

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Eleven: Community Engagement

Caesar salad. That made sense, I supposed. In my head, it seemed like cops would eat something with more protein. I guess you didn't keep a body like Louisa Barbour's wolfing down double quarter pounders for lunch. She was a skinny little thing. Fit, yes, but not a lot of meat on her. A shame. With a face like that, she could have broken some hearts. More of them, anyway.

Instead, it looked like the one heart she was most focused on seemed very much intact. That felt good, knowing I'd patched things up between my two lunchmates. Of course, it was only because of me that they'd had their quarrel to begin with. Nothing like ordering your bodyguard to forgive and forget to do the trick. At least when your bodyguard followed any order you gave her. Not that I'd gone full "obey my every command" level of compliance, but having her hyper-focused on making me happy had nearly the same effect. Better yet, it preserved her autonomy, obviating the need to micromanage her.

Taylor, Abbie and Cassie were well in hand, literally. Megan I'd be checking in on soon. Today, if she was available. Past time to sit down with the three adults in our arrangement and make sure everything was running smoothly.

"So how have you two been holding up?" I asked casually, cracking open my own lunchbox. Egg salad sandwich. Not my favorite, but the best-by date had insisted that I finish it off today or pitch it. I'd been so busy lately I'd been neglecting basics like laundry and grocery shopping. If I didn't take care of it tonight, tomorrow I'd be stuck eating cafeteria lunch, in which case I might have to call in sick.

"We're... good. Right?" said Isa, sharing a not-so-subtle we-fucked-last-night grin with her lover.

Candy was just as guilty. "We're good. The week got off to a rough start, but we talked, and then we... yeah. We're fine."

"Good. I can't help but feel that I put you guys in an awkward position. Which is a massive understatement for the larger situation, I know. I owe you both an apology. I don't know how much of what I did was pure me, how much of it was whatever those girls put in my head, but... I am sorry I had to involve you. Apologies may be meaningless at this stage, but... for what it's worth."

They shared an inscrutable look. "Thank you for that, Mr. Canon. That's good to hear. And it's not meaningless," said Candy.

The three of us let the sentiment settle while we ate for a while. My classroom was quiet this time of day, and unlike, Candy's, the windows by the door were covered over.

Originally I'd covered it because the art room across the hall had a tendency to create distractions, but it was turning out to be a handy privacy screen of late, too. "How about you? How have you been?" Isa asked after a while.

"Me? Oh, I've been... good." It was my turn to ellipsis my way around carnal details. They understood me as easily as I had them, though.

"Yeah? So, everything between you and your neighbors is resolved?"

I nodded, pausing until I swallowed to answer. "Yeah. Cassie is coming along nicely, and Megan's being brought to heel. I'm going to hammer out the minutiae with her soon, but that's mostly just me still being pissed about the blackmail."

"Feel free to give her a little extra on our account, considering she's the whole reason we got pulled into this whole mess," Candy added.

"Will do. At least there's no more threats to – what did you call it, Isa?"

"Hmm?" She chewed for a moment. "Oh, you mean operational security?"

"Yeah. You cops have the good jargon, I'll give you that. We have nothing to worry about there any more. Less than nothing, really. The Browns are protecting the secret, same as the rest of us."

"Good," answered the social studies teacher. "Good. Hey, speaking of Cassie, I wondered if you'd given any thought to what we talked about the other day, about... instruction. A little, erm, tutoring, between her and me." Her cheeks colored, and she couldn't make eye contact.

I looked to Isa, expecting some reaction, but she was studying her plate. "That's all right with you, Isa? I'm not looking to cause more drama."

"Hey, if it makes the two of you happy..." She shrugged.

Hmm. Curious. "Well, if it's fine with you, I guess it's fine with me. When's good for you? Tonight?" My casual tone was pure theater. Inwardly, the conflict was intense. Cassie was a sweet kid, not some hooker to pass around at a bachelor party. (Not that I'd ever been to that sort of bachelor party. Did that happen outside of the movies?) Nevertheless, I recognized that feeling guilty pimping out Cassie to her assistant volleyball coach was as hypocritical as it got. If I was going to give myself a pass (and clearly I was), it was only fair she got one, too. I hadn't programmed Cassie for such things, but if I told her it would give me pleasure, she'd be up for anything. The girl was turning out to be almost insatiable. I'd had to pretend to be asleep last night when she'd gotten home from her group project, or it would have been a repeat of the night before. *Guess we'll have to have sex another night! Probly a good thing since I haven't had time to study up any more. xxxxxxxxo! ;),* her text had read.

"Well, the next couple nights are out. Saturday could be OK, but actually... we were hoping to have you over for that dinner we talked about," answered Candy.

Isa arched a brow. "We were?"

"Surprise! Yeah, we were. Just the three of us, for a nice intimate meal."

“Do I have to cook?”

“I said a *nice* meal, honey. Not finger sandwiches.”

“Sounds good to me, then.”

Candy looked back to me. “How about you?”

“Saturday would be fine.” It was one of the challenges of having a broad assortment of high school girls at my beck and call – they tended to be busy Saturday nights. I seldom was.

