

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Seventeen: Casual Fridays

For all the fuss made – rightly so – over punishing young women for letting their bra straps or midriffs show, the notion that teachers couldn't perform their jobs in a pair of jeans didn't receive enough press. The same went for most professions with similar dress codes, really, but standing all day in front of people half of whose fashion sense was clearly guided by the principle of whatever lay at the top of their drawer... well, it felt like more than a little hubris. Nevertheless, while my union dues had done nothing to stymie the proliferation of standardized testing, increase control over the curriculum, raise my income at a pace with cost of living, or reduce class size, it had granted me the right, once a week, to wear jeans and a t-shirt.

Not too bad, all things considered.

That particular Friday, I'd even gone that 3% bit extra and worn the jeans I usually reserved for a first date. They fit snug, especially across my butt and groin, which helped make leg days seem worth it. Hardly anyone would notice or care, but I would. Taylor, I hoped, would. There was something to be said for looking good for your woman.

Not that Taylor Stern was my... oh, whatever.

There had been so many pleasant days of work in a row that it was almost suspicious. Spring weather and the promise of summer freedom had a way of bolstering morale, and my decision to reposition *Catcher* to the end of the unit rotation seemed to be helping as well. My juniors were less enthralled with *1984*, but the malcontents were quiet about it, at least. I even got a compliment on the jeans from a student other than Taylor, which was a bit less appropriate, but Tabitha had always enjoyed some brown on her nose. The more her classmates teased her about it, the more she licked those boots. Besides, for my part, I wasn't about to reject a little flattery.

Abbie stopped by during Taylor's after school session to see if I was free that evening. Having spent the previous night recuperating, I assured her that I was indeed up for anything.

"What did you have in mind? I wouldn't object to a quiet night in. How you young people say, Netflix and chill?"

Taylor groaned. "Oh my god, I am never going to be able to hear you do your 'how you young people say' routine again without thinking of that, you filthy old bastard."

"How quiet we talking?" Abbie inquired. "I was thinking it might be time to have ourselves another foursome. Last weekend was pretty fucking hot until those lying bitches wrecked it."

“If Cassie’s available, I suppose we could give it a go. I’ll stop by the grocery store on the way home, make sure I have snacks, drinks.”

“Snacky snacks and juicy juice? Wowie, that sounds swell, Mr. Canon!” chirped Abbie.

A grinning Taylor was right on her heels, adding, “Don’t forget to ask your mommy if you can have friends over past curfew!”

“Fine. See if I get anything for you to eat.”

Abbie’s hand quickly found its way to the front of my jeans. “I got everything I wanna eat right here.”

“Barf,” mumbled Taylor.

Heedless of the criticisms of my subordinates, an hour later I walked in my front door with a bag of pretzels, a pack of frozen pizza rolls and a case of beer in hand. It said a lot about societal influence and indoctrination that I felt more conflicted providing students alcohol than I did having sex with them. No matter. The Stern girls’ car was parked in the driveway next door, which meant the girls were already waiting for me with Cassie. Seeing Megan in her back yard standing over her grill, I made my way over to the fence to say hello.

“Hot dogs or hamburgers?”

“Hamburgers,” my neighbor answered. “And that has to be literally hamburgers. Robby’s in this phase where he won’t eat cheese, and he loses his head when he sees anyone else doing it. I think somebody tried to explain veganism to him? Nobody knows.”

“Ah, how they understand so much and yet comprehend so little. Just don’t tell him where the burgers come from, eh?”

She laughed. “Not until he’s affirmed he’s enjoying it. Do you remember when Cassie went through her vegetarian phase a couple years back? The whole volleyball team was trying it. Drove me up the wall, prepping two meals every night.”

“I’ve thought about it myself. I feel like I’d just need somebody to walk me through it, teach me how to feed myself and not be miserable over it.”

“I’d tell you to probe Cassie, but for one, I don’t think she ever actually enjoyed it, and for two, looks like you were planning on probing her tonight already.” She waggled her eyebrows, pleased with herself.

“Looks like. Are you feeding them, or am I?”

She gestured to the heaping plate of beef patties. “You think Robby and I are eating all this?”

“I guess not. Well hey, I’m gonna head in. Just tell them they can sneak on over whenever they’re ready. I’ll leave the back door to the garage open for them.”

“Sure you don’t want to join us? We got plenty of food, and it looks like you’re going to need the energy.”

The prospect of sitting at the table with Megan and Abbie and Taylor and Cassie, a big happy unit enjoying a meal before I fucked them one after another... it was certainly intriguing, but... there was also Robby. I didn't want to have to explain to him why Cassie and her new friends kept playing the neighbor's crotch under the table.

