

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Nineteen: Barriers to Learning

It's a cliché, but not an untrue one, that teachers learn as much from their students as their students learn from them. In the five years I'd been teaching, I'd taught English at all four high school grade levels as well as an introductory speech class. Vocabulary, literacy skills, critical thinking, self-expression, rhetoric, culture, along with all those aspects of the hidden curriculum like self-esteem, creativity, punctuality, discipline, and self-respect.

As to what I'd learned? Too much to name. How to make a friendship bracelet. Local restaurants to avoid on principle. How to recognize abuse. The right way and the wrong way to dab. Which teachers didn't carry their weight, and which ones carried more than I could imagine. Some rudimentary Spanish. A whole lot of things about leadership and teamwork. And patience. Never enough patience, but so much more than I'd had.

Tabitha and I learned a lot from each other that weekend.

I learned that she'd been a dancer in her earlier years, pressured into it by her parents. It was one of those formal styles that didn't translate very well into the sort of dancing I might someday help her study, but she'd learned balance, grace and flexibility. She performed a few maneuvers for me, admittedly elegant, but also confirming that it wasn't especially sexy. She could do the splits, though. I didn't know what that was good for, but it was easy on the eyes.

Tabitha learned that deep-throating did not come to her as naturally as licking. She resolved to practice when she got home.

I learned that she was very self-conscious about men seeing her naked. Evidently some creep had walked into her bedroom at a party her dad had been throwing a ways back when she'd been in middle school. Not traumatizing, she insisted – her father had found unrelated grounds to fire the man not long after – but that anxiety around being seen and looked at had stuck. Even when she'd been amorous with her boyfriend, she'd never let him get farther than the underwear, and then only in the dark. Per her insistence on honesty, I shared that I understood but was indeed disappointed. She made an exception that night, slowly undressing for me with obvious embarrassment. Her whole body turned crimson, but I didn't look away. She'd demanded I not. And I was glad for it, because she was stunning. Her fair skin was dusted with tiny freckles, even across her pair of cute, perky breasts and all the way down to her densely furred pussy. Skinny as she was, I could hardly believe how round her butt was. Still, once

undressed, she crawled into bed beside me, and after a brief reassurance that she was beautiful, we both fell asleep.

Tabitha learned, as Cassie had not long ago, that I am very groggy in my sleep. It wasn't something that had ever afflicted me with past lovers – not that they'd told me, at least, and I had to imagine they would. Must just be the company.

I learned that some Christians always kneel when they pray. I'd assumed Tabitha was a Christian from the gold cross necklace that had been revealed by the removal of her sweater, but sometimes jewelry is simply jewelry. When I woke up the next morning, it was to the sight of my naked honors student kneeling beside my bed, eyes lowered, lips moving silently with her hands in her lap.

Tabitha learned that trying to cook eggs while I played with her pussy took more coordination than I had eggs. Luckily there was some cereal on hand, too.

I learned that it was possible for a girl going on nineteen, one who had been at least somewhat sexually active with her boyfriend, to not know what her clitoris was for. Sex ed had apparently failed her in that regard. I washed down my Cheerios with a half dozen of her orgasms. That wide-eyed shock on her face when I laid back down beside her, now having realized why people made such fuss about sex and sexuality, was priceless.

Tabitha learned that I did not want her to insert a finger or any foreign object in my ass. Ever. (She assured me the same went for her, unless I disapproved.)

I learned that not only did she really expect me to grade her on her sexual performance, but she thrived on it. I felt a little uncomfortable doing so at first – even what I'd done with Isa and Candy felt less dickish than telling the girl who'd spent half an hour massaging my back that she got a C- for it on account of long fingernails and a tendency to pinch. She made damn sure I didn't withhold criticism, though. Really, why would I? She meant to practice, and she wasn't going to get better if I didn't give her some guidance.

Other results were more promising. We mutually agreed that her attempt at getting me off with her tits alone was a plain F, though we'd both said we expected as much going in. With her curiosity satisfied, we accepted the limitations of her petite build. Her twerking routine earned a solid B, a talent she'd honed during its brief fad workout status and had quietly enjoyed practicing. The skirt flashed me her panties on the regular, which was appealing, but would have been better if she'd simply gone without. Makeout skills were at a C+ first time out. Good kisser, but didn't know what to do with her hands and had a few too many of those “gosh I can't believe I'm doing this with a teacher” moments out loud.

When implored to grade individual parts of her body, I assured her she was an aggregate A and insisted that there was no sense assessing her on things she couldn't

improve. (Then we argued about whether or not she should be allowed to cut her hair to my preference, explore extreme diet and exercise techniques, or get a boob job.)

(Then we spent an hour looking at an app that showed us what her augmented boobs might look like, and I promised to at least consider it before I dismissed it out of hand.)

As a dedicated pupil, Tabitha preferred empirical results, however, monitoring my reactions like a hawk with a mouse. Every sexual interaction was followed by a review process that even involved her taking some notes on her phone. She let me look over her list before she went home. It included things like:

- talk like slut
- lap = 4 flirt, not hang out
- eye contact!!!
- float tit job 2 mom, ham up insecurity
- don't touch nipples :(
- swallow then back off → sensitive after comes!
- likes dramatic orgasm (no prob)
- what R his tastes? → fashion show? (underwear?)
- DON'T MENTION JUSTIN

That last one was aptly capitalized.

I did receive a text from Taylor early Saturday afternoon. *What, not even gonna bitch and moan?*

*No, I answered.*

*lol the fucking silent treatment are you kidding me???*

*1st time in your life you didn't look for an excuse to lecture me*

Half an hour later came *oh come on don't pout*, but I didn't respond and that was as far as it went.

A few hours later, it was time for Tabitha to be getting home. We both had plans for the evening, and wanted time to rest and prepare for them. The afternoon had been spent helping teach Tabitha to be more comfortable being naked around me, and I was sad to see her get dressed. She looked ravishing nevertheless in a thin white summer dress she'd packed in her overnight bag, her hair still wet from her shower, where I had personally supervised her cleaning herself. (Her request – she'd called it “tutoring.”)

“It's going to be so trippy in class Monday, seeing you and knowing that we... and that we're going to...”

I nodded. “You get used to it.”

I'd meant it lightheartedly, but the offhand reference to Taylor made her scowl instead. “I suppose you would.”

Topic shift time. “I’ll have more structured material for you next time. Had to sort of wing it today, but I think you made some progress.”

“Good. I definitely felt more confident this afternoon than I did last night. Sore, though. But a good sore, I think?”

“It’ll pass.”

“As all things do. So... later, I guess.”

