

The No-Study Club

by Pan

Chapter 1

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I looked up to see a student standing in front of me.

Teachers, believe it or not, are humans, so it would be a lie to say that we didn't have favorites. But I can assure you that Lacey was not one of mine.

There are advantages and disadvantages to teaching at a private school. Less bullying, smaller classes, lower pay, less job insecurity, and higher parent involvement (though whether that's an advantage or disadvantage completely depends on the parent in question). But one of the biggest advantages is supposed to be student investment: their parents are paying swathes of money to get them into the school (very little of which, unfortunately, trickles down to the teachers) and so more often than not, they care about their classes. Far more than a public student does, anyway.

Lacey was an exception to this.

I don't want to sound like I'm stereotyping, but I can't help but feel that it had something to do with the way she looked. She was gorgeous, and she knew it: she constantly dressed to show off her hourglass figure: huge tits, tiny waist, long legs, and an ass that would make any man drool.

Her hair was blonde, falling perfectly past her shoulders, and her makeup was always immaculate; if you didn't know she was a highschool student, one could easily mistake her for some sort of supermodel or actress.

What was most frustrating was that she was smart. You wouldn't know it from her test results, but on the rare occasion I could actually get her to pay attention, she was always the first student in class to understand a new mathematical concept or a difficult bit of physics. And yet she never applied herself, actively looking down on those who did.

She was just too damn good-looking. Lacey had no reason to try – she knew with her looks, men would give her whatever she wanted. It was clear from the moment I met her that she was completely comfortable coasting by on her looks for the rest of her life.

Well, I'd made sure that it wasn't going to be like that with me. I'd seen other teachers turn to putty in her hands, stammering and giving her whatever grade she wanted, even when she clearly didn't deserve it.

Not me. I became a teacher to educate, not to pander to oversexed, spoiled little girls. I had standards, and I would make sure to hold every student to them.

No matter what they looked like.

So I made sure my expression was neutral as I looked back at Lacey as she stood there, waiting patiently to be acknowledged.

“Yes?” I said. “Can I help you with something?”

She smiled sweetly and gave me a flirty wave before stepping closer. She was wearing a short skirt with knee high boots, which showed off her legs, and a tight white blouse that emphasized her tits. As per usual, she was wearing makeup: eye shadow, eyeliner, lipstick, all of it.

None of it was subtle.

“Oh yes,” she purred, licking her lips with a sultry look in her eyes. It was all I could do not to roll my eyes at her blatant attempt to use her body to get what she wanted: I was a happily married man, with no interest in anyone but my wife – especially not one of my students. Even a student with a body like Lacey’s.

I let out a sigh.

“What can I do for you, Lacey?”

A smile spread over her face.

“Well...,” she started slowly, then leaned forward, her voice lowering to a low, seductive whisper. “You see...”

She took another step closer, then reached up to my shoulder, gently running her fingers along my arm. I resisted the urge to slap her hand away: I’d known plenty of girls like Lacey in my time, and I knew what sort of a reaction it would get.

She wouldn’t take the hint. Her eyes would light up, and the challenge would start a fire in her belly.

I should probably describe myself at this point – I’m taller than average. I work out regularly, but I wouldn’t describe myself as muscular. I’m not fat, not skinny, just in good shape. I’ve been told that I’m handsome, though of course I don’t really see it.

It would be disingenuous to deny: there’s something about me that women definitely find attractive. Especially, for reasons I can’t explain, women who I can only describe as “man-hunters”.

Women like Lacey.

All through college...I don’t want to say that something ridiculous, like that I had to beat them off with a stick, but there was a certain type of woman that just seemed to find me irresistible. Confident women, women who know exactly what they want.

Women who want a man, and will stop at nothing to get him.

They were fun, at first, but it never took long for me to get bored with them. Like Lacey, they’d learned that their body would get them what they want, so they’d never put time into bettering themselves. Into becoming better conversationalists, well-read and well-rounded people.

Unlike my wife.

To me, my wife is the perfect woman. She’s smart, funny, kind and loving. No one else could hold a candle to her – when we’d first met, we’d stayed up for days just talking, sharing our thoughts on everything, and we’d become inseparable after that. All other women pale in comparison to my wife, no matter how busty and butt-y and slutty they are.

If my wife has a weakness, it’s her self-esteem. I mentioned that I fell in love with her mind: it’s not that she’s unattractive (again, I think she’s perfect: the most beautiful woman in the world), she just doesn’t look like...well, like the Lacey’s in the world.

Like me, Sarah is in her mid-thirties, and it’s clear that her bust is never going to come in. To make it worse, her mother and sister are both D-cups at least, not to mention her best friend, whose top half enters her room a few seconds before the rest of her catches up.

To say that Sarah isn’t happy about her lack of chest would be an understatement. I don’t

want to say she's obsessive about it, but whenever she sees a woman with a larger bust (which, to be fair, is most women) she gets a look in her eye, and it's like she shrinks into herself.

She also teaches here – I mentioned that teachers definitely have favorites...well, Lacey is by far my wife's least favorite student. She's irritated by her for the same reasons as I am, of course: her refusal to study, her inability to focus, and her blatant disregard for authority. But beyond that, I know Sarah resents Lacey because of her body. Because of the way she flaunts it, because of the way men treat her. More than once, she's come home seething at something Lacey has said.

My wife is convinced that Lacey is aware of her insecurities, and drops comments specifically to humiliate her in class. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm hardly one to defend the girl – she knows she's good looking, and she uses her looks to get whatever she wants. But I've never seen her actively be cruel or malicious.

I'm not calling Sarah a liar, of course. But I do think in this regard, she's being overly sensitive, reading motive into comments that simply isn't there. When Lacey complained about how "flat" my wife's teaching can be, it was hardly a respectful thing to say, but I did think reading it into a comment about her chest was reaching.

And so as Lacey ran her hand up and down my shoulder, I made sure to keep the bored expression on my face. I didn't want to pour fuel on the fire.

"Well, *sir*," she said, her eyes sparkling at the lusty way she dropped the honorific, "it's about my grade..."

This time I did roll my eyes.

"Lacey," I said sternly, "we've talked about this. If you want a better grade, you've got to earn it."

"Oh I want to earn it," she countered. "And I have some ideas..."

I sighed. "Like doing your homework, maybe?"

Lacey bit her lip, a mischievous smile crossing her face as she shook her head. Her small fingers gripped my shoulder, and it was all I could do not to shake her off.

"No," she said softly. "Want to guess again?"

I knew what game she was playing, of course, but it had zero chance of working on me. Again, I don't want to sound like I'm bragging (it was an inconvenience more than anything) when I say: countless women had hit on me over the years, and none of them had ever gotten anywhere.

I was a one-woman man: I loved my wife, and I'd never even considered being unfaithful to her.

I wasn't going to budge.

Lacey's tongue flicked across her lips, and her grip on my shoulder tightened.

"Lacey," I said wearily, "I need to get back to grading papers. If you want a better grade, there's only one path open to you: you've got to study."

"I'm sorry, *sir*," she said, her eyes widening as she looked up at me. "But I can't do that."

I raised one eyebrow. In almost a decade of teaching, this was an excuse I hadn't heard before.

"If your extra-curricular activities are taking up too much of your attention," I began, but she interrupted me.

"I don't do any extra-curricular activities," she said, before a saucy grin crossed her face. "At least, none that the school recognize."

I refused to take the bait. "How do you expect to get into a good college?" I asked, and my student scrunched up her nose.

"Ew," she said. "No thank you."

Her hand had loosened, and I took the opportunity to slip out of her grasp, standing up from behind my desk and crossing to the window, leaning against the ledge.

"Lacey," I said conversationally, "I know you think you know how the world works. But trust me, it's not that simple. If you don't get into a good college, you're not going to get a good job. And if you don't have a good job—"

Again, the blonde girl interrupted me.

"Sir, I promise you, I have no intention of getting a job."

"Oh no?"

"No, sir." A dreamy look crossed her face. "I want to get married, sir. To someone who will support me. Someone who'll keep me safe, and pay for my things. I want to be taken care of, and I want a man to provide for me."

My incredulity must have been more obvious than I expected, because she almost looked hurt at my reaction. It was 2022; I'd never heard a female student actually talking about wanting to be financially dependent on a man.

Not just talking; practically bragging.

The hurt quickly turned into a sneer, and she stood up, coming to stand in front of me.

"So don't lecture me about life, Mr. Mancuso. I know how things work."

"Lacey, you...you could be anything. You're smart – smarter than you know – confident, and beautiful." I hadn't intended to compliment her appearance, so I quickly moved on. "...why would you want to settle for being a wife?"

She smiled. "Should I want to be like Mrs. Mancuso?"

I furrowed my brow. "Mrs. Redfield, Lacey. You know my wife didn't take my name."

The teenage girl ignored me, the look of disdain still on her face. "She works all day for students who hate her. By the time she gets home, she's probably exhausted – worn down, too tired to please her man. Is that the life I should aspire to? A dead-end job, too tired for sex?"

I knew that I was entering dicey territory, allowing my student to discuss sex, but Lacey was the most engaged I'd ever seen her. If ever I had a chance to get through to my student, this was it.