I waved away the invitation. "Nah, I'll leave you to it."

"Suit yourself. Did you wanna see my tits?"

"Um, excuse me?"

"You were staring, so I didn't know if you were looking for an appetizer before Cassie and her friends serve up the main course."

Wow. Just... wow. When I'd programmed her to enthusiastically support anything I wanted, I hadn't imagined she'd capitulate *this* readily. If not for the looming prospect of the Sterns pitching a fit, I'd have taken her up on it. Fucking a woman in an apron had always been a fantasy of mine. I wondered if that had come up during Abbie's interrogation while she'd had me under last weekend.

With a polite excuse and a sincere compliment on how hard those tits made it to decline, I bade her a good evening and went home.

Objectively, the wait wasn't long, but when you're waiting for three gorgeous teenage girls to swing by for an orgy, forty-five minutes feels more like forty-five years. At long last, though, I heard voices from the garage. A moment later, in walked my little trio.

After our get-together last weekend at the girl's field locker room and all the stagecraft and roleplay that had kicked it off, it all felt strangely casual. There I was in the same jeans and GHS polo shirt I'd taught in. The girls were no more adorned than I was. Abbie was dressed in jeans with some fashionable holes torn around the knee and thigh with a cute green top that showed only a modicum of cleavage. Modest, considering how much she had hidden away in there. Taylor was in denim shorts and a hoodie, blowing a big pink bubble from the gum in her mouth as she strode in. Cassie wore a brown dress with yellow flowers on it, but hers was nothing like that sexy thing Abbie had worn to Gooses Wednesday. It looked like she was on her way to church, or a piano recital.

"My mom made me put this on," she explained, evidently noticing my scrutiny. "She thought I should try to look nice for you. I told her it didn't matter because you usually liked me better in my underwear or naked anyway, but she said she didn't raise me to look like a bum." Her eyes flitted to her two schoolmates. "I think she thought they looked kinda bleh, like they're not two of the hottest chicks in school just because they aren't wearing tight skimpy outfits. Sheesh. Anyway, do you want me to take it off?"

"It's fine, Cassie. We don't have to jump into anything."

"Oh, but we oughta jump into things," said Abbie, skipping across the room and flouncing into my lap. "I got something special planned for tonight."

“You mean, more special than a foursome...? That’s a pretty high bar.”

“Fuck yeah it is. But I was thinking, maybe it’d be fun to... play a game.” Her eyes flashed. Taylor was grinning too. I was helpless to abstain from joining in.

“A game? What sort of game did you have in mind?”

She leaned her head on my shoulder, peering up at me as she traipsed her fingers up my chest. “How many times would you say you’ve had your dick in us, C-dawg?”

That was certainly blunt. “You mean actual sex, or...?”

“Mouths, pussies, titjobs, ass fucks, whatever,” said Taylor. “How many times?”

“I haven’t exactly been keeping count...” I considered for a moment. “A couple dozen, maybe?”

Cassie’s eyes went wide. “Wow! We’ve been having a ton of sex. I never thought of myself as a slut before, but I guess kinda, huh. Yeesh.”

Abbie smacked her on the ass, but in a friendly way. “Hell yeah, ya are.”

Taylor rolled her eyes. “Sleeping with one guy doesn’t make us sluts. That’s monogamy. It’s the exact opposite of slutty.”

“I think chastity would be the opposite of virginity, technically,” Cassie pointed out.

“The far end of the spectrum then, fine. Fuck,” grumbled Taylor.

“Huh. So like, a continuum, with insatiable nympho gang bang super whore on one end – I watched that during study hall today – and, say, my grandma on the other.”

“You did not just bring your mother fucking grandmother into this.”

“I mean, not physically, obviously. Unless he wants us to. Mr. Canon does seem to be into mom’s, so maybe mom’s moms...?”

“I am not into your grandmother!”

“You don’t have to say it like that. Meema has always been so nice to you.”

“You call your grandmother meema?”

“It’s what Papaw wanted!”

“That’s the whitest shit I’ve ever fucking heard, yo.”

“You’re white!”

“How dare you.”

“ANYWAY,” shouted Abbie over the three of us, practically in my ear. “Jesus, you fucking tards. So my point is, you got to know these bods pretty good, right?”

Considering how far afield I’d let the conversation roam, I let her insult slide. “I wouldn’t mind getting to know them a little better...”

“And you will, baby.” She tapped my nose playfully. “You will. But I thought it might be fun to put you to the test. See if you *really* know us.”

