

Twenty-Seven

Part Four: Mixed Aptitude Partner Exercises

“In’s mot mair, Mifther Manon,” Tabitha Hutchings attempted around a thick peach-shaded dildo sliding back and forth between her lips. Her setup wasn’t bad, really. Laying on her stomach on the bed of her hotel room, fellating the plastic cock while Abbie did her best to match her activities on Canon’s side of the monitor. She was wearing what might be a string bikini or perhaps very skimpy lingerie, and whatever lighting she’d gotten on her was impressive. He could see everything, vividly. The sound had some annoying background interference, but Tabitha was wearing a gamer girl style headset with a microphone that gave him excellent audio on every wet, squishy noise her lips made. With the signal inbound from Europe, though, there was a noticeable delay that frustrated Tabitha more and more by the slurp. Canon didn’t mind it much; he was happy to make this video chat a lengthy one.

“I know, Tabitha. We’re past rectifying it, though. Even if we were willing to Serenex your mom and dad over it—”

“That woman is *not* my mother,” Tabitha retorted hotly before lodging the dildo deep down her throat. Abbie was patched into the conversation on her phone; her teacher for senior English held it where she could watch and imitate. She winced as Canon’s girth filled her airway, tears quickly leaking out the corner of her eyes.

Tabitha knew how much he liked gagging Abbie.

“—and we had the stuff in your hands right now in... Where are we this week? Barcelona?”

“No, back in Monaco. Guess last week’s meeting went well; they wanted Daddy back for a long weekend.” Her microphone amplified the already noisome sound of her lips smacking around her stand-in for Canon’s cock. That thing was no slouch, though she swore she’d picked it based entirely on its likeness to him. Flattery? He wouldn’t put it past her. Abbie seemed to be struggling to deep throat every bit as much as her partner on screen, though.

“Ah, putting Madame Dupuis’ lessons to use?”

Tabitha nodded, he thought, but didn’t bother pulling her lips off to use words. Abbie’s eyes were riveted on her phone, so she could mimic Tabitha accurately. There was only the slightest delay between when he saw Tabitha do something and when he felt Abbie repeat it.

“Anyway, my point is it’s too late to whisk you away in time for the party. All I can say is that you’ll be missed. Much as I wish you could be here, doing that in person, and much as I know you wish the same, you’ll have to content yourself with a months-long

European vacation. Somehow” He patted Abbie’s hair consolingly; Tabitha interpreted it vicariously, as intended, and nuzzled her head at the phantom hand.

They’d been over it and over it; she was free to come by and service him any time she was in the area, but she was not to start a war with her controlling father over it, nor bail on her collegiate responsibilities come fall. The first couple weeks she’d been away, she’d grown seriously depressed. Tabitha was heavily dependent on her former teacher’s approval of her, so much so that he worried that it might be difficult for her to get by on the lesser relevance of her professors’ approval. They’d worked out these long distance fuck sessions to keep her from suffering withdrawal.

“Do you think you’re getting close yet? Ugh, I hate how I can’t read your pleasure by the feel of your cock against my lips. My memory can taste you. It *always* tastes you. But only my memory.”

Canon let out a little moan, partly a reflex, but partly a reward for her as usual spot-on talent for her ostentatious brand of dirty talk. “Not too far. Why, you getting tired?”

“Tired of having to settle for blowing and fucking *this* stupid thing instead of you, sir. But... if you are getting close, I want to tell you...” I’m afraid I haven’t been entirely honest with you about something.” She thumped the length of the faux phallus across her face as she elaborated. “There’s no need to be upset – I simply wanted to let you know I’ve been engaging in a little white fib.”

As she parroted smacking her own face about with Canon’s rigid cock, Abbie sneered at the girl’s ingratiating behavior. For some reason. Canon ignored the cattiness, as always. That Abbie let Tabitha use her as her long-range sex puppet was the only reason he tolerated the perpetual nuisance of their association. That depriving him of an opportunity to live out a fantasy was the only reason she tolerated Tabitha’s intrusion on her turf.

“Oh?” he prompted Tabitha.

“I’ve been using a filter,” she explained, caressing the dildo up the bridge of her nose. She went-cross-eyed, but somehow awe-struck at the same time. “You see, I’m not actually in my hotel room right now.”

“What? What do you mean? Whose room is that, then?” Not that he was jealous. How could he be? She wasn’t *his*. Except in every way that mattered.

“Abbie... go.” In a flash, the Stern girl kneeling at his feet went from cock nuzzler to cock guzzler. Her licking and sucking took on a theatrical bliss that no blowjob had ever bestowed upon any woman since the dawn of time. As Canon’s vision swam at the sudden frenzy of friction, he had to blink, twice, before making sense of what he was seeing on the monitor.

She was on a beach. The hotel room was gone, a digital deception that vanished in a blur of pixels. Suddenly there were beach-goers, gulls, and in the distance on either

side of Tabitha's slender hips, the sea. (Also a tiny triangle of sea in between the cleft of her buttocks, where her tight, lily white ass was trying to swallow her string bikini whole.)