"My wife finds her work incredibly fulfilling. She's making a difference in the world – if she was just laying around at home all day, she'd be bored out of her mind."

"There's nothing wrong with being a wife," Lacey argued. "And frankly, I'm surprised that a feminist like you would say otherwise."

"Of course not," I said immediately. "But..."

I stalled, feeling suddenly trapped. I couldn't defend my point without sounding misogynist,

but at the same time, Lacey needed to know what she was capable of. What a difference she could make in the world.

Before I found my words, Lacey continued, taking advantage of my hesitation.

“I want to get married,” the teenage girl said, stepping forward again. “I want to find a good man, and raise a family with him. That’s my goal, and you don’t need to study to get there.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. My brain was trying to process what my heart already knew: there was no winning this argument.

“I want to take care of my man,” Lacey said, her voice softening. “I want to make sure that when he gets home, he finds everything ready for him. I want him to feel special, and cared for, and appreciated. When he gets home, he’s not going to find a tired, crabby wife who just wants to complain about her day.”

To my relief, Lacey took a half-step backwards, gesturing to her body.

“Instead, he’ll find this. He’ll find a woman who wants to please him, and show him how much she loves him. A woman who’s spent her time staying in shape, choosing to dress her body to best please him. Every day, I’m thinking about him, how to make him happy. I can give him all that matters: my love.”

“Lacey,” I protested half-heartedly. I’d never had a conversation like this before in my life; Lacey’s behavior was completely outside the bounds of normal teenage rebellion, and I decided to call her on it. “Lacey, this isn’t normal.”

“Fuck normal,” she snapped back – in normal circumstances, I’d have called her out for swearing, but I didn’t want to get sidetracked. “Your wife is normal, but does that make you happy?”

“Of course it does—”

“Does your wife please you with her body?” Lacey continued, speaking over me. “Does she satisfy you sexually? Or do you two only ever talk about work, about what a bad day she’s had, before you go to sleep, and start all over the next morning?”

“Lacey!”

My raised voice made it clear: my student had gone too far. I think even she realized this, but instead of backing down, she continued glaring at me.

“That’s completely inappropriate,” I said. “You cannot discuss the sex life of your teachers. This is not acceptable.”

The blonde girl folded her arms across her chest. Her mouth was still fixed in a wide grin, but her eyes were cold.

“Am I wrong, sir?”

My eyebrows shot up. “What?”

“Does your wife satisfy you in bed? Does she pleasure you?”

“We’re not discussing this,” I said firmly. “Lacey, I demand you stop.”

The teenage girl laughed, shaking her head. “Yes, sir,” she said, her voice smug. “I think you’ve told me everything you need to know.”

I opened my mouth to protest, to object, but before I could piece the words together, Lacey gave me a little wink and turned on her heel, walking towards the door.

For the rest of the day, my head was spinning, reliving the bizarre conversation I’d had with

my student. I was still reeling as I walked home from school. I'd never experienced anything like it – the attitude of my student felt like it was from a different decade – a different century!

Especially at a school as prestigious as this, I'd never encountered a female student who actually *wanted* to be a housewife. Most young women were on track to become doctors or lawyers, politicians, entrepreneurs. My wife's favorite student (the anti-Lacey, if you will) was on the right track to be a Supreme Court Justice. Being the wife of some wealthy man was just not an option they'd even considered; their ambitious was completely off the charts.

Yet here I was, faced with a teenager who'd willingly admitted that her sole motivation was to get married and have children. Her comments had been so off-the-wall, so alien, that part of me wondered if I'd somehow misinterpreted them. I'd almost been glad when her remarks had turned personal, because of the excuse it had provided to shut the conversation down.

Almost.

Because as Lacey had correctly assessed, there had been a reason I hadn't refuted her guesses.

Again, I want to be clear: I love my wife more than anyone else on the planet. She's my soulmate, my best friend, my partner for life. We've been through everything together. Our relationship isn't perfect, but it's so close to perfection that I'm always afraid of doing something to ruin it.

But, as my teenaged student had somehow guessed...we *didn't* have much of a sex life.

It didn't bother me, honestly. Sex isn't everything: if it meant getting to spend the rest of my days with Sarah, I'd never have sex again.

And...well, sometimes it felt a little like that was a possibility.

No, that isn't fair. We still had sex. Every few weeks, maybe once a month.

Every few months, at the bare minimum.

And it's not like we didn't have physical interaction: we're both extremely physical people, and we would cuddle every night while watching TV, and go to sleep holding each other.

But sex sex? It was rare.

It hadn't always been like this – at the start of our relationship, we'd had sex every couple of days. But Lacey had been right – my wife's job *did* wear her down. It wasn't rare for her to work a ten-hour day, between teaching and grading and planning lessons. My wife teaches English, so it's not as simple as marking each answer right or wrong; she had to analyze each essay, determine whether the student had truly understood the themes of the work, or gotten their point across. This meant reading each page not only for mistakes, but for intent and understanding – and then writing comments, so the student could improve for next time. It was exhausting.

I don't want to sound like I'm complaining: she worked as a teacher because she enjoyed helping kids learn. Because she believed in what she did. Because she wanted to make a difference in the world, and educating the next generation was how she'd chosen to do that. And so she poured herself into her work; sometimes her comments on an essay were as

long as the essay itself.

It was one of the many things I loved and admired about her.

Still, I couldn't deny that our sex life had suffered.

Sarah was often wiped by the time she got home. We'd watch TV together – Sarah loved documentaries, and she was so stressed out all the time, I always let her pick – and cuddle up to each other. Sometimes she'd fall asleep halfway through an episode. In the earlier days, I'd carry her to bed, but over the last few years my wife had put on a lot of weight (none of which, somehow, had made its way to her tits), and carrying her upstairs was becoming difficult. So I'd wake her up, which would often cause her sleep for the rest of the night to be broken.

Once or twice I'd let her sleep on the couch, but that was worse. She missed cuddling me, of course, but she also didn't sleep well sitting up.

All of this, as you can imagine, was a bad recipe for a healthy sex life. We still made love – mostly on Sunday afternoons, when the exhaustion of the school week had left her – but Sarah's weight gain had come with an increased insecurity about her body, which made her feel in the mood even less, and so over the years our sex life had slowly dwindled to almost nothing.

Fortunately, sex wasn't why I loved my wife. Our marriage was still healthy and strong, even if...well, even if I would've preferred more frequent sex.

When I got home, I was happy to be distracted by hearing about my wife's day. As usual, it was a litany of complaints: the students had been disrespectful, her department chair was unhelpful, the principal was too controlling. The list went on and on.

I listened silently, as I always did, occasionally nodding and agreeing when appropriate. I loved my wife, and I was happy that I was the one she vented to. I liked knowing what was going on with her at work, and the problems she faced.

Then she said something that caught my attention.

"And Lacey! God, *that girl*."

"What did she do now?" I asked, trying not to appear too interested. I had no intent of telling my wife about the bizarre conversation I'd had with Lacey; in fact, part of me hoped I could forget the entire thing.

"Do you know what she told me?" Sarah asked. I didn't bother replying; I knew it was a rhetorical question. "She stayed back after class, and told me she wasn't going to study."

"Oh? Did she say why?"

That had been the other part of the conversation that had stuck with me. Lacey's insistence that she wasn't going to study, and the complete lack of explanation for the bizarre assertion.

"I didn't ask," Sarah replied. "Just told me that she was done studying, that it wasn't for girls like her."

I nodded, but for once that was the wrong move.

"You agree?" my wife asked icily, and I tried to hide the panicked look on my face.

That's the thing I haven't mentioned: the only other flaw in my perfect marriage. Not, of course, that the lack of sex is a flaw.

But it was impossible to deny this one.

My wife...has a jealous streak. No, that's putting it too lightly: my wife has a *murderous* streak when it comes to any woman that shows interest in me.

Like I said, Sarah is deeply insecure, and that's only increased since she put on weight. And no matter how often I tell her I love her, that she's all I ever need, that I think she's the single most attractive woman in the world...it never seems to matter.

As soon as a woman flirts with me, Sarah is convinced that I'm cheating on her.

It doesn't matter that I never show any of them even a molecule of interest. It doesn't matter that I only have eyes for her, or that I never flirt back.

Sarah will see a woman talking to me, and immediately assume I'm sleeping with her.

And honestly? I hate it.

I want to understand, I want to be a supportive husband, but it's maddening. It feels like my wife's insecurities have begun to consume her, have even begun to affect our marriage. It had gotten to the point where I couldn't even have a conversation with her mother or sister or best friend without turning to see my wife shooting daggers at me.

Honestly, I don't even *like* Sarah's family. I understand that you're stuck with what you're dealt in this regard, but her best friend wasn't truly any better. I only ever talked to them out of politeness. For Sarah. And so when that was used against me...well, it was incredibly frustrating.

"Um..." I started, but my wife cut me off.

"No," she replied, her voice hard. "No, I understand. Someone who looks like that, why would she need to study? That's for women like me."

"Sarah..."

"No," she repeated. "I don't want to talk about it. You know what? Forget it."