“Yeah. Monday at 12:50 sharp.”

There was no hug, no kiss goodbye. Tabitha simply nodded and opened the door. Only she didn’t walk through, and then, after a moment, shut it and turned back to me.

“Mr. Canon? Why didn’t you have sex with me?”

Oh. “Well, I, um...”

“Do you not want to?”

“Tabitha, every guy who lays eyes on you wants to have sex with you, I promise you.”

“That’s... gross.” Her nose wrinkled in distaste. “Still, I don’t offer myself to every guy. I offered myself to you. So why didn’t you? What did I do wrong?”

The truth was that after our morning romp, I was saving a little juice for Isa and Candy. I was having fun with my new curriculum, yes, but I hadn’t forgotten about this evening, and was looking forward to it too much to go in with drained balls. I couldn’t exactly tell that to Tabitha, though.

“I will, Tabitha. But you don’t start off with a sonnet, right? You start off with a rhyming couplet and build from there.”

“Yeah, I guess.” She didn’t look exactly thrilled by the explanation, but gave me a nod and opened the door to the garage. I really ought to do something about these girls coming and going from my house in broad daylight, but for now that wasn’t my concern.

I owed her better.

I caught up to her just before she opened the door from the garage into the back yard. “Tabitha, wait.” She stopped with her hand on the doorknob, looking back in surprise. “One last assignment before you go.”

“OK...” Her eyes narrowed, but she didn’t question. Our little game had been fun so far, after all.

“I’m going to give you the instructions. When I’m done, you follow them, and not before. Understand?”

“Sure.” She set her purse down on my tool bench, anticipating that whatever was about to happen, she wouldn’t need it.

“Good. Now when I tell you, I want you to come around to this side of my car. Then I want you to bend yourself over the hood. Arch your back for me.” A wry smile returned to her face as she saw where this was going. “Then I want you to flip up your

dress and show me your panties. Then pull down your panties and show me that perfect little ass.”

“You really don’t have to do this, you know, Mr. Canon.”

“I wasn’t finished,” I snapped. “Once your ass is ready, you’re to persuade me to fuck you. Any way you like, so long as you hold that position. Keep at it until I’m ready to give you what you want.”

“You want me to beg for sex?” Her expression conveyed her displeasure at the notion.

“Begin, Ms. Hutchings.”

With a little sigh, she complied. I’d really loved the way her silk panties looked on her ass, lustrous turquoise against ivory skin. I stepped down into the garage with her as she lowered them, exposing her pussy to the cool air.

With her cheek pressed to the metal of my hood, Tabitha turned to look at me. “Fuck me, Mr. Canon.”

I stepped closer, only a few feet away. “Why.”

She hadn’t anticipated the simple question. Her eyes darted nervously as she processed. “Because I’m horny. Because you made me so goddamn horny all morning long, and now I need to be fucked. By you. By my teacher. My my hot fucking stud of an English teacher. Please, Mr. Canon. I need it. Show me I’m fuckable. Show me you want to fuck me like you fucked all those other girls. Fuck me.”

In her pleading, she had missed the sound of me whipping my cock out. She did not miss it, however, when I pressed my tip to her slit. It was so hot it practically sizzled. She sucked a gasp in through her teeth.

“I like how ready you are,” I said. Her body shuddered in delight. “New course expectation: be *this* ready for me at any time I might want you.”

“You... you want me to be wet and horny... all the time?”

“Whenever we’re in proximity.”

“Even during class?”

“Especially during class.”

“Mr. Canon, I... I can’t! I can’t just lube up on command!”

“So learn.”

“Even if I could...! Shit, I’d need to carry around an extra pair of panties in my purse to change before seventh period!”

“So pack an extra pair.”

I caught her squirming back, trying to smuggle my cock inside her. I stopped her with a hard slap on her exposed ass. “Ow! Did you just... *spank* me?!”

I spanked her again. “And that one was for interrupting me earlier.”

“You can’t spank a student – it’s against the rules!”

“The same rules that say I shouldn’t fuck my students. Do you really want me to go by those rules?”

Her eyes squeezed shut in frustration. “No,” she huffed.

“All right then.” I pulled back and calmly but audibly zipped my gear back in my pants.

Her face whirled around to look up at me in dismay. “Wait, are you not going to...?!”

“The assignment was to get me ready to fuck you. Which, by the way, you managed to do in under a minute. I was honestly impressed. I never would have thought that my little Tabitha could beg for cock with such gusto. A+ effort.”

There it was, that recognizable tremor in her body when my words went straight to her clit. I seized the opportunity, slipping a finger gently inside her. I’d meant to add a second, but she was so tight I wasn’t sure she could take it. I dragged that orgasm out at my leisure as she clawed and pounded on the hood of my car.

“I can’t wait until we’ve gotten you ready to be fucked, Tabitha.” I withdrew suddenly and patted her bare ass, slimy fingerprints glistening in the dim light from the window to the back yard. “Now get on home before your parents start to worry.”

Megan was mowing my lawn when I left. We shared a wave and a smile. I risked a look up at Cassie's bedroom window, where I saw her staring after me. Even at that distance, the sorrow on her face was evident. Poor thing. I'd have to throw her a bone later. I doubted I'd have the energy for it tonight, but maybe once I got caught up on work tomorrow. She might even make for a decent test subject for my lesson plans for Tabitha. Hell, maybe I could enroll her in the class, too, let them compete for valedictorian status. No rush to decide. I'd do what I felt was right.

That was something I needed to get more intentional about. Too much reacting, too many decisions being made for me by others. That was going to be my summer resolution – think about what I wanted, and plan accordingly. The last two weeks of the semester were always the most hectic. All grading needed to be done less than twenty-four hours after the last instruction day to keep pace with reporting requirements for graduating seniors and the limits on teacher availability according to the school calendar. Once I made it through the school year, though, things would be different. No more being led by the nose by the Sterns. Frankly, if this was the sort of trouble they were going to drop into my lap, maybe it was time to simply let them go their own ways. Tabitha, Candy, Isa and the Browns were way more than enough for me – any one of them was plenty – and even if my cock rebelled at the thought of relinquishing its favorites, it was a small price to pay for what peace of mind my situation could afford me.

I'd taken the afternoon to reflect on yesterday's events with Justin. Sure enough, the passage of time had done its usual healing work. What they had done was distasteful, yes. If that was how they'd felt about what I'd done to them, however, then I owed them an apology in turn. Or maybe our mutual obligation to apologize canceled one another out. Regardless, it was a lesson learned, and I'd be more sensitive to my lovers' interests going forward.