It wasn't easy, making sense of it. That excellent lighting on her porcelain skin suddenly clicked, what with the sun and all. Could this beach scene be another filter? Why would she... No, it wasn't. It only took a moment of study to see that the people there were reacting to her. Heads turning, women looking in shock, men leering at the teen slut sucking off her dildo on a public beach. A fellow sitting on a towel not far behind her was licking his lips like he meant to take a bite out of this little American snack.

That was the answer to his unspoken *why*. She didn't need to say it. He knew her. This was the closest Tabitha Hutchings could come to blowing him live and in public for the world to see how committed she was to being his adoring cock-worshipping slut.

After graduation, she had begged – *groveled* – for him to publicly make her his girlfriend. Isa had lectured her time and again on the need for secrecy, but the girl didn't care. She considered it an affront that they had to sneak around, acting like they were doing something shameful.

“For the first time in my life, my sexuality is something I’m actually proud of. I know, you think it’s only the Serenex talking. Maybe you’re right. But I don’t care why. This is the best I’ve felt in my entire life. Ever. I want to be able to go places with you. Out to eat. The movies. A day trip, picnicking at the lake. And if we’re sitting there in the sand, and you decide you want to touch me, to kiss me, I don’t care if people see.”

Then, right before he thought she was about to profess her love...

“Because I’m good at this. You’ve taught me to be sexy. Fearlessly sexy. I thought it felt good to have the answers, to be the smartest one in the room, to know the question before it was asked. That’s nothing. I’m better at being a cock-worshipping slut than I ever was, ever will be, at academics. And I want them to see the bliss on my face, and know that I was better than them before, and I’m even better than they are now.”

Abbie squealed for air. He hadn't realized he'd been holding her head in place while he fucked her throat like an especially elastic cunt, and then he'd flooded her airways with the cum Tabitha had so richly earned. “The fuck, C-dawg?!” she shrieked indignantly after coughing up several mouthfuls all over her big bare tits. Moments like that, it was hard to believe she wasn't Taylor's sister by blood.

“I miss you *so much*, Mr. Canon,” Tabitha announced. Loudly. The people around her heard that.

“I miss you too, Tabitha. I wish you could be here for the big day. But I think you better get moving before somebody calls the police. Even in Monaco, I don't think you're allowed to lounge around half-naked brushing up on your cock-sucking skills.”

With an indignant sniff, she sat upright on her beach towel. The camera was now pointed right at her crotch. In the front, her bikini rode so low that her tattoo, a cannon she'd gotten where she'd lasered off her pubic hair for him, showed over the top of it. An inch lower, and he'd be able to see the edges of her labia. Then she leaned down to adjust the camera's position, and only then did he realize she was topless. Her nipples were two achingly hard pink pebbles, begging to be sucked.

"Half? I know you're an English and not a math teacher, Mr. Canon, but you still ought to know your fractions better than that." She blew a kiss to the camera. "Tell Abbie I said thanks."

"Tell Tabby she can eat my ass," Abbie grumbled, sponging the errant jizz off of her front with her wadded up t-shirt. She'd been doing that more and more lately, using her clothes to mop up his cum. He suspected she thought that he thought it was hot to watch her stumble over to Megan's house with no shirt on to borrow one from Cassie. Cassie, whose shirts were so tight across Abbie's massive chest that the fabric distended between them, and hugged them top, sides and under like they were painted on. It was hot as fuck, but he didn't like to encourage her. One of these days someone would notice a topless teen girl leaving a high school teacher's house and have some questions.

It would get annoying having to keep dosing people into compliance. It troubled him sometimes, the morality of it all, but... well, he was no pussy. A man did what he had to.

As he was admiring Abbie's clean-up efforts, a male voice sounded through his laptop's speakers. It was muffled pretty badly, but from his shadow looming over her, the angle at which her neck craned upwards, he must be close indeed. Canon didn't speak French, so even if the sound quality had been sterling, it would have meant nothing to him.

Tabitha smiled at him, then grabbed her camera as she rose to her feet. She pointed it at herself and the speaker, a fellow who probably split the difference between their ages. He was shirtless, good-looking and proud to show it off. Canon would be too if he had abs like that.

"Thank you," she answered in English.

"Oh, you are American?" the boy asked, his grin widening. Canon was aware of the stereotype of French attitudes towards American tourists, but apparently it wasn't so severe it extended to gorgeous topless g-stringed American teenagers.

"You speak English? That's nice. I was just talking to my English teacher."

The boy squinted; it was probably hard to make out the image on her monitor in such bright sunlight. "This is your English teacher...?" he asked incredulously.

"He was. Now he's teaching me to be his perfect cock-worshipping slut."

"Eh... oh. That is, ah, kinky. I knew I liked the look of you, pretty American schoolgirl, but now I think I like the mind of you as well."