She might have been trying to be coy, but my gut told me where this was going. “What, so you’re going to blindfold me and then I have to guess who’s who by the textures of your pussies?”

“Look at you, Mr. Smart Guy,” she answered dryly, not a fan of my intuition. “Yeah, that was basically it. Except I was thinking mouths instead of pussies. Pussies don’t got technique like mouths do.”

“Disagree,” stated Taylor emphatically. Fair. She was admittedly good with her pussy.

Cassie intervened. “I’m with Taylor in principle, but a lot of it requires the girl to be piloting, and if we’re on top, I think our weight would give it away.”

Abbie’s eyes narrowed. “What, you saying I’m heavy or something?”

“Heavier than me, sure,” answered Cassie guilelessly. “Taylor too, probably. Though she’s also pretty tall, so... I dunno. You’re not as heavy as Mr. Canon, I guess.”

Before Abbie could leap out of her seat and strangle her, I patted her cushy hip affectionately. Then I held her down. Gently. “Weren’t you the one who told me ‘thicc thighs save lives?’ Relax, Abbie. You’re gorgeous. Right, Cassie?”

“Huh? Oh, I mean, obviously! Heck, lots of people think Rebel Wilson is hot and she’s definitely bigger than you.”

I groaned inwardly. Maybe she was actually trying to provoke Abbie and trusting me to keep the girl from killing her. Luckily, her trust was well-placed. “Knock it off, Cassie. She’s trying to do something nice, and you’re getting in the way.”

She muttered a forced apology, the same one I’d heard her give when Megan caught her being too much of a big sister. Some seniors really did not play well with juniors. Abbie resumed her explanation of the game. “So anyway, my point is, we’ll take turns, using only our mouths, and you have to guess which one of us is which just by the way we suck your cock. What do you think?”

My first thought was that it sounded like a really easy game. Cassie and Taylor both had very recognizable styles. Cassie emulated all the girls she’d seen in porn, spitting and slobbering and gagging and jacking me off while she played with the tip. Taylor, on the other hand, semi-politely permitted me to use her mouth, providing as little stimulus as possible. (It was ironic; if she wanted me out of her mouth, she’d be better served to hurry me along. I wasn’t about to tell her that her under-enthused style was one of my favorite things about her blowjobs.) Abbie I was less sure of – had I ever let her go down on me? It was all such a haze – but the other two seemed all too easy.

My second thought was that laying back and letting these girls take turns blowing me was one hell of a way to close out a work week. (My third was to rebuke myself for having these thoughts in a bizarrely reversed order.)

“What do I get if I win?”

“Um, three fuckin’ blowjobs?” answered an irritated Taylor.

Abbie waved her sister off. “You’re not gonna win.”

“I like my odds.”

“All right, fine. If you guess who’s giving you head three times in a row, we’ll...” She looked to her co-suckers. “We’ll each suck you off once a day for the next week.”

“We will?” Taylor scowled.

“He ain’t gonna win, Tay.” She looked back to me. “So what do we get when you can’t tell who’s who?”

I stroked my chin. What was a good incentive? I hadn’t missed the way she’d phrased it, the technicality. They were going to try to trip me up, and considering the calibre of deceivers I was dealing with, they had decent odds. What could I promise that I wouldn’t mind giving up?

“Fifty bucks.”

“Like we’re hookers?” wondered Cassie.

“Fifty? For *this* mouth?” demanded Abbie.

“Each?” inquired Taylor.

Once I recovered from my fit of laughter – by which time only Abbie was still glaring – I gave them a serious answer. “Sorry, sorry. You try keeping a PG sense of humor five days a week – it builds up. All right, so if you win... Hmm. I’ll give you each one night next week. You call the shots. We do whatever you want.”

“Butt sex!” squealed a delighted Cassie. Taylor eyed her like she was some sort of alien invader in human form.

Abbie squeezed my hand excitedly. “Deal!” She accepted Taylor’s hand to pull her back to her feet. “Now go to your bedroom and give us a minute to strategize.”

“Strategize? Come on now, that’s cheating!”

“We’re the ones sucking your cock, OK? Come on. Cut as a little slack.”

“Oh, have it your way. Do I blindfold myself, or wait for you?”

“Pff, like we’re gonna trust you to do it, ya cheater.”

I listened at my bedroom door, but couldn’t hear a thing aside from footsteps and whispers. When the former grew louder, I hurried to my bed and sat down like I’d been there the whole time.

“You hear anything?” demanded Abbie as she let herself in.

“Not a word. Your top secret blowjob plans are safe.”