As for what it meant about me... there was nothing to it. I'd thought it was one of my girls; I'd enjoyed it because I'd thought it was one of my girls; I'd come because, whether or not I was loathe to admit it, he'd done a good job impersonating my girls. My hetero cred was certainly not in doubt (considering how many gorgeous women I was sleeping with), nor should it matter even if it were. I'd gotten the homophobia I'd learned in grade school out of my system before finishing high school; that I'd reacted as I had didn't make me a bigot. It was how any person would react to finding they'd been duped into that sort of act with a person they didn't want to do it with; the shock to my hetero sensibilities had been real, but had passed. Period end.

It was remarkable how hollow the thought *coming in another guy's mouth doesn't make you gay* sounded, I reflected as I parked my car in Isa and Candy's driveway. Well, whatever. As with so many interactions with Taylor and Justin, I'd

simply have to be the bigger person. Nothing to help with that like fucking the hell out of your hot colleague and her hot cop girlfriend.

I rang the doorbell. This time, I'd brought no bottle of wine, instead only a steely resolve. In a way, I owed some credit to Tabitha. She'd prepped me to be more assertive, to take charge and demand results. It was a strange dynamic with a student, stranger by far with colleagues.

Isa greeted me at the door; I only knew it was her because of the voice that murmured a subdued "come in" from the far side. She opened the door only enough to smuggle me inside, but rather than slip through the gap, I stood my ground on the front steps.

"Open it all the way."

"But... fuck! Fine." It opened further, until it showed the oddly empty entryway of their home. It would have seemed the door opened by magic except that I knew who was hiding on the far side.

"Come out and greet me. I want to see you."

"But I'm... I can't! Shit, *please* don't make me do that," she whined.

"That wasn't a request, Louisa."

After our encounter in her office, my doubt that she would comply was gone. It was simply a matter of how long she could hold out before she broke. In this case, it was an impressive ten seconds before she slunk out from behind the door. Her reticence was logical. She was wearing nothing but a set of elaborate but slutty lingerie. Royal purple was its primary shade, with black trim and connectors, more straps and buckles than I could keep track of. It was the sort of underwear that served as gift wrapping, right down to the little black bows in the strings tying her panties on over two rounded hips. With her standing in front of her wide-thrown door greeting me in it, it further served to announce her as *my* gift.

She looked incredible. In fact, I told her so.

"Thank you, master. Now would you *please* come in?" she asked heatedly.

I let her sweat for a few more seconds, eyes flitting around to watch for passing cars or neighbors out for a stroll, before I came in. The door slammed shut right on my heels, followed by a sigh of relief I only just made out as I kicked off my shoes.

May as well get comfortable. I meant to be here for a while.

"Where's our girl?" I asked, glancing around.

"Candace will be out in a moment. She's still making herself presentable, since you decided to surprise us by showing up an hour and a half early." The rebuke was subtle, but present.

"Oh yeah? You seemed to be ready in no time. What's her excuse?"

"You'd put more emphasis on my appearance, so we agreed I should get first run at the bathroom. And, um..." She winced. "Never mind."



“Come on, come on, out with it.”

“I’ve, um, sort of been wearing this all day,” she mumbled. God, I loved that pout in her voice.

“Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

I had to make her repeat it, she was so muted. “I *said*, ‘you told me you wanted me to wear it today, and I get off on being a submissive little bitch.’ Master.”

Ignoring that fire in her eyes, I gestured for her to spin for me. “Come on, let’s have a look-see. Just because you have that rack doesn’t mean I’m not interested in the back.”

“Rhyming misogyny now. How eloquent.” She obeyed, however. Obviously. Damn. The panties weren’t a thong, quite, but they rode pretty deep. There wasn’t much left to the imagination, but my imagination was working overtime nevertheless. Her ass received an appreciative pinch.

“Did you put oil on that or something? I swear, the thing practically shines.”

“It’s just my skin.” She shrugged, waiting for me to release my fingerful of her butt cheek before turning to face me.

“Well I have to hand it to you, it’s... uh, it’s...” I forgot the words as I took stock of the house’s other occupant. “Jesus, Candy, you clean up good.”

The woman smiled, sashaying into her living room in a dress that would be more appropriate in a nightclub. The kind of night club where a woman showed up just to rub in your face what you wouldn’t ever get to fuck. Maybe literally. Were there nightclubs like that, or did my brain invent it to rationalize that dress? Probably the latter. It was somehow every bit as slutty as Isa’s lingerie.

In effect, it was a crimson red dress, tight and short. Not even scandalously short – it had several inches to it past the swell of her compact booty. But to call a little red dress that would be to ignore all that it *didn’t* have. Sleeves. A back. A large diamond over an incredible flat stomach. Most of the chest, though some invisible bra whose machinations I couldn’t understand was thrusting her modest breasts out as best it could. Most of her hips were bared by a latticework pattern that went all the way up her ribs as well. The whole dress looked more like deep red ribbons with patches over the R-rated parts. If I plucked at it and pulled, it would unravel in an instant.

On top of that, she had put some work into herself. Candace Salata was a good-looking woman, no bones about it. This was a good reminder, however, of the difference that a little effort made. Her honey blonde hair was wrapped up high and tight around her head, making sure it didn’t obscure any of the rest of her. Jewelry was in abundance. Gold hoop earrings, a number of bracelets on each wrist, several necklaces, also gold and with a small red stone suspended between her breasts that complemented the dress and gave an excuse to stare at her tits. Not that I needed one.

“Thank you, Mr. Canon. You said to look nice, so... I figured why not. Haven’t worn this thing since college, but it still fits.” She beamed proudly.

“You and I had very different college experiences. At mine, we usually wore whole outfits to parties.”

Candace shook her head. “You went to the wrong parties then. Though, full disclosure, the theme for this particular party was It’s a Dress, Not a Yes, so.”

I gave her a quick squeeze on the ass. “But what a dress.”

The house was quiet as I looked between them. On my left, my feistily submissive toy cop in her purple underwear, already visible aroused judging by the nipples fighting to pierce the cups of her bra. On my right, the pretty social studies teacher and the toy cop’s lover, dressed to lure out a gang bang’s worth of frat guys. This was going to be one hell of a night.

But first, there was that other thing.

“So we haven’t gotten to have a good candid talk, the three of us. I think it’s high time we caught up. Don’t you?”

“Oh my god, are you really going to gloat some more? You won, Canon. Don’t be a dick about it,” groused Isa. “If you’re going to fuck us, just fuck us alrmmfmm...!”

My finger on her lips was all it took to silence her. “No, no no. It’s listening time, pretty girl. We let you take charge before, and you tried to ruin everybody else’s good time.”

