

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Twenty: Indoor Recess

The first thing I did that rainy Sunday morning was to head out to the strip mall and buy myself another new phone. In hindsight, I could have simply asked Megan to use the burner phone she'd used to blackmail me, but in the meantime the folks at Sprint got to fleece me all over again. It was ironic, in a way. I mostly used my phone for social media and email, but this whole past week, I had been totally unplugged. No news from the outside world, no updates on middle school acquaintances' babies or memes about political grievances had penetrated my bubble. Evidently when one is busy maintaining a stable of seven, there simply wasn't time to squander updating my status. (Seven, I insisted to myself. The eighth didn't count.)

The saleswoman recognized me, to my surprise. It had only been two weeks since replacing my last phone, the one whose screen had shattered when Megan's all-caps threats caused me to drop it. This new one was prompted by a text from Tabitha that was waiting for me when I dragged my rather sore butt out of bed.

*Do you like it when girls send you nudes?*

I left her on read – but only long enough to get the second phone and conduct a little belated clean-up. Something about the too-casual offer of career-ending generosity had finally jarred something loose. All this time I'd been corresponding with my women using my own phone. Taylor's fake confession, taped in the school bathroom. The video of Candy playing with herself in the shower. Myriad nude and semi-nude selfies from the lot of them. My phone was a cornucopia of evidence against me should it ever fall into the wrong hands. I certainly hoped it would never come to that, but I didn't even have my Serenex on hand to deal with any problems that might arise. I had to be more careful, if only for another two weeks. Then my girls would graduate, and anything we did would be merely scandalous, but not a violation of my contract. Or state law, which Isa had reminded me was also the case.

I spent some time purging every bit of incriminating data and each illicit conversation from my regular phone, then updated Tabitha on the new number. Finally, I responded to Tabitha's question.

*Depends on the girl. Depends on the nude. Whatcha got for me?*

Alerted by the message explaining my new number, she was already on hand, the pic ready. It arrived only a few seconds later. The shot was set in what had to be her bedroom, an austere, off-white place full of bookshelves, with one such shelf set aside for a slew of ribbons and trophies that were too well-centered to be coincidentally in the shot. As to the centerpiece, it was surprisingly elegant, her body captured in a sunbeam

from an open window – one which I could only hope didn't have neighbors with a good line of sight through it.

Tabitha rested on her hip, torso upright and twisted to face the camera. Her nipples jutted out pebble hard, though otherwise the only “indecent” part of her showing was the suggestion of buttocks partially visible behind her feet tucked up beneath her. One hand teased down her lower lip, the other thrust into her hair, which I couldn't help but notice was more unkempt than usual. There was a wildness to it. She'd even gone with a black and white shot, though had filtered it so that the blue in her eyes shone like diamonds.

*I approve of the girl. It's a little pretentious, the whole B&W thing, but then, pretentious suits you. Solid A.*

*The original's still on my laptop if you want the full color version. I thought it looked more interesting contrasting the eggshell walls, cream bedspread, the pearls.*

*I hadn't even noticed the pearls. Shall I send them to your photography teacher? I bet Mrs. Tandberg would be impressed.*

*Did you know it's illegal to send someone else's nudes without their consent? In this state, anyway. Though if you went across state lines and sent them to her from there, it wouldn't be. (Though I think it would still suggest certain other crimes.)*

*I did know about the first part, but not the technicality. Thanks for the tip...?*

*Yeah, maybe don't joke about that and you won't get lectured, Mr. C. She attached a bitmoji of her holding out a trophy that read “You're The Worst.”*

*Maybe don't distract me from my planning so we have fresh material for tomorrow.*

*Tomorrow? When/where? Gotta add it to my calendar.*

*After school. My room. I pictured the look on Taylor's face when I kicked her out so Tabitha and I could get to work. Served her right.*

*Do I need to bring anything?*

*I considered. Was there? She had her body, and that was really all she needed, but... Wear a thong. And no bra.*

*No bra all day...??? Or just take it off after seventh period?*

I left her on read once again. Truthfully, I didn't care, but she had to learn to interpret my preferences for herself. With that, I passed on the new number to Candy and Isa, the latter of whom replied to compliment me on taking some added precautions for once. Then, after a brief consideration, I sent it to Megan and Cassie in the same text. That was it, though. The Sterns could find out my new number when and if I deemed they needed it.

*Megan's response was a simple thumb's up. Cassie replied separately.  
are you still mad at me??????*

I sighed. I'd seen it coming, but still, the girl had a pitiable way about her. Even so, consoling someone for being party to that obscenity was not in me yet. *A little, yes. We'll talk about it later.*

She responded in a flurry of mini-texts, which in my book was a literal microaggression.

*I told them not to!!!*

*I said you'd be mad*

*but they didn't care*

*Abbie said you deserved it*

*and I guess she made me feel bad*

*which is so stupid because why would I*

*even though you made her have ff sex with couch salad*

*\*coach*

*\*Salata*

*sorry gotta proofread better*

*but I'm sorry!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

My new phone's vibrator didn't crap out on me through all of it, which was impressive. *I accept your apology. I need to get some work done, though.* There. That was as magnanimous as I could make myself be about it. She responded only to assure me she'd be happy to help with my work or offer a breather, but like Tabitha, I simply closed the window on it.

