

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Twenty-Eight: Summative Evaluations

“Damnit, Taylor.”

A few students looked up at my unintentional outburst. Justin was one of them, an open glare on his face. “Language, C-dawg.” His tone conveyed that he did not take kindly to either word in my pronouncement.

“Sorry, gang. I, um... just keep going.”

Only Justin and Tabitha dwelled on it. My cursing about Taylor wasn’t exactly unheard of, though was more unusual on account of her not having been in class in a week. Justin held the indignant scowl until I returned eye contact and acknowledged it. Tabitha likewise, though only to smile at me out of one side of her mouth and briefly let her thighs spread apart enough to let me – and anyone on the opposite side of our U-shaped seating chart who happened to glance up – a glimpse up her dress. White panties today. Some kind of pattern on them, I was pretty sure, since she’d flashed them at me half a dozen times, basically whenever I glanced up. Reading through Taylor’s description of her brazen, vindictive brainwashing, it had less to do with the pale path of thigh and panties visible up her dress atop her stockings, and more with the contents of the essay. I’d meant to talk to her when I let the class go for their mid-exam lunch break about not distracting others, but then the conspicuously empty seat next to Justin broke my willpower and made me pick up that damnable essay.

I’d read it three times now. The only thing that had kept me from shredding it to pieces and throwing it in the air were the facts that it would cause a scene and that I’d be the one cleaning it up.

Lunch was only a few minutes away now. In fact, I went ahead and moved to the front of the room, a subtle reminder of the impending interruption. I kept my eyes on the clock as I...

I...

Damnit Taylor! There was no ignoring what I had read.

“Um, Mr. Canon? Are we...?” Jesse nodded to the hallway, where the soft stampede of the lunch rush was audible.

“Oh. Uh, yes, go ahead. Wait! Leave your materials on your desks, um, and... yeah. Eat well. I...”

“Get some sleep, C-dawg,” said a sympathetic Anton on his way out with a pat on the shoulder.

The class filtered out, except of course for Tabitha. Nobody had asked her to linger, but after yesterday, it was anticipated. She floated over to me, a thin smile on ruby red lips. “Are you doing OK? What’d the bitch do this time?”

“It’s nothing, Tabitha. You should go get lunch. It’s your final high school lunch ever – wouldn’t want to miss your last shot at beef stroganoff.”

“It’s mac and cheese, and I won’t miss it. If you’re up for it, I’d much rather get another tutoring session in with my favorite teacher. You sound like you could use a good distraction. I already spoke to Officer Barbour this morning, bumped into her on my way in from the parking lot. She said she could keep an eye out for us. I took care of everything for us.”

She planted her forearms on my shoulders, delicate fingertips teasing against my scalp. The girl made sure she was well within kissing range. Her perfume really needed to be mandated as the standard for the lot of them. She smelled like freshly fucked lilies.

Classroom sex with a student. My last opportunity for the year. Possibly ever. With Cassie and Taylor graduating and the Sterns expelled, this could be it, my last fix without smuggling my girls in after hours or the like and doing some role play. It wouldn’t be the same. Now, they were the fantasy. My very own willing, beautiful, pliable schoolgirl. It would be memorable, too; she would make sure of that. Yesterday had proven that she knew how to milk that kink cow dry. Tabitha understood me, and was at the ready to fulfill any desire I made known to her. She’d do it, do it well, and be grateful for the opportunity.

So why was I even thinking of doing anything else? Because my resident rebel had revealed she’d paid attention three days out of the year and that she could string a few sentences together? Even then, only to say...

Damnit, Taylor!

“Well, Mr. Canon? We can make a good start on the summer. And hopefully the fall, and the winter, and as long as you’ll keep teaching me how to be a woman. You going to let me take care of you?”

Fuck it. And fuck Taylor Stern.

I disengaged from her arms. Before that sulky look could settle in, she realized I was looking her over, inspecting her body. She stood in place as I did a lap around her, examining her lithe young body from all angles.

“I don’t think that outfit is long enough for the dress code, Ms. Hutchings.”

The rules of the game were immediately clear to her. The goody two shoes’ eyes widened in fear at getting in trouble for perhaps the second time in her young life. It was a perfect imitation of the woman she’d been before Taylor had... before all this. “Oh! I’m sorry, Mr. Canon. I don’t have anything to change into, though! Can’t we let it slide, just this once?”

“You’re going to distract the boys, teasing them like this. I can’t have it, especially not on finals day.”

“But Mr. Canon!” she protested. “Please, I promise I won’t flash my panties at them any more. I’ll keep my legs together *really* tight. OK? Would that be enough?”

“After the way you’ve carried yourself thus far, I can’t trust that you’re actually contrite and not simply playing me for a fool. I have no choice but to send you home, and give you a zero on your exam.”

“I would never tease! I’m contrite! You can punish me, even, just don’t make me stop the exam! I need this test for my transcript, Mr. Canon, please! My future is in your hands!”

No playing hard to get about it. This girl wanted her absolution, and she wanted it now. The dress came up; the panties came down. Tabitha’s long, slender fingers gripped the edges of her desk, braced. I wasn’t about to say no. I unloaded all the stress and frustration that her class, mostly one student in particular, had engendered in me over the past ten months. Her ass was beet red before I was through, but I kept on smacking it while I fucked her after. Her bare tits gradually slathered sweat stains on her exam papers. I finished in her mouth, ordering her not to miss a drop. She splashed on more perfume, yet nobody complained about sex smell this time when the class came back for the remaining ninety minutes of the exam.

The little minx even managed to get out of her seventh period exam early. While the rest of the school was finishing tests and holding their breath for that last bell, I was succumbing to Tabitha’s self-debasing pleas for an opportunity to sell her body for a few points of extra credit. She might have come again as she watched me open her entry in the gradebook and tack on 3 meager points. It elevated her from a 101.03% to a 101.28%.

I finished grading and entering finals at two in the morning. Without skipping a beat, I contacted Tabitha, Cassie, Megan, Isa and Candy and issued a straightforward command to come over to my house, now. Wear something slutty. While I waited, I broke down and even woke up Abbie, too. Not her fault Taylor had dragged her into all this, as I now knew at last. If she’d caused some mayhem along the way, most of it had been in service of bringing me more pussy, an honest interpretation of Taylor’s inadvertent brainwashing that girls like the two of them were supposed to be sex objects and fantasy sluts. Any blame or resentment I’d ever heaped upon her had now been redirected where it had always belonged.

There was no more talk from Isa and Candy about moral dilemmas when faced with the cunt buffet that awaited them in my bedroom. The six of us fucked until dawn, a slow-moving, quivering dog pile of asses and tits and pussies, and somewhere in there, a lone dick fighting to keep up with the endless demands on it. I denied Cassie her request to film the proceedings, wanting her to be a part of them, but I did

surreptitiously grab someone's phone from the nightstand in the midst of it and took a few high angle shots. Most were too blurry, but one was still enough to actually capture the essence of it.

At the bottom of the pic was my cock, splitting wide the labia of Isa, who in turn was slurping away at Abbie's dangling tits while she smiled slack-jawed with heavy-lidded eyes at the camera. Tabitha had gotten ahold of a sex toy somewhere and was in the midst of casually plunging it into Abbie's pussy as the over-achiever leaned down to lap at my dick as it thrust. On the other side of the bed was a sort of triangular sixty-nine. Cassie's face was buried between her coach's legs, whose head was just out of frame but was indubitably the source of the blissed out expression on Megan's face as she gasped momentarily free from her daughter's slit, which, at a closer zoom, still showed traces of the cum I'd dumped in her not long earlier.