I sighed, putting down my knife and fork and standing up. This wasn't the first time we'd had a fight like this; it felt like they came out of nowhere, and no matter how irrational my wife was being, it was my job to be the peacekeeper.

Making my way to her side of the table, I knelt down to hug her. Sarah had tears in her eyes; exhaustion from work, from jealousy, from worry, I didn't know.

"You're perfect," I whispered, rubbing her back gently. "You're perfect, and you deserve the world."

She sniffled, and wiped away the tears.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just...so tired all the time lately."

I hugged her harder.

"I know, baby," I replied. "But summer break is only a few weeks away."

That's another advantage of working at a private school: longer school holidays. In just three short weeks, we'd have two glorious months off, with no obligations or work or stress.

"I'm going to finish it," she said, her voice small. "I mean it this time."

I beamed at her. "I know you are, honey."

Sarah had been working on her novel for almost as long as I'd known her. At the start of the year, she'd made a pledge: this year, this would be the year that she finished it. I was so proud of her, and resolved to do everything I could to help her – I'd stay out of her way for

the entire summer, giving her all the space and time she needed to work on the book uninterrupted.

You can see why I love her, right? Creative, hard-working – she’s basically the perfect woman. I didn’t care that she’d gained weight, or that she wasn’t sleeping with me as frequently as she used to. Yes, her insecurities got in the way sometimes, but...I loved her, and that was enough.

Kneeling beside her, hugging her, I promised her that this would be the best summer yet. Little did I know how true that would be.

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 2

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I sighed as I looked up. Standing in front of me once more was my wife’s least favorite student.

“Lacey,” I said, not bothering to hide my annoyance. “What is it?”

“I never got a chance to explain,” she said, biting her lip provocatively. Frankly, everything the girl did was provocative, but that particular gesture was particularly blatant.

“Explain what?” I asked, trying to keep my tone level. I’d tried to put our last conversation out of my head, chalk it up to the girl trying to get attention, or some kind of weird game. But every time I saw in class, or in the hallway, I couldn’t help but think about it.

She was wearing tight jeans that strained against her ass (not, of course, that I’d been looking), a low-cut top that revealed far too much cleavage, and a leather jacket that was open wide enough to expose her bellybutton and a good portion of her midriff.

“Why I can’t study.”

“I think you were perfectly clear last time,” I said, shutting the textbook I’d been making notes from, wishing I could close the conversation just as easily.

She shook her head, a defiant motion that somehow made her breasts jiggle.

Not, of course, that I’d been looking.

“No, Mr. Mancuso,” she said, her tone firm. “I explained why I don’t want to study. Why I don’t need to study.”

“Everyone needs to—...”

“But,” she continued, as if I hadn’t spoke, “I didn’t explain why I *can’t* study.”

As infuriating as I found the schoolgirl, I had to admit that I was curious. So instead of shutting her down, I decided to play along.

“Why?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. “What’s stopping you from actually applying yourself, from focusing on something other than your looks?”

She preened slightly at my words, and I realized that I’d done it again; I’d inadvertently complimented the girl’s looks.

“It’s not just me,” she said, her tone smug. “There’s a group of us.”

“Excuse me?”

“We’ve made a club.”

“I told you last time, your extra-curricular activities are no excuse to...—”

“Oh it’s not that kind of club,” she said quickly. Her eyes were wide and innocent, although I knew the thoughts lurking behind them were anything but.

I still couldn’t believe that in the twenty-first century, in one of the state’s most exclusive high-schools, there was a student who couldn’t imagine a better future than marrying a rich man.

“What sort of club is it?” I sighed, trying to hide my curiosity.

“It’s a club for girls like me,” Lacey said, her eyes gleaming. She knew she had me.

Well, for once I was going to make sure that she didn't get exactly what she wanted.

"I don't have time for this," I said, standing up. "And you should be getting to your next class."

"Mrs. Mancuso will wait," she said with a sneer, and I froze. Great. If my wife asked Lacey why she was late, I'd be accosted by a barrage of jealous questions as soon as I got home.

"I'm serious, Lacey," I said, turning slowly. "Get to Mrs. Redfield's class. Now."

She hadn't even been in my previous class; she'd come to visit me between her other classes. My pulse quickened at the idea of someone seeing her, perhaps even mentioning it to Sarah.

"Your wife is a pushover."

"Last warning..."

"It's called the No-Study Club."

The name caught me off guard. "What?"

Lacey stood up, her chest juggling as she did. She took a few steps towards me, then placed her hand on my arm.

"Come to the next meeting of the No-Study Club," she said, her voice soft and seductive.

"I'll tell you all about it."

"I'm certainly not interested," I replied, shaking her hand off, regretting it as soon as I did.

The fire was in her eyes, that fire I'd seen so many times before. The fire of a man-hunter.

"Now please, go to class."

"I'm sure we can convince you," Lacey purred. "The merits of our club will become *quite* obvious if you just attend a few meetings..."

"I don't know how to make this any more clear," I said firmly. "I couldn't be less interested. Go to class, Lacey. Now."

"We have four members so far," she said, and I rolled my eyes and continued walking towards the door. "Me, Kendra, Vanessa, and Kelly."

It wasn't hard to see what Lacey meant by 'girls like her' – she'd just described four of the most gorgeous girls in the school. Kendra was an African-American student; possibly the only girl in school with a chest larger than Lacey's. Vanessa was Latina; a small, slender beauty with jet black hair, dark skin, and blue eyes. Kelly was a tall redhead with porcelain white skin and bright green eyes.

Four beautiful women. And four of the most frustrating students I'd ever taught. They spent every minute in class gossiping, flirting, and generally acting like school was a social club just for them.

I'd tried everything I could think of to motivate them, but nothing worked. I'd given them detention for chatting during class, I'd warned them that I'd have to fail them if they didn't start putting more effort in, but nothing I did seemed to make a difference.

"Everyone knows about the club," she said, giggling. "It's just a matter of time until more girls start showing up. Of course, we're very selective..."

For the second time, I turned and I sighed.

"Lacey," I said, my voice pained. "It's obvious that I can't force you to try harder in class. But at the very least, I can ask: don't stop other girls from getting the most out of their

education. Your parents paid a lot of money for you to be here..."

At that, a flicker of irritation crossed Lacey's face. I realized I'd hit a nerve, and continued.

"...how do you think they'll react when they find out you're failing?"

"That's why I'm here," she said, her lips thin. "I can't fail your class, or my Dad..."

She trailed off, but I didn't prompt her to continue. I'd been teaching at Rutherfords for five years; I knew the kind of pressure that these kids were under from their parents. For the first time, I felt sorry for the girl.

But that didn't change anything.

"Then you need to put the effort in," I said gently. "If you just studied, you'd..."

"I can't," Lacey said, and the confident girl that my wife hated so much was back in force.

"It's against the rules of the Club."

I glanced at my watch. She was a full five minutes late to my wife's class. I had an empty period, but I'd been hoping to grab some lunch in the teacher's lounge.

"Lacey, you have to get to class and I have to go to the cafeteria. I don't know what you want from me, but there's only one way you're going to pass my class, and that's if you work hard and get good grades."

"Or..." she said, one hand moving to her hip, the other caressing her throat as she looked at me with smoldering eyes, "...I could fuck your brains out."

My eyes almost boggled out of my head.

"What??"

"I'm just saying, maybe we could come to some kind of arrangement. Surely there are other ways to pass the class besides studying. Maybe I could earn my grade by doing things for you. With my body..."

I felt like my blood was boiling. My brain was screaming that this was wrong, that I needed to shut this conversation down, but I couldn't help myself.

"You're a student, Lacey," I said, trying to keep my tone even. "And I'm a student. What you're suggesting is illegal."

She nodded. "True."

"I could have you suspended just for suggesting something like this. Or expelled!"

"Do you think anyone would believe you?" Lacey asked, toying with the zipper on her leather jacket. "Do you think Mrs. Mancuso would believe you?"

Her eyes lit up at my reaction, and I knew my face had just given away more than I intended. Lacey was right. Again.

If I tried to file a complaint about Lacey coming onto me, even if I could convince the principal and the school board that I hadn't been leading Lacey on, my wife would never believe it. When her best friend had come around to borrow a mixing bowl while I was alone at home, it felt like it had taken an hour to calm Sarah down and convince her that we weren't having an affair.

"Out," I said, my voice low and dangerous. "Now."

Lacey smiled; the same cocky, self-assured smile that seemed to come so naturally to her. But to my surprise, she didn't argue or fight back, she just left.

Only when she was gone did I realize I was shaking. I had to get away from this girl, before

she destroyed my career. My marriage.

Before she destroyed my life.

That night, Sarah seemed even more wound-up than usual. It was no surprise to learn why: after her normal complaints about parking and traffic, she launched into an angry rant about Lacey.

“She’s such a bitch,” she said, sitting on the couch beside me. It was Thursday, so we’d ordered takeout; we normally ate it on the couch while watching whatever new show Sarah wanted to watch that week.

“Honey,” I said, “you really shouldn’t call your students...”

Sarah turned to look at me, and I fell silent. Any defense of another woman, no matter how benign, was always met with anger from my wife.