I'd not been lying, either. My workload was still copious. The journals from *Night* were still piled high. It was one of those labor of love gradings, where the rubric was pretty fuzzy and the grade was largely a completion score for making sincere effort. Still, breaking the book into five sections meant five journal entries, times one page each, times eighty-four students, which all told made for four hundred and twenty pages of handwritten text to skim and comment on. I tried to make sure each of them got at least a comment or two. It had been almost two weeks and I still had almost half to go. Today, I'd do my damndest to finish them off. Then I could whip up a simple reading check quiz for the weekend's *Catcher* reading, review last year's vocab unit 34 tests to make sure they didn't need updating, respond to some parent emails, and hopefully be in bed by eleven. Another glamorous Sunday in the life of a—

*“Heya, C-dawg.”*

I screamed, leaping out of my chair so fast I banged my knee on the underside. That'd be a hell of a bruise, for sure. “Damnit, Taylor! What the hell are you doing here? Wait, and how the hell did you get in? I don't leave my doors unlocked!” I did sometimes, actually, but I'd made it a point to lock up so I wouldn't risk Cassie sneaking over to distract me.

She shrugged. “I used a key.”

“What key?”

“My key.” She fished it out of her purse, jingled it for me.

“You... When the fuck did you make a key?!”

She leaned casually against the doorjamb. The rain had been coming down pretty hard outside; her hair and her shirt were both pretty wet. For once, though, I wasn't distracted by the sight of her bra through the thin white shirt she wore over it. Not *that* distracted, anyway. “The sooner you adjust yourself to leaving the past in the past, the happier you're going to be. You wanna hook a bitch up with a towel or what?”

“Give me the key.”

“What? No. How else am I supposed to get in? Ring the doorbell like a pleb?”

I gritted my teeth. “Give. me. the. key. Taylor.”

With a roll of her eyes, she plucked it off the ring and tossed it at me. I had to deflect rather than catch it. “Abbie's got one too, so I'll just make another copy of hers.”

I didn't have a counter for that, and even if I did, I knew too well that I wouldn't get anywhere letting Taylor Stern control a conversation – especially when she'd put me off balance. “You need to leave. I have work to do, and you weren't invited.”

She gestured to the rain-spattered window. “What? Fuck that. It's pouring out.”

“You survived it on your way in. You'll survive it on your way out.”

“Is this because of Friday?”

“It's because I said so. Now *go*.”

“I seem to recall a teacher of mine telling us to question authority figures and power structures. Only now suddenly he's—”

“You didn't listen to a thing I've said for the past two years, Taylor. I'm not going to waste my breath clarifying myself for you now.”

Her frown intensified. “Why you hatin' like this?”

“I'm not hating like anything. You broke into my house, and I'm asking... No. I'm *telling* you to please leave.”

She looked past me. “Those our *Night* journals?”

“They are.”

“You grade mine yet?”

“Not yet. I do them in period order, so your class will be...” I caught myself being interrogated and shook my head. “No. We're not having a discussion. I have work to do, and you probably have ten more souls to capture before you're summoned back to hell.”

She laughed in spite of herself. “Nice. You just think of that?”

I'd probably said words to that effect a hundred times, bitching and moaning about my resident demonspawn to my friends and sympathetic colleagues. “What can I say, you're an inspiration. But really, last time I'm saying it before I drag you out to your car. Go. There's an umbrella by the door. Borrow it if you need to.”

She was obviously displeased, but I gave her nothing. Any crack in the façade, signs of interest or weakness, even a stray glance at the way her white t-shirt was plastered against those mouth-watering tits of hers, and she'd push me. And if she pushed me, I was going to push her back – right onto my bed, where I'd fuck the living daylights out of her.

“Fine. Be a fucking prick, why don't you.” Taylor hesitated just long enough for me to say something, but anything I said would have only stopped her, and stopping her only would have laid my weakness bare. I watched her go, redirecting my eyes off of her ass just in time not to be caught after her pivot at the midpoint of the stairs, from whence she scowled back at me.

I sat back down at my desk, my head clutched in my hands as I performed a mental exercise, running through the reasons it would be bad if I'd let her stay. *Justin*, I told myself. *Remember that?* It was beginning to help when I heard the door to the garage open downstairs. Only instead of the expected silence, I heard a second voice.

“Da fuck you doing here?”

“Where's Mr. Canon? Did he invite you over?” Cassie's voice was low, but the house was too quiet to mistake her identity.

“Nope. I was just in the neighborhood.”

“Don't b.s. me, Taylor. He booty called you! Didn't he!”

“Slow your roll and use your brain, girl. You obviously saw me come in here. It's been like three minutes. You honestly think I had time to go upstairs, rock his world, get dressed, and sneak back out? That's some serious hate on our guy's stamina.”

I crept towards the top of the stairs. They wouldn't be able to see me unless they came a good deal closer, so it made for a much better eavesdropping post.

“Then what *are* you doing?” Cassie pressed.

“On my way out. Guess he's not in the mood.”

“No duh! After what you guys did Friday, obviously he's not gonna be in the mood! And now you got me in trouble, too, so I hope you're happy!”

“Fuck, Cassie, I don't know how you lived as long as you did without a cock in you. You're a natural fuckin' addict. Like, literally.”

“My mom says it's perfectly natural for girls my age to have strong sexual appetites!”

“Your mom also sucks off your boyfriend, so maybe reconsider where you're getting your perspectives from.”

“Don't talk crap about my mom, Taylor!”

“What? It ain't like I haven't blown the guy a hundred times, too. Not judging, girl, just sayin'. I calls it like it is.”

I thought I heard a sigh. “It’s not fair. You made Justin go down on him Friday, and now he’s taking it out on me like it was my fault. And I saw you flipping him off, too, so don’t even act like you’re sorry! Mr. Canon’s never gonna believe you are.”