The search for a suitable blindfold was easily resolved by Cassie picking up one of my ties off the dresser. I let them secure it, complained that it was a bit tight, and that was that. My world was a sea of deep blue. I could hear them walking around still, but that was my only clue about who was where.

“How do we know he can’t see?” asked Cassie. “Not that I’m saying Mr. Canon’s a cheater cheater pumpkin eater, but... ya know. I just *really* wanna win. Time for that plug to pay off!”

Knowing what she wanted to win, I was getting hard already. Hell, I might just tank this on purpose. Forget the fact that I could fuck her any time I wanted any way I

wanted; that given her own pick, she *wanted* to make me fuck her ass... it was just too damn hot.

Then someone slapped me in the face.

“OW!” I roared. “What the hell was that?!”

“Guess he really can’t see,” Taylor granted. Someone patted my reddening cheek, but the other two agreed the test had been successful.

“Should we tie up his wrists so he can’t touch and figure it out?”

“That is *not* happening.” I’d let myself be rendered helpless around these girls too many times already. “Besides, what assurances do I have that you won’t cheat?”

“How do you mean?” asked Taylor much too casually. I could hear the smirk.

“I mean, do I just take your word for it or what? Because I don’t,” I clarified.

Someone – Abbie, I deduced from the proximity of her voice – patted my head. “We’ll record it. Sound good? And then after, we can rewatch. We’ll eat your lil’ snacky snacks and you can critique our technique. Like Netflix and chill, but with homemade porn.”

“Hashtag amateur, hashtag teen, hashtag barely legal,” commented Cassie.

“What? I’m not saying we should actually share it anywhere. Just fun thinking of yourself as part of an internet phenomenon. Oooh, like the cinnamon challenge! Remember that? Huh? Guys...?”

“Anyway,” continued Abbie, “we’ll use my phone. Just so the whole world doesn’t get to see us coughing up a lungful of ‘cinnamon.’” There was a brief pause. “All right, we’re live. And now I may or may not be handing off the phone to someone else, you don’t know.” She narrated the process of removing my pants and underwear, which seemed to be delegated to Taylor and Cassie given the direction of the voice. It was a little uncomfortable but nevertheless exciting, being touched by all these unknown hands.

“Oh boy, somebody’s already enjoying the game,” commented Taylor appreciatively.

“He better. You ready, C-dawg?”

“And eager,” I said. “Do your worst.”

I was surprised to discover a great many things that evening.

First, that blowjobs were more of a visual medium than I'd supposed. From the moment the first girl's mouth took a lick along my semi-erect member, I missed being able to watch them. There was no eye contact. Their saliva may as well not have been glistening. Each bounce and snap in their hair as they reversed course was lost on me. That pink of their extended tongues. The sheen of Taylor's chapstick, and the lipstick rings Cassie would be leaving around my base. Abbie somehow managed to look arrogant and self-assured as my cock split her lips wide. The resigned grimace on Taylor's face as she waited for me to regain interest in her hole of choice. The strain and subsequent reward to catch a good glimpse of their breasts when they pulled back enough.

Blowjobs were lonelier in the dark.

The next surprise was how the blindness so quickly heightened my perception. (The blindness, or maybe my desire to win just to spite Taylor.) I was pretty sure she was up first, in fact. After a few licks and sucks to get me hard, the blowjob was an almost businesslike affair. She'd crawled between my legs, hands on my bare legs, and bobbed in a rhythm. The fingernails were one clue. On my right, at least, I could feel them digging into my thighs, and she had significantly longer nails than the others. Hmm.

I tried to perceive other clues. I could feel the girl's hair brushing back and forth against my skin. It felt... uniform, perhaps? Cassie had straight hair, and the Sterns both wavy. Was I imagining it though? Could I really tell the texture of their hair from the way it brushed across my skin?

There were noises too, however, and that was where they gave it away. I knew all too well the sound of Cassie's suppressed moans when she pleased me. It made her happy, and if she was one thing, it was bad at hiding her emotions. The longer it went, the more confident I felt. On several occasions she lost control, engaging her tongue more vigorously or twisting her neck to explore different angles. Once, it felt like her whole body suddenly jostled. Maybe she'd simply lost her balance? Or no, one of the others nudging her, reminding her to keep it simple? Seemed possible. I was pretty sure I'd heard a bare footstep on the hardwood.

It was Abbie's voice that informed me that it was transition time. It was close enough after probably-Cassie stopped that the lack of breathlessness in her voice ruled her out for me. Blowjobs weren't exactly a workout, but I'd seen too well last week what kind of shape she was in when she'd staggered into the locker room, sweating like crazy from a brief run. After a moment, someone else joined me on the bed, crawling into place between my legs. At least I thought it was someone else. I'd already considered they might use the same girl twice; they had never actually promised to each take a turn.