“Pretty sure you just mean *your* good time,” muttered Candy.

“I’m sure you’re pretty sure. Honestly, I don’t care all that much what you two believe. I don’t want to be a sore winner about all this, so I’m moving on from it. In fact, it’s the nature of my success I wanted to address. Let’s have a seat, shall we?”

Firmly in charge, I drafted our impromptu seating chart. I took the armchair facing the TV, planted Candy in my lap, and directed Isa to sit cross-legged on the floor in front of us. Kneeling might have been more directly domineering, but it made it a little trickier to see her panties darken as she grew increasingly angry and aroused.

“Now I want to come clean about what happened last weekend. That we all tried to outsmart one another and it ended with you two washing out your mouths with Serenex, you already know.”

“Rings a bell.”

“Right, but what you don’t know is that after you were under, the girls and I had a talk about what to do with you. They had all sorts of unseemly ideas. No surprise that the Sterns aren’t big fans of the resource officer, especially after you tased Taylor, nor especially fond of their teachers. That said, I didn’t want to further escalate things.”

“You call *this* not escalating things?” Isa gestured to her skimpy lingerie.

“No. Would you let me talk? Apologize, and then pipe down, would you?”

I was already falling in love with the increasingly familiar way her eyes flared in righteous indignation, then slowly dropped to the floor from her arousal at being overpowered. (Or was she overpowered by her arousal?) “I’m sorry, master.”

Candy sighed dreamily in spite of herself and wriggled softly on my lap, but she let me go on. “So. As I was saying, I didn’t relish the prospect of putting two women who so thoroughly disapproved of all this further in the middle of things. However, the Sterns took exception to my inclination to mercy, and before I knew what was going on, they dosed me too.

“I know you think I’ve somehow masterminded this from the get-go. I’m telling you, Abbie Stern has made sure she can use my Serenex whenever she wants, and I’m powerless to use it on her again. Once I was out of the way, she did *this* to the two of you, then dropped me off at home none the wiser. As far as I know she didn’t do anything further to me, but as I’m sure you know, it’s not always easy to be self-aware.”

“So you were just bullshitting us when you acted like you knew what to expect earlier in the week?” asked Candy, to which I answered with a guileless shrug. “Why tell us now?”

“At the time, I was concerned with projecting strength. By now, I’m pretty well convinced that you’re not playing the long con with all this. Or if you are, then you’re the two best actresses I’ve ever seen, because I’m pretty sure even Meryl Streep can’t get her pussy wet on command.

“Now you said Monday... how did you put it? Something about being impressed with my ambition, if I’m recalling correctly. But believe me, whatever Abbie is doing now, I’m no part of it.”

The two shared a look, but Isa held firm to my command of silence. Candy looked back to me and asked, “So what is it you want from us?”

I folded my arms. “Tell me what Abbie is plotting.”

After taking the afternoon to ponder it in between reconciling myself to the events of yesterday, I still didn’t have any solid guesses. Like her sister, Abbie Stern was something of an evil Paul Bunyan by reputation, larger than life and prone to axing things. That reputation was almost all I’d known of her before a few weeks ago, and getting to know someone in the midst of rewriting their personality only made it all the trickier. Her decision with Justin I thought I understood. Petty revenge, a simple motive born out of spite. Tabitha, perhaps. Maybe I really had named her as a fantasy of mine, and/or they’d decided to have some fun with the uptight honors student. Before that, she’d used it on Taylor, which I could see as wanting to gain the upper hand against her bratty big sister along with a dash of overreacting to the prospect of our secret escaping.

Still, there was probably enough left in that canister for at least half a dozen doses. More, maybe, if she came up with something clever and didn’t go spraying it willy

nilly until it landed in someone's mouth. I'd only used a drop or two on Taylor's chapstick, and look where that had taken us.

What was Abbie's plan, though? It was certainly possible that there was no plan, that Abbie was merely a mercurial sadist with a goddess complex who used it when and how she felt like it. There wasn't much I could do about that. It was also possible, however, that she was up to something that involved me. If so, I would have to get creative. The two women seated before me had very nearly managed to take me out of the game for good, and I'd had them under some pretty straightforward marching orders. It was possible.

First, though, I needed to know what I was up against. All I had to go on was an offhand comment from lunch early in the week about how ambitious "our" plan was. I'd been waiting all week for the status update Isa had promised, but nothing had come of it. At the time, they'd seem to think Abbie and I were in lockstep, and if the plan really had been nothing more than roping in Tabitha and Justin, there likely wouldn't be much to say.

I was done wondering, though. It was time to get answers. These two knew something, and they were going to tell me.

"Well?" I prompted when neither responded.

"I can talk now?"

I rolled my eyes at the woman on the floor. "Yes – but don't push me."

"Wouldn't dream of it, master. The simple answer to your question, though, is that we don't have a clue in the world what you and your attack dog have been up to."

"Bullshit. Don't cover for her, Isa. I know you know something. Why else would you have said what you did, like we had some caper in the works?"

"Um, because you've spent the past few weeks drugging and fucking women, and the only people who knew about it and were willing to stand up to you were no longer an obstacle?"

"I kept figuring all week that you were busy dosing every female student in your class that you thought might be worth fucking," Candy chimed in. "Do you mean to say you weren't?"

"Of course I wasn't! How many times do I have to explain to you that this was all a big accident? Not one I particularly regret, but I'm not... You know, fuck it. Think what you want. But you can't expect me to believe you don't know *anything*. No way Abbie had you two at her mercy and didn't put the two of you to use."

Isa threw up her hands in exasperation. "Doing what? Why would you think the two of us are experts on the goals and dreams of Abbie fucking Stern? If she really is calling the shots with the rest of your Serenex, she's probably using it to score drugs, or rob banks or something. And no, I haven't heard of any bank robberies in the area this past week."

Candy nodded. “If you want to know what Abbie’s up to, why don’t you ask *her*? She might be a monster, but you’re the one member of the GHS faculty she seems to somehow like.”

“We... had a disagreement.”

“A disagreement?”

“And that’s all I’d like to say about it.”

I scrutinized the two of them. Were they trying to pull one over on me? They’d lied convincingly enough during my visit here last Saturday. Still, if they knew something, I couldn’t see why they’d lie for Abbie – unless Abbie had used the Serenex to make them lie, in which case I wasn’t going to get anything out of them anyway. Why would she even bother to do that, though? The two were already bound to secrecy about our arrangement. Beyond that, what did they even have that the girls wanted? They certainly had plenty to offer someone like me, but Abbie clearly had no interest in fucking them. (Again.)

“Look me in the eye and swear to me you don’t know anything.” I demanded.