She wasn’t wrong there. If Taylor regretted the incident, it would be the first time in our shared history she acknowledged wrong-doing or experienced contrition. “OK first off, you know as well as I did he had that shit coming.”

“No he didn’t! What he did with us was... fun!” Was her pause a quest for the right word, or the mark of poor acting talent? “What you did to him was sneaky and mean!”

“Fun? Yeah, well, guess you weren’t drinking his jizz off your sister’s tits.”

“So what? Pleasuring Mr. Canon is fun! There’s nothing wrong with it!”

“And for two,” continued Taylor heatedly, “you’re barking up the wrong tree. Justin was Abbie’s idea. I got fuck all to do with it. Y’all wanna make waves, take it up with her.”

“Oh come on! You two are always coming up with shit together! I sure didn’t hear you standing up to her!”

“Abbie’s my boss. I do what the boss says,” replied Taylor. Indeed, I had a hundred copies of that statement in Taylor’s handwriting in my desk drawer not twenty feet away.

“You still could have said *something*! Heck, you were right there with her at the party when she started taking people upstairs and dosing them with that stuff! You could have stopped her then!”

“Yeah? How? Same way you’d stop our guy if he told you to sixty-nine your mom while he fucked her ass? Bet you’d ATM that shit if he told you, wouldn’t you, freak.”

“I mean... if he asked, I guess. . The girls online do hashtag ass to mouth all the time.” Oh god, that was what ATM was? How had that gotten into the vernacular?

“Besides, there’s nothing wrong with pleasuring Mr. Canon It’s not the same.”

“Right, ‘cause the shit you do because your head got fucked is totally different from the shit I have to do ‘cause my sister’s a psycho. Keep telling yourself that, booty call bitch. Just don’t say it in front of Mr. Canon, ‘cause I know you got your hangup about lying to him.”

Well shit. Abbie? I’d been so sure it had been Taylor, or at least a team decision. Abbie so seldom took advantage of her leverage over her sister that it was easy to forget she had it. Taylor was as much a victim of Abbie’s capriciousness as me.

Like that, my anger dissipated. My anger at Taylor, at least. Abbie was another story. Hell, the little sister had probably thought it would be funnier using Taylor’s buddy as her subject, just to put bad blood between them. It had occurred to me at one point to be surprised Taylor would use her close friend and confidante in such a way, but

I'd chalked it up to the girl's casually malicious tendencies. For once, I'd actually underestimated her.

"Well... is he here?" asked Cassie after a moment.

"Yep. See, you can see his shadow on the rug there, creepin' on us."

I darted back, but it was already too late. A pair of laughing voices echoed up the stairs. "All right, well I guess I'ma go. You two crazy kids have fun, yo," said Taylor. A moment later I heard the door to the garage open and close.

I hurried after it.

"Hi, Mr. Canon! Did you hear all—"

I ran right past her, through the garage, across the side yard and down Megan's driveway. I was soaked before I made it through the gate in the fence. I caught up with Taylor right as she was opening her car door, but I threw it closed. She hadn't heard me approaching in the deluge, jumping in alarm as she whirled to face me.

"What the fuck, dude! You scared the fucking shit out of me!" To my surprise, she planted her hands on my chest and shoved. Hard. "What are you even doing out here?"

"I'm sorry." I swiped the water from my eyes, but a fresh curtain replaced it instantly.

"So you thought if you ran your ass out here in the rain and apologized, it'd be some fucking Hallmark movie moment? We'd kiss, lock eyes, I'd melt into your arms, fade to black?"

I eyed her askance. "You watch Hallmark movies?"

"Abbie loves those stupid fucking things."

"Seriously?" I supposed if I'd had to guess what sorts of things she watched, it would be *Saw* movies and videos from [r/ChildrenFallingOver](#).

"Don't you fucking dare snitch on me, either. Bitch simps hard for that Hallmark garbage." I mimed locking my mouth and swallowing the key. "You know that shit was barely funny the first time you did it, right."

"Then why are you smiling?"

"Because I'm looking at an idiot getting drenched just because he misses my titties that bad."

"Not *just* your titties."

Her expression softened as she wiped a strand of hair plastered to her forehead. "Yeah? What else?"

I shrugged. "Well, you've got a great personality. Sense of humor..."

She shoved me again, but this time yo-yoed me back in with a grasp on the waist of my shorts. "You hate my personality."

"Only because I know you so well."

She shifted to a two-handed grip. "Wanna get to know me better?"

I arched a brow. "Um, what?"

“That was supposed to sound sexy. Shut the fuck up.” She snatched my collar and pulled me down to her waiting lips. There we were, making out by the side of the road like regular people. I counted on the rain to obscure our identities should anyone drive by, though bad as the storm was, there were only a couple cars. Nobody honked or stopped to peep. Damn shame, because they missed one hell of a show.

“Let’s go back inside.”

“I thought you had to work.”

“Eager as I am to read your journal, it can wait.”

“You positive? I don’t wanna come between you and Cassie.”

“Coming between you and Cassie was exactly what I had in mind.”

That got a laugh. “See, now if you cracked shit like that in class, people might actually pay attention.”

I cupped her ass in its clingy wet athletic shorts. “And if you showed this crack in class, maybe you wouldn’t have flunked all those times.”

“See, ya had me, then ya lost me. Don’t push so hard.”

“I thought you liked it when I pushed hard.”

“Better.” She squeezed my ass in turn. “And I fucking do. Now take me inside before we rinse away.”



