can do about it. Taking your backstabbing neighbor and making her not just watch you fuck her only daughter, but thank you for it, help you think of new uses for her. I don’t know what all you have going on with Officer Barbour, but I’d bet my bottom dollar that when it’s just the two of you, that woman crawls when and where you snap and point.

“Or take me. The pretty, prissy honors girl, and you fucked my head so bad that I can actually orgasm from you spanking me. I think I came harder from that than from the actual sex – which also felt amazing, because you made me need to make you feel like you can give a girl amazing sex. Or maybe none of that’s true and I’m only saying that to make you feel that way, but even then, you’ve made me want to say that.”

“Wait, did you really come from... or wait. What?”

“It doesn’t matter. I don’t care if I ever get off from what you do with me. Zero percent. I like that I do – if I do – but if you just wanted me to spend all night on my knees blowing you and coming on my face and slapping me around with your dick, I would do it, because that’s the sort of woman you really approve of. A shameless, obedient slut who worships you as the god of her idolatry.”

I stared at her for a long time, but there was nothing in her eyes that betrayed any sign that she thought she even *might* be wrong.

“Pass,” I said quietly, then flipped off the light.

My eyes closed, but I was nowhere near sleeping. In fact, I was already wondering how long I could wait before I rolled her on her back and dove into that pussy buffet between her legs.

“You don’t need the others any more, you know,” she said softly. “I’ll be everything you could ever want.”

“Nobody’s perfect, Tabitha.”

“Only because you’ve been wasting yourself on lesser women. Nobody’s been perfect for you *yet*, Mr. Canon.”

Her lips found mine in the dark, and she made out with me until too long had passed to bother with a retort. Then I fucked her again. Right before I came in her, Tabitha breathily whispered her fear: “God, I think I might fall in love with you, Mr. Canon.” When Cassie had something similar, it had been awkward, an inadvertent admission that we’d had to find a way to work around.

With Tabitha, she had very much meant to say it. Then after, she inquired if I wanted her to fall in love with me. I was afraid she found her answer in my eyes instead of in my voice.

“Officer Barbour told you not to call me over, didn’t she,” she said as we were at last in the process of drifting off to sleep. She’d set an alarm to wake her in time to sneak out while it was still dark out, but insisting she wanted to be on hand if I got horny in the night. She didn’t like the idea of me wanting to fuck her and not being able to when she wasn’t even busy with anything important.

“Said not to contact any of you,” I mumbled into my pillow.

“And you contacted me, huh. Not Taylor, or Abbie, or Cassie. Me.”

“Yeah, guess so.”

“You know, you can fall in love with me, too, if you want. I don’t mind.” My eyes shot open just in time to see her roll away from me, wriggling her perfect, naked bottom against my hip. “Good night, Mr. Canon. I’ll be quiet when I leave so you can sleep in.”

If I didn’t wind up in prison, maybe being fired wouldn’t be so bad after all.