Summer arrived. Orgies at my place became a staple of life for the seven of us. On the rare occasion I was free from casual drop-ins, I could call them one at a time or in a group whenever I liked. Tabitha took up private tutoring from Candy in order to brush up on her lesbian skills. Even when assured that bisexuality wasn't essential to gain my approval, she insisted that when I wanted a show, she meant to make sure that she looked as sexy as possible. If it made my climax 1% sweeter, she would master it.

By the end of the summer, the girls had worn me down. Cassie and Tabitha were allowed to enroll in a local college so they could remain on hand to be my respective booty call and pet slut. My place sold by early August, so after an all-night farewell fuckathlon, the three of us and Abbie moved into a three bedroom house in White Oaks. It made for a longer commute to GHS, but it also meant fewer nosy students, former students, parents and coworkers to notice the many gorgeous young women coming and going from my place all the time. It was too late in the year to install a swimming pool, but the girls were insistent on it. At Cassie's urging, she and Abbie each started an OnlyFans, and later a separate joint one for the two of them to appear together, to save up for one in the spring. Tabitha said she was pretty sure she could coax the required money from her dad, but recognized that her playmates wanted to contribute. As such, seeing the lusty gleam in my eye as I watched them posing, she started one of her own, though tastefully made sure not to show her face.

I didn't keep tabs on their finances; by spring, the three of them had saved up enough that they told me to put my wallet away and paid off the whole thing, along with a privacy fence and a pair of maple trees by our sole two-story neighbor so our endless fuckfest wouldn't be contained to the indoors when weather permitted. A single complaint was called in about us once, one night when I was fucking Cassie's ass in the pool and she got a little too vocal, or rather, too loud about her usual state of being too vocal. By then, however, Isa had transferred to the White Oaks PD and fielded the call personally. She addressed our nosy asshole of a neighbor with horrifying efficacy,

quickly turning it around on him with a lecture about the criminality involved in making a false report. She was so aggressive that it nearly started a fight. The uptight jerk was only spared the taser because of my direct intervention, but I think he got the hint about where I stood in the eyes of local law enforcement.

The girls and I rewarded Isa with a weekend slumber party during which we let her wait on us hand and foot in a fetish cop uniform Candy had purchased for her birthday, complete with cleavage threatening the integrity of its buttons and navy shorts so brief she couldn't leave the house in them. The two of them never did ask me for that Serenex "cure." I never brought it up again. I gave Isa away at their wedding that fall, then took her right back during our threeway honeymoon in Cancun.

Tabitha soon dropped out of school, citing that the community college was a waste of her time when she had admissions at far more prestigious institutions. Besides, she could always simply get a job at her father's company if either of us bored of our situation as sex mentor and sex mentee. She continued to put her best effort into everything she did, and drove up the performance of the others by setting a high standard for my attention. She learned it all, but even after she finally passed my course with a 113% following the final exam (a three-day weekend of fucking, sucking, spanking and wanking) she never tired of practicing. Blowjob, handjob, I even let her learn how to give footjobs. Tit-fucking remained on deferment to her peers; on my orders, she never put in for the breast augmentation, but she always made sure I knew it was an option, that her tits were mine to redesign at my pleasure. Her charity didn't stop in the bedroom though. Being the perfect sexual partner meant mastering the art of seduction, attire and costuming, role play and theatricality, and the challenge of seeking out any and every kink or quirk I might harbor or develop never dulled.

Abbie was a big help to her in that guard. No longer kept at length by her jealous sister, she was finally allowed to get to work on my, and her own, fantasy slut checklist. Some weeks we made it shorter; other weeks I'd get caught up with the other girls and her imagination outpaced us. She wasn't the best roommate, sloppy and almost aggressively inconsiderate, but with intervention and consequences, we kept the worst of it confined to her room. Besides, Isa was only too happy to come over and tidy up master's harem – the more degrading the chore, the better. Abbie had developed a real bi side herself, seeded by her first tutorial with Candy, then kept watered and verdant by her live-in co-sluts. She never spoke up about finishing high school or getting a job, and whatever her online persona as a "hashtag e-thot" (as Cassie dubbed it) brought in was more than enough to pay for her end of things, so I let it slide.

Cassie herself delved deeper and deeper into her own site, picking up shifts at Jumping Jack's stripping. She was a natural. Comfortable in her skin, radiant in her sexuality, sweet as cream, and endlessly chatty with the regulars. She kept her tips in an empty cheesy puff jug in her bedroom, and when it filled up, she started on another.

Meanwhile she'd done her work on creating a brand for herself. The girl started a "fitness" stream of her exercising or running on the treadmill in skin-baring spandex; a blog about her sex life that her fans devoured as fictional erotica (I even anonymously guest wrote a few columns); and yes, eventually I gave the poor dear her fondest wish and co-starred in a sex video with her. (It was POV, so the only way anyone would know it was me was if they recognized my cock.) She threw herself a coming out party for her official entry into pornography, which was basically just an orgy, and the six of us tag-teamed her atop a pile of four emptied jugs worth of assorted sweaty cash.

As for Taylor, I—

"Well, Mr. Canon? You going to let me take care of you?"

I jumped at the sudden sound. Tabitha was still peering up at me over the frames of her glasses, smiling seductively, her fingers still teasing through my hair. It took a moment to reorient myself in reality. I was in my classroom. It was the last day of school. My sixth period final was on hold for lunch. Taylor was missing it.

"I'm sorry, Tabitha. I can't. Get some lunch." I kissed her forehead, snatched my briefcase and was on my way to the door before she'd even recovered from the sudden rejection enough to turn her head. "I have to run."

I left my car running in the Sterns' driveway. By the time I'd gotten here, my heart was racing from the terror of driving that wildly. My car's clock was synched with the one in my classroom, so it was with certainty that I knew there were barely fifteen minutes until lunch ended. Then there would be a five minutes transition from the cafeteria back to class, where the exam would resume. It had taken me nineteen minutes to get here, including the dash out of the building. No time for niceties.

The door was unlocked; I hadn't bothered knocking. Mr. and Mrs. Stern would be no barrier to me, if they were even home on a weekday morning. I passed Abbie in the living room. She was slouched into the corner of the sofa in a thin t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants that had sunk lazily halfway down her hips to show her frumpy boxers. Her hair was an absolute mess. I caught the Hallmark logo in the bottom corner of the TV screen, an anachronistic sprig of Christmas holly in the opposite one.

"C-dawg? Hey, hot stuff. Uh, you sneaking in for a nooner or somethin'? Shit, if you'd told me you were comin' I woulda tried to look cute."

I ignored her, striding down the hall toward Taylor's room. She wasn't there, so I had no choice but to double back. "Where is she?" I demanded back in the living room.

"Who? Tay?" I didn't waste words responding. "Oh. I think she's out back. She was grilling us some—"

I was already gone. Mercifully, she wasn't following me. There wasn't time to batter down the gates. Though unfamiliar with the house, it wasn't hard to find the back door. There, on the other side of a sliding glass door, was Taylor's ass. As if fated, it was covered in the thin, clingy blue fabric of the very athletic shorts she'd worn the first day I'd kept her after school. When she turned, my attention was arrested by the sight of those proud, preposterously perky tits of hers bulged out of a neon yellow tube top that only covered the bottoms with a couple inches to spare.

"Um, isn't this a school day? The fuck you doing here?" she snapped, glaring over her shoulder. Her focus remained on a pair of brats sizzling on the grill.

"It is. So you're coming with me, and you're taking your final. We don't have time to argue. Let's go. Now."