“Great. So then... hmm. Maybe Sunday, for Cassie? Run it by her, see if it works. I’ll have a lesson written and ready this time. You’re welcome to join us, if you’d like to participate in her... education.”

“I... yeah. I think I could teach her a few things.” Man, we really were the worst. It was telling that I was fine doing it in the privacy of my home but cringed to say it out loud. Isa’s silence made it all the more pronounced.

“Great. So how about seven Saturday night, our place?”

“It’s a date. Do I need to bring anything?”

Her foot tapped mine under our desks, rubbed it for a moment. “Just yourself. And any toys that strike your fancy.” With that, Candy stood, kissed me, then kissed Isa, and sauntered her tight little butt out of my room with a murmured excuse of having work to do.

“I... sorry about that,” I said automatically to my remaining companion. That woman! I’d programmed Candy with a willingness to aid in my plans, but either she massively overestimated the scope of my planning, or she’d simply enjoyed playing with Abbie so much it had corrupted her in a single afternoon.

“About what? The kiss?” Isa scrunched her face as if the apology had been absurdity itself. “Don’t be. I’ve known for a while that she’s had a hard time giving up on boys. In a way, I’m really glad you came along. I’m not sure how much longer we would have made it, going on like we were.”

“In that case, you’re welcome?” I laughed awkwardly. “You’re really OK with this... dinner, Saturday? Not that I’m sure exactly what she has in mind, but I have an idea.”

“She wants us to have a threesome,” Isa said around a mouthful of lettuce. “And yeah, I’m fine with it. I mean, making you happy is my second highest priority, and how better to make you happy than tag-team you with my cute girlfriend?”

I almost choked on a bite of egg salad sandwich. Isa was up in a rush, patting my back soothingly, waiting until I could assure her I was fine before sitting back down. “Sorry, did that surprise you?”

“A little, yeah. Guess I didn’t expect you to be quite so... frank. Or accepting.”

She laughed. “What did you think was going to happen when you made me your pleasure slave? I wouldn’t be committed to pleasuring you?”

“Pleasure slave?!” I repeated, aghast. “What? I said make me happy, not... that!”

“Oh. Maybe I misunderstood. Considering how things went with Abbie, Taylor and Cassie – and Megan?”

“No.” Not yet, anyway.

“Get on that – she’s got a hell of a body on her. Honestly I thought fucking you was implicit with the make-you-happy thing. I was starting to get a little offended you hadn’t called, but I figured you were trying to be respectful of Candace. Which is sweet, but unnecessary. I can be very discreet.”

“Isa, I don’t know what you thought I was going for. I was just tired of you busting my balls. I definitely didn’t intend for you to go all ‘pleasure slave’ on me.”

“Really? Huh.” She frowned pensively while she chewed. “Why not? I would have thought I was your type.”

“That’s not it.” Was it? I did like more curves on a woman, certainly, though that had hardly stopped me from going after her girlfriend in the shower the other day. And Isa was beautiful in her own right, once I made myself stop seeing her as a cop.

“What then? You’re not worried I’d get mad, are you? Please tell me you’re not still afraid of me tasing anyone again. I am *so* sorry about that, by the way. I don’t know what came over me.”

“Taylor’s probably the one who you ought to apologize to.”

“Yeah, ‘cause that girl needs a grander sense of entitlement. I’m serious, though. If you want to tase me back, get a little payback for cheating you out of a good O...” Before I knew what was happening, she had her taser out of its holster and set it on my desk. “I can show you how to use it, if you need to.”

“Tase you?! Jesus, Isa! No, I don’t want to tase you!”

“Keep your voice down, Canon.” The officer pointed to the door. “OpSec rule number one – loose lips sink ships.”

I thrust the taser back into her hands. “Is rule number two to distribute weapons at random?”

“Not like you don’t have a weapon of your own in your briefcase over there. At least mine’s handy if I need it.” She holstered it, shaking her head at how dull I was being. “I mean it, though. Ever since you realigned my diodes, I’ve felt awful about how I was being to you. Running you down, not trusting you, getting in the way. I wasn’t thinking about things from your perspective. Plus, let’s not forget you were a victim yourself, weren’t you?”

What was even happening here? Her hand closed over mine consolingly, but I jerked away. “I suppose, but–”

“No. No buts. I get it now. Real, fake, I don’t care, but I’m tired of feeling bad for how unhappy I made you. It’s like I entered into this whole arrangement at a deficit, and I want to make up for it. You have to let me.”

“I guess you’ll get your chance Saturday,” I offered.

“Saturday is for my Candy Crush. Don’t tell her I told you about that nickname – she hates Candy enough without the other thing. So come on. Let me do something to make you happy. Please. You’d be doing me a favor.”

“You mean like tasing you? Because you can forget about that.”

