

Twenty-Seven

Part Eight: Community Partnerships

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

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

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

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

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

Was she orgy material?

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

An orgy.

A birthday orgy.

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

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

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

Would she even want to?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah?”

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

“I wanna drive.”

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

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

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

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

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

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“It is a bad thing.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh. Couch tease.”

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

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

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

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

If she felt uncomfortable having this discussion in front of a group of naked teenage girls, one of them her firstborn child, Megan gave no sign of it. “Is that right? I was under the impression you still lived in their house, eating their food, driving their car.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God, she was such a weak little slut.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just say it."

Isa braced herself. Here it came.

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

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

"I'm pregnant," Candace said somberly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m powerless,” Isa whimpered.

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

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

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

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

“Say it, Isa. Say it, or I’ll stop.”

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

“Say it...”

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

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

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

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

“Say. It.”

“No way would I ever—”

SLAP.

“You can’t—”

SLAP.

“Baby, please, I—”

SLAP.

SLAP.

SLAP.

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

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

“Th-thank you,” Isa whimpered.

SLAP.

“Hold still. Don’t move an inch.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah you are,” came a voice between her thighs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It's hot, don't stop.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

The girl grinned. “I don't remember everything about that day you first had me in here writing on your board, leering like a simp. But I remember how fucking horny it

made me. So do yourself a favor and get in there before I start feeling less generous, birthday boy.”

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

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

“Hey! I like this shirt!”

“I thought it washed out!”

“I thought you were gonna keep writing!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Looks like you’re going to need it.”

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

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

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

For the tenth time, Abbie wished someone would splash some acid on that bitch’s face. Or just have Mr. Canon tell her to fuck off. She didn’t get why he put up with her.

For Katie, this was a hobby, something fun to do in the afternoon before going out to party with her lame-ass bougie friends at night. For Abbie, this was who she was. Some of the others got it. Taylor had. Cassie, too. Most of them, though, were fucking tourists.

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

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

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

Speaking of getting out of clothes...

A few grunts later, though, she was no better off than she had been. The heat and humidity in the locker room must have shrunk the fucking pants. Or else she was retaining water. Not that Mr. Canon couldn't bang her in them thanks to the fuck slit she'd cut in them, but it would look kind of stupid wearing them into the shower when everybody else, presumably, was naked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As Abbie sniffed at her hand to see if whatever that yellow-green spot on the concrete was might be something to concern her, Tabitha snatched a likewise unhygienic towel from a nearby locker and laid it on the ground behind the younger Stern. Right as Abbie was about to try to get back up, awkward though it would be with those pants around her hips, Tabitha stilled her with a firm hand on the girl’s bare back.

“Hey! What do you think you’re—”

“Hold still. Let me get these off of you.”

“Listen, twig, I told you—”

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

the best she could be. So many of these women complicated things. Such a waste of energy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you coming onto me, Tabby?"

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

It was hard to feel too clever on one's hands and knees on the floor of this filthy-ass locker room. Still, Abbie directed a grin down at the floor. Mr. Canon would lose his shit if he came in here and saw an unlikely Abbie-Tabby combo happening. He seldom forced the point, except with the Sterns, but the man plainly loved few things more than watching his bitches get so hot for him they spontaneously sprouted lezzie wings and soared into one another's cunts.

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

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

Tabitha made sure the towel would keep her hair off this disgusting floor. Hopefully Mr. Canon would permit her to take a real, non-orgy shower when this was all over. Then she laid down, her face aimed up between Abbie's legs. They promptly descended toward her waiting mouth. She smiled, open-mouthed, at this victory. Mr. Canon would go nuts if the two of them were still going at one another when he arrived.

He was a gentleman, in his sex slaving way, about respecting the sexual orientation of his girls. At least, except for Abbie and Taylor, but those girls were rejects from hell anyway, so who could possibly muster pity for them. In those instances in which she had set aside her preference for the male form to take a bite from his plate, as it were, she'd scored straight A's without fail. The man simply liked watching teen sluts fuck each other. Simple as that.