“That seems a little juvenile,” opined Candy, but when she saw I was serious, she took the lead. “Fine. I swear that I have no idea what Abbie Stern is up to. Happy?”

I looked to Isa. “And my submissive little bitch better be straight with her master. Right, Isa?”

Her body shook softly. “Yes, master. I swear to you that as far as I know, Abbie Stern isn’t doing anything with your Serenex.”

The two watched me for a reaction, but truth be told, I was no more satisfied than I had been. Either they were lying or they weren’t. My instincts said to trust them, though. They saw themselves as the good guys in all this. Heroes, even delusional ones, didn’t conspire to cover up a high school sex slave operation.

“Fine,” I said at last. “But if you hear anything, you let me know, understand? That is an explicit order, Isa.”

Put that way, she looked like she was taking it more seriously than she had my interrogation. “Understood, master Canon. Err, Mr. Canon. Shit.”

Candy smiled. “She slips up like that all the time when she talks about you. I was creeped out at first, but it gets her so worked up that it’s hard to be mad.” Her slender thighs rubbed together.

“You like that, do you?”

“I... could get used to it. Since we’re way past the point of TMI, it’s always sort of been a thorn in my paw, that she’s not in the mood very often. Like once on the weekends, maybe once or twice during the week, but that’s usually it. This past week though, she’s been...” Candy’s eyes glinted happily.

“Candace!” hissed Isa. “That’s *private*!”

“Mama, we can smell your pussy from all the way up here, and you want to talk about private...?”

As my hand worked its way between Candy’s thighs, I remembered something. It felt like it had been a fancy from another lifetime, but it had only been a few days. “Say, speaking of privates... do you have something to show me, Ms. Salata?”

“I wondered when you’d get around to asking.” Candy slid off my lap and back to her feet. “Now before I do the big reveal, mind you that it’s still kind of tender – still healing and all. It hurt like hell, so I hope you’re happy.”

“Show me.”

With surprisingly little resistance, Candy gave a few upward tugs on the front of her skirt, careful not to put too much stress on those pitifully inadequate strings holding it all together. There was no underwear beneath it. Her pussy was shaved bare now, a pale triangle from her tanning sessions highlighting the relevant area. Tattooed there on her pubic mound was a decent replication of the design I had sent her.

Was it cliché? Sure.

Degrading? Maybe.

But did I regret it? Not one bit.

It was candy.

The treats were etched into her skin in impressive detail. A lollipop, several wrapped hard candies with a faint pink tint, a cupcake with sprinkles, a few candy corns, and spattered throughout a collection of sweetheart candies. I leaned in close to read them, the heat from her visibly moistened snatch radiating on my face. *KISS ME, U R MINE, PRETTY GIRL, LOVE ME?, SAY YES*, and a dozen or more others.

“What was it like, getting all this done?” I asked, rubbing my fingers over it. Indeed, her skin was still raised a bit from the process. It was still quite fresh.

“What do you think it was like? Isa had to help me do a home bikini wax, which was no picnic to begin with, but then I had to go to four places before I found a woman who was even willing to do it. Most awkward phone calls of my life bar none. Wound up settling for some super shady looking place off the interstate. Then, after I was satisfied this woman could do it justice, I had to let this stranger see me down there for hours while she did it all. It stung like crazy the whole time, but no no, thanks to you and the Stern girls, I was still plenty turned on anyway, just knowing what this was for.”

“Tell him about on the way out,” prompted Isa.

Candy shot her an irritated look, but now that the subject had been broached, there was no going back. “I bumped into a former student – Xavier Burney? I don’t know if you had him – in the parking lot. He could tell why I was there, and got all excited, wanting to see what I had done. I blushed so hard trying to fend off his curiosity that I think he guessed where the tattoo was all on his own. Or near enough. It was mortifying.”

“Ah, good old Xavier. How’s he doing?”

“How the hell should I know?! I was just trying to get out of there while revealing as little as possible. I can only hope the woman inside didn’t satisfy his curiosity or the whole school will know by Monday morning.”

I chuckled. “If it comes to that, we’ll call us even on the whole dinner poisoning thing.”

“How charitable of you.”

“Isa, you’ll be working your karmic debt off for a while yet, but something tells me you don’t mind being under my thumb a while longer.” She didn’t look up, much less reply. “So. Looks like Candy’s paid the price of admission. So before we go any further—”

“Yes, let’s keep talking about it instead of getting it over with,” grumbled Isa.

“—I thought it might behoove us to delineate any limitations you’d like to put in place. I’m sensitive to the fact that I’m not dealing with hetero women, and I’d prefer we all had fun.” The precise reason behind my sudden respect for the boundaries of sexual appetites was best left a mystery. They each looked surprised by my claim to sympathy; Isa’s expression suggested she was waiting for me to laugh and take it back. I waited.

“Well I’m bi,” shared Candy after a moment. “I lean toward women, but I’ve had good sex with men before. The whole voyeur thing never really appealed to me before, but now, after what you and Abbie did to me... I figured if you’re going to do this to Isa, and she can’t help herself, and I can’t help myself when she can’t help herself... may as well get a front-row seat. That said, I’d still rather just spectate, if that’s all right. No offense or anything. Or not much, at least.”

“Not much taken, I guess. And you? Do I need to ask, Isa?”

We turned to the woman on the floor, who struggled a bit to get her own words out. “I have no particular use for the male form. Never did much for me, honestly. That said, thanks to Serenex, I get turned on every time I see your smug prick face, so... I guess let’s see how it goes. You want me to speak up if I hate something that you do?”

I agreed that it sounded as good a guideline as any. “Candy, why don’t you have a seat on the couch. If you feel like proving your resilience to touching, come on over. Until then, I think it’s high time Isa does her part to make up for being such a bad, bad girl last weekend.”

A tongue slipped out from between two ruby red lips and hung there a moment before being sucked back in. Candy giggled and made her way to the couch. She crossed her legs prettily, watching the two of us with obvious anticipation.

“I’m sorry, master,” Isa mumbled. She was the picture of submission, a doll in fancy underwear, chin down, eyes up.

“Sorry for what?”

“For... being a bad girl?” she guessed.

“No, I mean specifically. Tell me what you did that you’re sorry for.”

She glanced up, tense. Still, the answers I was looking for weren't arcane. "For deceiving you. For trying to drug you. For the things we tried to do to you when we thought you were under. For threatening you."

Though these were all things I'd thought about quite a bit myself, hearing her acknowledge them reopened the wound just enough to let some of that lingering salt out. "If those were bad, then how come you did them?"

