

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Twenty-Nine: Cultivating an Atmosphere Conducive to Learning

I dressed and composed myself. The door wasn't locked. Hell, it wasn't even fully closed. Yet nobody popped in, nobody squealed in alarm that my penis was exposed to the light of day in my classroom. We'd had sex in my classroom without even the slightest precaution for secrecy, and we had gotten away with it. Taylor walked off angry and dejected, I sat there simmering in all those conflicting feelings, and we'd both had some pretty memorable sex. It was symbolic of this whole crazy final term.

The final bell of the school year rang not a minute later. Students flooded the halls. I bided my time, said farewells to the few who popped by, exchanged sighs of relief with Amy when she popped her head in from next door to congratulate me on another year under the belt. If Taylor had taken much longer to get off, she would have seen the girl impaled on my cock like a severed head atop the walls of the dark lord's castle, a grisly confirmation of what one already had cause to suspect was going on within. Instead, she hustled back to her room to get to work on her own last bit of grading and left me in my room with our commingled cum still drying on my flaccid shaft.

What a note to end on.

I dialed Isa's cell.

"About time, master," she answered.

"I had to deal with the other one first. How's Abbie? Is she awake yet? Please tell me you didn't do anything to her." Prior experience suggested that background noise didn't seem to do much, if anything, but if you said their name or snapped your fingers in their face, whatever it took to get their attention, the things they heard stuck to their brain cells like superglue.

"I couldn't risk taking her into my office with Horen down the hall, so I left her in a mop closet for the past couple hours," she replied.

You WHAT?! I should have shouted. Instead, still good and Serenexed myself, I said calmly, "Oh. Oh my."

"Yeah. Once the coast was clear, I went to get her, but I couldn't get her to follow me. I tugged, but she wouldn't budge."

"So where is she now?"

"Now I know you said not to say anything to her, but I only said enough to get her to follow. All I said was, 'Abbie, come out of the closet.'"

Oh god. "Isa..."

“Abbie, you don’t belong in the closet. Come out of the closet.’ I must have told her a hundred times, master, but she wouldn’t budge, just stood there repeating after me like some idiot.”

Fuck. This would be very, very alarming indeed when this crap wore off. “Is she still in there?”

“In where? In the closet? Yeah, I’m looking right at her.” Her voice grew quieter, evidently holding the phone away from her face to address the girl. “Abbie, Mr. Canon wants you to come out of the closet. Or are you saying that you are out to make him as unhappy as possible? If not, then you better do as I say. I said, do as I say, Abbie. Come out of the closet. Just do what you’re told, damnit! Ugh, I’m going to kill you, Abbie. If you’re lucky, I’ll be gentle.”

Instead of freezing, my blood merely dropped five or six degrees. I almost dropped the phone in panic. “Please, please stop, Isa,” I insisted blandly.

A weary sigh blew from the speaker. “Oh my god, master, you are no fun to screw with at all, I swear. I figured you’d be screaming at me, not taking it on the chin.”

“So... she’s not in a closet.”

“She is in a closet, actually, but the rest of it was for goofs. Smuggling her into my office was a no-go. Taking her through the halls at all was risky in her state, so I stashed her in the file closet by the H hall. Well out of prank earshot, I assure you, and I’ve got my eye on things.”

“Goodbye.” I wanted to hang up wordlessly, but Serenex insisted I not be so rude. Just as well I was out of the stuff; after that stupid joke, I wasn’t in a mood to make good on my offer to fix her and Candy anyway.

The closet in question wasn’t fifty feet from my classroom, designated for the use of the English department. We mostly used it for storage and to file away student papers, a file the district started in kindergarten and returned to graduating seniors. (In my case, since I’d been out most of last week, my substitute had gotten to distribute them and revel in that moment. Not that I was bitter.) As locations went, it ought to be safe, or at least as safe as one could hope for in a building with over two thousand people roaming around in it. At least there were until a few minutes ago. Now the students were gone, and any papers graded and returned. Nobody should have a reason to come in here until August.

I tried to glare at Isa, identifiable by her uniform even from a couple hundred feet down the school’s central corridor, but her exposure to Serenex did no more to suppress her laughter than my own did to ignore it. As she’d said, Abbie stood by in the dormant closet. She didn’t even glance up as I entered, standing there in her dingy old faded pink t-shirt and gray sweatpants, staring at a blank spot on the wall. The closet was more of a room, really, probably a third the size of my classroom. In addition to the file cabinets, it

contained piles of disused books, surplus classroom supplies, holiday decorations... and two people doped to the gills on Serenex.

With the Taylor situation in front of me, I hadn't put any thought into what to do with her little sister. Nothing, I supposed, was an option. Probably the best option. As it stood, Abbie saw herself as my fantasy slut, happy to be used for any sexual purpose I might have for her and quick with suggestions if my imagination wasn't up to the task. Hard to improve upon that from my end, and she'd certainly seemed to enjoy herself. Knowing now that her misbehavior had been largely dictated by Taylor, there was no cause to either correct her or punish her, either. Yes, she was the one who'd taken advantage of Cassie's compromised state to make her my 'booty call,' but even that was still Taylor. Maybe it had been on direct orders, or maybe she'd done it in the spirit of her original programming from her sister, all that sarcastically misogynist tripe about what girls like them were supposed to be like. Either way, only one Stern's fault, and it wasn't Abbie's.