"What? I got kicked out. No finals for me. If you wanna hang, cool. I'd offer you a brat, but we only had two left and also you're an asshole."

My schedule had exactly zero seconds allotted for argument. Instead of joining her in snarky banter, I reached into the pocket of my slacks, withdrew the canister of Serenex I'd brought along in my briefcase, and sprayed. She glanced back just in time, ducking down and avoiding the first blast, which went right through where she'd been standing and splashed across the grill in a hiss of acrid steam. I corrected my aim quickly, spritzing her bare arm.

A brown stripe bloomed on her tanned skin, and then the canister went silent. Shaking it did nothing but rattle. It was empty, the last remnants soaking into my student's skin.

"Fuck me... You really wasted the last of your shit on me," she said, dismayed. "I can't believe it."

"Believe later. For now, grab some appropriate clothes. You can put them on in the car." I snatched an oven mitt from the grill stand and used it to wipe off the rest of the solution, then seized her by the arm. It was already doing its work; there was no resistance. I pulled, and she let herself be pulled.

The two of us rounded the corner into the living room en route to her bedroom, and a sudden hiss was all I heard before a sepia-toned fluid flew from the nozzle of a white canister and right across my neck. It had missed my mouth and nostrils, but only barely. Abbie frowned, as cold as the liquid already soaking into my skin, and set down a canister of her own. "Sorry, Tay. Took me a sec to find it, and I had to pause the movie so I didn't miss the end."

"You seriously wasted time on your stupid Hallmark Christmas movie. Seriously."

"I didn't know he had his shit on him until I heard you squealing and I peeked! Why would I think we needed it?!"

"I dunno, maybe because the can's the size of his dick and he had it in his goddamn pocket when he walked past you?" The tone was far less feisty than the content, however. Someone who didn't speak the language would be more likely to guess she was lamenting gloomy skies than that she'd been exposed to a mind control drug.

"I got it as soon as I saw him get his out! You know, you are such an ungrateful bitch!" She winced. "You didn't swallow any, did you? Shit, I don't want you bitching out on me any worse than you are now."

"Nah, only got my arm."

I listened to them discuss with a sense of growing calm. My time crunch felt more distant by the moment. The fact that I was this vulnerable in front of them hardly perturbed me. All my thoughts felt like they were going through ten filters before they fully formed. The dominant train of thought went something like: *This is a setback. I do not like it. My neck is tingly. Serenex smells bad, but not as bad as it tastes. I wonder what they're going to do to me. Can I run, or... no, one step at a time. Don't make waves. If this were scary, surely my adrenaline would be pumping. Must be OK. So. A rapidly closing window in which to get back to school. Unfortunate. Ah well, whatcha gonna do. They'll figure it out. Someone will cover for me, and I'll just be here, getting my mind scrambled by the Stern girls. No big whoop.*

Yeah, I was dosed all right.

"What do you want me to do with him? He still got more of his stuff? I could use it on him." Abbie asked.

“There’s none left,” I answered. I wanted to point out that she was the reason for the shortage, but not like it mattered. She had a canister of her own somehow. Hmm. Would it be too confrontational to ask...? Nah, not for my fantasy slut. She’d tell me if I stepped out of line. “Where did you get that, out of curiosity?”

“You think you got the market cornered on this crap, C-dawg?” She laughed tauntingly. “Hell nah. Isa’s got her connections. She hooked us up.”

Strange. It seemed like she would have told me that. They must have done something else to her. No, not *they*. *Taylor* must have. Abbie wasn’t the boss. It was so obvious now, seeing them interact. An overlord and her minion. They’d really duped me good, I had to hand it to them.

Hmm. What to do? I was really boned here. I might have gotten Taylor, but she could still speak, which meant she could have Abbie enact her will. They had me dead to rights. I’d pissed off two of the most unhinged women I’d ever met, tried to drug one of them, and failed, leaving myself drugged in the process. I was so fucked here. Very unfortunate.

“The brats are going to burn if you don’t take them off,” I blurted.

The two of them looked at me like they thought I might have gotten a concussion.

“Don’t gawk at me like that. I know, this is a tense situation, but a grease fire isn’t going to make it any better. Do what you want; I’m just sayin’.” I shrugged. That shrug took real effort.

“Grease fires.” Taylor rolled her eyes, but gave a nod. “Yeah, go take care of it. We’re not going anywhere.”

Abby tugged up her baggy sweatpants so they didn’t fall down while she hustled toward the back of the house. For a moment, Taylor and I were alone. She was frowning at me. Not glaring, quite, but a frown. For my part, a look of mild rebuke was all I could muster. Neither of us said a word.

Abbie strolled back in, the two partially blackened brats on a paper plate in front of her. “Got ‘em. Crisis averted, a town saved. You’re welcome, yo.”

Taylor wrinkled her nose. “Gross. They’re burnt to shit.”

“They look fine to me,” I said casually. Casual was pretty much all I had in me at this point.

I waited for Taylor to say something. This was easily the dumbest plan I’d had since the beginning of this whole mess. It shouldn’t work. It didn’t deserve to work. It was stupid for a dozen different reasons. All I had was the faint hope that some of the Serenex had gotten on the brats, that it hadn’t been cooked right out of them, and that—

“Mm, crispy. Abbie likey.” Abbie snatched one and took a bite. Taylor opened her mouth to stop her, but with her spirit dampened by a mist of Serenex, she didn’t react in time. I said nothing as the girl chewed with relish, swallowing it down and taking a second bite.

Seeing it was too late, she shook her head contemptuously. “You fucking idiot. I swear to god.”

About three chews in, Abbie’s jaw went slack, her eyes glassed over, and a vacant stare settled onto her face. Thank the lord for my crappy aim and Taylor’s instinctive mistrust.

What followed was simultaneously the most epic battle of my lifetime as well as the most pathetic attempt to exert authority in recorded history. With Herculean force of will, I gently grabbed Abbie’s brat from her hand. She was barely holding onto it, but it took everything in me to spread her fingers and liberate the thing. Taylor countered by narrowing her eyes and stating, with low to moderate firmness, “Hey, stop that.”

I didn’t stop it. I am *not* a pussy.

I whirled on Taylor – but gradually, so as not to cause a fuss or anything. Her instinct, spot on, was to back away. She technically did, taking a simple half-step back. I pursued, taking a three-quarter step after her. I told myself I wasn’t being combative; I was feeding her. The lie did nothing to make this easier, raising the contaminated brat toward her lips. She stumbled backwards, well aware of what I was trying to do.

“Seriously, Canon. Not cool.”

I didn’t slow, in part because it was difficult to go any slower and still be moving. How much time did we have? I glanced around for a clock, and eventually saw the time on the TV screen, paused on a scene of a generically handsome fifty-something and what could only be his young daughter smiling at a frazzled-but-elegant woman who probably split the difference in their ages. The scenery had all the trappings of an office Christmas party, or the Hallmark version of one where bringing an eight-year-old was no problem. Oh, Abbie.

Oh, right, force-feeding Taylor. Focus.

Eventually, it reached her lips, smearing grease across them when her teeth refused to let it pass. She couldn’t talk though. That was the main thing. I didn’t need her throwing a tantrum and further fucking up Abbie’s head. If Taylor’s sarcasm could turn her into a fantasy slut, I’d hate to see what her active malice could do.

Anyone watching would have seen a man nonchalantly smudging a brat on a girl’s mouth as she made an attempt to politely decline. Inside, though, I was a hero.

“All right. Now let’s get you dressed. In the meantime, you open your mouth and I’m going to shove this in there.” I very much doubted that would be how my pathetic, fumbling attempt to gently place the butt-end of a bratwurst between her lips could look like, but her defenses were no more robust than my attack. “Maybe you’ll swallow some and maybe you won’t, but it’s your choice if you want to gamble.”