She frowned. Sex games she'd expected, but an actual confession evidently hadn't crossed her mind as a possibility for the evening. Mine either, but as much as her body was enticing, the power I had over her was every bit as much so. "Because we had to protect those girls, master."

"If you thought you were protecting them, then why are you sorry? It doesn't sound like you're sorry. It sounds like you're telling me what I want to hear, but you still think you were right to do what you did." I nudged her backwards with my foot; she tumbled onto her back, then remained supine as if afraid to rise off the floor.

"But... I was... I mean..." She gave me a forlorn look. "I don't know what you want me to say, master."

"I want you to convince me that you're sorry."

The look hardened. "And if I'm not?"

Not *if I can't*. No. *If I'm not*.

Well, time to find out how well Serenex had solved the Louisa Barbour problem.

"Then you're not my submissive little bitch."

"Wait, what? I am!" She caught her defensive response too late. "I mean... you made me. Or Abbie made me. Whatever. After what you did to me in my office, how can you...?!"

God, she looked incredible curled up on her side like that. If it was a pose, she pulled it off beautifully, but I think it was simply her body's most natural position when too meek to pull herself off the floor. The lines of her, the curves, the way gravity affected this but not that... it was something to behold.

"Letting you entice me into using you so you can get off is greedy, not submissive. I know you're new to this, but that's not how it works. A submissive does what she's told. She doesn't argue. She puts the wants and needs of her master first, and her own second. Or maybe third."

"I sucked your dick! I let you *spank* me!"

"And you came from both of those," I countered.

Candy gasped. "You got off from sucking Canon's cock?" Her nipples were visible through her dress now. Their location was even more noticeable when she started twisting them through the thin red fabric.

"Stay out of this baby!"



“Sorry, that’s just so... slutty.” Candy sighed, legs uncrossing in preparation for what was to come.

“And what difference does it make if I...” She took a breath, steeling herself to get the words out. “If I enjoyed it? I still did what *you* wanted!”

“You did what *we* wanted. Now, do what *I* want.”

“You’re asking me to give you my permission to drug and molest a bunch of innocent girls!”

“I’m not asking you to do any such thing.” I stood, undoing my belt and lowering my pants and underwear, cock rigidly aimed at the ceiling fan. My shirt followed. Candy squeezed her little tits fiercely at the sight of my naked body towering over her girlfriend, prone on the floor. “I’m *telling* you to.”

“But... what difference does it make what I say, master? You’re going to fuck those girls anyway. Who cares if I approve?”

“A submissive little bitch doesn’t question *why*. She does what she’s told.”

If looks could kill, the one that crept onto Isa’s face would have melted the flesh off my bones. But I had her. Rather than back down, I crouched over her and placed one hand on her knee. It took next to no pressure to part that leg from the other. Sure enough, there was that widening wet spot. I put my fingers to it and gave a few soft strokes. Her eyes squeezed shut, the pleasure plain on her face.

“You like it when I touch you like this?”

She nodded.

“Then tell me.”

After a delay, she shook her head. “No. I don’t condone it. I won’t.”

Good. Better she not cave right away.

I steered my middle finger to where I suspected her clit was – hard to tell through the panties – and pressed in, rubbing in slow circles once I was sure I had it. Swollen as it was, it wasn’t hard to pinpoint by touch. “Tell me, Isa. Tell me you want me to fuck whoever I want.”

“Th-they’re your students!” she protested with an inadvertent gasp.

“They are. But it’s what I want. Tell me you want me to have what I want. *Want* me to have what I want.”

I’d spent enough time around pussies in the past few weeks to recognize an approaching orgasm. Right as she took that ragged, shuddering breath, I froze. Her eyes shot open, looking at me pleadingly. “Why did you stop?”

“Tell me. Tell me, and I might keep stroking you.”

The back and forth between wrath and despair was disconcerting in the extreme, while somehow simultaneously being wildly sexy. Candy watched, fingering her own pussy unrestricted and uninhibited, as I toyed with her lover.

“It’s... it’s wrong, Canon,” she whimpered.

“Tell me anyway. Embrace doing the wrong thing, and take comfort knowing it made you a good girl for your master.”

Her hips thrust forward unexpectedly; a groan launched from the officer’s lips. It nearly pushed my fingers into her pussy even through her panties, but I pulled back before she could derive any real satisfaction from it. “Uh, uh. Tell me. Obey.”

Her eyes closed, and after a long moment, a thin tear leaked out the corner of one eye. “Fine,” she whispered. “Fuck whoever you want. As long as I’m one of them.”

I moved to squat right over her body, my hard-on dangling over her belly. “No. No conditions. I can fuck anyone I want.”

Her eyelids slid open, but behind them was only a scoreboard that displayed the ongoing results in the contest between her integrity and her libido. Integrity was lagging way behind, and there were only minutes to go in the fourth quarter. “All right. You can fuck whoever you want.”

“Good girl.” She quivered with delight. Even Tabitha wasn’t that invested in my approval. Quite. “Now tell me you *want* me to fuck whoever I want.”

“I...” Her eyes darted to Candy, casually diddling herself on the sofa. “I want you to fuck whoever you want.”

“Tell me you like that I fuck my students.”

“Do I really...?!” She winced. “Fine. I like that you fuck your students, master.”

“Show me you’re not just saying it. Show me you mean it.”

Her eyes fixed on my cock for a long moment. It was a hell of a look from a lesbian. “How am I supposed to show you that?”

Candy spoke up. “Be more specific. Tell him *what* you like about it. Tell him what you hope he’s doing to those girls. Tell him how lucky they are, how you wish you could be them, fucking and servicing him,” she instructed, trailing off into a throaty moan. That I knew Candy didn’t mean it, that she was only fueling Isa’s sullen, resigned obedience only heightened the thrill.

I gave Isa a moment to compose her thoughts. Would she really be able to make herself—

“I love that you’re making those raging bitch Stern girls show a little respect,” she began. Seeing my encouraging nod, she kept searching. “And that... um, that you... um, get to feel powerful. That using them makes you feel good.”

“That’s better. Don’t stop now.”

“Tell him he can use your office to fuck them.” Candy’s legs were spread wide now, her fingers thrusting in and out with abandon. She was too turned on by how much Isa hated saying this to stop herself.

“Oh. Yeah, if you want. You can come down, and I can stand watch outside while you fuck them. Or I can stay in and watch, if you want. Whatever you like, master.”

“What if I want you to join in? Would you help me fuck them?”

Her muscles tensed for a moment, then suddenly went slack. “If you told me to. I guess.”