The right thing to do would be to keep an eye on her while it wore off, then send her on home.

Except... at home, there would be Taylor. Her "boss." Someone who had demonstrated time and time again that she was a bad influence, and an absolutely brutal mistress. I was the one who'd put her in this position. The more I thought about it, the more I felt like it was up to me, with the last of my mutated Serenex in her bloodstream, to help her out of it.

It had been almost three hours since she'd been dosed. The others had started coming to not long after this point, and they'd gotten a direct dose, not tainted bratwurst juices. I didn't have time to conduct a thorough analysis of exactly the words to use. It was now or never.

"Abbie?" I had to repeat it before her eyes focused on me. "Abbie, Taylor is not the boss of you."

There. At long last, after weeks and weeks of constant wondering, it was time to learn what oppositional commands would do to someone who—

"Yes she is," she murmured. "I do whatever she tells me to."

I sighed. All right, so much for that. I'd always imagined Serenex like some kind of indelible ink, making things stick to the brain, impossible to get off. In light of Abbie's response, I adjusted it to be more of a weather sealing paint, impossible to penetrate with more liquid once it dried. (As an English teacher, it was comforting to feel like my metaphors did anything to make me less ignorant of the sciences.)

Also, good god, Taylor. Also also, I couldn't help but notice that once she'd focused on me, she didn't trail off as quickly as the girls had other times. The closer she grew to consciousness, the worse I expected this would work. Time was running out. If

undoing was out, the next recourse was a workaround. If she felt she had to do whatever Taylor said, though, how did one get around that?

“Still with me, Abbie?”

“Nyuh huh,” she said. There was a slow bob of her head that I took for a nod. Good enough.

“OK. So I want you to remember, Abbie. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. What Mr. Canon wants is more important than what Taylor wants. Understand?”

Again, the bob. I looked around the little-used room until I found some markers, then a piece of brown construction paper. I thrust a blue marker into her hand and set the paper atop a file cabinet, tapping for her attention. “Write it. Write down what I said.”

Abbie’s lips moved slowly as she wrote the words, exactly as I had said them. “Atta girl. Ten more times, now.”

That was all the more prompting required; her hand simply kept going as she hit the end of the line. Her handwriting was pretty large. It took two more pieces of construction paper to complete the ten.

“Good?” she asked when she finished. Hmm, crap. If she was lucid enough to ask a question, she was nearing proper consciousness.

“Now write, ‘If Taylor tells me to do something Mr. Canon won’t like, I’ll tell him before I do it.’ Understand?” I put a fresh sheet in front of her.

“If... Taylor... tells...” She mumbled the words as she wrote, but write them she did. This time, I told her to keep going. If this went like I intended – a big if – then maybe I could pull rank when Taylor went rogue, and with luck, get an early warning if she tried something awful. Maybe once Taylor realized her plans were no longer secret, it would even cause her to leave Abbie out of her mischief altogether.

As she went on through the ten copies, I wracked my brain for anything else to try while I had this final chance. My teacher instincts were kicking in, suggesting all the ways I could put this wayward girl on the right path. There were so many choices that would improve her life that I could cement with an utterance. Try hard in school. Ditch the homophobia. Juice WRLD wasn’t anything special. (I’d checked him out, just in case, but there was nothing there.)

“Next?” she mumbled, setting down the marker.

Decision time. Of all the voices that might have guided me in this decision – my teaching mentor, my favorite writers, my mother, my own libido – it was one from the distant past that reached out to me. One I had quite recently had hammered relentlessly into my brain.

I shook my head, then bent down and kissed the top of her head. (Then I stepped back, wrinkling my nose. Expulsion had not done wonders for the girl's hygiene.) "No, that's it. You do you, Abbie. You're fine the way you are."

I didn't care if the Serenex was doing its work on those words or not. I'd do more than enough to try to nudge her in the right direction on my own. She didn't need a drug to improve her any more than I did.

She glanced up to me, and slowly, a broad smile bloomed on her face. Not the sort of thing I'd ever say aloud, but it really was remarkable how much prettier she was when she smiled. A smirk may be the sign of her clan, but it didn't do her justice.

"How long have you been back with us?"

"You, my good sir, should call the Hallmark people. They finna make a movie outta you." She slowly rolled her shoulder, glanced around. "Are we in hell? Where the fuck is this?"

"It's a storage room for the English department at GHS."

"So next to hell." Her eyes rested a moment on the drying ink on the construction paper in front of her. "That was me, right?" She inspected it, smile fading as she read what I'd had her write. "Yep, that was me. Maybe don't wait on that call from Hallmark, C-dawg."

"Just so you know, that's not to abuse you or take advantage of you, all right? I'm only making sure Taylor doesn't drag you down with her. That's it. In fact, I'm telling you right now, if you feel like I am, I want you to tell me so I stop. OK?"

