

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Nine: Core Curricula

Every other Tuesday in our district was an e-learning day for the students. For most of them, it meant sleeping in, waking up two minutes before sign-in was required for attendance, then brushing their teeth and eating breakfast while they half-listened to their first recorded lecture of the day. Then another lecture or two, along with a series of half-cocked worksheets and quizlets that were so basic it insulted even the dullest student's intelligence. While the student body had been excited for it at the onset, after a while the comforts of home became less and less of an allure. E-learning meant no socialization, boring lessons, technical glitches, minimal engagement, and a tragic exacerbation of the hardships our impoverished students suffered.

For teachers, it was little better. The morning was a series of meetings, most of which were either updates on the state DoE's latest bit of fuckery or collaborating to respond to them. The afternoon was departmental work on curricular coordination, which had its place early in the semester, but by this time of year was simply each department cramming themselves into one teacher's room and getting their own work done, then pretending to be working together if Mrs. Horen popped in.

Everyone hated e-learning Tuesdays. The only exception was probably the school's business officer, for whom the one in ten days of instruction with no students was an opportunity to stable the buses and turn off the AC as she watched those savings mount.

That Tuesday, however, I walked into the building with a spring in my step.

"Good morning, Amy!" I motioned a tipping of my nonexistent hat.

Mrs. Cook Burfield smiled behind bleary eyes. She'd had a new kid only last fall, and her sleep schedule was still in shambles. "Morning, Mr. Canon. You seem chipper this morning."

"Just off to a good start this week. And hey, it's the second-to-last e-learning Tuesday of the year."

"I suppose it is. How 'bout that."

"Save me a seat in the caf, all right?"

She offered a fist bump, which I heartily returned explosion and all. I let myself into good old H121 and set down my briefcase. The combo lock entered, it clicked open and I emptied it of last night's workload, sorting the papers into piles by period number.

For the first time in weeks, there was no Serenex in it. There was no more need.

Megan had confessed everything, crumbling like a cookie in a woodchipper. And of course she did. A hundred *I will enthusiastically cooperate with and support*

anything Mr. Canon wants left her little choice. Was it a tad extreme? Maybe. The time for half-measures was over, however. No more light touches that left outcomes up to chance. No more second-guessing myself. Last night, I got stuff done.

As for the budding extortionist, her story had been simplicity itself. As the new and improved Isa opined while we heard her spill the beans, criminals were generally not the masterminds that they were on TV. Megan had seen Abbie in my driveway, recognizing her from her daughter's school. She'd thought it a little strange, and far more so when I came out and hurriedly ushered her car into my garage. She hadn't even seen Abbie sneaking naked out my bedroom window, as it turned out. Megan had simply been suspicious and decided to take a closer look. She used the excuse of walking Pepper, then peered in and saw what Abbie had been doing. Our friendship had quickly been squelched by her then-inaccurate perception that I was sleeping with a student, and greed had taken over. That she had used Megan's credit card had been sheer coincidence. Her own cards were maxed out – hence the blackmail.

With the interrogation over in minutes, Megan then deleted the pictures from the prepaid phone, the originals on her own phone, and her backups on the cloud. My neighbor apologized and swore she'd never tell anyone about anything I did that might be seen as inappropriate or reflect poorly on me. Isa took it one step further, and at her suggestion I directed Megan to let me know immediately if she heard or saw anything that might assist Isa with her protector duties. They exchanged numbers, in case I couldn't be reached. All of it ran so much better than the half-assed improvised plans we'd been relying on to date.

If I'd had any worries that Megan might misinterpret my commands or find a way to weasel out of them, her daughter Cassie had put those to rest. Once I'd started Isa and Megan on their copying, I'd turned my attention back to Cassie. There hadn't been much more needing doing with her beyond the usual swearing to secrecy, and by the time she'd finished that up, the girl had been starting to come around. I'd told her to go home and keep an eye on Robby, get some homework done while I tended to the other two. Eventually, though, I'd gotten her number from Megan and called her back over to make sure she was coping all right. After all, she was innocent in all this.