I was once more surprised when the new girl took a towel to my cock, wiping it dry. Immediately, I dismissed Cassie. She'd learned everything she knew about oral sex from watching porn, and porn stars weren't squeamish about having another girl's spit in their mouths. I dismissed Taylor as a suspect not long after. The new girl was enthused, more than I thought Taylor could fake even if she wanted to. (That I wasn't all that certain Taylor cared about her prize for winning contributed to my skepticism.) New girl went at it with gusto. I could feel her slobber trailing down my shaft and into pubes beneath. At one point she tried and quickly failed a deep throat, falling back coughing. My straining ears barely made out her faint whisper, as if she'd mouthed the words but the tiniest bit of air came out in so doing.

"*It's so big!*" the girl exclaimed. Who was that? Cassie? It was higher pitched. Her or Abbie, for sure. It was too faint to tell. Unless they were fully committed to the deception, and that had been Taylor's vigor and someone else doing the whisper on her behalf. Or hell, had they smuggled Megan in?! That hadn't even occurred to me, but of course there would be no way I could pick out one more pair of footsteps among all the rest. No, I doubted that. These girls might be cunning, but they did not like sharing. Damn it, I was starting to get paranoid. Here I was thinking so hard I was barely enjoying myself. Hell, I'd be better off enjoying the ride of my defeat.

Girl two kept at it though, bobbing and sucking and slathering away with a passion – or a convincing approximation of passion. I yelped at one point as her teeth got a good scrape, and I was pretty sure I heard someone clapping a hand over the offending mouth before they could apologize. Cassie again, then? Abbie and Taylor wouldn't need to be muzzled. I doubted either of them had ever apologized to a man in their young lives.

"Nice work," said Abbie soon after girl two let me slip out from between her adoring lips with a wet and seemingly resigned *plop*. There had been enough of a delay that time that it could have been her, though. She wasn't ruled out.

"Think you can fool me that easily?"

Then someone kissed me, hard. Those lips, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt. Even if I hadn't, the gum Taylor left behind in my mouth sealed it for me as surely as her whispered words in my ear. "I think that I'll take Sunday, so I own your ass for a whole fuckin' day. I'ma be here at midnight, and ride you till your nuts turn back into pumpkins, mother fucker."

My consideration of throwing the contest evaporated. I wasn't about to let Taylor have that kind of satisfaction. I'd win this game, then have her over Sunday to lord it over her. Midnight to midnight. And maybe call in sick Monday to finish our lesson.

It was girl number three's turn, then. No wiping off spit this time. She began much more timidly, though. A curious lick, then another, and then more for some minutes. I wondered if they'd given up altogether at a long pause, but then I was

engulfed wholesale in a warm, wet paradise. She held me there for a moment, lips adjusting slightly, as if seeking a proper grip or something. Then the tongue was back, and the neck reintroduced sweet blessed friction, and off we went.

I sought clues. What was I not noticing? There was no hair this time. Hmm. Had I seen a hair tie on Abbie's wrist? I thought I had. Unless that was another red herring – she could have given it to one of the others, expecting me to have noticed it when she was on my lap. The style only told me so much, beginning in trepidation but building into increasingly exuberant enthusiasm. Taylor, slowly mustering the resolve to deceive me with a solid performance? Abbie, tripping me up by acting like she didn't love getting me off? Cassie, savoring as long as she could before losing herself in the heat of her own need to pleasure me?

Whatever. As the third mouth slowly glided up and down my throbbing cock, I closed my eyes beneath the blindfold and simply let it happen. If I lost, I lost. For now, I was receiving a relaxing blowjob from a wet and willing mouth, and I wouldn't look my gift horse in the mouth if I could. Third-mouth took its sweet time, exploring and probing and simply sucking me off without any more subterfuge of technique.

Another surprise came when they actually let me come this time – I'd been worrying they meant to make me wait until the game was over. The mouth pulled back hastily as I let loose, but another one – had to be another one, this one had its hair down – took its place. I laughed softly at realizing they had coordinated the swallowing process. My girls were something else.

"Well done, everybody. You girls are incredible. Can I take the blindfold off now?"

"One sec, one sec. Give us a second to mix it up so you don't get any clues," Abbie answered. There was a pitter patter of feet shuffling all around the room, even into the bathroom – Taylor, going for my mouthwash to make a statement? they were positively devout! – and then the tie was pulled off.