It was somehow more apparent how cold we'd gotten once we were back in the warmth of the house. Shivering violently, we retired to my bathroom and hastily helped one another out of our wet clothes. (Taylor received some assistance from Cassie, who, although she'd had the presence of mind to protect herself with an umbrella on her flight from next door, went right ahead and stripped with us. I silently thanked my fussy ex for sticking me with this opulent shower that managed to accommodate all three bodies without being unduly cramped. The two of us leaned against the wall as we permitted Cassie to help massage some warmth back into our limbs.

"So you guys were kissing right out there in the street, huh," Cassie pointed out. Neither of us had an immediate response to that, so she went on. "I don't think anyone else saw, though, since the rain. I thought it looked romantic, though. Are you two a couple now or something? That would be so weird. Do you think you'd get fired if you started dating after we graduate? Is Taylor graduating? Not to be snobby – just that I know you're always sort of... you know." Her fingers sunk into Taylor's tense muscles, drawing forth a relaxed groan. "Lazy."

"Hard to be a couple when there's two of you in here with me," I pointed out. Taylor's resentful glare never reached back to Cassie, mollified by firm fingers.

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense. So are *we* a couple? Like, of three, I mean. Or is the couple the three of us, and Abbie, and Coach and Officer Barbour and, um, I guess my mom? Oh, and Tabitha now, too. That would be the weirdest date of all time. But it would rake in the clicks if we filmed it. Assuming we had sex after. Do you think we'll ever do that, all... what is that, six?"

"Seven. Eight, with me."

"Eight of us. Wow, an eightsome. I don't think I've ever seen that hashtag. I guess it would be a gang bang, except the gang is women. Sort of empowering, when you think about it like that."

"Yeah, it's really breaking that glass ceiling on the whorehouse," muttered Taylor.

"We're not whores. Whores get paid. Wait, you're not getting paid, are you?" The fingers in my back froze. "You're teasing me again. I was gonna say, how would a public school teacher afford half a dozen full-time hookers? Not that I think of myself as a hooker. I mean, I guess if you wanted to pay me, that would be OK, as long as you wanted to. Honestly I'd keep on pleasuring you even for free. It's so fun. What other guy else would let me give him and his girlfriend a shower massage?"

"I'm *not* his girlfriend," Taylor clarified, her voice right atop my own sternly put, "She's not my girlfriend."

"Right, sorry. Just... I dunno, I hardly ever see you kiss anybody else. Not makeout length like that. Maybe I'm just not paying enough attention? No, that can't be it. Not in the right place at the right time, then. Which is a shame, because I like your lips, Mr. Canon. I bet you're a good kisser. They don't kiss a lot in porn either, which I

think is a shame. They usually just dive right in and start raw dog big dick wet cunt fucking. Dinguses and hooahas all over the place. It's hot, I guess, but it feels like the actors don't really *like* each other necessarily. It makes sex feel very jobby. It makes me sort of feel bad for those porn stars. I feel like if I was a porn star, I would try to bring some joy and spontaneity to it. Make my guy – or girl – or guys – or girls! – feel special, show them a good time.”

“Does she *ever* stop...”

“I'm just telling the complete and total truth. I always do, so long as it's only Mr. Canon and other people who know his secrets.”

“That she does. Now Cassie, I think we're all warmed up. Thanks for that. That was nice. Right, Taylor?”

“Yeah, not bad,” Taylor answered charitably. “Funky how fast a bitch gets used to showering with other girls around you, C-dawg.”

I turned to face Cassie, and Taylor followed suit. I let myself be mesmerized for a moment by the sight of them, these two leggy ladies, naked and wet, bright-eyed and beautiful. “Taylor, why don't you dry off, then grab the bottle in my nightstand and bring it to us. Then you can relax for a bit, and I'll be out. OK?”

It only took her a moment to deduce what I had in mind. “Oh shit, you're finally gonna do it, aren't you?”

“Do what? Are we getting drunk? My mom is not going to like it if I start getting drunk over here.”

I pulled Cassie up against me. She'd heretofore kept her hair by and large out of the stream, but now it flattened her deep red hair against her scalp. I smoothed it back out of her eyes and planted a kiss on her forehead. “Are you ready?”

“Ready?” Her forehead wrinkled in puzzlement, but I waited for her to reason it out. After a few moments, as Taylor wrapped herself in a towel and strode into the bedroom, comprehension dawned on her sweet face. “OH MY GOD! ARE YOU GOING TO FUCK MY ASS?!”

I nodded. “If you're up for it.”

“Up for it?! I've been getting ready for it for *weeks*! Oh gosh you have no idea. At first I was like just because I have a nice butt – at least I think I have a nice butt; I hope that doesn't sound conceited – but it wouldn't make sproinking it any more pleasurable for you, plus I worried what if *I* didn't like it, what if I was too tight or too scared or too uncomfortable or there was something wrong with me in my booha, and it went horrible, only then I bought the plug and greased it up there and oh my lovely lordy it felt *so good* Mr. Canon, you don't even know, and ever since then I've been practicing and then practicing just got to be fun, like *mmmmm* fun, and then I started sort of using it like a dildo, and it was even *better*, maybe not as good as sex with you but maybe it was, not to be rude, but I think maybe having a nice butt means having great butt sex,

and I don't even know if that makes sense but it's definitely true for me and I can't wait to show you how good I can make it for you, I promise once you fuck my tight little ass you'll never want to fuck anything ever again – not really, that's just me trying to dirty talk; am I getting better? I feel like I'm getting better – but wow, this is amazing, thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you Mr. Canon, you can go ahead and oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooonnnnnnnnnngggggggghhhhhh...”