“How are you feeling, Cassie?”

“Pretty weird? I dunno. Like, this is all kinda crazy. Is my mom OK? The way you two were acting earlier was pretty wild. Like, you could make her do anything at all! Is that how she's gonna be from now on? And if so, do you think you could ask her to let me go camping with Derek's family next weekend?”

“I'm sitting right here, sweetheart, and trust me, that is not happening. Unless you think otherwise, Mr. Canon.”

“Your mom's got the last word on this one. Sorry.”

“It’s OK. It would have been cool, but I already figured that was how it was gonna be. Anyway, are we gonna have sex now?”

“Um, what?”

“Cassie Brown! That is unbelievably inappropriate!”

“He called me over, Mom! Did he not tell you I’m his personal bootycall? I gotta say, it feels amazing. Not that I’ve never done it before, but... Mmm.”

“Cassie, you stop that this instant!”

“Moooooom, you’re being super lame! There’s nothing wrong with having fun pleasuring Mr. Canon.”

“There most certainly is!”

“No, Megan, there’s not. I want her to give me a blowjob.”

“Oh. Oh, I see. Well, if that’s what you want...”

“So I can, Mom? Really?”

“Of course you can. Make it a good one.”

“Now I should warn you, I’ve never sucked anyone’s dick before – pardon my French – even though my ex-friend Owen told all his friends that I did, but it was only a handjob and he came, like, right away. I guess he got embarrassed. Maybe that’s why he lied about it, so if I told anybody they’d think I was the one making stuff up? Boys are weird, Mr. Canon. Oh wow, you’re like, already hard! Well, here goes nmmfmm...!”

“Mind your teeth, sweetheart.”

Megan had sat by, smiling dotingly and offering the occasional sage bit of blowjob wisdom as her daughter did her best to get me off. It was a far cry from Abbie and Taylor’s tag-team a few hours earlier, but it wouldn’t be much of a test of Megan’s loyalty if I didn’t push her limits. Cassie was caught off guard by my very telegraphed orgasm and coughed up all manner of jizz onto herself. Her mother gently scolded her for making a mess on my floor. Then, as Cassie tried to mumble an apology around a mouthful she hadn’t yet figured out she should swallow, Megan fuzzed her head and told her to toss her clothes in the laundry and she’d get the cum cleaned out for her before it stained.

Isa had been well and thoroughly satisfied that the girls would not constitute a breach of security. I’d agreed, then patted her ass and told her to get home and work on patching things up with Candy. She giggled, waited until I was done squeezing, then sashayed out of my house with a wink and a smile.

The new Isa was going to be a lot easier to get along with. *Making Mr. Canon happy is my second priority*, read fresh papers in my home office, right under the original outlining her first priority as my protector. I’d had her go two hundred times, for good measure. Bitch.

Candy's judgmental glances and Taylor's sulkiness were the only burrs left in my saddle, but those could play out. The former was probably a good check on my impulses, reminding me where the lines were supposed to be. As for the latter, it was nothing short of the sexiest thing in my world.

That morning, as Mrs. Horen explained the newest wave of modifications to our curriculum-standards re-alignment that would be necessary under HB 117, I was monitoring Taylor's progress on my posted assignment exploring bias and propaganda. Her letters appeared on my screen as she worked. She typed faster than I would have thought for someone who copy-pasted most of their essay paragraphs.

Hi, Mr. Canon, she typed after a few minutes. She must have noticed I was logged into her assignment. The words were immediately backspaced. Smart girl. No traces, on the off chance another teacher happened to do the same.

Morning, Ms. Stern. How goes the e-learning? I followed suit, deleting my message after I saw her cursor move past it.