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

It really was quite smooth.

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

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

Taylor snickered. “Man, kicked out before the school year even starts? That’d be quite the record.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Credentials?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My pleasure."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Megan shook her head at her white-faced babysitter. “It’s all right, Sabrina. I’m not mad. But in the future, try not to give out my location to strangers, understand?” The last thing she needed was some rando finding her and Cassie tag-teaming their next door neighbor. Mr. Canon wouldn’t like that.

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

“Good. How’s Robby?”

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

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

“I’d be glad to, Mrs. Brown. Robby’s one of my favorites!”

“Great. I’m going to go upstairs, peek in on him, and get changed.”

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

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

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

Good old Sabrina. Megan had selected her deliberately. His type – a hair shy of authentic jail bait – was well-established, and for all he swore up and down he had more than he could handle, she was one to hedge her bets. Cassie and Tabitha would be

leaving for school in the fall, and Katie would probably be getting a Job job. That at least one Stern, the lesbians, and of course Megan herself. None of them were his most reliable, and most of them not his favorites. If he decided he wanted a replacement cocksucker, Sabrina would be perfect for it. Sweet, a little dumb, and if she was a bit rounder than his usual type, Serenex would doubtless pair well with a treadmill to slim her down until he was satisfied.

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

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

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

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

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

If she'd managed to blackmail her lecherous neighbor, that money could have put a big dent in Cassie's financial aid needs. With her track scholarship, she might have

even been set. Megan could have been the hero, for once. Instead, she'd bungled things, and realized she'd rather help him fuck those... No, not *kids*. Young women. (She'd had to stop herself more than once on that phrasing.) Fucking them, warping their thoughts into kinky slutty slave girls... it made him so happy.

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

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

Ah, well.

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

"Heading out, Mrs. Brown?"

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

"Wow, that's so nice, Mrs. B! You don't have to do that!"

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

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

learning.) But the man wanted an orgy for his birthday, and Megan Brown enthusiastically cooperated with and supported anything Mr. Canon wants.

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

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

“I believe it is. Huh.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes I have a license, jackass. But I seem to recall a few months ago, I couldn’t get you to give me a fucking chapstick, even with my tits in your face. *These* tits.” Taylor parted Horen’s trenchcoat. By reflex, Canon seized them, each hand overflowing with soft, gloriously squishy Taylor titties. How could it be that part of him felt like he was *settling* for an orgy?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But fuck, did she turn him on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t. What else?”

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

Canon lifted her chin, pulled her in for a kiss. She was hungry for one, too. It took him back to that day, months ago, when they’d kissed in front of his house, standing out in the driving rain. It had been kind of terrible, sheets of water running down their faces, into their mouths, drenching them, freezing them. He’d been terrified, then, of being

seen. Now they were making out in the school parking lot on a bright sunny evening, a soft breeze away from her naked body showing itself to the world. He feared nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

“Sure you don’t wanna come? Got some good memories in that locker room.”

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

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

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

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

“Someone really doesn’t.”

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

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

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

To his right were Candace and Isa. The SRO was naked save for her boots, stockings, and incredibly, that stupid little hat. Candace had her bent over a bench with her ass in the air, ramming her pussy with a vengeance with Isa’s own baton. Was that thing supposed to be used that way? He’d figured they’d gotten it at a toy store. The regular kind. Isa’s ass was glowing, and as he watched Candace smack the hell out of it, he realized why. She looked like she’d been crying. Candace, most definitely, did not.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Megan smiled fondling at her daughter's firm, toned butt as she sawed in and out of her new playmate's ass. Canon wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her against him. "Think you can handle another anal slut?" she asked quietly. Nobody but Canon heard her in the din, through their own distracted play.

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

"Could I ever. Shall we?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Before long, she reached H121.

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

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

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