

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.