*Same s***, different day. (yw for not cussing btw)*

I chuckled softly, then looked around to make sure nobody had noticed. *See? I told you that you were teachable.*

oh I'm sure you're getting teacher of the year for sure

Oh, come now, you know I don't do it for the awards.

trust me I know better than anyone what you get out of it

She sure did. Oh, how I wanted to leave this meeting so I could have her show me what she was wearing. Was she still in her pajamas? Did she even wear pajamas?

Just the smile on my students' faces is reward enough for me, Taylor. I deleted again, but then quickly added, *And just because today is e-learning day doesn't mean you're off the hook after school.*

Don't you think it'll be weird if I'm the only student in the entire school...?

We can do it at my house. I'll park on the street and leave the garage open for you. 3:15 sharp.

Fine. The word disappeared almost as soon as she typed it. *Do I need to bring anything?*

I'll provide required materials.

Any one?

I thought immediately of Abbie. She'd be elated to be allowed to come back over to my house. An elated Abbie was a thing to behold. At my house, we could make all the noise we wanted, finally let her be as wild and unrestrained as she wanted. The girl probably had a dozen fresh fantasies she wanted to play out, and would have parts for Taylor in half of them. She'd likely want Cassie over, too. Not that I had any idea what to do with that many tits and asses all at once. Abbie probably had ideas.

Just yourself.

I closed the window.

Once there was something to look forward to, the day was suddenly crawling by. Every inane bullet point was agony. When we broke up into departments, it was a fight to project proper attentiveness and collegiality. During our lunch break, despite the rare privilege of permission to eat off-campus, I instead made my way up to Ms. Salata's room. Maybe it would cheer me up.

Part of me hoped she'd chew me out for what I'd done to Megan and Cassie last night. It might be helpful to be reminded where the lines were supposed to be.

"Afternoon, Candy," I said as I closed her door behind me. She looked to be in the middle of updating her bulletin board. Being sufficiently caught up on work to have time to fritter away on such things with weeks to go in the year seemed unthinkable. Must be nice not to teach a subject with standardized tests that the state ignored when it came to funding.

"Afternoon," she returned. Seeing the door was shut gave her freedom for some candor. "So I heard you took care of the Cassie situation?"

"That I did. Isa filled you in on the details, I take it."

"Yeah." I almost missed the impish grin on her face until she turned to pick up her stapler. "Eventually."

It took me aback, but if she was in a good mood, I wasn't about to go out of my way to request a tongue lashing. "Eventually? Why, you two had something more pressing to talk about?"

"Can it, Canon. She told me you sent her back early to smooth things over between us."

"The least I owed the two of you."

She seemed to be looking for the staple remover; I retrieved it from the corner of her desk and ferried it over. "Yeah, well, you're not wrong. Not gonna lie, some of the stuff you pulled Sunday... you got issues, buddy."

"Yeah, that's probably true."

"Probably shmobably. You were out of line with Taylor before her sister ever even got involved."

I frowned. "How do you figure? Before I had to dose them to cover for having the stuff at all, all I was doing was trying to drag her to the stage for graduation. I was only thinking of—"

"You spent thousands of dollars on a black market drug to force her to spend an hour alone with you every day. And if you don't understand how fucked up that is, you're farther gone than I thought you are."

I stepped back and sat on top of one of the student desks. "Yeah, I know."

"So why? Did you really think you were going to fix a grade A brat like Taylor Stern? Or was there more to it?"

“Would that be so wrong? Come on, you’re almost a year into this gig. Don’t tell me you haven’t seen anybody whose neck you wanted to wring until you saved them.”

“Sure I have. But I didn’t drug them and lock them in a room with me to do it.”

She let me think in peace for a bit. Or maybe she was just more focused on her work. The truth of it was, I didn’t know why I’d done it. I wanted to believe it had started because I wanted to help her. Save her from herself. But I’d wanted something else, too. She’d pushed me, bullied me, teased me, and... there was no denying that played a part. But I’d had other shitheads in class, too. Matt, two years ago... if someone had treated me the way he had in any other context, I’d have thrown fists, yet with Matt, I wouldn’t have given a moment’s thought to serenexing him into compliance. He’d failed, made it up with Mr. Posener in summer school, and the world had spun on without my giving him a second thought.