Somewhere in the middle of all that Taylor had come back with the lube. Without disrupting her monologue, Cassie redirected the shower head so that it didn't immediately rinse the cool, tingly goo off my cock. She applied it via a subconsciously delivered handjob, though it was utterly unnecessary to get me any harder than I was. I'd been hard ever since my lips had landed on Taylor's on the sidewalk. Well, no. It had been awfully cold. Still, Cassie's massage had more than restored my enthusiasm.

She was still talking when I bent her face-first toward the tile wall and came around behind her. There it was, her round pink wrinkled hole, framed by two gloriously womanly cheeks. I'd have to thank Candy for putting it through all its exercises during volleyball practice. I lined up carefully, not really sure what to expect in this, my first foray into the unknown regions. I'd once accidentally *almost* put it there during a drunken bout of sex with a college girlfriend. It had been far too tight to permit entry, and she'd panicked that I'd even tried. Cassie, however, had been prepping for this for quite some time now. It took only a little pressure to push through the outer barrier, and then I slid in like...

Like the tightest little pussy I'd ever fucked.

It wasn't the same, no. Even with all Cassie had done, this wasn't the puddingy velvet texture of a cunt. It was a bit more rigid, a bit more smooth, a bit less inviting. Except as I crept forward, Cassie pressed herself back firmly until she was impaled to the hilt at one go. Her moan of ecstasy rattled the door to the shower.

“Look at you, gettin' good and pegged, yo,” observed a bemused voice behind me. “I'll leave you guys to it. And don't even fuckin' think I'm sucking that thing after this for at least a day.”

“It's fine Mr. Canon I irrigated right before I came over it should be even cleaner than my pussy but I get that it doesn't feel that way but oh god oh god oh god just like that just like that ...!” The monoexpression finally trailed off into an ear-splitting screech as she came. I could feel her pussy quivering through the interceding membranes, or at least I thought I was. Even if I couldn't, the way her body went slack confirmed the climax. I caught her just in time with one arm across her belly and the other around her breasts. Before I could caution her not to slip and hurt herself (and god knows how much the presence of a substantial object in her asshole might worsen such an ordeal), her legs regained their strength.

Sort of.

Suddenly, they were wrapped around my waist in a bizarre backward contortion act. Her fingers clutched at the narrow ledge where the tile met the drywall above the shower for support, but other than that, her entire body rested on my cock in her butt.

“Cassie, Jesus, I...!” I stepped forward, slamming her chest against the wall just to provide a little extra friction and to bring her center of balance closer. Her taut ass cheeks pressed against my lower belly, trembling in sudden exertion and ongoing elation.

“Oh please don’t make me stop, Mr. Canon. I saw this in a video – hashtag gymnast, hashtag amateur, hashtag anal – and I just had to do it with you. I can do it, I promise. Please don’t stop. Please fuck my ass. Please. Oh please oh please, please fuck my tight virgin ass, Mr. Canon.”

Credit was due to Candy and Isa. If I hadn’t gone so hard with them the night before, my weakness to dirty talk would have had me irrigating her bowels for the second time today. With determination, I continued fucking her. To say it wasn’t easy would be the understatement of the year. Each thrust consisted of having to lift her body with my arm, then slowing her descent so I didn’t damage her tender back door. She was barely able to help, though some creative work with her lower legs braced against my own hard-flexed ass provided her at least some purchase. It was an epic workout. I could feel myself sweating despite the steamy shower water.

If Cassie found it uncomfortable, or too much work, I’d never have guessed. No, from the moment she was penetrated, she never stopped her Cassie-esque litany of honest observations and porn-inspired rambling. Begging for more. Praising how good I made her feel. Promising to be my on-call butt slut for the rest of our lives.

It was a point of pride for my stamina (albeit a stain on the record of my abdominal workouts) that my muscles gave out before my balls gave in. I finally had no choice but to get her feet back on the floor, and from there, we repositioned. I laid down on the shower floor, and with hunger in her eyes, she dropped her ass back onto me and started to ride. I was a bottom this time, and she was far too slippery to help lift besides; there was nothing for me to do but lie there and let her ass ride me like I was a bull. She was far more vigorous than I would have been about it, but after her practice with her butt plug, she’d have a better idea about her comfort and pleasure than I would. Ordinarily I preferred cowgirl to reverse, but considering the occasion, I directed her to spin away and let me play with her ass while she fucked me.

“Are you gonna come in my ass, Mr. Canon?” she asked as she squeezed her slippery buttocks.

“Damn right I am, sweetie. Don’t you dare stop.”

“Never. Never ever ever never ever never ever!”

She’d already climaxed so many times – or had it all be one endless ebbing and swelling orgasm that began the moment I pierced her asshole? – that I couldn’t tell if

the sudden flood of cum in her butt triggered another one, or if the timing had been mere coincidence. Either way, we came so loud I wouldn't have been surprised if her mother heard it next door. After a moment, as my shaft lost some of its turgidity, it didn't so much *slide* out of her as was *squeezed* out by the incredible tightness of her ass. She collapsed in the gathering puddle beside me, giggling delightedly and pawing all over my chest with delirious post-ass-coital affection.

"Thank you for that. Thank you so much. I love you, Mr. Canon. I can't wait until we can do that again. We—"

Her words registered with me the moment they did with her. "Cassie..."

Like she hadn't just had a thigh workout that I'm sure put anything her coaches had ever put her through to shame, she was on her feet in an instant. I think she'd thought she could simply bolt in humiliation and discomfort, except she was soaking wet, naked, and had a ribbon of cum sneaking out of her ass crack. So instead, she made for the nearest towel and started dabbing herself off with a ferocity.