As the blunt sausage gradually wormed between her lips, I was ashamed to feel a bit of *deja vous*. At least she had the sense not to unclench her teeth.

She refused to budge, however. Crap. I hadn't counted on that. I managed to nudge her – really more herding her ahead of me with my larger bulk – but pushing someone was suddenly so *difficult*. By the time I got her to her bedroom, the class would be lined up outside my room, wondering why they were locked out. Shit.

This... had not gone like I had hoped. Why they had their own Serenex and what they'd done with it, I would ponder later. For now, Taylor and I were both too doped to drive anywhere, especially not in any sort of hurry. Abbie had her mind split wide open to suggestion. If we left her here in the living room and that Hallmark movie started playing again, she could be a very different sort of man's fantasy by the time we got back. I had no intention of bringing her along to the faculty holiday party.

"Hmm mm mm mmhmm?" Taylor tried behind clenched teeth. She put her hands on her hips to show her strained, but enduring, patience.

I narrowed my eyes. "Forgive me if I don't trust you not to further warp the poor girl's mind." I looked around, but there was no miraculous headset or earphones sitting nearby. Crap. What to do? The final exam would be resuming shortly and we were a mile and a half away, the path riddled with stop signs and traffic lights with a very compromised driver. For Abbie's sake, I didn't dare risk removing that Serenex-soaked bratwurst. Yet for my own sake, I had to do *something*.

Nearby, the front door of the house creaked open, then closed again.

Taylor and I watched the door to the room, and moments later, preceded by heavy, booted footsteps, entered Mr. Stern. His shoulders were stooped, and there was mud, or maybe oil, caked under his fingernails. Night shift, just now getting home. He looked at me, at the girls, back at me, back at them. I braced myself to fail to brace myself for the coming onslaught that... whatever this must look like would provoke. A strange man alone in his home with his teenage daughters, one obviously zonked out on something, the other with my sausage being thrust into her face.

"That your car in the driveway, buddy?" he asked.

I nodded.

"You left it running."

"Ah... yep."

Right. Dad was as screwed up in the head as the rest of us.

But not *presently*.

"Mr. Stern, we met the other day, remember? I'm Taylor's English teacher, Mr. Canon," I reminded him.

"Oh right. You stopped by to poke my stepdaughter." The words, however, did not match the tone. *I remember you*, he was saying, not *I'm going to kill you*. The extent to which I owed the manufacturers of Serenex was getting to be rather cumbersome.

“Um, right, well, here’s the thing. I dropped by to take the girls in for their final exams. And they’re happening really, really soon, like right now actually. Only, you see, none of us are actually in a condition to drive, so...”

“You guys need a lift,” he supplied. Then, after a sigh, he nodded to the door. “Let’s get going then, before I kick my boots off.”

It was an undertaking, getting everyone into the car. At some point we managed an amicable exchange, swapping a brat to the face for my hands over Abbie's ears. As Mr. Stern drove a pickup truck, that left Abbie sitting on my lap in the cab, Taylor sliding around in the cargo bed. With her still taciturn as ever and the knowledge of my exam countdown in mind, if not the appropriate level of panic, we never did get another outfit for her. I simply couldn't make myself put my foot down.

"I appreciate your doing this. I know this is all really, really unorthodox, but it's a huge help. Not to rush you or anything, but we do have about eight minutes to get there, so anything you can do to hurry will be a big help to me and to Taylor's exam, Mr. Stern."

He slowed, slightly, for a stop sign, but judged that nobody was coming and ran right through it, heeding my request for haste. "Stan's fine. And don't mention it. You know, they told us they were kicked out of school. Even had the principal, or I guess must've been some lady pretending to be. Should've known it was bullshit, just ditching. Again." He shook his head.

Ordinarily, I would grimace, or wince, or anything but nod placidly as he ran a red light with traffic close enough to cause a screeching of brakes, honking of horns. "It's... complicated," I replied. Even the cliché, verbal ellipsis and all, didn't spark a grimace on this English teacher's lips. This stuff was potent. "You should know that they *are* suspended, pending expulsion, at least last I heard. I wanted Taylor to take the exam anyway, though."

"Why, didn't get to punish her enough when you had her, now you gotta drag her back in?" He chuckled, glancing at where Taylor's was ricocheting off the side of the truck bed as he rounded a corner at thirty. Abbie's head banged against the window, but after a momentary frown at her stepfather, she went back to comatose.

"Something like that."

"Yeah, well, don't let her get away with snowballing you. That girl will plant a knife in your ribs then demand an apology for dulling it if you let her. Same as this one." He nodded to Abbie. "Should've had my head examined, letting that kid into my home. Taylor used to be a good kid before she came along. Did good in school, grade-wise anyway, and she wasn't getting into scrapes so much. Did better than I ever did."

I made sure to keep Abbie's ears good and covered before a casual utterance of *Abbie's a bad influence* woke her up long enough to absorb something and did who the hell knew what to her. Between the roar of the pickup's engine and my hand placement, she seemed pretty safe. Not that I could manage to worry any more than I was. The *shit happens, meh* attitude from Serenex was intense.

"So I've heard. Hard to imagine."

"Yeah, well, they're lucky they got me with that stuff, that... whatever you call that junk. The crap you tucked in your briefcase."

I didn't supply him a name. The less anyone knew about it, the better. It was somewhat troubling he recognized the canister. Leave it to Taylor not to bother with subtlety. Could've slipped a few drops in his coffee, but no, they wanted to march up and spray it down his throat. "It's potent stuff all right."

"Gotta say, been looking forward to them two being out of school for a while now. My dad kicked me out when I turned eighteen. Stung at the time, but nothing teaches you to get your feet under you like a good hard shove."

My thought was that a good hard shove seemed like a good way to knock someone *off* their feet, but he was giving me a ride, and between my very tangential affiliation and the Serenex clinging to his brain cells, I very much doubted I was going to be improving his parenting at this point. I simply held Abbie in place as best I could and let him continue.

"I've been counting the days, myself. Literally, on my calendar and everything," he said with a little laugh. "Finally a little peace and fuckin' quiet, no more strangers coming and going. Emphasis on the coming," he added dryly, glancing at me and Abbie as we careened wide around a woman on a bike.

I was quiet for a moment. There was no defense to be made for my having sex with his stepdaughter right down the hall from him, but as for the rest of his casually cold commentary, it didn't sit right with me at all. I wasn't about to start an argument with Stan Stern about how to raise his hellion daughters – couldn't if I wanted to – nor did I feel especially of a mindset to defend Taylor at the moment.

Nonetheless, I had come today as Taylor's teacher, and so as her teacher, I had to say something.

"Taylor's not always so bad, you know. Some girls, they aren't wired for high school. Sitting still eight hours a day, doing what they're told all the time, raising their hand to speak, permission to use the bathroom, all the tedium and the drama... Taylor's a very smart and ambitious young woman, but I think she may simply need a little time, and patience, and love. Some people don't really figure themselves out until they step out into the real world and find their tribe, so to speak. A place to fit in."

Mr. Stern seemed to mull that over for a few blocks. Or maybe he was just focusing on the road. That was good, considering he was doing forty down an alleyway and had already hit a couple trash cans. "Evidently you found someplace you fit just fine." I didn't miss his not-so-casual glances to his stepdaughter and at where Taylor was clinging for dear life in his rear view mirror.

He rounded a corner, and GHS was visible in the distance. "The north entrance would be fine, Stan." Good talk.