Could a fantastic body really make that much difference?

“We are where we are now, anyway,” I said at last. “And as a history teacher, you don’t need any reminders that we can’t go back and undo the past.”

“That I don’t. And... if I tell you something, do you swear not to tell anybody?”

“Even Isa?”

“Especially Isa.” She walked up to me and, to my complete shock, flicked me right in the fly! “I’m not sure I want to undo it. There’s no point pretending I didn’t have fun Sunday, and whether or not I ever would have initiated it, teaching a couple bigots to be a little more open-minded and sex-positive felt good. I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and maybe our glass is half full, not empty. Maybe it’s more than half, even.”

I arched an eyebrow. “How do you figure?”

“You don’t think those girls will be better off with us being able to push them this hard towards a right direction? You’re not wrong that if you hadn’t intervened, Taylor wouldn’t have finished high school. She was failing three required classes with only weeks on the clock. Abbie is even worse. That kid was probably bound for juvie.”

“So you’re saying that justified us taking advantage of them?”

“Of course not. But... nobody got hurt, aside from Isa’s taser, which we talked about and won’t happen again. In fact, I dare say everybody got the opposite of hurt.”

“Yeah. I guess not. Feels... weird, sometimes, but maybe you’re right. Though I am sorry about the other thing. You know, before.”

“You mean that stunt you pulled in the shower, watching me like that? Eh. That was actually... yeah.” I didn’t miss a little grin. “Not that I’m inviting you to do it again,” she added quickly.

“Really? Little exhibitionist streak in you?”

“More like a two year streak since I’ve been with a man. Don’t get me wrong – I’m happy with Isa, like ninety percent of the time. But there’s nothing quite like a cock.”

“Hey, any time you–”

“I’ll do what I have to because of the Serenex, same as you. But where that’s concerned, let’s hold off until the next lesson, all right? Assuming there is another lesson planned.” She turned, anticipation plain. “Is there?”

“Of course there is.” There was now, anyway.

“Good. I... don’t suppose Cassie is now enrolled in our little course?”

Oh, right. I’d forgotten they were close already from the volleyball team. “I’m sure that can be arranged, thanks to Abbie.”

“Good. That girl has a lot to learn.” She grinned. “I’ll make sure I have something special planned for her. As for you... don’t be surprised if you get a dinner invitation some night this week.”

“Dinner invitation?”

“Isa knows I’ve been missing a man’s touch, and... well, after the way she freaked out on me the other day just for doing what the Serenex made me do... as part of her apology, she’s become a bit more amenable to certain... arrangements.”

“Oh, so dinner invitation is code for—”

“Dinner. Something yummy.”

“I can’t wait.”

With that, I left her to it. For a while, I was stumped by her change of heart. I guess getting to fuck Abbie Stern has a way of bringing one around. Besides, not like lusting after hot young women was something I had a monopoly on. So much for trusting her to be my conscience. Even my parting words to her had been a lie.

There was only one encounter I couldn’t wait for.

“Abbie’s fucking pissed,” said Taylor as she let herself in via the door to the garage. She looked... normal. More normal than she usually did even in school. Jean shorts, a shirt striped in green and blue under an unzipped hoodie, tennis shoes. Her hair was damp. She must have showered. Her makeup was neither absent nor conspicuous. Her curves made even the drab outfit pop, but objectively, she was as casual as someone with that body could be.

“I was a little surprised she didn’t invite herself along,” I said, gesturing for her to take a seat wherever. I’d tidied up a little, but only a little. I hadn’t even had time to change out of my work clothes.

“She probably would have, but I told her I wasn’t leaving for another half hour yet, then bugged out early and shut my phone off. She’s the boss, not the mistress.”

“Has it been hard, all that?”

“All what? Abbie? She’s as big of a bitch as ever.”

“Yeah, but with tha whole new ‘boss’ dynamic.”