“Aw, you’re sweet. But I’m afraid my pussy belongs to Mr. Canon. And my tits, and my mouth, and my ass. If I make him jealous, I’m worried he might just give me a spanking. Would you hold this?”

She’d gotten more and more melodramatic about her submission while away. Hopefully once she got back, she’d get a handle on herself. Even Isa wasn’t this servile, not even when he’d humiliated her to the very brink of orgasm.

Before the fellow knew what was happening, her phone (or tablet? hard to say) was in his hands. She was still miked, though. “Would you mind pointing it... there, yes, perfect. You’re such a sweetie, thank you.”

It was her ass. To call the strip of bikini disappearing into it a ribbon would be to massively inflate its width. That was all there was. A string, and Tabitha Hutching’s perfect bubble booty. Canon laughed to himself at the site of a middle-aged fellow gawking, clearly hastening his pace through the sand so he could get a look at Tabitha from the side she was now displaying to him.

“What’s your name?”

“Dimitri,” Canon thought he said.

“Dimitri, I’ve been a very bad, very slutty girl today, showing you and all these people my tits, my ass, showing them how good I can suck Mr. Canon’s big, delicious dick.”

“I, eh, don’t think the people seem to have minded, Miss,” he said with an awkward chuckle.

“Would you mind giving me a few slaps? Please? I need to be punished, and my man is all the way across the ocean from my poor unreddened ass.”

Abbie stepped back out of the bathroom. “Hey, new toothbrush thingy. Cool. Whoa, ass. What’s she doing?”

“She’s trying to remind me how much I miss spanking her.” Canon said, not taking his eyes off the screen as Dimitri waffled over her offer. “She’s doing a good job.”

Abbie stopped next to him, and just a bit in front. Her own generously proportioned butt was right there, even happened to have a bit of a wedgie from when she’d been crouching under his desk. “Hey, you got an ass-slapping fantasy, I’m ya gurl, C-dawg. You know I’m your T&A, playa slaya.”

Canon gave her a little squeeze, though he missed by a little. God, was she really going to...

“I must say, I come to this beach every week, but you are not someone I have ever seen the kind of her before,” Dimitri said, dutifully aiming the camera at that heavenly butt. Then he went on, but in French. Tabitha replied in kind, and not long after the boy left, ass untouched. She sat herself back down, ignoring the omnipresent male attention she was attracting. He had finally caught sight of another nude beach-goer, a couple

walking past hand in hand. Apparently one of those kinds of places. Tabitha was back on her towel, nipples still aching to be sucked.

“Do I get to know what you two said there at the end?”

Tabitha smiled, tight-lipped. “He wanted to know if I would tutor him in English.”

“As if he could afford a student of your caliber.”

That brought her teeth back out, white and sunny. “Have fun at your party, Mr. Canon.”

“I’m sure I will. And Tabitha?”

“Yes?”

“A+ work today.” This was her first A+ over video chat. She insisted on honest feedback, and while he’d drawn the line at employing a rubric and typing up commentary as he did for her classwork, both of them knew the distance negatively impacted their time together. He wished he could have bullshitted her a little, but this was Tabitha Hutchings. Unlike the woman who’d turned her into his devoted dick disciple, she actually cared about learning to grow her skills. She’d out-done herself today, though.

“Really? Oh... Oh god...”

In fact... “Plus some extra credit for the filter trick.”

“Oh *GAWD*...!”

The slender brunette’s body flopped backwards onto her towel. For a moment, there was nothing but a clear blue sky on the monitor; then, a pussy, filled with elated fingers, thrust up into the air. Her cries of bliss blared through the mic.

“You know, I’m *almost* starting to like that one,” Abbie said, shaking her head and the spasming cunt on her phone screen before disconnecting and shoving it in a pocket. “Oh, and I’m s’posed to ask if you’re set on the party tomorrow? Meeting at school at 3ish?”

“I have a meeting first, but I’ll be there at 3ish sharp, emphasis on the -ish. You know, I’m really glad you all talked me into changing the venue.”

“Yep. I know you don’t like me mentioning the name of She Who Shall Not Be Named, but Tay would be so jelly if she knew. I can invite her, if you want, make an exception for your big day. Not looking to fuck my sister again or anything, but I know how you like that lil stepcest fantasy of us, and it is your big day and all.”

“The guest list is fine as is, Abbie. I told you, my decision’s final. I got paid to deal with her bullshit at school. I’d like to not have to keep dwelling on her in my own home.”

“You know, you’re ‘I’m so over her’ crap would play a lot better if you weren’t always rewatching that video you made her do in the school bathroom. You know, the one of her begging you to slap her tits or whatever, that’s always on the recently viewed list on your phone?”

“You... what?! You’ve been snooping on my phone?!”

Abbie grinned. “Nah, but looks like I don’t need to, do I. Anyway, I’ll brb. Shirt’s all cummy. Gonna see what the Cassanova has in her drawers. Feel free to watch out the window. I know you like to.”