Isa met us at the door; I delivered Abbie into her custody with explicit instructions to keep her in strict quarantine, and to say nothing to her. We'd find out soon enough if Isa was truly as obedient as she'd made herself out to be, I supposed. If she took revenge on the girl in her compromised state, I would simply have to add it to whatever punishment I devised for supplying them with Serenex. It wasn't truly her fault, but still, she liked being punished. Win/win.

The halls were empty as Taylor and I far too gradually made our way toward H121, the site of our final class period together. We'd made good time, though. Only four minutes late. Plus two more, because even sneaking in the north door so we wouldn't pass by the front office or the watchpost of Mrs. Pedretti, we couldn't make ourselves walk faster than a casual shuffle. Someone could have pulled me along faster, but there was no one left to do it.

"This is really fucking stupid, you know," commented Taylor as we rounded the corner into the H hallway.

"Why? Because you're used to giving up before you start, or because you got yourself expelled?"

"Because it's even more pointless than if I was still a student here. I can't pass, so why bother?"

"If you need a reason, then it's because I said so. Take the goddamn test and try not to call attention to yourself."

"People pay attention to me. Not my fault."

We were outside my room. Apparently in my haste to leave, I'd left it unlocked. Muted voices issued from inside, students no doubt perplexed why their teacher wasn't present on the austere occasion of the final exam. "Buck up. You can do this, Taylor. You're smart, and you're articulate. You've at least been in the room when we talked about this stuff, so... try, OK? Just try for once."

I patted her on the butt, gave it a little squeeze, and in we went.

"Sorry about that everybody," I apologized. "Had to track somebody down. If you need extra time, you'll get it, but now that the gang's all here, let's all please settle in and get to work." Did I sound like I was still in charge? I couldn't even tell.

Justin brightened considerably at seeing his friend and waved her over to the empty desk beside him, greeting her with a hug. The other males in the room watched in only mildly disguised envy for him as the half-naked self-proclaimed goddess bent down to reciprocate the hug. I couldn't appreciate it from where my desk was situated, but I knew exactly what he ass looked like in those shorts. Or without them, for that matter. The skimpy boob tube received as many leers when she sat down, though at least they had the class or the sense of urgency to get back to work ere long.

Tabitha's reaction was less obvious, but nevertheless discernibly in the other direction from her male peers. No matter. I grabbed a pen, an exam and some paper, set it all on Taylor's desk, and put her to work.

For a time, I let myself simply sit back and breathe. For a chemical that had been designed for riot suppression, the stuff sure seemed to cause more chaos than it had ever quelled. I sent an email to Isa to explain the whole mad situation I'd once more put myself in. Much as I was nervous to expose my vulnerability to her, I couldn't send a vegetablized student into her custody and not explain myself. I really hoped she didn't lash out at Abbie. It would be as good a test as any to see if she could be trusted to obey her master.

I tried not to think about what might happen if she failed the test. She responded promptly, at least, promising that she'd keep Abbie secure until my prep next period.

It was easy not to focus on Taylor as she scribbled words confidently, purposefully across her paper. (It was hard to focus on much of anything, actually.) At least she was making an attempt. Still, she was going to have a lot to answer for after the exam, not the least of which was that other canister. Was hers contaminated like mine was, or was it the standard issue? Abbie had said something about wishing she'd had access to mine, hadn't she? That would seem to suggest mine was distinct, or rather, that it had been before I used the last of it on Taylor. If I'd even heard right. Everything was so fuzzy. If the building caught fire right now, I'm not sure I'd make it outside without someone carrying me.

Happily, time passes quickly when one is in a drug-induced stupor, fading in and out of the present. Thanks to my delay, Taylor's late start and Tabitha's usual fastidiousness, there were students working all the way to the bell. When it rang, I did my best to issue a few kind words on my seniors' way out the door, and again, the customary few handshakes and hugs from the more sentimental ones. Justin waited until he was in the hall before yelling out, "suck ya later, C-dawg!" The will to chase him down and rebuke the little bastard was miles away. Let him have the last word. After all, in his weird little world where he'd gotten the best of me because *he* had sucked *my* dick.

Tabitha attempted to lag behind and take part in whatever was happening with Taylor's perplexing presence, but thankfully, she interpreted my bland stare as a rebuke and stalked on out the door. There was no need for her to be a part of this. That girl was on firm ground with me; lingering to sabotage her perceived competition was totally beneath her at this point.

Meanwhile, Taylor pretended to ignore us, still working, but now with a smug little grin at my refusal to indulge the waif. She was still working though. Her hand never let up.

I gave her the extra half hour that she'd missed before lunch, and then an additional five minutes for our late return. Not as if she had another exam to take, or I more students waiting on me. My next class was in August. Hers, maybe never. Meanwhile, I thought about what I wanted to say. The smart thing to do would be to wait until we'd sobered up and then hash it out clear-headed. As I found myself salivating over the long-denied sight of those long, tan legs, or the swelling cleavage being compressed out of the upper end of the top, however, I knew there was no waiting. Weeks of frenzied debauchery had proven I couldn't trust myself when it came to such temptation, least of all with Taylor Stern.

"That's time," I announced as the second hand hit twelve.

Taylor looked up, nodded, and calmly walked across the room to place her essay atop the stack that I had since moved to my desk. It was thus far untouched. Grading on Serenex had already proven impossible; there was no way I could make myself be sufficiently critical to provide honest evaluation. Everybody would get an A.

I looked down to Taylor's essay, and quickly amended that. Everybody but her would get an A.

I don't give a fuck. This is stupid. I hate this class. Eat my ass. This exam is lame. I'm the most bored I've ever been. No wait, now I'm even more bored. Now more. More. More. Even more. Sooooooooooooo bored. I hate this. This is pointless. The mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell. Nobody cares.

That's as far as I read.

"Determined to fail," I said with a sigh. "Should have seen it coming, I guess."

"It's what I deserve, right?" she answered with a smirk.

"You do deserve to fail, but... god damnit, Taylor, you could at least try. You'd be surprised how often people will cut you some slack if you at least make an effort." She looked on as I flipped through the pages, the scores of meaningless, sulky lines of words. By the final few pages, she'd begun drawing instead, a crude but unmistakable rendition of her launching herself like a rocket, only in place of rocket flames was a cock. Mine, I supposed. Classy.

Instead of trying to walk out like the rest of the class had, however, Taylor hopped up on my desk with her peculiar talent of graceless dexterity. She folded her legs beneath her and, I discovered a moment later once I managed to look up, smirked down at me as I tried and failed not to be mesmerized by her bared legs. For as much as I obsessed over her boobs, those things really didn't get enough credit. Except then her tits were right at my eye level, and it became a toss-up. It was all I could do to keep my hands off her. Knowing she couldn't stop me if I did made it so much worse, though knowing that she wouldn't try if she could help keep me in check. This was not to become a reward for her.

Once she was satisfied she had my attention, she addressed my comment. “You know, C-dawg, I made an effort at quite a few things lately, and it’d blow your goddamn mind how much some of my teachers didn’t seem to notice.”

Earlier today, I’d been ready to blow up at her. She probably would be doing the same. Instead here we were, discussing our whole messed up affair like we were discussing a cake recipe. *Too much sugar? No no, not enough, madame.*

I shook my head. “Made an effort.’ That’s your categorization for how you’ve behaved yourself. Effort.”

“You bet your ass I did.” She sighed irritably. For a moment, I thought the deep breath was going to squeeze a tit right out of that spandex. “You didn’t read my essay, did you.”