“Oh, that. You know how it is. Feels normal, even if you know it’s fucking weird. She hasn’t been too bad about it. Can’t make me do her chores without weirding out mom and dad, and obviously we can’t let them suspect anything’s up. And she might be a cunt, but we’re still sisters.”

“Were you two close before all this?”

Her eyes narrowed. “Is this today’s assignment, being grilled about my sister?”

“I’m just trying to get to know you, Taylor. Making conversation.”

“You need to get to know a girl to fuck her now or something?”

“What makes you think this has anything to do with that?”

She arched a brow incredulously. “Right, you just made me come over to your house, alone, with nothing, in secret, to *not* fuck me.”

“I really just wanted to talk, Taylor.”

“I’d have an easier time believing you if you weren’t staring at my pussy while you said it.”

She had me there. “Sorry. Just... you have nice legs is all. That’s what I was looking at, not... Whatever. It probably doesn’t make a difference.”

“Not really, no.”

“Look, I know things have been... intense. Let me ask you though, in all sincerity... are you doing OK?”

“Would it make any difference if I said ‘no’?”

I heaved a sigh. This was what I got for trying to show a little humanity with her. She had a way of shredding my patience that was unparalleled. “It certainly never made any difference to you, all the times I said no.”

“What? When did I ever ask you to lay a finger on me?” She laughed the familiar cruel Taylor laugh at the mere idea she might ever have entertained such a thought.

“I don’t mean that. I mean when I said no don’t plagiarize. Don’t talk over me in class. Don’t draw on my desks. Don’t copy your neighbor’s answers. Don’t pelt people in the head with your friggin’ chapstick.”

She gasped. “Language, Mr. Canon!”

“I’m not trying to justify what I did. I shouldn’t need to anyway, since if it hadn’t been for your sister, I never would have done it in the first place. But I was there, Taylor, and you can say whatever you want, but that was real.”

“What? You shoving your dick in my mouth? Making me suck Abbie’s tits? Because that lying bitch made that shit up about me being turned on, yo. I’m not some weak-ass blowjob queen, and I sure as shit don’t get off on another chick’s boobs.”

“No. Well, yes, but I meant at Ms. Salata’s house Sunday. You and me. You were into that every bit as much as I was.”

Taylor studied her fingernails, huffed irritably. “Whatever you need to tell yourself, C-dawg.”

“Dammit, Taylor, just be straight with me!” I took to my feet. “I know what I know. You were more turned on than any woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Maybe ‘cause you’ve never seen—”

I held up a hand. “Save it. But if you didn’t like it, then... I don’t even know what that means. Did Abbie do something to you? I’m not stupid. I know we were both out of it for a while on... god, was that only Friday night? Did she put something else in your head, something she didn’t tell me about?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. Frankly, after what you pulled this weekend, I wondered the same about you.”

I realized I was looming, and sat down on the far end of the couch from her. I could smell her shampoo, this close. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean, have you looked at yourself lately? Before that Serenex shit, you were probably the biggest pussy I ever met. No offense. But check you out now, brah. Now you got Abbie and Cassie as your fuckbunnies, me as your whatever, teacher hottie and slut cop who do whatever you say.”

She failed to mention Megan, but I didn’t correct her oversight. “And?”

“Like, you’re making a fucking harem. You know that, right?”

“A harem? What on earth are you talking about?”

“All right, go ahead and name all the dudes and the non-hotties you’ve used that spray on so far. Go ahead. I’ll wait.”

Her rhetoric was on point, but it didn’t make her right. “If our school employed a male resource officer with a boyfriend, I would have used it on them. If my next door neighbor had been a boy, I would have used it on him. Yes, it fits a pattern, but correlation does not imply causation.”

“All right. So you’re saying the only one you first degree Serenexed was me?”

“First degree? What’s that mean?”

“Premeditation, Mr. C. I watch a lot of serial killer shit. Try to keep up.”