She shook her head. “I think we established that I was pretty far off the mark with that one. Still, I know one thing that definitely makes you happy...” She grinned, and her hands had two buttons down before my brain caught up. When had she let her hair down? I’d been stuck back on the whole tasing thing. Huh. She always kept it high and tight at school. With the hairpins removed, it was surprisingly long, straight and blonder as it flowed down to her mid-back, while dark at the roots. I wasn’t sure of her ethnicity, but I suspected the dark was its natural shade with the blonde thrown in to catch the eye. It worked.

Or it would work, if she wasn’t undoing the buttons of her uniform.

“You really don’t need to do that,” I insisted. What? Why was I fighting this, exactly? With my students I’d dove into their cleavage face first, but here I was pressuring this beautiful woman to keep her clothes *on*. Before I could chastise myself for thinking like a pussy, though, the school resource officer had her uniform open enough to reveal...

“Is that another shirt? What is that?”

She shrugged off her shirt, then plucked at the tight, stretchy garment beneath. “What, this? It’s a tactical compression shirt. It squeezes pretty tight, keeps my lady parts from getting in the way. Plus it keeps all the horny boys around here from staring quite as hard.”

*There doesn’t appear to be a lot to stare at*, I almost said.

Officer Barbour took off the tactical compression shirt.

I stared. Hard.

There was a bra beneath it, though I recognized two things about it right away. First, the bra was itself a minimizer, something I’d learned to recognize years back with a woman I’d been dating who’d worn them at her work for pretty much the same reason. They squeezed and redirected the breasts inside the cup to shave down their apparent size to lookers-on. It had been incredibly uncomfortable, she’d said, but it had kept her boss from being as much of a pig. It looked as though Isa’s had been similarly effective with me, because the second thing I noticed, for the very first time, was that her poor bra was fighting an uphill battle to do its job. And losing.

Her breasts were positively oozing out of the thing, squashed upwards and inwards and sideways, so much bulging boobage it reminded me of the corset Taylor had worn to her house last Sunday. Beneath it, a washboard stomach shamed me.

Isa glanced at the clock. “Yeah, we still got a little time. Here.” Her arms reached behind her, an unseen clasp was undone, and an avalanche of tits came tumbling down Mount Isa. They were, in a word, incredible. The kinds of boobs I’d only ever seen in my dad’s Playboys as an adolescent. Buoyant, symmetrical, perky, gravity-defying, mouth-watering, cock-stiffening teardrops.

Every minute before this when I hadn’t been looking at these things had been a wasted opportunity.

“Are... are these real?” I asked, staring in awe. Her olive skin contrasted exquisitely with two wide, caramel nipples, each of which was hardening before my eyes in the cool air.

“Yeah, the department’s health plan is amazing. They covered the whole procedure,” she answered with playful sarcasm. “Of course they’re real. What kind of question is that?”

“They’re... amazing. Why would you hide these?!”

“Maybe so I’m treated to fewer reactions like this.” Isa shook her head reprovingly, but then sat down straddling my desktop to reassure me that my own marveling was the exception. “You like them, huh?”

“Isa, if I’d known you had these, I would have been on you like white on rice.”

“A, that’s shallow, and B, is that an Asian thing? Because it might be racist, too.” Even as she chastised me, she was guiding my hands to them, pressing her nipples into the palms of my hands.

“Until you said that, I literally had no idea you were Asian.”

“Half Vietnamese, half whatever blend of European mutt my dad was. The adoption agency didn’t even have a name for him, but my birth mom said he was a white guy.” She shrugged. “But come on, this isn’t time for ice breakers and fourth date stuff. Go on, play with my tits some. You can suck on them, if you want. Candy really likes to suck on them.”

That was all the more invitation I needed. It was almost like Isa was a living doll, sitting there letting me use her, slurp hungrily on those exquisite mounds. Better than a doll, though, because she was a cop. My cop doll who spent her days wielding her authority over society, then melted into whatever pose I would shape her into at my leisure. Her body scooted closer on the desktop until her pelvis was pressed against my torso, powerful thighs holding her up close to keep my toys within reach.

“This reminds me, by the way – no no, keep sucking, you’re good – I mentioned in passing Sunday but I let it get away from us. We still don’t have any guarantees about the durability of Serenex. Taking a page out of Mrs. Brown’s playbook and arranging to blackmail Candy with those shower photos wouldn’t be a bad idea if–”

“She told you about that?”

“Of course she did. Cute, isn’t she? God, I love that tight little body of hers. Now shush, keep sucking on the tatas. We only have until the end of the lunch period. Anyway, blackmail would work on one of us, but if you have me, Candy, the Sterns, the Browns... you can’t expect it to work on everyone.”

I would have said something, but she was by then clutching my face against her chest, and it wasn’t in me to struggle out of that. “It seemed like you still had plenty left to reapply doses, but we don’t know if we have to do so weekly, annually, or if it’s changed us all for good. Nor do we know how long the shelf life is of the canister. That’s a big liability, and you know I would never let you come to harm.” She stroked my hair affectionately, squeezing her nipple into my mouth. “You know that right?”

I could only nod around a full mouth of a boob that tasted too much like egg salad for my liking. Hopefully whatever Candy cooked up for us Saturday would be an improvement. Right then, I doubted I could wait that long.