“Oh, I read it.” I fished the thing out of where I’d stuffed it in a drawer before lunch, setting it neatly in her lap, right where it had come from. “I read it several times, just to make sure I hadn’t missed any details of the bullshit you’ve been putting everyone through.”

She cocked her head back, brushing the essay onto the floor dismissively. “First of all, language. Second, you read it, and *that* – sorry, didn’t mean to raise my voice – that’s your response? I poured my heart and soul into that thing, didn’t plagiarize a single word for once, and you’re pissed at me for it?”

I placed my hands on her knees familiarly. Then I thought better of it, but it felt like it would be more confrontational removing them now. They stayed. “Look, Taylor. I’m not saying none of what you wrote was moving. You gave me some insights I had lacked. There’s a lot about your life I didn’t know in there, and I am...” I hesitated. I didn’t want to oversell or undersell this. Honest and constructive feedback on essays was kind of my thing. “I am glad you were willing to share all that with me, and I acknowledge the emotional courage that must have taken. Really. Still, you paint a rather one-sided portrait of yourself, don’t you think?”

Her hands closed over mine, long nails grazing across my skin. “All portraits are one-sided. What in the hell is a two-sided portrait?”

“Sorry, my metaphors aren’t quite up to snuff. See, somebody had their minion drug me earlier.”

“Really Weird. Some prick broke into my house and drugged me, but my analytical skills seem to be working A-OK.”

“Anyway,” I said, careful not to come across as too combative. Somebody had to keep this discussion moving. “For instance, you talked about getting bullied in elementary school. Which sucks, it really does. Still, a little bird told me about a girl scout camp where somebody teased you and you hacked off their hair in their sleep. Or was it everyone’s hair? I forget.”

Her nose wrinkled. “Nobody said I was a saint. Besides, that was when I was transitioning! I’d lost like twenty pounds, which is practically a whole leg for an eleven-year-old, and those Brownie-ass bitches *still* made fun of me. Was I supposed to just let them? Talk shit, get hit. Law of the jungle. Eye for an eye.”

“The law of the jungle is survival of the fittest; I think you’re referring to the law of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Regardless, I’m not looking for a blow by blow account of your life here. What I’m saying is, I’ve seen you in class these past two years. You’ve bullied your classmates plenty of times, and made my professional life hell. If you expect me to raise you up on a pedestal of victimhood when you’re guilty of so much of what you’re complaining about... well, it’s a tough sell.”

“I wasn’t writing it to make you feel bad for me, you... jerk,” she retorted, mumbling the last word. I didn’t miss that she was transitioning my hands to the sides of her legs, and slightly up. Enough that my desk chair had to roll forward a couple inches. “I was writing it because... fuck, C-dawg, I wanted you to *get* me. Or at least, to *want* to get me.”

“I do. Taylor, even before all this, you were my student. How many times have I told you, all of you, that I’m here for you if you need me? Did you think I was saying it to be nice? You know better than anyone that if I’m pissed off, I’m going to give it to you like I think you deserve.”

“You wanna fuck me so bad right now, don’t you,” she said with a wry grin. Damn her for picking up on my phrasing. Damn my subconscious. Damn those legs. The movement was even less subtle this time, my fingertips right up to and inside the hem of those powder blue shorts. “C’mon babe, is it so much to ask, after I fucked you a hundred times, had an orgy with you in the locker room, did some pretty fucked up shit in some fucked up places, that I rate a little more consideration than the rest of the class?”

“You do. And maybe you’re right, I haven’t always given you your due. Being with you, *that* part of things, that’s been incredible.” I managed to withdraw my fingertips a half an inch or so. Maybe I only thought I did.

“Let’s just fuck while we talk. OK? We both want to, and we get along so much better when we got your dick in me. You can keep grilling me. Just fuck me while you do.”

“What? No! Have you learned nothing from the whole flashing the principal incident?”

“I don’t care. I’m not embarrassed of anyone finding out I’m fucking you. More than you can say, which is something to keep in mind while you’re up on your high horse. Come on. Whip it out.”

“You’re being childish.”

“Childish, huh?” Still holding my hands on her thighs, she slid forward until her feet touched the floor, standing with her legs straddling mine. With a casualness that only belonged in the privacy of her own bedroom, she teased and tugged at the bottom of the tube top, peeling the skin tight fabric upwards until it was a yellow ribbon bunched around the very top of her breasts. It squeezed in such a way as to make them look even bigger. I finally managed to issue a word or two of protest by the time she leaned forward and wrapped them around my face.

I should struggle, I tried to scream at myself. You'll get fired. Prosecuted. Get away. At least try to make it look like you're not going along with it. Is it weird that I love the smell of the sweat between her tits?

At last, after what felt like a full week of slurping on Taylor titties (but was probably merely an iron-willed five-ish minutes in reality), it occurred to me I ought to try harder to extricate myself. Very careful to avoid running over her bare toes in their flip flops, I began to scoot my desk chair backward. Tits followed. Soon I bumped into the cabinets behind me, and they were already right on the heels of my lips. No. Don't let her in. I made to stand up. She helped me.

Wait. Why was she helping me?

Taylor crouched low and got to work on my belt and fastenings.

Oh. That was why.

“Please don't take my pants off,” I demanded blandly.

“Your mouth says no, but your... oh, *dayum* C-dawg, you pop a boner pill or something? Because your boner says hurry the fuck up.” She gave it a soft kiss. “You got it, buddy.”

“An erection is not consent.”

“Of course. You can say no whenever you want.”

Maybe she was feeling generous. Maybe she thought it would make me more pliable. Maybe she was simply that horny. Whatever the cause, for the first time, Taylor leaned forward and gave me a blowjob.

That wasn't to say she hadn't sucked my dick. There was a big difference, though, between getting your dick sucked and getting a blowjob. She licked her way up the whole length, then ever-so-patiently, oh-so-lovingly swallowed her way back down. She moaned. Taylor Stern had moaned around my cock like it was doing her a favor. It was so slow, so painstaking, so motherfucking *wet*, I forgot what I was supposed to say.

“Yes,” I guessed.

She laughed, but it didn't stop her. Thank god. Or, no, I wanted to stop her. Yes. I had questions. Just... not yet. It would be rude to interrupt. Darned Serenex. At the rate she was going, I didn't think I would ever get off. I didn't want to, because it might end this.

Suddenly, it ended. My eyes opened, and there was Taylor on her way to her feet, two hard nipples dragging up my chest. Then she took away even that – which, um, I wanted, we should not be doing this – only to turn around and pull down her shorts and the pale pink thong she'd worn beneath them. I took a step forward, cock in position, but she was already turning and it only poked her in the hip.

Taylor laughed. "You fucker! You were gonna do me from behind. We can't talk if we can't look at each other. Plus this crap has me feeling like such an obedient little bitch that if you try to do me doggy style I might start barkin'."

She, or maybe I, guided my bare ass down into my desk chair. Luckily the arms of my desk chair could be folded out of the way, because Taylor sidled up over my waiting prong. Her hand gripped my shaft, slick with her own drool, and eased it into the entrance, and then she plunged down onto my lap in one go.

"Sorry, muscles super don't wanna cooperate. Gonna have to take it easy this time."

I was sitting at my desk with my pants and underwear around my ankles. I was steel hard, and balls deep in the cunt of Taylor Stern, a student, one whom my boss believed (correctly) that I'd had a sexual relationship with her younger sister. And I didn't have the strength to stop us.

"I still have words for you. You can't stop me from speaking."

"No, of course not. Wouldn't dream of it."

Then, as her formal education drew to a close, she began to fuck me. With her arms draped around my neck, nothing had to move but her hips. It was far less stimulation than if I'd been able to give her proper thrusts, but the girl had wide and flexible hips. She wriggled them in slow circles, eyelids lowering.