The three of them stood at my bedside, grinning broadly as my eyes readjusted. "That was amazing, ladies. Seriously. Thank you for that."

"You're welcome," Cassie assured me. "Any time."

Taylor held out a hand. "Come on. Let's watch it in the living room together."

"Snacky snacks!" cried Abbie excitedly.

"Anything to get the dick off my breath," muttered Taylor, though she had a thin smile. "Some fucker stole my gum."

"Language. And you know my policy on chewing gum."

Three weeks ago, I'd come home from school and watched a looped video in which I'd coerced her into flashing her boobs and making a false confession. That had been in an era before I'd discovered a more efficacious manner of solving my problem of keeping secrets. Now, Serenex had ensured that our little circle remained closed.

Just when I thought my surprises were over, Abbie showed me how to play a video from my phone on the living room TV. I hadn't even known that was possible. Three of us nestled in tightly on the couch, one Stern on either side of me, and Cassie settled onto the floor between my legs. And yes, Abbie had retrieved my bag of pretzels.

*"All right, we're live. And now I may or may not be handing off the phone to someone else, you don't know. Now let's get our fella's pants off,"* the video began. She had indeed not handed the phone off, standing back and recording Abbie and Taylor cooperating to remove my pants. Once my cock was out in the open – (another surprise, that having it recorded made me more self-conscious) – Abbie hit the pause button on her phone, which also paused it on the TV.

"So. Girl number one. Who's your guess?" Abbie asked me, squeezing my thigh excitedly.

"Not that it matters," added a smug Taylor. "We got you so good."

"Let's see. I'm going to say... Cassie."

My neighbor looked up at me, grinning. "Me? Why me?"

"Because I know that mouth of yours by now."

Abbie hit play. That the camera was remaining more or less stationary at least confirmed that it wasn't her. "Survey says..." Taylor drum rolled on her lap. Then after a moment, I saw Cassie crawl between my legs, tongue extended, a curtain of red hair obscuring much of the blowjob. "Cassie Brown!"

The girls applauded my guess, and I gestured haughtily. "Told you I knew your style. I'd invite you to throw in the towel, but I don't wanna let you off the hook."

"Aw crud, I thought I did so good! Abbie said if I went at it like blowing you was no fun, you'd think it was Taylor." Taylor didn't exactly look flattered by the admission, but so be it.

"You should have tried to enjoy it less. Those little moans of yours gave everything away."

The four of us kicked back and watched Cassie work. Abbie – the Abbie on my TV – walked around some with the camera, and it even looked like Taylor was trying to get a better observation angle from the way her shadow moved around in frame. She zoomed in to show Cassie, who took her fingernails out of my leg long enough to thumbs up the camera. I'd been exactly right about when she'd gotten too excited, and even about a shove in the hip from Taylor to rein her in. Feeling good about myself, I wrapped an arm around the shoulders of each Stern sister, taking one titanic titty in each hand and massaging possessively. Both seemed perfectly content to allow it. Abbie even fed me a pretzel.

"Man, it's like we're watching porn, except *I'm* the porn," Cassie observed.

I rubbed her exposed thigh with a socked foot. "How's it feel?"

“I wouldn’t have thought so, but I am so turned on right now. Like, I never thought I could actually do porn before, but... I think I look pretty good, don’t I? The closeups sort of show my pores a little, and the lighting isn’t great, but if I had makeup on, and if I got to pick something cuter to wear? Or go naked. Sucking Mr. Canon’s cock with clothes on actually felt weirder than being filmed while I was doing it. But I’d bet a lot of people would totally jack off watching this, don’t you think? I could probably make some moolah at this – if you thought that’d be fun. How come I never thought about this before? I guess the guidance department doesn’t really put ‘porn star’ on their career survey though, do they Mr. Canon?”

“No, I’m pretty sure they don’t. And for the love of god, don’t let your mother hear you talking like that. I’m not sure Serenex will be enough to make her forgive me if I turn her baby girl into a porn star.”

“You can actually make really good money doing porn,” Abbie shared around a mouthful of pretzel. “My cousin makes like six hundred a month from these sims on her onlyfans. Got to quit her part-time at KFC.”

“And Dana’s not even hot. Major cottage cheese thighs,” added Taylor. “Cassie, you could make fuckin’ bank. Especially if you got Mr. C to fuck you on camera. Sims pay out the ass for that shit, watching a wholesome little schoolgirl twat like yours get buttered.”

I cleared my throat. “Now I have to be a porn star, too?”

Abbie patted my leg as on-screen Cassie was being tapped on the shoulder, her time winding down. “They wouldn’t have to see your face, C-dawg. You’d just be a lucky dude with an awesome cock.”