That made more sense than I wanted it to. Still, on analysis, she was actually right, at least in spirit. Yes, I’d planned the dosing of Isa and Cassie, but really, it was like I’d said – I’d dosed a police officer because I’d needed one and what I’d thought was a blackmailer in self-defense. The only person I’d ever set out to use Serenex on because of who they were was Taylor.

“I suppose you’re right. What of it?”

“Well, why? You obviously didn’t know what the stuff did all this when you started. You just thought it made people put up with your bullshit. I heard you bitching about how expensive it was for your poor ass, so... why? Why spend all that just to make me be willing to do your stupid homework?”

In essence, it was the same question Candy had asked me during lunch. The same question I’d asked myself all afternoon. But it wasn’t until right now, with Taylor herself in front of me, that I had an answer.

“Why you? All right. There is a part of it that was just me trying to get you to graduate. I can’t tell you how frustrating it is watching you flush your education down the toilet because being smart isn’t cool.”

She groaned. “Oh my fucking god, not this bullshit again.”

“But,” I went on quickly, “you’re right. I wouldn’t have bought that stuff for any other student but you. Hell, I could have bought a used car for that amount. A decent one. But I did. For you.” I tapped her on the knee.

“Because...?” She gestured impatiently.

I scooted closer, halving the gap between us. She noted it warily. “Because you’re a fucking bitch, Taylor.”

Her eyes widened. Clearly, that had not been what she’d expected. “Excuse me?!”

“I’m serious. You treat people badly. Use people, manipulate people, bully people. And you get away with all of it, because you have a gorgeous face and a body that was frankly made for underwear modeling. People give you a pass because the way you show off your tits and your legs reminds them on a daily basis that as big of a cunt as you can be, they’d still forget all about it in a heartbeat if you let them into your panties.”

It was her turn to stand, exasperated. “What, you’re slut-shaming me for how I dress now? Like I have a hot face and big tits and don’t hide it, so that makes what you did OK or something?!”

“I’m not talking about what I did. And you know I’m not slut-shaming. Have you ever once seen me enforce the dress code? For the love of... Do you not remember when you were wearing that short dress, the beige one with the red flowers, and you kept trying to sit on the stool in the front of the room? You whined half the class period to be

allowed to sit there. Was a backless plastic stool really so comfortable, or can you just admit you like flaunting your body?”

“There’s nothing wrong with it if I do!” she shouted.

I wasn’t about to let her shout down at my face. Not in my own home. Not any more. I stood up and got right in her face. “I’m not saying it’s wrong! I’m just saying it worked!”

“What? What worked?!”

“Making me want to fuck you more than anyone I’ve ever met no matter how much I despise you!”

She froze, and for a moment I really thought she was going to knee me in the balls. Instead, she slowly broke out in a smug grin. “Is that right?”

“Oh, don’t gloat. It’s beneath even you. You have to know that you’re the top of every hate-fuck list of every guy who’s ever made one. You or that sister of yours.”

“No no, don’t deflect, C-dawg.”

“I’ve told you not to call me that.”

“Yeah, but you know me. I’m bad at listening to teachers. You say ‘don’t,’ and I say...”

The girl was sidling closer, and there was no missing the flirtatious way she was doing it. “What are you doing.”

“Making you uncomfortable.”

It was working, all right. I took a step back. “What... what’s come over you? I just told you I hate you.”

“Yeah ya did.” Her fingers lanced out and grasped my shirt, preventing my retreat. “And that you wanna fuck me, like I told you when I showed up, like you pretended you didn’t.”

“I don’t understand this.”

“It’s simple. There’s two things I want from a guy. The first one?” She started working on the buttons, but while she did, her lips ascended to my ear. I could feel them on my skin when she whispered. “I want to be worshipped like a goddess.”

I shrugged the shirt off my shoulders and let her get to work on my belt as I went to work on her shorts. Pink panties. Bright fucking pink. As pink as the pussy inside them. “And the second one?”