"I'm so sorry for that, Mr. Canon. I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe I told you that. I was just feeling really happy is all. And I mean, maybe I do, but I shouldn't say it, right? Especially with Taylor in the next room. Oh my gosh. You probably hate me now. You're so stupid, Cassie! Stupid stupid stupid! Why did I—"

The water turned off, I caught up with her and held her arms still, using them to pull her body against me. "You're not stupid, Cassie. You're incredible. That was incredible. Your ass is incredible. You don't need to apologize."

"I feel so..." She didn't say stupid, but only so I wouldn't correct her again. "And you didn't say it back, so now I made everything weird between us. Booty calls aren't supposed to fall in love! What was I even thinking?!"

"You had great sex, and you like me, and I like you, and it came out. It's all right, Cassie. And I love you, too. I don't know what it means in our weird little circumstance, but you are loved. You understand me?"

She twisted herself in my arms to look up at me with those big brown eyes of hers. "Yeah? You promise?"

I kissed her. It wasn't a long kiss, or a steamy one, but it was sweet, and affectionate. The sort of kiss I wished the first girl I'd ever said that to had given me. "I promise."

Her arms were wrapped around me, and then she started to cry.

Not long after, I flopped down onto my bed, my towel wrapped snugly around my waist but otherwise still naked. Taylor lay curled up beside me wearing my bulky GHS football t-shirt and, as near as I could tell, nothing else.

“Sorry if that was awkward for you,” I managed. Cassie had only just left, literally skipping home to brag to her mother about what a great ass-fuck she had proved to be. I hadn’t even fully caught my breath yet.

“That was a hell of an ass-fuck in there.”

“Yeah, I know. Don’t worry, not something I plan on doing with you.”

“It’s all good, C-dawg.” She rolled over to face me, a wry grin on her lips, batting her dark eyelashes. “Cause ya know, if you did, I’d still love you.”

I groaned. “So you heard all that.”

“Guess your bathroom door’s set up to keep in noises of stuff coming out of asses, not stuff going in ‘em.”

“Don’t be gross.”

“Oh I’m sorry, man. Do you still love me?”

“Look, I had to say it. Have you ever told someone you love them and had them not say it back?”

“No.”

Of course she hadn’t. “Well it hurts. Doubly so right after sex. It makes you vulnerable.”

“Aw, sounds like somebody has a traumatic story to tell.”

“Not traumatic, just sad. And I’m sure as hell not sharing it with you.”

She thrust out her lower lip. “But why not? Come on, buddy, I’m here for you. Let me love you.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “You are the fucking worst, Taylor.”

“Language!”

I rolled on top of her and I fucked her.

Our first romp of the day was a giggly, greedy, gropy thing. Too tired for more heavy lifting, I soon scooted myself to the edge of the bed and invited her to climb aboard facing me. She’d evidently helped herself to some of my gum from my office, for which I rebuked her with a few gentle slaps on the ass, but she promised she’d bought enough to share with everybody, depositing a wad in my mouth as we kissed.

(Had I kissed Cassie? Did I kiss the others? Did I kiss them like *that*? Now she had me wondering. Did it mean anything anyway? I’d just fucked Cassie’s ass for crying out loud – what difference did it make if we’d kissed?)

“Cassie better’ve cleaned her ass good or I’m gonna get a fucking UTI,” she griped as I pulled her tits into my face. I could drown in there. Happily. If Isa ever found a workaround and managed to kill me, it would be my last request.

“Classy. And I washed it off, so don’t be melodramatic.”

“Yeah? Here, let me take something that was just inside another person’s ass and stick it inside of *you*,” she countered, shimmying her waist to slap me around a bit with her tits.

I grabbed hold of them, squeezing them around my face defensively. “I’m more worried about you giving me a concussion with those things. Can you take it easy? Damnit, Taylor.”

“Yeah, like you don’t love ‘em.” She smashed my face into her right breast, nipple-first. A moan passed her lips as I sucked down hard. “Don’t worry. They love you, too.”

After that, we didn’t bother with clothes. A couple degrees up on the thermostat and she was only slightly chilly and I was only slightly hot. Neither of us had eaten lunch and it was closing in on dinner time, so I ordered us a pizza. She complained about not getting pineapple, but I reminded her that I’d told her to leave when she had plenty of time to go home for food. Taylor even jokingly offered to tip the delivery guy with her tits (a tip that something in her tone made me wonder if it would be her first such act of generosity). Much as the idea of showing off my hot... not girlfriend, but sexual partner? Student with benefits? It would be cool showing off, but a needless exposure for us both. I went with a five dollar bill instead, donning clothes just long enough to make the handoff. My choice turned out to be a good idea, too, since the driver turned out to be both female and a former GHS student of mine.

Isa would be proud of my aversion of that brush with catastrophe.

“Let’s watch a movie,” Taylor said as I procured plates for dinner.

A movie? Was this a date now? “Uh, sure. Yeah, I guess that’d be fine.” Part of me did consider all the work I was putting off (again), but then I remembered the gorgeous naked girl who wanted to cuddle with me on the sofa for a few hours and I mentally slapped myself. “What’d you have in mind?”

“How about *American Beauty*?” She waggled her eyebrows at me suggestively.

I recalled the joke she’d made about it when she’d made her first unplagiarized pass at her essay assignment. “Har har. I told you before, I am not Lester freaking Burnham.”

She took a bite, indelicately speaking around a mouthful of pepperoni. “You ever see *Jennifer’s Body*?”

“No. Is that a porno?” Not that I would object if it were, necessarily.

“Not really. It’s this hilarious Megan Fox movie where she gets possessed by a demon and... well, as you like to say, ‘shenanigans ensue.’”