"We get it, we get it, you're a big-ass hero, yeah." She bumped her hip into me, only that impact bowled the both of us over when I completely failed to resist her. Evidently the dilution of my Serenex robbed it of the staying power hers was having on me.

The two of us sat there on the cold tile floor.

"Still under, huh."

"Yes I am."

"That shit dries your mouth out." She smacked her lips peevishly. "How'd things go with Tay? You two kiss and make up?"

"Close. We had sex, then we broke up."

"Damn, Dawg. Can't even keep a bitch when you roofie her. That shit's rough."

"I broke up with her."

"Da fuck?" She bumped me with an elbow, knocking my unresisting body onto my side. I lay there like a jellyfish on the beach.

"Please stop shoving me."

"Right, right, sorry. But you really...? She didn't tell you...?" Abbie shook her head disbelievingly as she helped me back upright.

"Tell me what?"

“You know. Feelings and all that shit.”

“We had a talk. You can ask her how it went.”

“Shit. That sucks, man. I’m sorry.”

I accepted her help getting back into a sitting position. “Thank you.”

“Fuck, she’s gonna be in a mood. I’ma be cleanin’ that bitch’s room until it glows in the mothafuckin’ dark.”

“Huh. Suddenly that makes more sense.”

“So we gonna fuck in here or what?”

I eyed her askance. “The body’s not even cold, Abbie.”

“Well mine is – AC vent is crazy up in here. Hella wasteful, if you ask me. Climate change and all that shit. C’mon, warm ya girl up?”

I didn’t move away, but as with Taylor, neither did I encourage her. “I have a lot of work to do yet tonight, Abbie.” True. I was in no state to do any of that work right now, but I could forgive myself that one small omission.

“Oh, fine. C’mon, C-dawg, let’s get you out of here.” She stood, then hauled me up behind her. I brushed the dust off my butt.

“Thank you again. Before we go, though, I wondered if you might permit me one small question.”

“Go for it.”

“Taylor told me a lot of things. About how she’d been your boss all along, the stuff she did to Tabitha, to Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. Now I’d like you tell me if there’s anything else she did. Anything I *won’t like*,” I said, emphasizing the phrasing from the Serenex to help prompt her if she was taciturn.

She did seem to be thinking. I decided to chalk up how long she thought to her still recovering from the drug. “Nah, don’t think so,” she answered anticlimactically.

“Look, maybe Taylor told you not to tell anyone, something like that? I understand. But if she wants you to keep a secret, and I want to know the secret, whose desire is more important?”

“You know I’m a junior, not a kindergartner, right? Even if I hadn’t read it,” she held up one of the papers, “you jammed it in my head. Jesus. Anyway, no. Gun to my head, there was nothing else Mr. Canon won’t like that I could tell him about before I do it.” She tore the sheet in half and tossed the pieces in the air.

Right, oppositional-defiant. “Sorry. I wanted to make sure there were no more surprises.”

“At least no surprises you won’t like, eh?” She winked.

“Abbie...”

“What? Read it yourself, dude. I only gotta snitch when we do something you won’t like.” She pointed to a page.

I wanted to point out that I didn't like secrets, but once again, starting an argument wasn't presently in my realm of possibility. "Sure. I suppose that's so."

"Man, that stuff made you give up easy." She stepped close and pulled my head down until our foreheads touched. Sharp blue eyes looked up at me pityingly. "You can relax, C-dawg. I'm fuckin' with ya."

"Seems your sense of humor is coming back faster than mine."

"Can't call it a comeback if it's a neverwas." She patted my cheek. "Now c'mon, all my friends are outta school. It's gonna be lit a.f. tonight, I gotta get home and clean up. If you're gonna play with my tits, just grab 'em already. Nobody's stopping ya."

"If I'm... what?" I cut off her repetition before it could begin. "No, I heard you. I must've just missed the segue somewhere."

"Missed the what now?"

"The seg... you know, never mind. Take it up with your English teacher."

"Hey, maybe I'll get lucky and get your class if I re-enroll." She grinned. "Man, not sure if I should go with a 'you could teach me all kinds of things' come-on or a 'I'm finna earn dat A' come-on. Take your pick."

It had occurred to me weeks ago that it might make for quite the awkward scenario having Abbie in class next year, though I wasn't exactly thrilled about that 'if' in regards to her returning to school. Still, we could address that when I was capable of making a persuasive case. After all, it sounded like old Stan Stern planned on kicking them out on their own before that even happened, the prick. There were ten rivers of uncertainty to cross before we go to setting classroom behavior expectations for my least subtle student slam piece.

She poked at my belly. "C'mon, you know you wanna. Sexy time at work is hot, yo."

"And you'd know that... how?"

"I worked at Subway last summer for a few weeks. My future boyfriend at the time Alex came by while I was working close one night and I jacked him off behind the counter. Asshole came without warning, too – had to wipe the shit off in some old bitch's meatball parm."

"I suppose I need not probe why you only lasted a few weeks."

"Nah, manager didn't see anything. Old bitch caught me stealing from the register. Allegedly."

"Wow. Just... wow."

Abbie made a frustrated noise and raised her shirt over her prodigious breasts. They gleamed in the soft yellow light filtering in through the closed blinds. "Come on already!"