“He’s already a dude with an awesome cock,” said the Cassie at my feet. I hazarded a glance at Taylor, who rolled her eyes but gave a grudging nod.

Abbie paused the movie once more. “All right, time for round two. We asked a hundred people, ‘Whose mouth was on Mr. Canon’s cock second?’”

As her sister began humming what I could only assume was the Family Feud theme, Taylor boasted, “We got you this time, asshole. We own your ass all next week.”

I stroked a pair of Stern tits pensively. Did I guess based on the evidence, or call their bluff with the riskier option? Oh, what the hell. The three of them seemed so confident in their scheme that I decided to trust my gut. “All right. So the second one had some more vigor to it, some passion. Now I would have gone with Abbie,” I said, pausing to let them share a smirk between them, “but I’m going to go with Cassie taking a second turn.”

I waited for them to show some sign that I had foiled their little trick, but their smirk remained fixed in place. Had I really been wrong? I’d felt so clever!

“Survey says...”

The camera was positioned perpendicular to the bed, monitoring me from the side. Cassie was visible on screen standing against the far wall, working a cramp out of her jaw. "Huh. So Taylor, after all. Darn. Who would've..." I blinked. "Would've..." I rubbed my eyes. "Would..." I pinched myself. None of it helped.

"Tabitha Hutchings! Come on down!"

On my TV screen, Tabitha Hutchings, clad in what I was pretty sure was the same yellow long-sleeve top and pink-and-yellow plaid skirt she'd worn to class that day, was inserting herself between my naked legs and wiping down my naked erection with the hand towel from my bathroom. Meanwhile, that same girl was striding out of my bedroom and making her way down the hall with a shy smile and a little wave of her fingers.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Canon! You have a lovely home," she said, stopping in the doorway.

Only after a moment did I realize I was still sitting there with two different students' breasts in my hands. I recoiled instantly, eliciting a yelp from Taylor as my arm bumped her head roughly. Then after another moment, my brain caught up with the fact that a video of Tabitha sucking my dick was playing on my television. No need to be coy.

"Tabitha, uh, hi, nice to, um..." I turned to the hysterically giggling girl on either side of me. "What the hell did you do?! When did she get here?!"

The newcomer's face wilted. "You guys didn't tell him I was participating?"

Abbie answered Tabitha rather than me. "Yeah, we may have embellished that part."

"The part where you told Mr. Canon I was going to give him a blowjob? Is it even legal, tricking someone like that?" Her face went pale. "Oh my god, did I just sexually assault a teacher?! Oh my god! What will my parents say? What about my scholarship!"

"Calm down, drama queen," urged Taylor as the on-screen Tabitha tucked her hair back behind her ears to keep her target clear. It fell back in front of it immediately, but she was too engrossed by her blowjob to bother trying again. "Nobody's pressing charges."

"Not against her!" I snapped, taking to my feet. Neither Stern bothered to follow suit. They still looked nothing but amused by my outburst. I turned to Cassie, who looked thoroughly abashed. At least one of them did! "What about you? Did you know about all this?"

"Which part? The part where we smuggled her into the blowjob rotation, or the part where they snuck her upstairs at my party last week to dose her?"

"Those. *Those* parts." I whirled back to the Sterns. "What on earth were you thinking? What happened to protecting the secret?"

"You told Officer Barbie and Candy!" protested Abbie.

“Wait, Officer Barbour knows about this?” asked a wide-eyed Tabitha.

“Only to help me track down the blackmailer!”

“You were being blackmailed?” Tabitha gaped.

“Yeah, my mom got all freaked out when she saw Abbie running around the yard naked.”

“You were running around the yard *naked?!?*” screeched the new-comer, redoubling her incredulity even as her hashtag amateur counterpart coughed loudly and exclaimed her amazement with my cock size. “Do *I* have to run around the yard naked?! Can I at least wait until it's dark out? I'm pretty sure some people from my church live on the street behind your house.”

“Come on, you don't have to pretend to be ungrateful, C-dawg,” Abbie assured me. “You already told me you wanted her, so now you got her. You're welcome.”

“When did I...” The Serenex. Shit. She'd already mentioned grilling me under its influence. “I mentioned Tabitha? Damnit, Abbie, how deep did you probe my fantasies?”

“You fantasized about me?” Tabitha wrinkled her nose. “Is that really professional for a teacher?”

“Yin and yang, eh? You got your bad girls, and now you got your good girls,” Abbie clarified.