“Oh, what the hell. If it’s awful, it’s on you to keep me entertained.”

She bumped her hip against mine. “You can do anything you want to me, C-dawg. You know that.” I watched her bare ass sashay into my living room, dragged along behind it like a rat behind the pied piper.

The pizza was pretty good. The movie was pretty terrible. The eye candy wasn't for nothing, and the presence of Taylor's head on my lap, her tits and pussy both in easy reach, enhanced it considerably. She'd occasionally turn and give me a lick, a lengthy kiss or two, and every so often – OK, almost constantly – I'd give her a squeeze, a caress, a circle or two around the clit. We missed the climax of the movie when she finally couldn't handle it any more. No complaints from me. I'd take Taylor Stern over Megan Fox any day, especially when the latter was digital and the former was here and eager to fuck me.

"Let's do a weird position this time," she suggested, giving my cock a few friendly strokes. "No more of the same old doggy and missionary bullshit."

"We had sex three hours ago and it was in neither of those."

"Sure, but what about that fucknassium shit you were doing with Butt Slut Brown earlier? That shit was hot, yo."

"You were peeping on us?" I frowned. "That's not very cool."

"So in your world, you were butt-fucking your neighbor's teenage daughter knowing you had another naked student in the next room, but *I'm* the pervert for watching. K."

"Still, you should... oh, whatever."

"Don't pout. You looked good, sticking it to her. Olympian. Let's keep it going. Shit, we should fuck in a different position every day this week."

"Every day? You're going to have competition for that, you know."

"Yeah, so?"

Right then, with her arrogant smirk shining up at me, her tits in my hands, I couldn't see a problem with fucking this girl every single day.

For some reason I considered it might get in the way of my plans with Tabitha, and I was surprised by how much that actually mattered to me. She didn't give me long to dwell on it, though.

I was happy to simply get creative, but like in class, Taylor would take any excuse to get on her phone. She did some googling, and we tried a few of the results one or both of us found intriguing. The first one was a total bust. We both stood and she bent at the waist, leaning forward and using my grip on her upthrust arms to support her. I think we nearly dislocated her shoulder.

Next, we went for something a site called "the pinball wizard." It didn't look anything like any pinball machine I'd ever had sex with, but it certainly looked like a good angle to watch Taylor's tits bounce while I stuck it to her. She lay on her back with me kneeling between her legs, shoulders down and ass suspended in the air by me. After the workout Cassie had put me through, I didn't last as long as I wanted, but it was good while it lasted. I held out long enough to see that grudgingly blissed expression on her proud face when I made her come, which was more than worth it for me.



As we cycled through other options on the list, I found my thoughts straying. With Taylor, this was an evening's amusement, a diversion from the usual throwing each other down and climbing aboard to get each other off. (Not that I was complaining – not that I would ever complain.) Still, this would be a perfect assignment for Tabitha. Oh yes, I thought as I entwined my legs around her for a more pretzly configuration, Tabitha would take this and run with it. She'd research it. Demand opportunities for data. Blame herself for any shortfalls in my satisfaction, then strive to improve. Take each position and perfect it.

Taylor grunted. "This is kind of uncomfortable. Fuck, let's just go back to the vanilla shit."

"Just lay down. I'm gonna eat you out."

She arched an eyebrow, but the smile betrayed her excitement. "If this is some ploy to get your dick in my mouth, I told you, at least twenty-four hours after anal."

"What happened to 'Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me,' huh?"

"Of course you can. Just don't want shit that's fuckin' gross."

"Shut up and wrap your thighs around my face."

"Yes sir, Mr. Canon, sir."

I mostly forgot about Tabitha, then.

Taylor had a hair trigger when it came to having her clit licked, and I kept after that sweet little nubbin until my tongue was about to fall off. Taylor rocked and squirmed and moaned and demanded all the while. Her long, baby smooth thighs gripped my face at times so firmly that I had to pinch her butt to remind her even teachers need air. When I threw a couple fingers into the mix, she lost it altogether, pounding my mattress, yanking at my sheets, my hair, making guttural noises I'd never heard pass a human's lips before. By the time I doggedly lapped one last orgasm out of her and finally gave in to tongue fatigue, I had so much puss on my face that it was dribbling down my chin.

"I guess now I know why you keep coming over here, huh," I called over my shoulder as I cleaned up my face at the bathroom sink.

"I already told you why I come over here," she said.

The reference was lost on me. Oh well. If I forgot something she'd said that she'd found clever or important, I still had two years of doing so to go before I caught up to her.

I honored her request not to force a blowjob out of her, though her tits served handily, doubly so thanks to the lube I'd bought for Cassie's ass. As always when I used her for something she didn't derive immediate pleasure from, Taylor made it a point to let her boredom show. Did she know that it only made it more fun? Her tits were more than perfect, but it was that *Jesus, are you done yet?* look on her face that drove me

wild. I came right on her face, which both exacerbated her irritation and heightened my climax.

Taylor insisted she needed another shower after that. Exhausted, I left her to it. Funnily, simply knowing my hated student was in my bathroom bare-ass naked, washing my cum off her body, and that she wouldn't object to my entering the room and joining her... that knowledge felt almost as good as actually doing it.

I took the opportunity to put my boxers back on. Then I heard an unfamiliar knock from the living room. Right, the new phone. It still used its default sound set; someone was texting me. I fetched it and returned to bed, where the steam was just beginning to filter in from Taylor's shower.

*Can I come stay the night with you, Mr. Canon?*

I blinked, shook my head, and read it again. Nope, I'd read it right.