"Yes, yes, you're very charming, but this doesn't change the point I was making."

"Which was that you find me irresistible?"

"Because you gave me a drug that makes me unable to resist anything," I retorted. It was less intense than the blowjob, and lacked the enticing perversion of her brief submission, and "And my point was that whatever your childhood was like, that doesn't excuse what you've been doing since this all started. That is what I'm trying to say, Taylor."

"Like what? Getting you pussy? Protecting myself? Protecting *you*?" She plucked her hair back over her shoulders. She knew how I liked an unobstructed view of those things.

"Protecting me? Taylor, you lied to me. You lied to me so much I'm not even sure I fully comprehend the scope of it all."

"So ask me." She tousled the back of my hair. "And touch me, if you want. You know you missed this bitch."

I did not indulge her. "Was Abbie really your henchman this whole time?"

She licked her lips, nodded. I'd been licking mine, too, I realized. "Since day one. No, day two. Day one was just you and me. Remember?"

"I remember." Was she rubbing her tits on my chest like that on purpose, or was that an inevitable feature of this lap dance style of sex? "Why, though? Why make your own sister your fall guy? Why deceive me about it?"

"For Abbie, 'cause she owed me. I've been her bottom bitch plenty of times before. Plus, once we accidentally did that whole sex object T&A lucky to have you thing to her, there was no keeping her out of it. So I made a role for her, and figured if you got pissed, you'd be pissed at her and not me."

"I've been pissed at you a thousand times, Taylor. Me being pissed at you is what started all this."

"You wanting to fuck me is what started all this," she countered. "You remember? You'd stolen my chapstick, and I threw myself at you? I wanted to see what riding you felt like. Or maybe just get in your head. I dunno. But it was right like this, except we had all those stupid clothes on. Remember?" She ran her hands down my arms, stretching them backward. It was eerily like her effort to pry her property out of my hand the day when I'd caught her plagiarizing that essay.

"You know I remember. But you can't fuck your way out of this, Taylor."

Taylor shifted to a front to back maneuver. With every forward movement, her tits squashed against my chest, her lips separated from mine only by our breath. "What else? You said you got questions, and you asked one so far. What else got you so worked up you drove out to my house in the middle of the day to drug me into taking your stupid final?"

Right. Questions. She'd have a harder time lying to me while she built up an orgasm – she always came way before I did when we fucked – and likewise under the influence. This was my chance to get answers. "What else did you put in my head? The don't be a pussy thing, that Abbie could use my Serenex and I couldn't use it on her. What else is in my head that I haven't realized?"

"Why do you think there's more?"

"Because I've seen what all else you've done. Do I really have to name all the times you've–"

She giggled. "All right, all right, I'll grant you that one. To you, though? Nothing. That first night at your house, just the stuff you said. That night at Barbie's place, when we got you again? Then I wanted to do some stuff. Really wanted to. You can thank Abbie for talking me out of it, though."

"What did you want to do?"

Her pace slowed, and after a moment stopped altogether, no more sensation except my dick throbbing idly against her cunt. "I was... upset. Could've done some bad shit."

I'd actually expected her to say something halfway sweet about making me obsess over her, or something less comforting like a compulsion to obey her, like she'd done with Abbie and Tabitha. Perhaps even that she'd thought of using me to get all that coursework done, the small mountain of it that I'd compiled on behalf of the rest of her teachers. She'd clearly not done that, though; I'd thrown every last bit of it away. So to hear what was almost a threat instead was perplexing, and a bit chilling.

"Why? I read your essay. I get that you have a chip on your shoulder about authority figures like cops and teachers. That's no reason to lash out at someone, though."

She rolled her eyes. "You would be trying to talk about essays and Emerson while I'm fucking you."

"All right. So why, then? Just because I was going to pardon Candy and Isa—"

"Because you *never* pardoned me!" She snapped, her voice a fierce whisper. I felt its air on my lips. She winced immediately. "Sorry. Fuck, hard to stop myself from bitching out right now. We're back on our battlefield and all, so... old habits. But shit, dawg, you been riding my ass for two years, and I don't just mean with your dick. Every little thing that grinds your gears, you're on me about it. 'Taylor, stop talking.' 'Taylor, take your seat.' *Language, Taylor!* But those two bitches almost cut off your nuts – *my* nuts – and you're like nah, whatevs, it's cool. What made those two cunts so goddamn special?"

Leave it to Taylor Stern to take an interrogation about her own misdeeds and spin it into a plea for more attention. Still, there was a look in her eyes I hadn't seen before. Maybe once, that lazy Sunday afternoon. It could be the Serenex, but no. No, it took more than military grade chemical weapons to make Taylor Stern look... vulnerable.

"Taylor... I don't hold them to that standard because I just..." I sighed, my hands sliding to her bare hips unbidden. "I honestly don't care what happens to their futures. That sounds harsher than I mean it. I *care*, but it's not my job to care about them."

She sat up, indignantly, triggering a chain reaction of appeasement. Her posture made her pussy grinded on my cock; my cock twitched in her pussy; she realized she had stimulated me; she gazed into my eyes to confirm I had liked it; it would be rude not to acknowledge it; we were fucking again. Or maybe she simply remembered friction felt good. Either way, it resumed in the drawing of a breath.

"What? That's all it is? Your stupid little job?" she demanded.

I gave her ass a pat with just enough force for it to be clear it was meant as a smack. "No. Of course not. Yes, you're a giant pain in my ass, and yes, you've made that job a lot harder sometimes. But I still care about what happens to you. You're eighteen years old, have your whole life ahead of you. High school may not be the place for you, but I want you to be ready when you find someplace that is. To take it by the reins and get what you want out of life."

She licked my cheek. I hated having my cheek licked, as she knew. She really was handling this stuff better than I was. “Well aren’t you a shoe-in for teacher of the fuckin’ year.”

“Oh, don’t give me that. Do you see me try half as hard with any other student in this school as I do with you? Put up with half the crap? Hell, leave teaching aside – have you seen me go as wild for any of those other *women* as I have with you? Of course I care about you as more than just another student.”

One corner of her mouth ticked upward, then Taylor kissed along my cheek until it wasn’t still all spitty. “What, you saying you, like, love me or something?” One side of her mouth was a smirk. “Gross, cooties.”

Why hadn’t I drugged her more often? “I don’t even know what the word is for what I felt about you Taylor. You’re... horrible, frankly. You’re mean, and dishonest, and selfish, and arrogant, and–”

My neck received a pinch, if only a mild one. “I’m sure there’s a *but* coming somewhere soon, yeah?”

“But, you do something to me that nobody else ever has. I lose sleep over you, wishing you were somewhere I could fuck you, touch you, even just look at you. That’s coming from a guy who’s had six other women servicing the hell out of his cock for weeks on end, and I still can’t get you out of my head.”

Why was I saying these things? I was trying to break up with her, not endear myself further. The goddamn Serenex was making me a little too comfortable with honesty, and as it turned out, the truth was usually more complicated than Taylor Stern was ready to acknowledge.

Meanwhile, Taylor’s hips picked up the pace. It was objectively quite casual, but by Serenex standards it was a rodeo. High-pitched gasps accompanied her breaths.

I obligingly took hold of her hips and did what little I could to help her. I could at least be a halfway serviceable fuck even while I was being a bummer of a lover. “Only then, we could look at just the past two weeks, during which you got me fired, egged my house, vandalized my car, and, oh yeah, revealed your multitudinous layers of deceit in your essay like being a liar and a manipulator was something to be proud of!”