"One, please keep your voice down, if you would, and two, I see we forewent the bra today."

“Come off it, man. You saw ‘em the minute you caught me vegging on the couch. Been starin’ ever since you came in here.”

“I have not.”

“Well, ya sure as fuck are now, aren’cha? Come on, I’m having a super good titty day. Play with me.”

“Abbie, I say this with all sincerity: it is difficult to imagine this body ever having bad titty days.” Truth. Two broad, weighty tits hung in the air between us. In addition to holding her shirt up, she was pressing them together slightly. It gave them the illusion of slightly more buoyancy than they otherwise possessed, though some of that was simply being a teenager. Somewhere down the road, these monsters would have some serious sag, but it was impossible to look at that youthful physique and imagine such a day. Here and now, they were simply a pair of massive, pillowy, mouth-watering titties. Was her arrogance a result of growing these stupendous things, or was their arrogance consequent of growing on Abbie Stern?

The bottom of her shirt she held in place with her teeth, redirecting her hands to heft her boobs as an offering. “It don’t happen often. C’mon. Have at ‘em. You know you wanna.”

Oh, fuck it. May as well ride my lucky streak.

I buried my face in between them. She giggled playfully, shook them against my face and slapping me about a bit. It almost knocked me down again, honestly; I had to seize one in each hand for some nice, placid fondling to keep her from throwing me off balance. I fed one into my mouth; her showering lapse was less objectionable with my nostrils filled with tits.

It didn’t take long before I gave in to her unspoken pleas for more, slipping a hand down the front of her sweatpants, down into her boxers, then easing into her pussy. For once, it wasn’t already dripping wet for me; it was actually kind of nice to have to build her up to it instead of having that level of arousal up front as a given. I didn’t have to work for it nearly often enough. I backed her up against the door and sucked away on her fat brown nipple like I was still a teenager myself, working her clit with the slightly more practiced grace of a twenty-six-year-old. Her teeth locked onto my shoulder, an inadvertent but not quite gentle love nip that persisted as her pussy rang out its orgasm.

Abbie caught her breath slowly, tits heaving hypnotically.

“Taylor’s a fuckin’ idiot for letting you go, man. Even zonked out of your mind on that crap, you are still one fuck of a good time.” She stretched up to kiss my cheek as her shirt rolled back down over two tits glistening with fresh slobber. “I figure we’re both gonna be busy the next little bit with graduation and summer vacay starting, but don’t you forget about me, yeah?”

“What are you, Molly Ringwald all the sudden?”

“Who the fuck is Molly Ringwald? Jesus, did you bring *another* fucking bitch into this shit?”

“What? No, it was an allusion to *The Breakfast Club*.”

“Huh? Man, fuck illusions, real breakfast sounds fucking amazing. I only had that bite of brat all day. You hungry?”

I put it on my mental list right after segues.

“I really do have work to do tonight, Abbie, sorry. Can you get home on your own? Catch a ride?”

“Don’t worry, I’ll manage. Now be a doll and make sure nobody’s looking so I can creep on outta here.”

I was a doll. After checking the nearby intersection, I waved her out of the room. Nobody was coming closer in any direction, at least not close enough to recognize her or care. The only exception was Isa, who was pretending to text on her phone nearby as she kept watch for us. “It’s clear. Leave via the athletics area doors. If you open the E doors without the security code, you’ll set off the alarm.” I waved her toward the specified exit.

A short time later, from my classroom window I could see her strutting down the sidewalk heel-toe peacocked. She’d know I was watching, yes, but she’d walk that walk anyway.

It only took an hour of incessant, ear-splitting ringing for the alarm to stop.

And that was it. No more students until August. The end of an otherwise unremarkable year, save for one entirely accidental harem and nearly getting fired and sent to prison. Hell, after how things had gone with Taylor, I wasn't entirely sure she wouldn't find some way to flip this around on me yet. I didn't think so, though. It was anyone's guess whether that had been an amicable breakup, or the Serenex-induced calm before a truly terrifying storm.

Once my head was clear enough, Isa and Candy gave me a ride back to the Sterns' to retrieve my car.

"So, you wanna explain what the hell happened with you today?" Candy opened. Isa gripped the steering wheel of her police issue SUV tightly, glancing at me in the rear view mirror. There was no cage or anything, but it felt like there was.

"Not really," I said dryly. Only then, the silence grew increasingly uncomfortable. Finally, I released an exasperated sigh. "Fine. I wanted Taylor to take her final. I spent two years trying to teach her something, and I wanted to see if I had. I'm an all-day sucker, OK?"

"You wanted to see if she'd learned something?" I could see her eyes rolling through the back of her seat. "You spent a month having the girl do make-up work for her classes, and never passed along a single assignment for my class. Truly, your commitment to her education is legendary."

Isa was focused on the more relevant aspects of the story, however. "Get back to the part where that entailed using the last of your spray on Abbie, and letting them use it on you."

"I only brought the Serenex as a just in case, and she forced my hand. It took the last of it to fend her off. There was no other way."

"And Abbie?"