*It's a school night, Tabitha.*

*I know. If you think I'll be a distraction or a nuisance, that's fine.*

I'd used the quick reply option before; only then did I open the full conversation window, where my heavy-lidded eyes suddenly flew open. How long had she been texting me? I must not have heard it with all the noise Taylor and I had been making. Mostly Taylor. There was a backlog of numerous images – all of them nudes of Tabitha.

Tabitha sitting backwards on a piano bench, a marble bust propped up in front of her pussy, facing inwards suggestively.

Tabitha's long neck arched back, a smooth white dildo eased deep into her mouth.

Tabitha standing at her bathroom sink, her tight white ass jutting back as she bent forward to apply lipstick.

Tabitha clad in nothing but a pair of thigh-high stockings, looking at the camera with her head cocked to one side quizzically, her glossy brown hair drawn up in pigtails.

Tabitha on her knees in a dog collar, a leash clasped to her neck, the lead held up invitingly to the camera.

Tabitha sitting naked at her makeup stand, the line of her buttocks forming a perfect W, her breasts reflected in the mirror as she applied a brush to her cheeks.

Tabitha in her bed with a shaggy teddy bear in the midst of having its face smashed between her thighs, the apparent source of the eye-clenched bliss on her face.

Tabitha's left hand clenched between her legs, the other holding up her junior yearbook. Zooming in, I discerned it was open to the faculty page, her eyes fixed longingly on what I could only assume was my picture.

I was still gaping at the shot of her resting on her forearms on the edge of her pool, dripping wet, her succulent little nipples hard as rocks, when she texted again, likely mistaking my silence for hesitancy.

*If you're worried about my parents, don't. Dad's out of town for the next three weeks, and Mom's already passed out drunk. Earlier than usual tonight.*

*I just got your pictures. You look amazing. So amazing. I can't wait to tell you to your face how amazing. Straight A work, like I'd expect from you. But I'm a little wiped out tonight.*

"Fuuuuuck, I love your shower. I could spend all fuckin' night in here. Props for not being a cheap-ass where it counts."

*Aw, thanks! I thought you might be tired. That's fine with me. I was hoping to keep working on getting used to being nude in front of you, and I thought it would be good for me to be there first thing in the morning, so I can practice giving you a proper wakeup.*

"Cheap-ass? When am I a cheap-ass? I probably burned five hundred bucks this year on you guys," I argued. Meanwhile, my fingers were busy.

*That's sweet, but you really don't need to hold yourself to that high of a standard. I don't need someone on hand 24/7 to see to my needs.*

"On your sluts, you mean? Or do you mean at school? Fuck, what a waste of fuckin' benjies," came the voice from the shower.

*Why wouldn't I hold myself to the highest standards? I'm never going to learn how to be the perfect lover for you if I don't take every opportunity I can get to study.*

"You know, you never cease to make me feel like my investment is a waste," I grumbled. I didn't even think she could hear me, but a laugh followed.

*This is sort of awkward, but I sort of have someone over already, hon.*

"You wanna burn half a G on your students, start with some better lube. This stuff's all oily, fuckin' sticking to my tits. Try some of that edible shit or something. Or better yet, use my fuckin' pussy next time. Shit self-lubes, ya know."

*That's fine! I don't mind sharing you with other women. That's part of the new course expectations, right? I was texting Cassie Brown earlier, getting some notes, and she said group stuff was a major component.*

God, she really was the perfect student. "If you don't want me to fuck your tits, try not coming over to my house in the midst of a one-woman wet t-shirt contest."

*I don't think you'd like who the other group member would be, hon.* An understatement if ever there was one. I didn't keep the best mental records on the feuds and fallings-out between my students, but the one between Tabitha and Taylor had been readily apparent since the beginning of the school year. Literally day one. I'd been handing out textbooks and taking down numbers, getting the dry stuff out of the way. Justin had yelled out that his book was number sixty-nine, after which Taylor claimed four-twenty. Tabitha had criticized them for making the process take longer, which had only prompted Taylor to ask if she was just pissed because she was number two. As Tayloy says I say, shenanigans ensued.

“Seriously? You’re going with ‘she was asking for it, look what she’s wearing?’ Come on, C-dawg, thought you were more woke than that.”

*Taylor, I presume? Cassie said she was over. That’s fine. I don’t want to make it stressful for you to manage relationships. If you want me to come over and threesome you (can I verb that?) with her, no problem. Or put on a show with her, tag-team you with her, whatever you want. It would be good practice for me – immersion therapy.*

Dear god, what had I awakened?

“I, um... look, whatever. I’m going to fuck your tits sometimes, so deal with it.”

Before I could finish my reply to Tabitha, she texted again. *Besides, you know me, always happy to take point on a group project lol.* Attached was a bitmoji of her peering over a partially bared samurai sword underneath the words “try hard.”

*Such an overachiever, looking for extra work to do on a Sunday night.*

“Hey, speaking of your wild dreams, am I staying the night tonight or what? My folks usually don’t give two fucks, but I should at least give Abbie a heads up so if they get pissy about it somebody can make excuses for me.”

*Maybe if I didn’t have such a good teacher... ;) So can I come over?*

I put my phone back on standby, rubbing my temples and trying to think. Was this a horrible idea? Maybe I should send Taylor home, make a trade. Or should I tell Tabitha to hold off for another night? Hell, if I bunkered down by my lonesome, I might actually get some very necessary work done for once.

There was that knocking sound again. It evidently carried into the bathroom.

“Hey, who ya texting out there? Tell that bitch your dick belongs to me, boy.”

I swiped on my phone.

*Please, Mr. Canon?*