“Do you think you’d be all right lending me your supply so I can have it analyzed? If that makes you uncomfortable, I under-err-ERR—” Her fingernails squeezed against my head. “Oh wow. I’ve never been with a man before. If it feels half as good as this, I can’t wait. Please don’t stop doing that. Shit, I wish we had time for you to fuck me right now. But I guess it’ll be better when we can take our time. Savor.”

I didn’t really have a choice. And if I did, I would make the same one.

“Anyway, what was I saying? Right, the test. If letting me borrow it would make you uncomfortable, I can figure something out. I’m worried your dose might have an adulterant that isn’t common to the standard variety, but maybe?”

“Take it, it’s fine,” I muttered, then sucked her nipple back into my mouth.

“Great. We’ll make sure your girls and I can keep you happy forever.” She sighed rapturously. “And ever, and ever, and god please never stop sucking on me...”

My fifth period students had to wait in the hall for Officer Barbour to put her clothes back on. She giggled as I harassed her while I tried. On a whim I asked her to salute me, and I swear, seeing her standing there in half her uniform, tits jiggling as her arm snapped into position... I almost canceled class to fuck her unconscious then and there. But the secret came first. I remembered the Serenex at the last moment, fetching it from my briefcase and tucking it into her empty lunch sack. “Careful with this stuff. Try not to let yourself get sucked into a vast mind control conspiracy,” I joked.

“Try to think of some more ways I can make you happy,” she replied with a wink. “Or heck, keep doing like you did and I’ll count myself lucky. Now you go on and teach these kids, and I’ll go make sure Taylor and Abbie are yours forever.”

She squeaked when I pinched her bottom, but when she opened the door, her face was a mask of professionalism. As the kids grumbled indignantly about being made to wait, she spoke to me over the lot of them. The sudden re-emergence of her

professional voice was jarring. “I’ll call him down to my office this afternoon, and we’ll see if we can’t get more information. I’ll keep you posted, Mr. Canon.”

“Thanks again, Officer Barbour.”

“My pleasure, Mr. Canon.”



“Hey, Mr. Canon!”

“Hi there, Robby! Hey, is that a new hat?”

He nodded vigorously, then took it off and held it up to me. “Yeah! I used to like the Cubs, but my friend Tucker’s dad said they’re a team for a bunch of dudebro frat boy douchebags. So he gave me this!”

I inspected the replacement, nodding appreciatively. “That’s quite an upgrade. Don’t let your mom hear you talking like that, though. Speaking of, is she home?”

“Yuh, huh.” He turned his head toward the hall behind him.

“*MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! IT’S MR. CANON!*”

Megan was at the door a second later, and I could only laugh at the revelation that he must have screamed that practically at her face. “Well hi there! Robby, go finish your homework and let Mr. Canon and I talk, all right?”

“OK! Bye, Mr. Canon!”

“Study hard, stay smart Robby,” I said, twisting his new hat around. He laughed as he galloped off, leaving it backwards.

“Hi there, neighbor,” she said, smiling her warm smile. It was a good reminder of why I’d always liked her. Those laugh lines came naturally, and deepened every year. She had over ten years on me, but one would hardly know it. She was her daughter’s mother, cheerful and effortlessly pretty. I’d been surprised to learn about the difference in our ages when we first met, and had even considered asking her out – then I found out she had a daughter who was much closer to my age and chickened out. Who knew how things might be playing out between us now if I hadn’t.

“Afternoon. Is this a good time?”

“Oh sure. Unless you’re here for Cassie. She’s at track practice, should be home around 5:30.”

“No I know. Here for you, actually. Is there somewhere private we could...?”

“Oh, good. I wondered when you’d have a sec to talk. Tell you what, I’ll just make a quick snack for Robby to keep him occupied, then we can nip over to your place. How’s that sound?”

“Sounds great, Megan. I’ll just head back over – come whenever you’re ready.”

“You got it. Be there in a jiff.”

It wound up being barely over three before I heard the back door open and close. That was some swift mothering right there. I called out for her to join me in the living room. To my surprise, she came in holding a pair of pink panties in her hand. “Should I be taking these back with me?”

I squinted. Were those Cassie’s? Nope, these were torn off, not removed. “Nope, not Cassie’s.”

She dropped them with a laugh, settling into the sofa across the rug from me. The last woman who’d been on that sofa had been her daughter two days ago. They bore a

pretty strong resemblance, with Megan only a tad shorter, a little bit curvier, her hair almost black, curly and only down to her shoulders whereas Cassie's was straight and dark red. Another difference? Megan was wearing teal capri pants and a thin white t-shirt. It was a lot more than the absolutely nothing her daughter had worn on that couch.

"Looks like you've been busy, huh? Those Abbie Stern's?"

"Her sister's actually."

"Taylor's?"

"You know her?"

"Oh, I know her all right. She and Cassie were Brownie scouts together back in elementary school. At least they were, up until Taylor got kicked out."

"She was kicked out of Brownie scouts? What on earth for? She couldn't have been *that* horrible as a second grader."