"Caught in the crossfire, you could say. I didn't do anything to her – except try to extricate her out from under Taylor's thumb, now that I found out what all had been going on behind my back all this time."

"What all did they tell you?" asked Candy.

I folded my arms. "Funny you should ask. They told me everything. I know Taylor was behind it all. Your reprogramming, corrupting Cassie, enslaving Tabitha... all of it Taylor. Which, by the way, thanks for not telling me about."

"What is it we supposedly didn't tell you about, exactly?"

"Oh, maybe that you were *supplying her with more Serenex behind my back!*" I thundered. Thank god that crap had worn off. I'd been holding that in for way too long. "That was really considerate, having me her into my bed while she was spending her days trying to fuck me. Figuratively, I mean."

"Yeah, fucking you literally is for the night times, right master," she replied dryly, unrattled. I wasn't the first person in the back seat of this police vehicle to yell at the

driver, I supposed. “How Taylor ever overwhelmed your many, many layers of reluctance is one of those mysteries modern science can’t answer.”

I folded my arms. “While we’re lobbing insinuations, do you want to tell me what you did to Abbie this afternoon?”

Isa’s eyes narrowed in the rear view mirror. “What? I didn’t do a damn thing to that kid and you know it. I wouldn’t have messed with her even if you hadn’t ordered it. Unlike some people, I’m not letting what’s between my legs do my thinking for me.”

I hadn’t even meant it through a sexual lens, but it was telling that she took it that way. Evidently even the holier-than-thou cop was no stranger to temptations of the flesh. I issued my retort dryly, “Right, who could name a time where you tried to destroy someone whom you thought was abusing Serenex.”

Candy turned to face me heatedly. “Sorry, Canon. I guess it’s just that someone recently offered to help treat our slutty little compulsions, only instead used the last dose of cure to make a dropout loser take a test she couldn’t pass for a diploma she couldn’t earn!”

“You can’t undo what’s been done! I tried it on Abbie, and it didn’t do a thing!”

“Says you!”

“And says Abbie!” barked Isa on her heels.

So they still had a little fight in them. We could see about that. “Isa, pull over.”

“We’re almost there. I’ll pull over when—”

“Pull over. *Now.*”

“Mama, don’t—”

But we were already coming to a stop. We were in a residential neighborhood, shady trees lining either side of the street. The playful shrieks of children enjoying their first taste of summer could be heard in several directions, but not seen.

“You’re walking the rest of the way? That’s rather childish, don’t you think, master?”

“I’m not. You two are.”

“We’re... what?”

“Master, come on. Don’t be—”

“Out. Both of you. Get out.”

It was a chain reaction, and it happened quickly. Isa whimpered involuntarily, then scowled at the whimper, then whimpered at the scowl. The car shifted into park just in time before her hands were overcome with the need to touch herself as she muttered a curse. In the passenger seat, Candy was leering at her partner with heavy-lidded eyes, and soon was pawing at her own blouse as well.

“Get out. If I have to say it again, there are going to be consequences.”

They made me say it again.

As they fussily huffed out of the car, squirming with itches I had no intention of scratching, I hopped out as well, replacing Isa in the driver's seat and rolling the tinted window down.

"Anything special I should know about driving a cop car?"

"That it's illegal for you to do it? But since that obviously doesn't matter to you, nothing you need to make it a quarter mile," she answered glumly.

"Do you even have the address, mama?"

"Easy peasy, I assured her. We're almost there. Turn right on Elm. Their house is a little ways down on the right. Now unbutton your tops."

Isa's eyes flew open. "What?! Are you out of your mind, master?"

"I was going to have you go down to your bras. Now I want those buttons down to your belly buttons."

"You're insane, Canon. No way we're gonna—"

"It's all part of the plan, Candy. I know what I'm asking. Now unbutton it. Hurry."

It was watching Candy's resistance melt into total passivity in response to that single four-letter word that fueled Isa's rage to the point where she fell to her knees beneath my window, fumbling at her uniform with trembling hands. Candy's blouse had widely spaced buttons, so she was done in moments. Except once she'd undone it, however, I saw she was wearing an undershirt. "Undershirt in the back. You, too, Barbie. Plus your bras."

"What?!"

"Next time don't make me repeat myself."

A car approached, slowing to a near crawl in the presence of a uniformed cop standing beside her car, as if it were some sort of tricky speed trap where the cop lured you in with curiosity by kneeling with her back to you while, by all appearances, she fondled her tits. Once she realized she was being watched, she stood back up, seething at the lookie-loo; they did a double take at the sight of her ample cleavage emerging into view as the buttons continued to fall one by one. As she unfastened the final button, flat brown stomach emerging between navy flaps of fabric, her hand went to her taser, and they fled. She then retreated to the sidewalk side of the car to wriggle out of her bra without taking her top off while Candy groped along her lover's hips, her own petite bust protruding from between the parted halves of her blouse. She looked whorish.

Once my former seat was filled by the former underclothes of my former travel mates, I shifted into drive and left them in my dust. Isa raised a fist, shrieking some threat that didn't penetrate her car. By the time I turned onto the Sterns' street, the two were jogging after me. I squinted into the rear view mirror to take in the sight of their tits flopping and bobbling madly as they dashed after their vehicle. With a private chuckle, I pulled away.