“What did she do now?” I sighed, and Sarah continued her rant.

After arriving late, Lacey had managed to derail my wife’s class, and my wife was livid. I listened to Sarah’s side of the story, nodding as she explained how Lacey had disrupted the class by flirting with two male students, and then bullying another girl in the class.

Private schools have less bullying than the public schools I’d spent the first half-decade of my career teaching at, but that didn’t mean it was non-existent.

“And I just don’t know why she doesn’t stand up for herself!” Sarah exploded, and I nodded sympathetically. The target of Lacey’s attack had been a girl named Mia, a petite Asian-American student whose only crime was being too smart for her own good. She was the student on her way to becoming a Supreme Court Justice...or, frankly, anything she wanted to be.

Lacey wasn’t abnormally tall, but she towered over Mia – and my wife, incidentally. Mia was flat-chested, short-haired, and wore glasses. She looked a lot like my wife, in fact – perhaps that was why Sarah was so sympathetic to the poor girl.

“She’s going places in life,” my wife moaned, stealing a piece of chicken out of my takeout container. Despite the fact that she’d been doing all the talking, she’d somehow managed to complete her entire meal, while I’d barely started mine.

“Lacey?” I asked, confused.

Sarah glared at me. “Don’t be ridiculous. That girl will be lucky if she ends up a waitress.”

I bit back the urge to defend a student, and risked a nod.

“No,” Sarah said, smirking as she finished off my fries. “Mia! If that cunt of a student doesn’t completely destroy her confidence.”

“Sarah!” I exclaimed, and I think this time even she realized she’d gone too far.

“I’m sorry,” she said, slumping back onto the couch, crumbs all down her top. She’d left me nothing but a piece of chicken; fortunately, I had a protein shake in the kitchen, which I’d have after my wife fell asleep. “How was your day?”

I answered the question as honestly as I could, dodging the topic of Lacey’s visit between classes...and how the conversation had stayed on my mind all day. I had to make sure not to spend any more time with her; the way she’d propositioned me showed how dangerous she really was.

Vanessa had been in my final class for the day, and I couldn’t help but notice her

contributing even less than normal. Was she really a member of some kind of ridiculous club? It sounded like exactly the kind of thing that a teenage girl would make up to get a reaction out of a teacher.

My eyes widened in realization. Of course! All these years teaching teenagers, and I'd still missed the obvious explanation. Of course Lacey didn't want to be a housewife; she was doing what many teenage girls did (especially ones who look like her) – pressing buttons, seeing what sort of attention she could get from an adult. From a man.

She was still not to be trusted, but I'd known that from the first day I met her. But the concept of a "No-Study Club" was ridiculous; it made so much less sense than her just trying to provoke me.

I shook my head, wondering if I should tell Sarah anything about what had been going on. It didn't take me long to decide against it; even if I convinced my wife that I hadn't responded to Lacey's advances, she'd wonder why I hadn't told her sooner. And that's the thing about jealousy: "because I knew you'd be jealous" is an answer that just doesn't work.

We threw on the latest episode of one of the true-crime shows my wife considers her guilty pleasure, and by the time the show ended, she was asleep. I slipped into the kitchen, and after downing my shake, decided to work out my frustration in the garage. We have a little home gym made up, and though I'd already worked out that day, I knew that it would help relieve some of the tension building inside me.

When I was done, I woke my wife up and took her to bed. I've mentioned that my wife has trouble sleeping, but she wasn't the only one tossing and turning uneasily that night.

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 3

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I'd been prepared for this. As soon as class had ended, I'd started making my way to the door – by the time Lacey called out my name, I was already in the hallway. I threw her an apologetic smile...but to my surprise, she didn't look annoyed or frustrated at how easily I'd been able to evade her.

No, instead the teenage girl had an expression that I'd seen before.

She was smiling; the cool, confident smile of the hunter.

I gulped and looked away, hoping she hadn't seen my nervousness. If she was the hunter... then I was the prey.

It was a feeling I didn't enjoy. In all my years teaching, I'd never felt vulnerable. Not until now. To distract myself, I headed straight to my wife's classroom. She looked surprised to see me; especially so when I leaned in and gave her a peck on the mouth.

“Not here,” she hissed, despite the fact that we were alone in the room.

“Sorry,” I said sheepishly. My wife has a strict ‘no affection at school’ rule – it's smart, really. Everyone knows that we're married, of course, but neither of us want to appear anything but completely professional.

It sometimes bugged me; I loved Sarah so much, I wanted to show off our love to the world. But I had to respect her choice – everyone knows how hard it is to gain professional respect as a woman, and displays of PDA would do nothing but harm in that regard.

So instead, I put my hand on my wife's shoulder and squeezed it, before walking back into the hallway.

It was mostly cleared of students, so I jumped when I heard the sound of someone calling my name.

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I turned to see Kendra standing in the doorway, a smile on her face. The moment I saw her, I couldn't help but remember Lacey's ridiculous lie about a club.

My instinct was to treat her just as I had her blonde counterpart, but of course I couldn't shrug off a student like that. Not without cause.

“What is it, Kendra?” I said, trying to balance a warm tone with extremely closed-off body language.

The teen flashed me a confident smile. “Can I ask you something, Mr. Mancuso?”

“Of course,” I replied, trying to hide my discomfort. “Anything.”

She was wearing a tight, white tank top; it was a stark contrast with her dark skin, and showed off every single curve of her ample chest. It would've looked sexy on anyway, but the way she stood – boldly displaying her body, showing it off to anyone who could look – made it even sexier.

I swallowed dryly, forcing my attention back to her face.

“Will you improve my grade if I suck your cock?”

I blinked. I'd been prepared for a request for advice, or maybe some questions about class material. We were standing right in the middle of the hallway; anyone could have heard what the young girl was offering. Hell, my wife was just a few feet away – the door to her classroom wasn't even closed!

“Excuse me?” I said stupidly. I was stunned. How could this girl even think to say something like that?

Her smile grew wider, and she stepped closer to me, pressing her enormous chest against me. I put my hands up defensively; I couldn't shove the girl away – if I injured her, the lawsuit could bankrupt me. But I also couldn't do anything to lead her on.

“It doesn't even have to be an A,” she purred seductively. I couldn't believe it – I'd barely exchanged more than a few sentences with this girl, and here she was, propositioning me in public. “I'll settle for a B. ‘B for Blowjob’...what do you say, Mr. Mancuso?”

For a moment I wondered if she was bluffing, trying to push my buttons as Lacey had the previous day. But then her hand shifted to my crotch, and I knew she'd meant every word.

Her eyes widened as she grasped my cock through my pants, and I was horrified to realize...I was hard.

Now, I want to be very clear: I love my wife. I've never even imagined being with anyone other than her. And I see my role as teacher as more than just a job – I truly entered the field to help mentor students, to help give them the best possible chance to succeed.

The idea of doing anything sexual with a student had never entered my mind. Even when Lacey had propositioned me so crudely the day before (though Kendra was undeniably giving her a run for her money), I'd not considered it for a second. I was a teacher, she was a student: it was as simple as that.

I had absolutely no interest in any of the high school girls I taught. I'd never so much as fantasized about any of them; it was so far beyond anything I ever thought of, it was as if the idea didn't even exist.

So believe me, I was just as surprised as Kendra was to discover my dick was hard. I was disgusted, horrified...anything but aroused!

But apparently my body was confused, unable to tell the difference between the feeling of a student's body pressed up against mine and my wife's. And, to make it worse, I could feel my cock throbbing as Kendra's hand slowly began stroking it through my pants.

“You're so hot,” she breathed softly, staring up at me – she was taller than Lacey, only a few inches shorter than me. “So much bigger than the other guys.”

She leaned in closer, and her lips brushed against my ear. “And so much hotter than my boyfriend.”

I shuddered, feeling my cock twitch in her hand. I could feel the heat from her breath, and her tongue flicked out, teasing the shell of my ear.

“Kendra,” I said, my voice strained. “We can't do this.”

“Of course we can,” she whispered, leaning in further. Her lips were soft, and her teeth nibbled gently against the side of my neck.

I couldn't believe what was happening. Just a few minutes ago, my lips had been pressed

against my wife's. Now, it was like I was in a nightmare. Or a porno. Or both!

"Kendra," I repeated, and – to my surprise – she stepped back, looking up at me innocently. It took me a moment to realize what had made her stop; a student had rounded the corner, racing to his next class. I took the chance to compose myself, to straighten my shirt and gather my wits.

When the student disappeared, Kendra stepped forward again, but I was ready. I put a hand on each shoulder; my time in my home gym meant that I was more than strong enough to stop her from approaching me...but the young woman surprised me again, deliberately misinterpreting where I'd placed my hand...and sinking to her knees.

"Kendra!" I hissed. If anyone saw us like this – if my *wife* saw us like this – there was no explanation that justify what was happening, why the black girl was kneeling in front of me. "Not here!"

As soon as the words left my mouth, I realized they were an echo of what my wife had said just a few minutes ago. And worse – the implication that they carried.

"Where?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper, but somehow carrying across the entire hallway.

I shook my head, desperately trying to fight down my rising panic. This was bad, really bad.