Megan shrugged. "I heard a few versions. Cassie claimed it was because Taylor kept using the f-word – the *other* f-word – about the troop leader's husband. But my favorite version I heard from one of the other mom's. The girls were at this two-week summer camp thingy, and apparently some of them were teasing Taylor for being chubby, so she waited until they were asleep and went ballistic. Cut all her bullies' hair with a pair of scissors she swiped from the arts and craft bins."

It was hard to imagine a girl as vain as Taylor Stern ever having been chubby enough that someone would tease her for it, but the rest of it pretty much checked out. "I'd like to tell you she's all grown up now, but..."

Megan laughed, then nudged the torn panties with her foot. "I'd say she's at least a little grown up. She always was a pretty little thing, belly or no. That sister of hers, too – she and Cassie used to have some friends in common, and there were some of us who thought she would be a bad influence just because she blossomed so early."

"But instead it turns out she was a bad influence because she's got the soul of a cobra," I finished.

Megan laughed harder than was warranted, but I'd take it. Students had heard all my good material by this time in the year, so it was nice to get a reaction. "Aren't you supposed to be neutral, even with the bad ones?"

"And if you were Abbie's mom, I'd say, 'Mrs. Stern, Abbie and I have had our days, no doubt, and she could use some work on her task management and with making positive contributions to discussion. But overall, she's a good kid.'"

"Wow, that sounds... a little too polished."

"Then I'd sprinkle the woman with holy water in case she summoned Abbie from hell as one of her unholy Antichrist powers."

"You are such a kidder. I bet those kids go nuts for your class."

“Right, kidding,” I kidded. “But yeah, I get a few brownie points for being young enough to know what TikTok is. Beyond that, most of the ones who hate me, hate me for the right reasons. Because my classes challenge them,” I explained, not certain she’d followed.

“And the ones who like you?”

“Just haven’t found the antidote yet.”

“Oh, you. Though that’s a bit on the nose for you, considering recent events, isn’t it?”

My smile faded, and I managed a sheepish look. “Yeah, probably.”

“Well all I know is, Cassie has practically lost her mind over you. Ever since Monday evening, it’s all she can talk about. ‘Mom, Mr. Canon spanked me today,’ or ‘Mom, Mr. Canon took my virginity,’ or ‘Mom, can I go see if Mr. Canon will let me stay over tonight.’”

Like that, I was hard. The boner from Isa’s secret perfect breasts had been difficult to hide all afternoon, especially with Taylor in the room sixth period. Only the fact that I couldn’t continue keeping the girl after class while she kept behaving well, not without drawing attention, had kept me from making her ten minutes late to her seventh. Megan’s casual acceptance of my using her daughter... it was almost as hot as the daughter herself.

“I assure you she’s made quite an impression on me, too. I just don’t rave about it to my mom.”

Megan snort-laughed, and it was so Cassie I could have closed my eyes and heard her in the room with me. “I sure as heck hope not! Really though, if she starts making herself a pest, or if she’s not pleasuring you properly, you let me know and I’ll get her mind right.”

“She’s trying her hardest. The girl only needs a little practice.”

“Practice, hmm?” Megan stroked her chin contemplatively. “Yeah, I should be able to arrange that. She’s a cute little thing, shouldn’t be too hard to find some men willing to let her get some practice in. I’ll make sure she has them use condoms. I have a few gathering dust in my night stand that ought to do.”

That certainly was simultaneously intriguing, horrifying, and arousing as hell. One offhand comment and the woman was willing to whore out her kid to refine her utility as my fuck toy. Damn. “I meant practice with me, Megan. No need to have her turning tricks for XP.”

“XP?”

“Never mind. But yeah, Cassie tells me you’ve been riding her pretty hard, trying to get her in tip top booty call shape.”

A self-conscious look overtook her face. “She did, huh. Look, that’s on me. I’m really sorry.”

“Sorry? For what?”

“I’ve been using a light touch. It’s a transition, you know, protecting her one day to shoving her out of the nest the next. It was only last month we had this long heart to heart about being careful around boys. I just had her so young, you know? I want her to be smarter than I was at her age. Now, all I can think about is how she’s going to balance her schoolwork with keeping your needs satisfied.”

That might have been harder on my conscience if not for the attempted blackmail. That was still too fresh in my mind not to take a little satisfaction in how warped her thinking had become. It reminded me why I’d invited her over in the first place, but she was still apologizing. “I’m setting some time aside this weekend to look into community colleges, or maybe something online. Something that will keep her close at hand so you won’t have to wait long when you’re in the mood for her. Don’t tell her I said so, but it was what I was hoping she would do anyway. Community college, that is, not the booty call thing. Though that is working out well!” She laughed self-consciously. “Anyway, thanks to you, I think she’ll finally come around.”

“Hey, just being neighborly.”

“Don’t you think it goes unnoticed, mister.” She nodded curtly. “I’ll keep after her. I think she’s having fun, learning the birds and the slutty little bees, even if she gets a bit short-tempered with me looking over her shoulder while she’s, erm, studying. I’m doing my best to give her pointers, though.”