I didn't get their messages until I was back home, my own car resting safely in the garage. I'd found it remarkably without punctured tires, broken windows or even a busted tail light. Taylor seemed to be taking it well. The girls' car hadn't been there; hopefully she was out with friends having a good time and taking her mind off of the whole mess. Mrs. Stern had been outside watering her plants; she had casually returned my wave as I pulled out of her driveway. With what had been done to her, she'd have probably done the same had she seen me casually pull out of her daughters.

Back home, I ordered dinner and got to work slogging through the remainder of my seniors' essays. My head was clear enough by that point that I was ready to levy judgment. Only took four and a half hours for my head to clear. Once I was settled in and fed, I read the texts.

You're lucky I can't kill you for that, Isa had written. She'd copied Candy on it as well, who had followed moments later with a bitmoji of her avatar pointing a slingshot in the direction of the viewer.

You're lucky I changed my mind and didn't leave the flashers and siren running. It had crossed my mind. The whole neighborhood peering out their front windows to see what the police were doing at the Sterns' this time, only to find two women with their tits hanging out of their tops jogging down the street and diving into the police SUV.

It took a few minutes before either of them replied, and it came from Candy. *You should have seen how bad she got lol*

Promise me you won't humiliate me like that again, Isa wrote. Before I could come up with a good reply, she continued, *I was so fucking horny I barely made it off the block before I had to get myself off.*

Both of you, quit you whining and send me a pic with your tits out. Then I reconsidered. *Actually make it a video, and apologize for being bad bitches.*

I made it through another couple essay questions before I received their reply. There they were, posing in front of their bathroom mirror, recording their reflections with Candy's phone held out to one side. Both of them were completely naked, and Isa had even let her hair down from its tight cop bun, the blonde-streaked brown strands dangling between those stupendous breasts of hers. Candy, just a wee bit taller, cleared the counter with her pussy just visible, while Isa's was tantalizingly out of sight.

"We're sorry, Mr. Canon," they said in a sing-songy unison. Candy even thrust her lip out poutingly, tapping it with a finger. Isa's recitation had a bit of a sarcastic tone to it, a fact which wasn't lost on her girlfriend.

Candy's free hand came down hard on Isa's bare ass, a *clap* echoing in the small room; the police officer squealed and jumped in alarm at the rebuke. "What the fuck?!"

"Say it like you mean it, you submissive little bitch. Your master said so."

"I swear to god, baby, I am not going to stand here and be—"

Another blow landed; it was remarkable how little Isa did to dodge it despite the ample warning she was given. She groaned, bending double as the rage hit her full in the clit. It only allowed Candy keep going. Isa braced herself on the countertop as the smacks rained down. Eventually, after entrancing me with the wobbling of her hanging tits as she came from sheer mortification, Candy let up long enough for her to work out any sound more substantial than squeaks and moans.

“Say it, mama.”

Isa remained bent over, by all appearance eager for it to continue. Candy’s finger with its cool blue nail polish weaved between her thighs, teasing her.

“I’m very sorry for my behavior, master. Thank you for teaching me.”

The finger disappeared inside her. She moaned helplessly, collapsing tits down on the sink as she came. “Atta girl,” said Candy, winking into the mirror.

The recording ended. I watched it three times – just long enough to rub one out – before I read the texts they’d sent during my viewing.

This is going to be a good summer if you keep that up, wrote Candy.

Isa was more direct. *Our place, Sunday night after graduation. Non-negotiable.*

I replied with a thumbs up, though they’d learn soon enough that there would definitely be negotiation. What would come of our bizarre little relationship, I had no idea, but I expected it would make for an interesting summer indeed. The mystery was intriguing and all, though I did mean to sit them down and talk out basic arrangements and probe comfort levels sooner rather than later. Maybe without Isa present, so Candy could advocate for her without dimming Isa’s sensation that she was, as Taylor had remade her, my submissive little bitch.

As it so happened, I’d see them before Sunday anyway. After all, we worked together.

I finished grades around two in the morning and immediately collapsed, utterly spent. That had been one of the longest days of my life. Like Isa and Candy's tits, however, its gravity only increased in the rear view mirror.

Friday was the final teacher day. It was almost off-putting seeing the faculty milling about in comfy old house clothes, weaving around the busy custodial staff beginning their deep cleanse before the milder mayhem of summer school. Some of their kids were around, too, future GHS students presently running around squealing delightedly with free reign of this huge school full of distracted but trustworthy guardians.

(Mostly trustworthy, anyway. Still, I'd only slept with a handful of them, and all of them eighteen-year-olds. In terms of age, I didn't know where the hard line fell on scandalous vs. evil, but I was quite comfortable using the government's prescribed limits.)

I reported to Principal Horen first thing. Teachers with seniors were required to, so they could confirm who had and hadn't met graduation requirements so that the printing of diplomas could commence. She had access to the online gradebook in SchoolWays, but the formality of reporting in ensured nobody was still entering a few final scores that might make a difference. Horen was nothing if not attentive to minutiae.