"I didn't mean that," I croaked. "I..."

As I heard footsteps approaching, I gave up on whatever sentence I'd been trying to concoct, and took the opportunity to just...walk away, leaving Kendra on her knees in the middle of the hallway. By the time she stood up, I'd made it to the teacher's lounge.

"You okay?" one of my colleagues said, a smile in his voice, and I waved him off, collapsing into my chair.

So it wasn't just Lacey. Perhaps she'd been serious about this ridiculous-sounding club. Or maybe she and Kendra were simply in cahoots, convinced that they could fuck or suck their way to a better grade.

Was I the only teacher they'd tried this on? My eyes widened at the thought. Perhaps I could find another teacher they'd approached. If there was more than one of us, surely we could work together to put a stop to this. If there were multiple faculty members corroborating each other's stories, that would be the evidence required to take them down.

I pulled out my laptop, and accessed the students' grades. I started with Kendra – perhaps because she'd been the most blatant, or just because the hungry look in her eyes was still on my mind.

Sure enough...last semester, she'd been on the verge of failing World History. But in the last few months, her grades had seen a drastic improvement. From a C to a B+, practically overnight.

Her teacher was Mr. Robins; his classroom was just two down from mine. My hands trembled as I skimmed through her final exam scores: 90%.

I had to be careful about this. I had to approach Mr. Robins carefully, so he wouldn't clam up, or think I was trying to blackmail him.

Kendra was the only member of "the club" who was in his class, but I only needed one.

That night, I wasn't able to hide my nervousness. After the third time Sarah asked me what

was wrong, I snapped at her – I immediately felt terrible, of course, blaming it on the poor sleep I'd had, but she didn't buy it.

"What is it?" she asked, frowning. "You're acting all weird tonight?"

I knew I couldn't tell her the truth, of course – I couldn't even allude to what was happening without sending her into a jealous rage. But I was too frazzled (and tired) to come up with a good explanation, so I just went with the first lie that came into my head.

"We haven't had sex in a month," I said, and my wife's cheeks went red immediately.

"Oh."

I immediately felt awful, of course – as I said, sex isn't a high priority for me...but it was too late. She'd already caught on.

"I'm sorry," I said awkwardly. "I...I didn't mean..."

"No, no," she said, and I could tell that she was already on the verge of tears. "N-no, I'm... I'm sorry."

I tilted my head to the side. "For what?"

She sighed. "I know that I don't...that I'm not always in the mood. And I'm sorry. That you're not happy."

"I'm so happy," I said warmly. "Darling, don't think that..."

Sarah looked at me like I was an idiot, and I trailed off. "You *just* said that was why you were in a mood," she said flatly, and I stayed silent. Great. My own dumb lies had gotten me into this mess.

No, you know what? This was Lacey's fault. Lacey and Kendra.

But certainly not my wife's.

The longer you're married to someone, the better you get to know them...but another wonderful thing about my wife was that she still had the capacity to surprise me. And when a saucy look appeared on her face, I never expected the next words that came out of her mouth.

"Maybe I could...maybe I could please you," she said quietly.

"What?"

I couldn't have been more surprised if she'd slapped me over the head with a raw fish: I was speechless as my wife awkwardly climbed off the couch, getting to her knees in front of me. My heart was pounding at a thousand miles a minute – was Sarah deliberately imitating the pose that Kendra had taken in front of me, just a few hours earlier? Had she peeked out of her classroom and seen what the busty black girl was doing, and decided to try it herself?

No. No, of course not. If my wife had seen a student propositioning me, I could imagine a thousand reactions she might have (most of which would end in my – or Kendra's – murder), but keeping quiet about it and then deciding to compete wasn't one of them.

Not that my wife had to compete, of course. The sight of her hefty form on her knees in front of me...there was no way that could compete with the image of Kendra doing the same thing.

There was no way Kendra could compete with my wife.

"You really want to?" I asked, incredulously. It wasn't like my wife had *never* given me head,

it just...well, it had been more than a few years. It had sort of drifted out of our repertoire, and I'd just assumed she didn't enjoy it.

She nodded shyly, and my face split into a huge smile.

"Okay," I said. "Let's go upstairs."

Sarah shook her head. "Here?" she asked, a tinge of nervousness in her voice.

I couldn't believe this was happening.

"Abso-fucking-lutely," I grinned, and my wife's thick fingers reached up to unbutton my pants.

Considering she was my wife, it was surprisingly awkward at first, but within a few moments Sarah's fingers were gliding smoothly along my shaft. It was perfect. A dream come true.

There was only one problem.

I wasn't hard.

Let me be clear, this wasn't a problem I'd ever had before. Hell, as that morning with Kendra had proven – sometimes I got hard even when I didn't want to. Even when I shouldn't.

But perhaps because of the stress of the day, or fact that this was so rare, or just some random fact of biology, I was completely unable to get it up.

It was humiliating. As my wife continued to stroke my penis, she kept giving me the same confused look, as if she couldn't believe what was happening.

"C'mon baby," Sarah mumbled, her cheeks red. "Get hard for me. I want you to get hard for me. I want to feel your erection in my hand."

Now, I don't know about other men, but when I can't get it up, there's nothing less helpful than...well, than a reminder that I can't get it up.

Not that this was a regular occurrence, to be clear.

But Sarah's words, as well-intentioned as they were, were having the exact opposite effect of what they should. My cock continued to lay limply, even as Sarah did all she could to stimulate it.

"Maybe if you take your clothes off?" I asked, and Sarah nodded. I could see her eyes filling with tears – speaking of turn-offs! – but she quickly pulled off her shirt and bra, and soon was sitting topless in front of me, continuing to stroke my cock. I reached down and tried playing with one of her nipples (she didn't really have much else for me to play with) but it didn't do anything.

"Use your mouth?" I asked. My cheeks were burning too – in a decade of marriage, we'd never had a problem like this. *I'd* never had a problem like this.

"Okay," she said, sounding defeated, and she closed her eyes. Her lips parted slightly, her tongue poked out, and she started to lick up and down the length of my cock.

It felt amazing. At least, it should have. And since it had been at least four or five years since I'd gotten head, I should have been as hard as a rock.

But I wasn't.

Finally, after what must have been the most awkward fifteen minutes of my life, I reached down and tapped my wife's cheek. She pulled back, and I saw tears running down her

cheeks.

"I'm sorry," I said, not sure what else there was to say.

Sarah didn't reply.

"We should get ready for bed," I eventually said, just to fill the silence. And, if I'm being honest, to end what was the most uncomfortable encounter of my marriage.

She nodded. "Of course."

We normally sleep tangled up in each other, limbs intertwined. But for that night, for the first time in our marriage, Sarah slept on her side of the bed and I slept on mine.

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 4

“Mr. Mancuso?”

I looked up, surprised to see someone standing in front of me. I was halfway through a spare period, marking the previous day’s math quizzes.

Lacey, unsurprisingly, had flunked. Worst of all, it was clear that she *could* have passed, if she just put even the slightest amount of effort in – one of the questions hadn’t been on subject matter we’d studied in class, it was more of a logical problem. She was one of two students in the entire class that had gotten it right...but anything that required applying learned material, she’d gotten wrong.

It was clear that she was taking the “No-Study” part of her supposed ‘club’ seriously.

“Mr. Robin,” I said, smiling at the teacher who stood in front of me. He was perhaps a decade older than me, with salt-and-pepper hair and dark brown skin. His mustache was neatly trimmed, and he had a kind smile on his face.

I’d met his wife at the previous year’s Christmas party: she was in her fifties, but still trim and fit, and she was a lot of fun to talk to. With a wife like that, I knew there was no chance that Mr. Robin would even consider straying – the only explanation that made sense was that Kendra was blackmailing him.

I didn’t know how to approach the conversation; this was the sort of thing I’d normally talk about with my wife ahead of time. I read an article years ago saying that after years of marriage, each spouse sort of out-sources parts of their brain. I was the direction-finder in our marriage, while Sarah was the diplomat.

Without her guidance, I was going in blind.

“I wanted to talk to you about a student,” I said cautiously. Mr. Robin sat across from me, in the same place that countless students and parents had sat before him. “I’m having...a strange situation with her.”

Mr. Robin nodded, encouraging me to continue. I sighed, deciding that I had no choice but to bite the bullet.

“Her name is Kendra, I believe she’s in your World History class?”

I’d expected a look of resentment, possibly even fear. So you can imagine my surprise when Mr. Robin’s face warmed.

“Ah yes,” he said cautiously. “Kendra...”

I paused, not sure how to continue. For a moment, I wondered if I’d been wrong about everything. Perhaps Kendra’s grades had improved simply because she’d begun to study harder. Maybe Mr. Robin had truly managed to get through to her, to convince her of the value of hard work.

But before I could even start to decide what to say next, Mr. Robin leaned forward. His next words were carefully chosen.

“Mr. Mancuso,” he said, his tone exactly halfway between cautious and conspiratorial.

“Don’t worry...”

Before I could even react he continued, saying the last thing I ever expected to hear from the mouth of such a gentle, sensible-looking man.

“...I’m in the club.”