It wasn't untrue. Tabitha Hutchings was the stuff improper teacher fantasies were made of. She didn't have the bombshell body Taylor or Abbie had, but she had the face of an angel and more than enough tucked onto her lean frame to hold her own in a beauty contest. Everything about her outward appearance was just-so. Neatly tweezed eyebrows, makeup always subtle but immaculate. Rich brown hair brushed until it gleamed. Perfect posture. Penetrating blue eyes. Her pouty lips were the only plump thing on her entire body. She was slender and considerably more petite than even Cassie, but she wore it well. Her thick black-framed glasses were so cliché feminist-intellectual that I could hardly believe she wore them unironically.

It wasn't only her beauty, though. Tabitha was a straight-A student; the only reason she was in my class this year was because Amy's honors classes had filled up. We'd had to work out a deal to accommodate the excess brainiacs with extra work in our regular track classes and secure permission from the state to give them the added credit on their transcripts. Even so, it was plain she was bored, left to compete with the likes of Taylor Stern and her apathetic dullard friends in class discussions.

Now she was standing in my living room with me, the two of us watching a fresh recording of her sucking her teacher's dick.

“What exactly did you do to her?”

“We improved her,” Taylor responded vaguely, shrugging.

“*Exactly,*” I repeated.

Abbie rolled her eyes, pretending to struggle to remember for a moment until finally muttering, “I’ll do anything to gain Mr. Canon’s approval.’ Something like that.” I sighed. “Anything else?”

“Eh, just your usual shit about keeping your perversions to herself.”

Ugh, how had I let a chemically enforced secrecy clause become “usual shit?”

I turned to Tabitha, who was trying to ignore the sight of her grimacing at the tooth scraping incident playing out on screen. “I am so sorry you were dragged into this, Tabitha. That was never my intention. I will make this right, I promise.”

She looked more embarrassed than anything. “I’m not sure what I was even dragged into, but I guess that’s what I get for trusting one of the Stern sisters about a secret study session at a teacher’s house. It sounded too good to be true, but I figured I could just laugh it off if it was nonsense. Plus I looked really cute today, I thought, so I reasoned showing up at your house might help. With the, um, approval thing.”

“You do. Look nice, that is.”

She glanced at the screen. “Sorry about the teeth, by the way. I’ve never given a blowjob before, so I was learning as I went. I’ll do better next time. If you want a next time, that is.”

“I think you’ve already done plenty. And don’t worry about the teeth. I’m sure I wasn’t perfect my first time going down on a girl, either.”

Tabitha made a face. “Are you sure that’s information you should be sharing with your students, Mr. Canon?”

“No, it’s probably not. Sorry, processing.” I turned back to Taylor and Abbie. “And you two... oh boy, am I not done with you two. I cannot believe you betrayed my trust like this.”

“If your trust kept you from fucking that prissy bitch’s face, maybe trust is a dumbfuck way to live,” shot Taylor.

Tabitha folded her arms imperiously. “I’m standing right here, you know. And unlike everyone else at school, I’m not afraid of you.”

Abbie was giggling again, however. “Man, if you were pissed about that, you’re really not going to like part three.”

Only when I glanced back did I see the video had been paused with Tabitha in the midst of crawling off the bed. Her eyes were frozen on my swollen red cock in an expression of apparent awe that only made Abbie laugh harder. Taylor, too. I grit my teeth, gesturing toward my bedroom. “Is there someone else hiding back there?”

“Maaaaybe...” Abbie pressed the play button on her phone without waiting for a guess this time.

Who else had they had at that party? Tawny? Lisa? Kris? I was pretty sure I’d seen Tiffany there. Both Tiffany’s, actually. Contrary to how it may seem, I didn’t actually lust after my students with any regularity, so the list of viable possibilities had

to be pretty short. Taylor, yes, but she frustrated me in so many ways that it would have been strange if sexual frustration hadn't been numbered among them. Abbie and Cassie were objectively attractive, but I'd never really thought of them that way. Tabitha, I supposed I could admit, was a weak point, the hot nerd girl kiss-ass with her immaculate presentation and tightly crossed always clean shaven legs.

At last, the guilty party emerged on screen. Cassie and Tabitha looked plainly uncomfortable, while even the Sterns looked anxious to see my reaction. My jaw dropped. Then dropped again. As I ascertained the identity of cocksucker number three, I was well on my way to achieving the ability to unhinge it and swallow prey whole – which I was of a mind to do right then. My cock was long since engulfed before I worked up the wherewithal to say something, but as it turned out, the final surprise emerged from my bedroom then, strutting down the hallway with panache.

Justin pumped his fist in the air. “Sup, C-dawg. So... how'd I do?”