"Everybody met requirements, Mrs. Horen. Good to go on my end."

She didn't turn to face me, browsing something on her computer. "Oh? I thought there was one failure."

"Nah, we had a couple near misses, but everybody got the minimum. Felix Gupta wrote some fairly impressive final essays, brought himself up all the way to a D. No minus even, solid sixty-three percent."

"And Ms. Stern?"

"Oh. Well, no, I suppose she didn't. I thought she was expelled?" I had seen she was still in the gradebook while entering scores the night before, bleary-eyed, but I assumed that was an oversight.

She swivelled to face me at last. "Her suspension carried through the end of the year. We're allowing the police investigation to handle the matter. Legally speaking, she's a student here until removed by the state. I imagine it won't be long."

"I imagine not. So then yes, one failure."

She regarded me evenly, attempting that age-old trick of letting silence do her intimidating for her. "You don't sound disappointed."

"She nearly ended my career, on top of which, she deserves to fail. It's all of it right there in the gradebook. I'm not losing any sleep over it."

Again, the silence. I gave her nothing for it. When she realized I wasn't cracking, giving her whatever tawdry admission she might be hoping for, she pivoted back to her screen, returning to her task. "Thank you for your report."

"Anything else?"

Mrs. Horen didn't look back, but she did at least halt her typing for a moment to address me. "You may not care what I think, Mr. Canon, but for what it's worth, I do think you're an excellent teacher. We're lucky to have you."

It was a good thing she wasn't looking, because I completely failed to mask my surprise. "Um, thank you."

"But don't take that to mean that I think you're an innocent man."

I didn't know how to respond to that. She didn't elaborate, however, so I simply said, "Have a nice summer, Mrs. Horen."

"Mm."

The remainder of the morning was spent in the usual end-of-year activities. Reporting missing materials, organizing returned ones, tidying up so August would be one iota less of an ordeal. Amy was in and out, flitting between all the members of her department.

She leaned around my doorway; finding me in the midst of re-stacking heavy piles of textbooks, she let herself in. "Hey, you're back. While I have you, we had a couple updates to your fall schedule I wanted to run by you."

I set down the pile of textbooks with a thud. "I saw you'd emailed me, but I hadn't read it past the subject line. Is this something else?"

"No, it's in the email, but some people don't check over the summer, but better yet, I wanted to share in person anyway. So it's good news, I think. Next fall, you're dropping one of your junior English sections for another senior. You'll be co-teaching with Mrs. West's replacement, once she has one."

Mrs. West was a GHS institution, retiring as the special education department chair at last after forty-three years in the district. She was also about that many years behind the curve, though it was blasphemy to point it out. I wasn't the only one looking forward to new blood, and my special ed integrated classes were usually a fun challenge.

"Sounds groovy. So they haven't said about who's coming in? Last I'd heard they were moving Mrs. Colloca up."

"There's nothing official, but it sounds like she'll get the department head but not the mixed classes. Plus it looks like she'll be out on maternity leave most of the fall semester anyway. Just keep checking that email – you'll know a name when we know a name."

"Cool, cool. Thanks, Amy."

"Oh, but that's not all, kiddies! Remember last fall when we pitched the American History/American Lit block class?"

“Nope, I only spent weeks prepping the presentation and then forgot all about it. Just like Horen did the minute we finished,” I added, grumbling. “Wait, you’re not saying...”

“Bing! We got it!” She darted over and we exchanged an exuberant high five.

“No way! What the hell changed? I thought guidance was dead set against incorporating it into the curriculum!”

“They were – they are – but apparently word got out to the PTO and somebody with a big voice started barking into a phone. Don’t ask me who got a bug up their butt about it, but the point is, it’s going through! Which means you’re losing your other junior section – sorry! – and one of your senior’s is going to be the block, two periods back to back, just like we pitched.”

“That’s great news. Man, just when you think the sticks in the mud have all the power...! So, who’s my buddy in the social studies department? Mois? Racine?”

“I’ll have the other section with Coach Mois. You’ve got Salata, actually. You two are buddies, right?”

“Uh, yeah. That’s right.” Candy? As if we weren’t going to have enough excuses to spend time together this summer, now we had an entirely novel course to plan. “Should be great.”

“I can’t wait to see what we can cook up. Are you going to be at the thing this evening?”

“Wouldn’t miss it!”

“Great! Then we can talk more there.”

Nothing like a little good news to make sweaty drudgery pass quicker. As for “the thing that evening,” I’d actually forgotten all about it. Every year, as teachers finished up at school, turned in their room keys and required materials and checked out for the summer, our first stop was at Chili’s. We trickled in throughout the afternoon and into the evening, one long train of comings and goings as we toasted to another year under our belts. I’d missed it one year, too tired from an all-nighter grading essays, but this year, it was on.