With that, he leaned back, watching my reaction as carefully as I’d been watching his. My pulse was going like a jackhammer, but I did all I could to hide the panic in my eyes.

“G-good,” I stammered. “That’s...that’s good.”

My mind was racing, desperately trying to find alternative explanations for what he’d just told me. Perhaps he meant...perhaps Kendra was a member of some other extra-curricular club, and Mr. Robin was a volunteer. But no, he wouldn’t say he was *in* the club.

Or perhaps he meant...he meant...he meant that he was a...a...

No. No matter how desperately I sought an alternative solution, I knew exactly what he meant.

Mr. Robin was part of the No-Study Club. For whatever reason, he’d decided to help these girls accomplish their goal of not studying. Apparently he’d decided to betray his profession, his marriage, his very morality...all for whatever Kendra had offered him.

I wanted to be furious. I wanted to tell the man sitting in front of me how sick I thought he was. I wanted to rail against the injustice of it.

But I couldn’t.

If I gave away my true feelings, who knew how Mr. Robin would react? Or, for that matter, Lacey. Kendra. They already had the power to ruin my marriage, my career – now that they had Mr. Robin onboard, I realized they were unstoppable.

Instead of angry, I was starting to feel sick. My stomach twisted as I realized the power the girls held over me. They could make whatever claims they wanted, and – if I was correctly interpreting what the man in front of me had said – he’d back them up. He’d already betrayed everything that I’d thought he held dear; what was throwing a colleague under the bus?

And so I held back my disgust, my rage, my true emotions...and I forced a smile to my face.

“Good,” I said, hoping that I sounded even remotely believable. “Good, good good. I...I’ve been offered to join as well.”

Mr. Robin beamed, reaching out to clasp my arm. I couldn’t help but think about his wife, about the delightful woman who I’d had such a delightful conversation with at the Christmas party. About what he was doing to her.

Behind her back.

“You won’t regret it,” he said eagerly. “Believe me, Mr. Mancuso, these girls...these girls!”

He sat back, a huge smile on his face. I decided to try to make the most of it, to try to understand how he could justify what he was doing.

“You don’t ever feel...guilty?” I probed. Mr. Robin shook his head without a moment of hesitation.

“There are things you’ll only experience once you’ve joined us,” he said mysteriously.

“Things you can’t even imagine.”

He paused, and then added, almost as an afterthought. “Besides, they’re right.”

“Right,” I said, nodding slowly. “Right about what?”

“The club,” he said, his eyes twinkling. “You’ll see.”

I had more questions, but he squeezed my arm affectionately, then patted it. “You’ll see,” he repeated, and he was gone.

I looked up a few moments later, as my classroom door re-opened. Had he forgotten something?

But when the lithe figure slipped through, it wasn’t Mr. Robin – it was Kelly, the redhead of the Club.

“No!” I said instinctively, standing up and backing against the wall. “No, no, no, no.”

Kelly didn’t slow down, stalking towards me like an animal. She stopped less than a foot away, me in the eyes. She was the tallest of the four girls, very nearly my height.

“No what?” she purred, looking like butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth. “I didn’t even ask you anything yet.”

“What do you want?” I asked sharply.

“I’m here for my grade,” she smiled.

“Your grade?” I said, confused. “Kelly, you’re...you’re not in my class.”

It was true. Kelly was the one member of the No-Study Club (which I was finally forced to admit might actually be real) who didn’t have any classes with me this year. I’d taught her before, of course – in her first year of high-school, she’d actually been one of the strongest students.

But then two things had happened: puberty had hit her, as hard as Lacey and Kendra. She didn’t have quite as impressive a rack as her club-mates, but she made up for it with her ass and legs...her legs were beautiful, long and lean, the perfect shape, and her ass was firm and round. Conversations would stop, even between faculty members, when Kelly swayed down the hallway.

She was probably the most traditionally beautiful of the four, two. Lacey looked (and often dressed) like a porn star, with a face that somehow seemed to be begging to be plastered with cum. Kendra had full, dick-sucking lips, and when she smiled at you, you knew that she’d eat you alive. Vanessa had striking Latina features: long black hair, and dark eyes that were always sparkling with mischief.

But Kelly was different. She was a natural beauty, with green eyes, white skin, and red hair that fell to her waist. She could’ve been a Disney princess, or an ad for some kind of carrot-top master race.

The second thing that had happened: she’d become friends with Lacey. And it hadn’t taken long for her attitude to shift and her grades to plummet; she went from top of the class to barely passing.

“No,” she said, fluttering her eyelids – again, I couldn’t help but think she’d be right at home in an animated film. “But I’m in your wife’s class.”

My eyes widened. “No!” I said, even more firmly than before. “Kelly, I...”

“Please, Mr. Mancuso,” she said breathily, leaning forward to show off her exposed cleavage. “I know I can make it worth your while.”

Kelly didn't dress quite as provocatively as the other members of her club, but her outfit still left very little to the imagination. She was wearing a sundress, cut low enough to show off the swell of her breasts. It was tight enough to highlight her curves, and the hem was short enough to give a good view of her thighs. A thin silver chain hung around her neck, constantly dipping between her breasts, drawing attention to her generous cleavage.

"You know I can't," I said, shaking my head. "I'm married. I'm your teacher—"

"Well," she giggled, "not *my* teacher..."

"I'm still a teacher, Kelly," I said hoarsely. "There are boundaries. There are rules. This is wrong."

"Mr. Robin doesn't think it's wrong," she whispered. Her fingers traced a line along my arm, sending shivers up my spine. "Mr. Robin thinks it's very, very right."

I closed my eyes. "I don't care," I said, realizing I sounded like a stubborn five-year old. "It's not happening."

"Oh, it will happen, Mr. Mancuso," she cooed. "We'll just take it nice and slow."

Her finger trailed downwards, grazing the bulge in my pants. I kept my eyes closed, but made no move to fight her off.

The next thing I felt wasn't her hand gripping my erection, but her lips, softly pressing against mine. She tasted of strawberries, and I did nothing to resist, even as she pushed me into the wall.

"Mm, Mr. Mancuso," she breathed, pressing her body against mine.

I moaned, the taste of her filling my mouth.

"Kelly," I pleaded. "We...we can't."

"We can," she said firmly, and I opened my eyes to find her green gaze filling my vision.

"We can, and we will."

"Kelly," I groaned, reaching out to grip her wrist. But she moved her hand, tracing it up to my neck instead.

"Yes, Mr. Mancuso?" she said playfully.

"No," I said, pleading. "Stop, please."

"You're a married man," she purred.

"You're my student," I said weakly.

"I have a boyfriend," she smiled. Her hand cupped my neck, pulling my mouth back to hers.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, when her tongue withdrew from my mouth and she finally pulled away.

"Two reasons," she whispered, and I just stared at her, feeling helpless. "Firstly, because the club means something to me. It's important."

"Okay," I said, not sure what else there was to say.

"And secondly...because I can. I want to. You're married, and you shouldn't be doing this. But I want you, and I'm going to take what I want."

She pulled back and paused, her lips pursed in a smile, like she knew something I didn't know. "Or is that just one reason?" Kelly asked.

Before I could respond, the school bell rang, signaling the end of class. The teenage girl gave me a quick peck on the lips and withdrew, shooting me a look over her shoulder as

she left the room.

I collapsed onto the floor, breathing heavily, trying to get my bearings. What was I going to do? How was I supposed to handle this situation?

I could feel my cock straining against the front of my pants, and that was doing nothing to help matters.

The plan had been so simple. Get support from another teacher and use it to take the girls down, to show them how things worked. They were students – their job was to learn, to study, not to use their bodies to get whatever they wanted.

But Mr. Robin hadn't been the ally I'd anticipated; instead, he'd turned out to be another weapon that the girls could use against me.

So what could I do?

I couldn't tell my wife. I couldn't go to the principal, not without incontrovertible evidence. And I couldn't go to the police.

Perhaps I could quit? If I quit, they'd have no reason to go after me.

No. If I quit, they'd just target whoever replaced me. It was about more than just self-preservation: what these girls were doing was Wrong, with a capital W.

They had to be stopped.

But I couldn't do it alone.

As the next class began filing in, my attention was drawn to a male student in the front row. Matt. He was tall, muscular, and had a handsome face...but, most importantly, I happened to know he was Kelly's boyfriend.

Some teachers stay more plugged-in to the gossip network than others, but the four members of the No-Study Club were four of the most popular girls in school. When any of them started dating someone, it was an *event*.

And Kelly had been with her boyfriend for almost two years now.

As I began teaching statistics and probability, my mind was whirring. Was there any way I could use him against her? Three of the four club members had boyfriends: Kendra was dating the school quarterback, a handsome white kid called Brandon, and Vanessa was dating one of our star basketball players, Eric.

Lacey was the only single girl in the club.

I didn't know any of the boys that well, but they seemed like good kids. I'm sure they wouldn't approve if they found that their girlfriends were propositioning teachers...or hell, in the case of Mr. Robin, more than just propositioning.

I knew I was playing with fire – hell hath no fury like a highschool girl in love – but I had no choice. I had to do anything I could to bring down the No-Study Club.

Anything.