“Pointers? What kind of pointers?” I asked, amused.

“She told you about the loosening, right?”

Put like that, it took me a moment to remember, but I did. “Yeah. That was your idea?”

“Sure was. I figured with a butt like Cassie’s, it’s a matter of time before you’d want to take a dip. So I stopped by the College Bookstore, picked up a couple plugs for her.”

“They sell butt plugs at the college bookstore?”

She nodded. “Not the bookstore bookstore. It’s this sex shop outside of town. They just named it that so when parents see their kid’s credit card bills, they don’t think twice about the expenditures. My girlfriend Donna works there. I must’ve driven by a hundred times on my way to work and never even wondered.”

“Clever, clever.” How had I not heard of that? I suppose it had been a while since I’d had need of a sex shop. “So how did you know how big to go?” I asked curiously.

“I didn’t. That’s why I got her two, in case you were... you know. I want my baby to be ready to do good by you.” She smiled earnestly.

I didn’t know which was swelling faster, my head or my dick. In fact... “If you wanted to know how big my gear was, Megan, all you had to do was stop over and ask.”

Her cheeks flushed, and I knew from experience that didn't come easily to her. Put a couple beers in this woman and she had a mouth like a sailor. "What you do with Cassie, I'm happy to help any way I can. But I didn't think it would be, what, appropriate? You know, for me to butt in, insert myself between the two of you. Not literally, I mean, inserting... yipes. Ya know, I'm going to quit while I'm behind."

My parent conferencing skills, my lingering resentment, and my raging hardon were marching in lockstep inside my head. Time to get on with the real reason I'd had her over. "Megan, hey. I appreciate you taking initiative on this. That's exactly what I was hoping for when I had her use that stuff on you. To take all that energy you put into trying to clean me out into paying me back. But you can't half-ass it, all right? Pun intended. You're not her friend; you're her mom. You need to be involved. If she doesn't know how to take my cock in her ass, it's because you didn't teach her. I appreciate you giving her pointers, but it's not just about knowing what men like, abstract, general. It's about teaching her what *I* like."

She fidgeted with her hands, eyes fixated on them in her lap. "But... I don't know what you like. We're friends and all – or we were, before I pulled that idiot stunt. I feel just awful about that, you know."

"I know. And actually, since we're talking about it, I wanted to talk to you about why I asked you to come over today."

"All right..." It was plain that the subject had made her immediately uncomfortable. I wondered which had been harder for her: squaring her attempted blackmail with her newfound desire to assist my plans, or helping train her daughter to fuck me better. One was an extension of the other, I supposed.

"I'm going to level with you. No bullshit. I've been thinking about this a lot the past few days, and I want to come clean because I hate there being bad blood between us as we enter this new phase of neighborliness."

"Right, sure."

I steepled my fingers, rubbing my fingers together for a moment as I braced myself for this. This woman had been my friend for years, but she'd thrown that away, and now, I was going to issue the consequences.

"I'm still pretty upset about the blackmail."

The words hung heavy in the room. It was true, at least as a premise. Whenever I thought about Megan now, I didn't think of my MILFy friend across the fence. I thought of blackmail. I thought of how she'd tried to ruin me, take away everything I had and then some, how she'd invaded my privacy, threatened to reveal things that nobody was supposed to know, and treated me like I was some kind of...

No. No, I was *not* that. But the fact that she had thought I was, it cast a gloom over everything between us. Yes, Abbie had created that mental fixation for me, but even had she not, I'm not sure I'd feel any differently. The fact of the matter was, I was pissed,

and it hadn't gone away. Every time I pulled into or out of my driveway, I saw that house, thought about what she'd done, and fumed.

Megan, meanwhile, was meekly waiting for me to pronounce sentence. I intended just that. "Now I could read you the riot act, drag you through the mud. Tell you what I think of what you did, what it did to my opinion of you, how it hangs like a cloud over my enjoyment of my time with Cassie." It might not if the girl would stop mentioning her mother so damn much, but still. "That would only make things worse between us though, and I'd rather focus on moving forward, and how we can get ourselves back into an amiable arrangement."

"Amiable?"

"Friendly. Pleasant," I clarified.

"Oh. Oh, good!" She nodded vigorously. Too vigorously, almost. "Good. Yes. I want that, too. I've felt just awful about the whole thing. I've literally lost sleep—"

My raised hand cut her short. "So I thought about what we do about it. You've apologized, I realize, but that felt a little forced." Since I had, in point of fact, forced it. "So I reasoned that what might make things better was to give you the opportunity to pay me back."

Megan blanched. "Pay you...! I don't have that kind of money! Hand to god, I'm strapped for cash as it is! That's why I pulled that whole awful stunt. I would if I could, honest, but I..."