My pants went down. Underwear, too. I attacked her shirt next. A black bra. It looked amazing. A moment later, it looked even more amazing on my living room floor. There was no more waiting left in me. I threw her down to the couch, pouncing after mouth-first. When I came up for air, her eyes flared indignantly at the rough handling, but only for a moment. At least, only a moment as far as I knew, because then I’d flipped her upside down and hefted her hips into a doggy style position, leaving her to rest on the side of her face.

“You need to clean this fucking couch, man,” she griped.

“And you need to order some new underwear pretty quick.” I tore the waistband of these at both hips. The right one almost didn’t tear, but before it could transition from discomfort to pain, those stitches yielded their treasure. She was naked now except for a gold-colored necklace.

“I swear, I don’t understand what the fuck you have against my panties,” Taylor grunted.

“I have nothing against them. They’re just in the way of *this*.” This time I adjusted her so she was standing facing the couch, hands braced on the wall behind it. There it was, two exquisitely sculpted ass cheeks, and between them, Taylor Stern’s pussy. I dove in.

“I told you you were a pervert,” she spat out between moans.

With my tongue swirling her clit and my nose trying to bury itself in her slit, I started banging her ass like a bongo. She wailed indignantly, but that only made me go harder. Not that she tried to stop me. The closest Taylor came to resistance was when her legs turned to jelly as she came.

“Told you,” she panted, “you brought me over here to fuck me.” She was on her knees now, her face planted back in the couch cushions.

Two fingers slid inside her, grazing her inner tightness. “Feels to me like you came over here to get fucked.”

Her hips pumped slowly back against my hand. “You’re the one who’s making me do this, asshole.”

My fingers slid in and out of her like a hot knife through butter. Warm, soft, melty, fuckable butter. “You mean, making you come? Because you’re welcome. I’ll admit this isn’t what I was aiming for when I set out to touch my students’ lives, but... I suppose this will have to do.”

“Mothafucka you trying to act like you settling?” The snarl on her face as she tried to look back at me was almost dauntingly sincere-looking. “Like you’re ever gonna get your hands on a piece of tail like me ever again?”

I withdrew my fingers, then seized her tits and pulled her upright against me, squeezing them hard. Her nipples jutted out into my palms. “Like your sister?”

“If you wanted Abbie as bad as you want me, you’d have her ‘fantasy whore’ ass over here right now instead of mine.” With impressive grace, Taylor reached back and grasped the back of my head, roughly forcing my lips down to hers.

With my cock rubbing up and down the crack of her ass, Taylor gasped when I bent it down to rest between her thighs, letting it press meaningfully along all those wonderful bits along the way. “You know you just called yourself a whore, right?”

“My bad,” she breathed. Was she trying to trick my cock inside her? Her hips writhed to some unseen rhythm. “Whores get paid, don’t they? Don’t know what that makes me then.”

I obliged her, finding the spot and slamming it home in a thrust so forceful it momentarily lifted her knees off the ground altogether. Her back arched, and for the first few seconds, my student’s scream was silent. I held her there until she ran out of air, trailing off into a guttural moan. Then I swept aside that mass of still-damp hair and put my lips right in her ear.

“Taylor, you never pay attention to my vocab lessons. I already told you what you are, and I don’t believe I said ‘whore.’” The thrusts began, and she wailed again in bliss. “You’re a bitch.”

I could hardly believe my own stamina that evening. Then again, it was fueled by Taylor's insufferable attitude. Every time we let up for more than a few minutes, she found some way to get my hackles up.

Your place looks like you decorated it with shit from the dumpster behind Goodwill lead to throwing the two of us to the floor, finally fucking face to face with her hair splayed out on the faux hardwood floor of the dining room. It seemed so unfair that someone so terrible could be so beautiful, but then again, if life were fair, she wouldn't be fucking me in the first place.