That night, my wife was more subdued than normal. It took me a moment to realize why – so much had happened that day, I'd completely forgotten about our attempted tryst. I don't know what I felt worse about; the fact that I'd been unable to get hard, how much it hurt her...or the fact that it had left my mind as soon as it happened.

She didn't talk about it, but I could tell it was bothering her. She stayed close to me, resting her head on my shoulder. She held me tighter than usual, and I held her back.

That night, I tried to go down on her. Partially as an attempt to repay her for the previous night's efforts, but also because...well, going down on my wife had never failed to get me hard before. Although we hadn't done it in six years and almost 120 pounds, I knew it would work. I loved Sarah, no matter what she looked like.

But she pushed me away as soon as I started.

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked. "I just want to make you happy."

"Don't," she said, voice soft. "Just...don't."

"Baby...Sarah..."

"I'm tired, and I just want to go to sleep. Please?"

I respected her wishes of course, and it wasn't long before I joined her in a long, restful sleep.

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 5

“Mr. Mancuso?”

“Matt,” I smiled, gesturing for the student to sit down in front of me. Most students would be nervous when a teacher asked them to stay behind after class, but not Matt. He was confidence personified, his broad shoulders and thick arms accentuating the large muscles beneath. He was the kind of guy who made girls swoon, and he knew it.

He sat down in front of me, a cocky grin on his face.

“What’s up, teach?”

I had to admit – his confidence was earned. He was easily as attractive as his girlfriend, and twice as charming. Hell, even I liked him, and trust-fund kids like him normally got my back up.

His father had invented some new way to keep ice cream from melting; Matt would never want for money in his life. Neither would whoever ended up with him – if Kelly could hold onto him after high-school, she’d be set for life.

I sighed. She was basically set up to live the life that Lacey had described to me, that first day she’d stayed back after class to ask me for a better grade. Was this some Gen Z trend, or was Lacey’s influence just that corruptive?

“I wanted to ask you some questions,” I said. After how blindsided I’d been by the conversation with Mr. Robin, I’d actually run through some different scenarios, and I felt prepared for whatever the kid threw at me.

“Like a pop quiz?”

I waved his question away. “Just about your time here at Rutherfords. What it’s like to be a student in 2022.”

“Go for it,” he shrugged, and I mentally went down the list of questions I’d prepared.

I’d gone in as prepared as I could, but I still didn’t have a clear plan. If Matt was the jealous type, what could I even do with it? Blackmailing a blackmailer felt like a bad idea.

“What do you think of Mr. Robin?” I asked, and Matt grinned, exposing his white teeth.

“He’s cool. He doesn’t give me shit about my grades, unlike some teachers.”

I nodded. I’d checked the database, and around the same time Kelly’s grades had started improving, so had her boyfriends’. All of the boyfriends had apparently been benefactors of the No-Study Club. Now I just needed to find out if they were aware of it.

“Your girlfriend’s club...” I said, deliberately pausing. He took the bait.

“The NSC?”

“Mm-hmm,” I said, trying to sound casual. “What does that stand for?”

“I don’t think I should say,” he said, waggling his eyebrows. “Don’t want to get in trouble.”

“I promise you won’t. I’m just trying to figure out what the students of the school are up to. Is it an extracurricular activity, or...”

“More of a philosophy, I guess,” he said. “You really want to know what it stands for?”

“I really do.”

“Well, Mr. Mancuso, it’s the...the No Sluts Club.”

My eyebrows shot up in response, and he laughed. “See, I warned you.”

“The No...”

“Sluts Club,” he replied, looking me straight in the eyes. “It’s sort of like a chastity club.”

“Really?”* I asked, unable to keep the incredulity out of my voice. What he was describing was the literal opposite of what I knew about the club’s activities.

“Yeah, except...look, teach, I really don’t know if I should be talking about this.”

“I promise, this goes no further than you and me.”

He looked me in the eyes, then – apparently satisfied – nodded.

“Okay,” he said. “But if it gets busted up because of this conversation, I’ll know who to blame.”

“Please,” I said. “I just want to understand what’s happening.”

“So a chastity club is like, no sex at all, right? Well, the NSC is about being faithful to one man.”

A grin spread back across his face.

“Except not quite. Basically, anyone in the club has...access to any of the girls.”

My eyes widened, and he laughed: a strong, booming laugh that filled the room.

“Yeah, you can see why we just call it the NSC. No Sluts, because they’re not unfaithful, right? I mean, they’re only with dudes whose girlfriends are in the club.”

“So you...”

“Uh huh,” he said smugly. “Lacey, Vanessa, Kendra...I’ve had them all. Sometimes all at once.”

“Wow.”

I was unable to hide the fascination in my voice. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing – I’d assumed the girls were hiding their exploits, but the truth was far more complicated. It was almost like a swinger’s club, but for high school students.

Back in my day, we were lucky to get a game of spin the bottle in. Now, apparently kids were key-swapping three years before they were legally allowed to drink.

“None of this goes past you and me,” he said, and I nodded.

“And so Mr. Robin...”

For the first time in the conversation, Matt looked like he’d been caught off-guard.

“What?”

“Is he part of the club?”

Matt’s face scrunched up with disgust. “What the fuck, sir?”

After what we’d been discussing, it didn’t feel appropriate to correct his language, so I just let him continue.

“Of course not. He’s a teacher. And he must be what, like sixty? Where the fuck did you get that idea?”

“I must have gotten my wires crossed,” I said, and Matt narrowed his eyes.

“You don’t think my girlfriend would do something like that with a *teacher*, do you?”

I shook my head firmly. “That’s why I was asking, it didn’t make any sense.”

The teenager continued staring at me for a few seconds, then gave out a short bark of laughter.

“Yeah. Fuck me, can you imagine?”

“Just one more question,” I said, and Matt nodded.

“Whatever you need, teach. Long as I’m not in trouble for telling you all this.”

Truth be told, I think my student was proud to tell me. I couldn’t blame him – if I’d been having sex with the four most attractive girls in school at his age, I’d have wanted to shout it to the rooftops.

“You share Vanessa and Kendra...”

“Uh huh.” His proud grin was back, like a cat that’d just eaten the canary. “They’re fun to play with together. They keep each other warm.”

I tried not to let the mental image linger.

“So does that mean their boyfriends get to...”

Matt nodded, looking more uncomfortable than I think I’d ever seen him look.

“Yeah,” he grunted. “Yeah. I mean, I try not to think about it.”

He shook it off, and the grin returned.

“It’s pretty fuckin’ worth it, y’know?”

I nodded. “Thank you, Matt. That’s everything I need.”

I didn’t even need to look up when my door opened that afternoon. School had been out for half an hour, but I’d had to catch up on some of the preparation I hadn’t done while I’d been interviewing Matt.

“Go away, Vanessa.”

“No,” she said. Her voice was soft, but firm. “I need to talk to you.”

“I’ve told you. Go away.”

“Not until you listen to me.”

I sighed, and looked up. The moment I saw her, I couldn’t help but imagine what Matt had told me – “keep each other warm”, he’d said of her and Kendra. I didn’t know exactly what that meant, and I couldn’t help but wonder.

“What?”

“I need your help.”

“I know how this goes, Vanessa. You tell me you need a better grade, that you’ll do anything for me to help, and then when I refuse, you throw yourself at me. It’s not happening, young lady, so you might as well skip the theatrics.”

Perhaps it was the full night’s sleep, or the conversation I’d had with Matt, but I was feeling better about the whole situation than I had in days. I still didn’t have a plan, but I had the hopes of one.

“I’m not going to be throwing myself at you, Mr. Mancuso,” she said. “I...I really need your help.”

Something about her voice piqued my interest, and – against my better judgment – I gestured for her to sit down, in the chair that Matt had occupied just a few hours earlier.

“What?”

“I know what the other girls are trying to do to you,” she said, her eyes downcast. “And I

know you don't want it."

I didn't say anything, and after a brief pause, she continued.

"I think it's wrong."

I was watching as she spoke, and she looked up and met my gaze. She was blushing; there was a flush of pink rising up her neck, and I could see it in her cheeks.

"What's wrong?"

"Mr. Robin liked the attention – I don't think he and his wife have sex much any more. But with you it's different..."

Her eyes briefly glanced down to my arms. Like I said, I'm not a body-builder or anything like that, but my time working out has yielded results. Not that I do it for vanity, of course.

Lacey's eyes lingered on the muscles for a second, then she looked back at me.

"You're fit. You and Mrs. Redfield must be fucking every night."

I held my tongue, not correcting her assumption or use of language. After all, she wasn't actively trying to get me in bed – that was already a step up from each of the other girls I'd spoken to.

"With him, we were giving him something he wanted. With you, I feel like we'd be...I dunno, taking something away."

I nodded. She wasn't quite right on the specifics, but she was generally accurate.

"You're right," I said simply, and she nodded. "What are you proposing, then?"

"You know how Lacey gets. When her mind is set on something, nothing's going to stop her. And Kendra and Kelly both want to fuck you so bad..."

"What about their boyfriends?" I asked. "Don't they feel bad about cheating on them?"

To my surprise, Vanessa looked confused by the question.