I made myself frown. “That doesn’t sound like you’re my submissive little bitch. That sounds like you’re grudgingly letting me push you into something. A submissive little bitch would be glad to fuck those girls, if that’s what I told her I wanted.” Not totally heartless, I resumed the clit massage.

Her resolve crumbled nearly instantly. Was my touch really that pleasurable to her? Or did she hate it so much that it made her that horny and obedient? “Fine! Fine, I’ll fuck them. I’ll fuck them while you watch, master. Whenever you want. OK?”

“Tell me what you’d do to Taylor Stern if I told you I wanted to watch you girls go at it. How would you use her to provide me a good show?”

Isa rocked her whole body into my hand, panting as her purple panties pressed powerfully into my palm. “I’d... we’d... we’d make out first, I think. Yes. I’d clear off my desk, lay her down on her back and climb on top of her. The girl may be a rotten bitch, but she’s so sexy, master. You deserve girls that sexy to pleasure you. I would take off whatever tight, skimpy thing she wore to flout the dress code that day, then suck her big tits right off, master. I love big tits, maybe even more than you do.

“Then I would make her stand up and bend over my desk, then get out the baton I keep in my drawer and fuck her pussy with it. I know just how to make it feel good, master. Baby and I play cop games sometimes, so I’m good and practiced with it. I’d make her come so hard for you, master. And if she gets too loud, I’d flip her back over and sit on her face, ride her smug bitch mouth until she proves she can be as submissive as me, master.

“I’ll have to bring in my handcuffs. We only use those plastic riot cuffs in the field any more, but I still have a real pair. I’d cuff her arms behind her back. She’d be completely helpless. Then I’d put the little bitch on her knees and tell her she has the right to suck your dick, that anything she sucks out of it will be sprayed all over her bitch face and her big bitch tits. I’d grab her hair and use her face like a fleshlight, fuck you with her mouth until you come all over her. Then I’d send her back to class with your cum on her breath, with it drying all over her tits.”

Her eyes opened. “Would... would that be good enough?”

Would that my cock, throbbing as red as her girlfriend’s slutty dress, wasn’t betraying my attempt at nonchalance. “I suppose that would be good enough, the first time. Good girl, Isa. That finally sounds like the submissive little bitch you told me you were.”

She squeezed a plump breast through her bra. “Thank you master.”

“Now show me you mean it.”

“Show you...?” She frowned. “The girls aren’t here though, are they?”

“Well... there’s *one* girl.”

She followed my gaze to the sofa, where Candy was utterly incognizant of what we were saying. She was getting herself off, and hardly seemed to need the stimulation any more.

“She said she only wanted to watch, master.”

“She did.”

“You said you would respect our boundaries.”

“I did.” I stood up, smiling as the woman’s body went limp at the removal of my touch. “And I will. I’m only saying, I want to fuck her. What you do with that information is up to you.”

Candy had enough presence of mind to realize something was happening, however. “Wait, what? But... no. I mean, that’s not... the plan. Right?”

“Not a plan. Just a desire. You look incredible, Candy. Good enough to eat. But I’ll let you two work it out. Let me know when you’ve made a decision.”

“I’m not...!” she insisted, gathering herself upright. I was already walking out of the room, though, making my way to their bedroom. I closed the door behind me, then flopped down on their bed to wait and see.

I’d sort of hoped to eavesdrop on the proceedings, but I had to hand it to their soundproofing efforts. Or maybe they were simply being that quiet. Either way, only a scant whisper of noise penetrated the bedroom walls, and none of it audible enough that I could make out anything definitive. Was Isa really going to pressure her girlfriend into spreading her legs for me? I didn’t know if she would, much less if she could. If not, would she come in to volunteer herself in Candy’s place? I really wasn’t going to force them into anything. The little stunt with Isa was mostly theater, as much for Candy’s enjoyment as mine. Their judgmental looks and comments were a nuisance, but really, who cared? I was getting what I wanted, and if these two didn’t want to have sex with me, I had nearly half a dozen others who would be more than glad to. Maybe that’s what I ought to do. Give the lesbians a break, go home and—

The bedroom door opened. There on the other side was Isa; in front of her, being herded toward the bed by Isa’s commanding grasp on her hips, was Candy. That blissed out look on her face was gone. Now, it was the annoyed, harried, but ultimately deferential look I’d first seen on her some weeks ago when I filmed her in the shower. She stopped at the bedside, spared a glance for my cock, then back to my face.

“You can fuck me, we decided.” Isa slapped her girlfriend hard on the ass. Candy jumped in surprise, then glared back at her, but Isa stared her down. “Sorry. I meant to say, I *want* to fuck you. There, is that better?”

Isa looked to me. “Is it, master?”

I patted the bed beside me. That was all it took for Candy to crawl into her own bed, kneeling at my side. “You two took your time deciding. Now I need a little help getting back into things.”

“Really? Because you sure *look*—”

“Candace, baby... the man wants you to suck his dick. So suck. his. dick.”

Candy’s lips worked together for a moment. “All right. So, you want me to just...” I wasn’t about to explain it to her. I felt pretty confident she knew how blowjobs worked. If not, here was her chance to learn. “OK. Yeah, I can... OK.”

She took a deep breath, then bent down and lifted my shaft to her mouth with a manicured hand. I hadn’t even noticed her red-painted nails until I saw them clutching my cock. They matched her lips, too. A pair of lipstick lesbians, with matching lipstick.

Isa came around to the other side of the bed – hers, I’d deduced, having noticed her gun safe beneath the nightstand – and knelt opposite her girlfriend. “Is she doing a good job, master? I told her she had to do a good job.”

I’d had my hands folded behind my head – a placement I’d learned long ago to help me from irritating ex-girlfriends and dates who’d been kind enough to do as Candy was doing now. Presently, I lended one the freedom to wrap itself around Isa’s hips, squeezing a pleasing handful of her plump, athletic booty. “She’s doing all right.”

Without warning, Isa’s arm lanced out and smacked Candy’s tightly rounded ass. The *crack* echoed around the room. “I told you to do a *good* job pleasuring master, baby. Not ‘all right.’ *Good*. Now do a *good* job.”

Candy’s squeaked in alarm, and maybe pain, but her mouth never left my cock. Sure enough, the slap produced results. There was passion in her lips now, redoubled effort. Her tongue went to work, and she stroked the lower portion of my shaft with her hand in time with her bobs. Impressive coordination for someone who shared her bed with an angry lesbian. Her eyes searched mine for signs of satisfaction. It was self-fulfilling; I was a sucker for a woman who looked me in the eyes while she blew me.

(A month ago, I’d been a sucker for any woman who even might blow me to begin with.)

“Better,” I assured Isa.

“I’m glad, master.”