“So close...”

“Now here, you’re using me–”

“Use me.”

“–and making me play twenty questions like knowing whose lives you up-ended now is some kind of game.”

“Play with me.”

“I’m being serious, Taylor. Come on!”

“Come in me.”

“God, you are the most egocentric, selfish brat I’ve ever–”

Her head suddenly whipped back, eyes wide open and then slammed shut. Her body trembled so hard that the plastic desk chair rattled beneath us. When she noticed she was scratching my neck, she threw arms wide, hands opening and closing spasmodically. Then she lost her balance and flopped backwards; I only barely caught her, or more accurately, stopped her from slamming her head on the edge of my desk. Her climax was hands down the most sudden vigorous movement either of us had made in hours.

“Taught,” I finished.

I helped ease her onto her back onto the desktop. Belatedly, I realized that our cum was dribbling down her innermost thigh and onto my stack of sixth period exams. Recent occupational hazard. Cocking my head, I realized that having taken Taylor’s off the stack, that left Tabitha’s on top. That would be fun to explain when the approval-seeking academic all-star inevitably demanded to see it.

Eventually, Taylor returned to reality long enough to realize I was standing over her, cock twitching in shattered anticipation of my own orgasm. “Right. Um, so you had questions. Keep ‘em coming.”

Her slow recovery from what had looked to be a truly breathtaking orgasm had given me time to muster my limited resolve, however. Indulgence for Taylor Stern was all out of stock.

“You know what? No. What happened just now, it’s a perfect symbol for my entire point. We have me, doing my best to keep you out of trouble and moving in the right direction, but instead you recklessly pursue your need to rebel. You get all the fun you crave without bothering to think for a second about the consequences to people you profess to care about.”

She propped herself up on her elbows, frowning. “What, you didn’t...? Well shit, bring it on over and I’ll—”

“No. Taylor, I tried to help you today. I felt bad about you and your sister being expelled, and I tried to make it right. What do I get for my troubles? Another outlandish stunt.”

“Is this about the Serenex? Because it’s just the one can, and it’s not like yours or anything. Just seemed smart to have an insurance policy if something went tits up, that’s all. You’re the first person we even used it on.”

“I’m flattered.” I did believe her, at least about it not being used. When I’d picked it up from the living room floor, it had felt heavy. That was a relief, at least. “But it’s not that. Taylor, you reached into my head and forced me to ‘not be a pussy.’” *I am not a pussy.* “Why? Because you think that I’m a pussy for having a job, and caring about teaching young people. Because to you, only a pussy would be enforcing rules and, god forbid, trying to follow a few. You think the only reason I am who I am is because I’m some sheep.”

“So prove you’re not one.”

“See, that’s just it. I don’t need to pull some spectacle out of my ass to prove it. I choose to be a teacher, and I choose to care about my students. Including you, and yes, even Tabitha, with all of the who-knows-what you stuffed in her head.”

“Don’t you even want to know why?”

“You said why in the essay. She said you’d die a virgin. Good job making sure she won’t graduate high school as one. Feel better?”

At last, she managed to sit upright. “It’s not that. I mean, a little bit that, and if you don’t see what an empty, shitty, cunt she was probably going to turn out to be, you’re deluding yourself. But that’s not why I did it.”

I glowered over her. “If you need to get it off your chest before we conclude here, do it.”

“All right, so yeah. I made her obey me, and want to please you. I made out like it was some ‘approval’ thing, and that’s in there too, but...” She took a deep breath. “I am going to say something, and if you say the wrong thing back, I am going to wait until this shit wears off and then I am going to...” She frowned. “To do something I can’t say out loud right now.”

Much as I wanted to scold her about once more centering her own emotions and no one else’s, the ambiguity of her threat was more ominous than anything she might have explained in greater detail. It didn’t take much to cow me right then. “All right. Shoot.”

She closed her eyes. “I knew you liked me. Like I said, you suck at hiding it. And once we fucked, I just *knew* it was something... badass. Next level something, understand? Like, the way you’d look past those other bitches. That time when you had Abbie right here on your desk, fucking her tits, making me suck you off when your cock slipped out or whatever... you were looking at me the whole time. Tits so big she has to custom order her bras, and you were on my eyes.

“But like... what if it was just hotness? Laugh if you want – but fucking don’t if you’re smart – but I know I got it. You know I know. What if what you liked was just being able to fuck the It whenever, however, like I made you think you could, but nothing to do with *me* me?”

“So I followed your example, came up with a test. I gave you an easy bitch who’ll be totally content to act like the perfect little fuck toy for you. Pretty, if you don’t mind the boobs (or lack of boobs), but definitely hot. So I gave you somebody who’s, like, the opposite of me. A dork, like you. Gets off on your stupid book talks. Has a five-year plan. Does her homework, flosses daily, in bed lights out by nine thirty. Does exactly what you tell her to, the best she possibly can.

“Nothing against Cassie and Abbie and the old bitches, but they weren’t a real test for us. Side pieces was all. I wanted to know, if you had the perfect pussy, total free

usage of it but mounted on an emotional black hole, if you'd take that over me. I figured if you did, fine. Move on, whatever, fuck you. If not... then ya know, maybe we got a thing. A thing that's good."

Her cheeks puffed out as she let out a breath. Her eyes watched me closely for a reaction; even if she hadn't made her warning, I would have seen the danger in this silence.

"Taylor Stern. Did you honestly think that you could come into my classroom, get me hard, strip out of your clothes, give me a blowjob and fuck me, and think that I'd let a construction like 'We got a thing that's good' slide? Here, in the very classroom where I've been teaching you English for two years?" The joke got a smile out of her. A sweet one. She really was pretty, even when she was hot.

It was a good thing, too, because the other shoe was about to drop.

"You are special, Taylor. In the abstract, and to me specifically. You are." I wiped at my brow, feeling like there was sweat there, but finding none. "But you also completely disrupted an innocent girl's life. Two of them, with Cassie because you also messed up Abbie and then couldn't control what you'd made. You gave Candy and Isa fetishes so bizarre that even the man benefitting from their psychoses is moved to try to cure them."

"C-dawg, hold up."

I held up a hand, but softly. "Fair to say, it's hypocritical of me to get on my high horse about who fucked with whose head. I'll grant you that. Still, you violated my trust. You nearly cost me my career. Hell, you could have sent me to prison, all because you had to adhere to your twisted Emersonian creed about not fitting in when you could because you couldn't fit in when you wanted to."

"Don't—"

"I care about you Taylor. Love, attraction, self-defeating personality, call it what you want, but I do. But you're not being fair to me if you think I have to throw away my whole life just to prove to you that I'm as hardcore of a rebel as you. If the fact that I drugged you, ogled you, stripped you, and fucked you on the very first day I realized I could doesn't show that I'm willing to go against the grain, then nothing will. Even if I could get past everything you've done, and who am I kidding, I'm sure I would have the next time you kissed me, you and I do not work.

"I can't stand out in the storm and splash around in puddles."

"What does that even—"

"We're done, Taylor. You and I are done."

For the rest of my life, I would wonder what Taylor might have said or done in that moment if not for the Serenex. Would she have stormed out? Slapped me? Burst into tears? Torn off our clothes and showed me how wrong I was? A more superstitious

part of me wondered if she might have revealed her true form and dragged me down to hell.

Instead, the poor, numbed girl snatched up her minimal clothing and tugged it back into place. Little as there was, it didn't take long, drug or no. Once clothed, Taylor shuffled slowly backwards toward the exit to the classroom. "I thought we were pretty good in the rain."

Then, like the lightning, she was gone.