My stern teacher gaze was enough to gradually compel her silence. "I know, Megan. Remember, you told me you had to use your daughter's credit card to afford a fifty dollar cell phone? I know. So that's why I'm not going to ask you for pecuniary restitution. Money," I elucidated at the blank look on her face. "Instead, I was thinking—"

"I could work it off!" she exclaimed excitedly, stealing the words right out of my mouth. "That's such a good idea! I could come over and, what, I could clean your house, cook meals if you want, mow the grass, do something about that gunk growing on your side of the fence, slap some paint on that ugly ass front porch railing, whatever! Whatever you need! Oh god, that's... that's *perfect!*"

Megan heaved a sigh of relief, so consumed by her brainstorming that she remained oblivious to my smug grin. "Oh, that's such a load off. I wasn't kidding, man, it's been churning my stomach ever since we talked it over Monday. I just figured you were probably still so mad I was afraid to come talk to you about it. This is going to be great! Don't you just hate feeling guilty about something? Not that you've ever, ya know, blackmailed someone or anything. It's been awful. Oh, wow. So yeah, what'd you have in mind? Let's get started, right? Put me to work!" She clapped her hands excitedly. I could hear her daughter in those hands.

“All right,” I acquiesced, rising to my feet. Megan started to stand as well, but I moved quickly enough to stop her with a firm hand on her shoulders. She looked up at me, confused. But rather than reply, I uncinched my belt and lowered my fly.

Her eyes widened in surprise, and perhaps a little indignation. “But, but... you...”

The top button unsnapped and my slacks slid down to my ankles. My erection was at two thirds mast, pointing right at the bridge of her nose. She was going cross-eyed trying to take it in. “I think maid services, landscaping, all that... those are a smart solution, Megan. But if someone tried to bankrupt you, take away your livelihood, end your career, maybe send you to jail... how many times would they have to clean out your gutters before you felt fine about it?”

“I... I mean, a lot, but...”

“A lot. I was doing some math along these lines, in fact. If I recall correctly, I could hire someone to clean out those gutters for around a hundred and fifty bucks. To pay back twenty-five grand, you’d have to clean them one hundred and sixty-seven times. So if I let you do it once in the fall, once in the spring, you’d be doing it for eighty-some years yet before I was repaid. Maid services? Call it forty an hour, generously, two hours a week for fifty-two weeks, would take six years. Assuming we don’t assess any interest. Assuming we don’t consider the hundred fucking grand you initially sought.”

Her eyes darted back and forth between my eyes and my cock as my boxers joined my pants on the floor. “Wow, really? Six... shit. That’s... yeah. I don’t want to feel like this for six years, that’s for damn sure. Or twenty-some, if we... yeah. Whatever. Sorry, can’t do math with your...” She peered up at my cock.

“Exactly.”

“So...” Megan reached up and gave me a little stroke. My cock twitched in her hand. “You want me to pay you back with... sex? Like, you know, a prostitute, or whatever?”

“It’s a significantly improved hourly rate, isn’t it? And you have to admit, going the extra mile in terms of range of services provided would do a lot to make your guilt go away faster.”

Her hand issued a few more strokes, and seeing that my dick didn’t jump out and bite her, she simply kept it going. “Right. Sort of like makeup sex, right? Whenever Rick fucked up and landed himself in the dog house, he’d always buy me flowers. But I always wanted to tell him, ‘if you really want to get back in my good graces, put that tongue to use.’ Not to get too graphic and all.”

“No, that’s some good advice, actually. Something to impart to your daughter, perhaps.”

Megan chuckled. “Not the sort of life lesson I figured her father would be teaching her, but maybe you’re right.” She scooted forward on the couch, and without

ceremony, took my cock into her mouth. It was delightfully casual. Abbie and Cassie slurped away like the brainwashed pleasure disciples they were; Taylor grudgingly did her best to get me to cum as quickly as possible so I'd return to something she enjoyed more. Megan? She sucked me off like giving head was something she'd done a hundred times before. Which she probably had. This wasn't some loud, showy blowjob, spit trails and slurp sound effects and moans of elation. It was a simple, friendly blowjob between neighbors. Borrowing a cup of sugar – except instead of sugar, Megan would walk out of here with a bellyful of my cum.

“So this is what you want then?” she asked after a minute, using her hands to cover for the temporary absence of her lips. “Some blowjobs? Maybe have sex or something once in a while? I'll have to go back on birth control, if so.”

What did I want? Clearly, sex was high on my personal Maslow's hierarchy, or I wouldn't be fucking three students and soon two coworkers. Megan was plenty hot, that was for sure. She was her daughter's mother and then some, and even if she might be past her prime, I doubted there were many guys who would kick her out of bed. Yes, I wanted to fuck her, and by this point, I was beyond denying myself things that I wanted from women who were only too willing to give them to me.

But was that it? The occasional, casual, sure-why-not blowjob? Have her spread her legs and let me finish, then run home to tally up her running total? It didn't feel quite sufficient for what she'd tried to do to us. That was her tolerating the chosen outlet for my anger. If it hadn't been for Candy, Isa and the Stern sisters providing support and distraction, I would have lost my mind last weekend. The intestinal distress had been so acute I would have gone to the doctor for it if not for being too busy with my girls. For heaven's sake, I'd been so terrified I'd arranged to meet a police officer in a public place and drug her! Me, the same guy who'd been too intimidated by Officer Barbour to even realize what a babe she was despite working together for several years.