As her hair slowly slipped free from the decorative contraptions holding it ever less tightly in place, I at last decided that as fun as finishing in my coworker’s mouth would be, it wasn’t why I’d come here this evening.

“I think I’d like to fuck her now,” I informed Isa.

“Where would you like her, master?” When she saw Candy letting me slide out from between her lips, she snapped and pointed at it. “Stop when master tells you to stop.”

“She can stop,” I said with a laugh. “On your back, Ms. Salata. Let’s trade places.”

“Jesus. I can’t believe we’re about to...” But disbelief or no, she did as she was told, laying herself down in the middle of the bed. She really did look amazing in that

dress. It was sluttier than actual nudity. I wouldn't even need to take it off of her to fuck her. It was perfect.

Candy sportingly spread her legs to make room for me as I moved into position. This was it. This was the longest I'd had to wait between seeing a girl naked and having sex with her since my girlfriend in high school, and not by a lot. She positioned my head at her slit, but I didn't push in yet. "You're sure you're ready for this?"

"Yeah. Why, don't I look ready?" She frowned. The intent of my question hadn't actually been to discern whether or not she was wet; that much I could see from the light of her bedside lamp.

Isa moved around behind me, then. I wasn't sure what she was doing until I felt her body press against my back, her pelvis against my ass, her strong hands on my bare waist. "It doesn't matter if she's ready. Fuck her, master. You want to fuck her, so fuck her."

With that, she pressed her hips forward and drove my cock into her lover's waiting cunt.

Together, Isa and I fucked Candy. It wasn't long before the skirt slid up enough to expose her tattoo, the indelible advertisement for the sweet treat that was Candace Salata's pussy. It wasn't long after that when I came inside it; Isa held me inside her until I finished my orgasmic twitching.

"Do you want to keep fucking her, master? We would be pleased to help ready you to fuck her again."

"Do it."

Isa laid down beside me, guiding my hand to play with her tits while she pulled my cock out from between her lover's legs and flopped it down atop that tattoo. With her cheek right on top of it, Isa sucked me back to hardness. The woman watched me closely, and I could read in her eyes that she was waiting for me to decide when she was done. A subordinate waiting for orders from her commanding officer.

I didn't make her wait long, not even bothering with a warning before I pulled back and out of Isa's mouth, then plunged right back into Candy's pussy. She gasped, then wailed in delight, clutching fistfuls of sheets as her pussy spasmed around me.

"She's making a lot of noise, Isa. See if you can't do something about that."

Honestly, I'd meant for her to kiss the woman. Watching them make out while I fucked Candy seemed as hot a thing as I could imagine.

I soon learned that my imagination might be in need of a tune-up.

Isa threw a leg over Candy's head and positioned her pussy over Candy's mouth. She tugged the string over her left hip, and the panties quite nearly slipped off. Then the one on the right, and down they went, plopping down on the woman's face. She tossed them towards a hamper near the bathroom door.

"*Shhh.*"

She lowered herself onto Candy's open mouth, eyes gliding shut as her lover's rug munching instincts kicked in. Her hips rocked slowly, rubbing her slit against a tongue I could only occasionally glimpse. The officer's body trembled in long-delayed satisfaction as her clit at last received the attention I'd only teased it with on the floor of their living room.

"Better, master?"

"Show me your tits, Isa." Candy seemed to have heard me, because her moan was only barely muffled by the muff on her face.

Automatically her hands reached behind her and undid the clasp with graceful ease. The purple cups slid down as she shrugged the bra off her shoulders, thin indentations left behind from the weight those straps had born. Two shapely brown tits awaited my hands as we leaned forward, our lips meeting in the space above Candy's sweet, generous pussy.

"These tits are yours, master," she whispered into my mouth as we made out, riding her girlfriend at both ends. "If it would please you, I would be glad to titty-fuck you when you're done with her."

*If*, I thought, *not when*. I wasn't sure I'd ever be done here.

Luckily, there was no rush. Isa was now committed to producing every ounce of pleasure she could for me, and knowing how artificial those feelings were kept Candy very nearly as committed. It was Isa who took point on suggesting and enforcing positions as the night drew on. Some of it was more conventional, at least from my limited initiation to the threesome. The two of them licking my cock in unison; Candy riding me while Isa straddled my face; taking up Isa on her offer of a tit-fuck while Candy kept us good and lubricated with her mouth. An exemplary display of her bisexuality.

I'd never known a woman to give up her virginity with as little fanfare as Isa did that night. After my fourth recovery period of the evening, when she saw the gleam returning to my eyes, she positioned herself on her hands and knees and simply offered, "Would you like to fuck my pussy this time, master?"

I did. Though midway through I remembered those tits and flipped her over, riveted by their perfectly symmetrical flopping and flouncing while I received the privilege of being the first, and probably last, man to come inside Isa Barbour's pussy. Candy simply watched, propped up against the headboard masturbating furiously as I deflowered her life partner.

"What do we say?" I demanded of her, practically wheezing from exhaustion as I pulled out, what little cum I'd had left now dribbling out of Isa's pussy.

"Do you want to call one of your girls over and watch me fuck them, master?"

I collapsed beside her, laughing in spite of myself. "I meant 'thank you,' but sure, that's another route. And no. Fuck, you two lezzy bitches are insatiable."

“Don’t call me a bitch, Canon,” snapped Candy, though the heat was mitigated by the fact that she was still playing with herself, overwhelmed by the sight of her freshly fucked girlfriend.

“Isa, tell her not to act like one.”

“Don’t act like a bitch, baby.”

Her body convulsed. The disheveled red dress slid up to her waist as her body slumped downward in orgasm.

The three of us laid there recovering for a time. I considered adjourning to the shower, but frankly, we’d already found the right note on which to conclude our fun. I could wash myself. (Or if I changed my mind when I got home, Cassie and Megan were right next door.) The ladies laid there, utterly spent, as I dragged myself to my feet. I’d meant to get dressed, but my clothes were still wadded up on the living room floor. Right next to the shattered pieces of Isa’s integrity.

“So, how was it?” I nudged Isa’s leg. “Honestly.”

She was face-down in the bed, but found the energy to twist back to look at me. “It was the best sex we’ve ever had, master.”

“Yeah? How about that.” I couldn’t keep the cocky grin off my face.

Her head sunk back into her bed. “I’ve never been more turned on in my life. I’m not sure I’ll ever be able to think of you without getting this blindingly horny again.”

My car was in my driveway before I remembered exactly what about me turned Louisa Barbour on.

Maybe Abbie wasn’t content to simply punish me. Maybe she wanted me dead. I sighed. But what a way to die.