"No?"

I just stared at her, not understanding.

"Mr. Mancuso, has...hasn't anyone explained the No-Study Club?"

"Of course they have. It's for girls who...I don't know how to put this. Who don't want to do schoolwork, and instead use their bodies to get what they want."

For the first time since she'd entered my classroom, Vanessa cracked a smile.

"I think you've misunderstood," she said. "It's not like that."

I raised one eyebrow.

"No?"

The Latina beauty shook her head.

"No, sir. It's not like we'd just let anyone join. It's a very exclusive club."

She was almost giggling as she said it, like she couldn't quite believe she was telling me this.

"You're half right, I suppose. But it's not that we don't *want* to study. It's so much more than that."

"Okay," I said slowly. "So what is it?"

Vanessa stood up, leaning on the chair. Her eyes flicked down at my crotch; whether it was deliberate or not, I couldn't tell.

"Look at me, sir," she said gently, and giggled again at my reaction. I'd blanched, like she'd

just told me to amputate my leg. “Please? I won’t bite.”

I glanced at her body. She was wearing a t-shirt and short skirt, revealing a lot of skin.

“Really look, sir,” she pressed, and unsure what else I could do, I took a moment to properly check my student out.

Her hair was long, and dark, hanging down past her shoulders, and her face was beautiful. Her lips were full and kissable, and her brown eyes were framed by thick lashes. She was wearing a tight t-shirt, showing off her toned abs and large tits. It wasn’t like she had a six-pack, just a perfectly formed stomach.

As my eyes travelled down to her skirt, she turned to the side and stuck her butt out, making sure that I could see the curve of her hips, and her round ass. Her legs were long and toned, ending in shapely feet clad in strappy sandals.

“You like what you see, Mr. Mancuso?”

“Vanessa...” I said warningly, returning my gaze to her eyes. They weren’t brown, I realized, but rather a light shade of hazel. She had a soft smile on her face.

“The No-Study Club isn’t just about laziness. It’s about superiority.”

“Superiority?”

“Girls like me, girls like Lacey and Kelly and Kendra...we don’t need to study. We don’t need to do anything we don’t want to. We’re superior specimens, sir. It’s not just a club to avoid studying – it’s a club to ensure that we get whatever we want. *Whoever* we want.”

I didn’t say anything as she spoke; I just sat there, trying to process what she was saying. She leaned forward as she continued, her hazel eyes boring into mine.

“We’re going to marry wealthy men, sir. I’m going to marry Matt, and never work a day in my life. As soon as we finish school, I’m going to get pregnant, and he’s going to take care of me every day.”

Her lips curled into a smile.

“And I’ll take care of him. Whenever he gets hard, I’ll make sure he cums inside me. That’s the kind of relationship we’re going to have. He’ll be able to cum whenever he wants; any time he’s horny, he’ll have a piece of ass at his beck and call.”

She licked her lips, and I tried not to react. I tried to keep calm, and not show how appalled I was by the girl’s view of life, and relationships.

“In return, I’ll get everything. Perfect babies, with the man who’s perfect for me. All the pretty clothes and shoes I want, all the money I could ever need. A husband who looks after me, and tells me how wonderful I am. And in return, all I have to do is use my body for what it was made for: to make men hard, and get them off. To make men happy.”

“Vanessa...” I protested. “There’s so much more to you than just your body.”

At that, she laughed. “Of course there is, Mr. Mancuso. But look at me.”

Her hand stroked her smooth thigh, and as I watched, she began to pull the hem of her skirt higher. I forced myself to look away.

“I could work hard, burn myself out spending half a lifetime on some career. I could do all the homework and studying that everyone else does...but I don’t need to. Not with a body like this. While the nerds like Mia and your wife are doing all the hard work, I can enjoy myself, while getting exactly what I want. They spend their evenings buried in a book; I get

to spend it doing whatever I want. *Whoever* I want.”

She lowered her skirt, letting it fall back down over her thighs, and I felt a strange sense of disappointment come over me.

“The No-Study Club isn’t about studying, not really. It’s about being free. Free to do anything, without having to worry. Free to do whatever, *whoever* we want to do. Of course I’m unfaithful – why would I restrict myself to one person? If I want to fuck Kelly’s boyfriend, I fuck Kelly’s boyfriend. If I want to suck Brandon’s cock, I suck Brandon’s cock.”

A wicked grin spread across her face: a sharp contrast to the girl who had meekly entered my classroom just a few minutes earlier.

“Maybe women like your wife need to limit themselves to one man, but I can have anyone. *That’s* what the No-Study Club is about, Mr. Mancuso. *Freedom.*”

I opened my mouth, but before I could speak, she leaned over the desk and put a finger over her lips.

“Don’t. I know what you’re going to say – you should be faithful, you should study hard, respect other people, blah, blah, blah. And yeah, maybe some girls should. But we’re not like those other girls. We’re the best, and we’re going to get what we want. What we *deserve*. I’m going to take anything, everything I want, and the world is going to let us.”

All of a sudden, the mild persona was back.

“But that’s the problem.”

“What is?” I asked, my head spinning. When Lacey had first told me about the No-Study Club, I’d thought it sounded crazy...but Vanessa had somehow managed to take it to the next level. The way she was talking about herself as superior, as the sort of girl who could have anything she wanted...it was like listening to a megalomaniac share their plans for world domination.

“You’re one of us,” she said, cocking her head to the side.

“W-what?”

“You’re one of us,” she said again, gently. “You’re not just any man. Look at you – you’re handsome, muscular, and from what Kendra was telling us, you’re bigger than any of our boyfriends. You deserve any woman you want, any time you want.”

“Vanessa...”

“Don’t get me wrong,” she said quickly. “I’d *love* to fuck you. God, sir, what I wouldn’t give to have you between my legs right now.”

She walked around the desk as she spoke.

“I’d love to have your cock in my mouth, sucking it, tasting it. I’d love to feel it in my pussy, slamming against my walls, filling me up. And I know you’d take good care of me: you’d make me cum so hard, fuck me until I couldn’t breathe. I’d love to share you with Kendra... or Lacey...or Kelly...or all three of them at once.”

She stood in front of me, looking down at me with those beautiful hazel eyes.

“...but like I said: you’re one of us. You deserve whoever you want. And for some reason, instead of ending up with a beautiful woman like me, you end up with a flat-chested bitch like your wife.”

I wanted to defend my wife, but I was so overwhelmed, I couldn’t find the words.

“She must be something in the sack,” Vanessa said with a whistle. “That’s the only reason I can come up with for why you’re with her. Underneath that blubber, she must be a real wildcat.”

She leaned down, her tits pressing against my armrest as she spoke. “Does she suck cock like a pro, Mr. Mancuso? Does she swallow every drop of cum? Or does she let you finish on her face, and then lick it off when she’s done?”

“No!” I barked in shock. I meant ‘no’ as in ‘stop talking’, of course.

“Does she ride you into the early hours of the morning, sir? Is she good at taking it up the ass?”

“Stop it!” I yelled, desperately trying to think of ways to stop her. I was a married man.

“Because I am,” she said, her eyes gleaming. Her face was inches from my mine as she continued. “All of us do. We love it, sir. Next time you’re teaching us the quadratic whatever, remember that. Me, Kendra, Kelly, Lacey – we all love taking it deep in the ass. We don’t just pretend, either. I cum so hard when from the feeling of a big fat cock stretching out my tight little hole. All our pussies get so wet just thinking about it. That’s what I think about when my boyfriend fucks me – how good it would feel to have your cock inside my asshole. How hot it would feel, how much pleasure I’d get. How good it would feel to make you unload deep inside my bowels...”

She paused to catch her breath, and I found myself staring at her chest. Her nipples were hard, poking through her tight top. She was wearing a bra, but it was thin enough that I could see the outline of her nipples beneath it.

It seemed like forever before she continued.

“It’s not just about studying,” she said again. “It’s about getting whatever we want. Because we deserve it. Because we’ve got the biggest tits, the tightest pussies, the best bodies. Because we’re better than any other woman in the school. Do you understand?”

I nodded, unable to help myself.

“Our goal is to get you,” she said, “and make you part of our little club. The grades are a bonus, but we want *you*, sir. We don’t let Mr. Robin touch us – he just gets to watch while Kendra and me make out, or while Lacey changes outfits. But we want you *in* the club, sir. We want you to fuck us senseless, to take us anywhere and everywhere you want to go, to make us cum over and over again. We’ll do whatever you want, sir...we’ll make your wildest fantasies come true.”

She stepped closer to me, and I was afraid she would kiss me, like Kelly had the day before.

“We won’t make you give us good grades. You’ll give us good grades because you know we deserve it. Because of who we are. We’re above the rules, sir. We’re better than anyone, and you know it.”

She fell silent again, staring down at me, and I felt helpless. Then, once more, her energy completely shifted, and a look of worry appeared on her face.

“At least, that’s what the other girls want. But I don’t want you do to do anything you don’t want to do, sir.”

My head was spinning; I felt like I’d just sat through the most intense lecture of my life.

“So...how do we stop them?” I asked, and Vanessa smiled.
“I thought you’d never ask.”