You're not tiny or anything, but you're not as hung as Abbie says you are converted a brief use of her mouth to clean my dick off into a full-blown blowjob. I let her outburst over having me give her a facial slide, at least until she brought it up again later when she found a bit dried into her hair. That gave her an hour crouching under the table in my office slowly jacking me off while I pretended I was getting some grading done. In actuality, I was mostly texting Abbie to discuss some of her ideas for what we might try the next time we got together. The mere suggestion that we could have Taylor roleplay being our maid almost pushed me over the edge by itself.

Heya, Mr. Canon! I just wanted to say I had a lot of fun learning to suck your cock yesterday, and now I'm thinking about it a lot and I'm really (REALLY) horny, which is weird because I don't normally get like this, but maybe it's because of that chemical stuff you talked about? but anyway I wanted to say if you're bored or horny or anything you could totally call me over to pleasure you. it would be super fun! kthx!

That was from Cassie, obviously, but Taylor snatched my phone away when she saw the name on the text and read too much of it too quickly to bother stopping her from reading it all. Then I got to hear a whole diatribe about what a pervy pig I was, using all these innocent high school girls the way I was. To which I responded that I'd had sex with four women in my life to date, including her; that she was no more innocent than I was; that if she'd like me to do something less innocent, she still had one more hole I hadn't touched. In the end, I kept to the usual one, with her moaning and complaining and coming all the while.

I left Cassie on read.

"What time is it?" I mumbled into her hair after collapsing on top of her sweaty naked body, both of us exhausted.

"The fuck should I know? And I can't reach my phone because your hairy ass is crushing me."

I rolled over, and after a moment she crawled across the bed to get to the nightstand. "8:45. Fuck. I was supposed to be home for dinner at seven." She rolled back over until she was draped over the top of me, one powerful thigh rubbing back and forth across my flagging manhood, then began typing out a text to her mom. It looked to be

some lie about getting caught up watching a movie at her friend Justin's house. I'd had both of them in class together the year before. It had been hell.

After hours of her vitriol, the tenderness of her proximity caught me by my surprise. "What the heck are you doing, Taylor?" I ran a hand over her naked body to clarify.

She finished her message and hit send, then looked up at me, annoyed. "You fucked me like forty fucking times in half the rooms in the house and had me kneel on the dirty floor to jack you off. But you're right, a little cuddling crosses the line. God, you're a shit heel."

She started to roll away, but let an arm around her shoulder mollify her. Or maybe it was just the Serenex. Who knew. "Fine. Sorry."

Her phone buzzed after a minute. "Shit," she grumbled after reading. "Mom wants me home."

I kissed her. "One more go. Ten minutes, tops."

"Considering it took even my sexified ass that long to get you hard again after last time, I think that shit's some fairy tale optimism, C-dawg. Plus I gotta wash up a little so I don't go home with dirty knees and smelling like my teacher's cum-sweat."

I laughed. "What on earth is cum-sweat?"

She grinned. "I don't even fucking know any more. Now come on, lemme go. You know you can molest me again whenever you want, you old perv."

"Except now, apparently." I gave one nipple a parting pinch; Taylor held for it, eyes closed, until I stopped. The sound of water issued from the bathroom; the only thing stopping me from going into that shower and taking as many minutes as I damn well pleased was Abbie's prohibition against letting someone discover our relationship. If I went in there, we'd be in there until the water heater gave out.

Once we were dressed again – except her shredded pink panties – I walked her to the garage. "You know, you never said what the second thing was."

Taylor dug in her purse for her keys. "What second thing?"

"You said there were two things you wanted from a man. To be worshipped like a goddess, you said, but you never said the other."

Taylor let herself into her car. She nearly slipped, her thighs were so wobbly. The car started so loudly in the confined space it literally made me jump. Was she not going to answer?

But as she backed out, her window rolled down. "Duh, Mr. C. Same thing every goddess wants. To be fucked by a god." Then she winked, flipped me off, and drove away.

Fairy tale optimism, my ass. I fished my phone out of my pocket, the most recent text still on the screen. *Get over here.*

I stopped myself before I put it away. *And wear pink panties.*