It was, as ever, a heck of a party by teacher standards. Drinking in moderation, unlimited chips and queso, and best of all, food not served with a ladle drawn out of a metal tub. I stuck around long enough to have lunch and dinner. I got to retell the fiction of being mass flashed three separate times as the crowd changed over the hours and demanded salacious gossip. I poked a little fun at Candy while a big group of us were gathered, claiming that I’d bumped into former student Xavier Burney not long ago, and he’d told me she’d gotten herself a new tattoo. A crimson-faced Candy sputtered out a lie that it was private, something she’d gotten to commemorate her grandmother in a place she’d rather not show us. I let her off with that bit of improv,

though Isa promptly excused herself to the women's room immediately after, returning a few minutes later with one fewer button done on her blouse.

It was a heck of a good time, cathartic and relaxing. Teachers from every department were in attendance, along with some of the administration. (Not Horen, though. We were all pretty sure she'd never let her guard down enough to drink.) Isa was along, too, and I even saw Randi there. I waved her over to a small table for just the two of us.

"Oh hey, Mr. Canon," she said, shedding her jacket and taking a seat. I wondered if Randi seeing me out of khakis and a polo shirt was as strange to her as it was for me seeing Randi out of her usual coveralls.

We exchanged a few pleasantries, talked about summer plans, and when a waiter came over, I asked him to put her meal on my check.

"You didn't have to do that, Mr. Canon," she protested. Her smile, however, was pleased.

"You can call me by my first name, you know," I laughed. One of the strangest things about becoming a teacher was suddenly becoming Mr. Canon instead of who I'd been my whole life to date. "It's—"

"Don't bother, I'm awful with names. Besides, pardon my French, but Canon's a pretty badass last name. You should own it."

"Language!" I gasped, scandalized, before giving her a laugh. "I do my best. And you know, I just wanted to say, I can't thank you enough for going out of your way to talk to that detective on my behalf. I think it went a long way to getting me out of that whole mess."

"My pleasure," she insisted, reaching across the table and giving my hand a comforting squeeze. "You're an excellent teacher, Mr. Horen."

"You'd be surprised how often I hear that." I flushed slightly at the compliment.

"I'm serious! I'm in and out of all these classrooms every day, and I don't see many teachers going that extra mile trying to drag a hellion like Taylor Stern across the finish line."

"Apparently I'm not much of a dragger." I shook my head. "Gave it a heck of a try though."

"Say, speaking of, I was hoping you were going to be here. I found this on the floor under your desk when I was finishing up in there this afternoon." From her purse, she produced a badly crumpled sheaf of stapled papers. I recognized it immediately.

Taylor's essay.

"I wouldn't have bothered, but I knew how hard you were trying with her, so I figured, just in case I bumped into you."

"You didn't read it, did you?"

Our waiter chose that moment to return with our drink orders and some chips and salsa. I snatched the paper out of his way and stuffed it under my leg on the bench.

Randi took a sip from her margarita. “Mm, that’s not bad. Not enough tequila, but hey, we just started.”

“Randi? Did you, um, read it?”

She nodded. “Sure. Way better than her last try, that real smutty one. Sorry, but the way you two were fighting over it that one afternoon when I popped in, I got nosy, so when I emptied your bins, I fished it out and gave it a read. Smart kid though, right? I was the exact opposite. Hard worker, minded my teachers, but nothing ever clicked right for me. Such a waste.”

Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh GOD! “Um, look, you should know, all those things she said, they’re not real,” I began, but I was stammering so badly she had no trouble finding a moment to cut me off.

“Look, whatever you do with students and staff is for the best, and nobody else’s business.” She raised her glass to me. “You’re an excellent teacher. We’re lucky to have you.”

My stomach dropped.

They’d gotten to her.

“I... who... when did they...”

She somehow followed my incoherent stutters. “You asking about that stuff? Oh, that was so long ago, I can’t...” She took a drink, mulling it over. “No, you know what? I think it was that same day, with that whole essay kerfuffle. Funny, right? Yeah, the little fox waited until I was doing one of the bathrooms, snuck up behind me and...” She mimed spraying her face. “Don’t you worry, though. Nothing’s more important to me than making sure you and your girls can have your fun.”

My god, when I was poised to listen for it, hearing the way Serenex twisted speech with its rote repetition was just detectable enough to be utterly chilling. “So you knew, this whole time, that we...?”

“Sure, sure. You aren’t nearly as subtle as you think you are. Classroom doors got that big gap at the bottom, ya know, and there’s a little sliver between those papers you got over your windows that you can see right in. Don’t you lose any sleep over it though. If I saw you were up to anything, I kept out of your hair and ran the vacuum so nobody’d hear nothing.”

Shit. So Taylor – or Abbie, which was still Taylor by proxy – had gotten to Randi all the way back toward the beginning of all this. Taylor was the reason she’d submitted that statement on my behalf – and it had been total bullshit. Yet it had worked perfectly, right up until I made them take the fall for me.

No, I told myself. You're not forgiving her. This is just one more innocent person she brainwashed to get what she wanted. It's more proof that she can't be trusted and you shouldn't let her within ten miles of you. No.

“Well, thanks for that too, then, Randi.”

“No problem, Mr. Canon.” We clinked glasses, and I downed mine in a gulp. By the time I let Candy and Isa drive my thoroughly inebriated ass home, no pranks this time, I'd succeeded at convincing myself about Taylor. There was no going back.