No, what Megan was proposing wasn't her repaying me, it was letting her run a guilt tab with my name on the account. That wasn't it.

She'd been able to see the hamster running on his wheel behind my eyes, and had gone back to blowing me while I worked it out. At last, I spoke. “You want to know what I want? All right. From now on, I'm your boss, and you're my employee. My... my servant. And it will be up to me to decide when your service has been sufficient.” Servant. Better than the term Isa had chosen for it. Still hot, though. I was getting close. “From now on, you don't use my first name, or ‘buddy,’ or ‘man,’ or whatever. I'm ‘sir,’ or ‘Mr. Canon.’ You will dress in a way that pleases me. You'll talk in a way that pleases me. Whenever I say, you'll pleasure me without hesitation or question – unless that question is how you can do a better job.”

She could feel the tension in my balls, and her neck was pumping vigorously, coaxing me onward. I closed my eyes, content to let my neighbor finish me off, trying to



think what we could try in round two. Doggy style? I did like her ass. Round, womanly, ample. Maybe I could fuck her tits instead. It wasn't as physically pleasurable as some other methods, perhaps, but it was still pretty damn good and I'd found it empowering. Or should I just bend her over my lap and spank her? Could be therapeutic. Or—

My eyes opened. “Why did you stop?”

My neighbor's chin rested in my lap, her mouth close enough to my cock that I could still feel her breath on it, but her eyes had a far-off cast to them. She didn't look up at my question, and after a moment I snapped my fingers in front of her face, but she didn't react to that either. I snapped again. No more than a reflexive blink. Was she having a Serenex relapse or something?

Suddenly, right as I was about to give her a shake, a tap, something to make sure she was still with me, Megan spoke. “So... it's humiliation, right?”

I started. “What?”

“That's what you want, right? To embarrass me. Take the cute neighbor lady who'd never given you a second thought as a man down a few pegs on the totem pole.” She looked up, studying me.

Never given me a second thought? Ouch. “No, that's not... I mean, you blackmailed me! Don't try to make me out to be the bad guy, Megan. You're the—”

“It can be two things,” she interjected. “And I'm not protesting. I'm just... here. I'm having an idea. Sit tight.”

Without warning she turned, leaving my cock twitching, drying, in her wake. “Megan! What do you think you're doing? What happened to enthusiastic cooperation and support?” Had I finally found the limits of Serenex, mid-blowjob? Of all the times to hit the wall!

“Just... trust me, OK?”

“For a woman who—”

“I know what I did, and I feel awful about it. I promise. But if I'm ever going to regain your trust, you have to give me a little room to operate. So... please? Please, Mr. Canon, sir?”

That wasn't sarcasm. Damn, that deference was the most sincere thing I'd ever heard, or an amazing approximation of it. I'd never thought it possible I could come from a meek tone alone, but I came closer than I was proud of. “Fine, I guess, but I really did want you to—”

“It will be better this way. I promise. Just... sit tight.”

“You better not be up to anything, Megan, because I swear, I'll...” Hmm. What would I do? I'd let Isa run off with my Serenex, and I couldn't think of any conditions I might impose on her more binding than what I'd already done.

My neighbor wasn't waiting for me to finish my threat, though. She blew me a kiss as she made her way to the back door, speaking as she went. "You said you wanted me to take initiative, right? So don't go anywhere, OK?"

The door closed behind her.

What the fuck.

Between the three quarters of a blowjob and her abrupt departure despite my protest, my mood plummeted. After Isa's little tease, then this... I'd quickly gotten used to having outlets for my urges, and this sudden deprivation of them would not do. After a stunned moment I stood up, getting my pants back on and making for the back door, the closest one to the Brown house.

My hand was on the knob when I heard an engine start. I stepped into the back yard right in time to see Megan's SUV backing out of her driveway and onto the street. I could make out the presence of Robby's head in the car seat in back.

She was running! How? How had she escaped my influence? She couldn't. Could she? I hadn't actually *seen* her get dosed by Cassie the other day, but her reaction had been unquestionably Serenexy. So what had she... how had she...?! No. She couldn't have. Could she? Where the hell was she going! What was going on!

Little by little, I convinced myself it wasn't another betrayal. No way she'd let me do what I'd been doing with her daughter only to break down when it came to her own mouth entering the rotation. Teacher instincts kicked in. I paced back and forth, rehearsing what I'd say to her. This time, no more Mr. Nice Neighbor. Whatever slack I'd thought to give her in interpreting my wishes? Gone. No, from here on out, she would do what I said, when I said it. If I had to drive across town to get the Serenex back from Isa, so be it. Megan evidently could not be trusted even when given the narrow freedom of "cooperate and support." From now on, she would simply *obey*. Oh, would she ever. I'd have that conniving, thieving, lying bitch *crawling* across our lawns to *beg* to be allowed to please me!

I was angry. I was frustrated. I was so horny I could explode. I picked up my phone and brought up Isa's number. Our last message had been the other day before Cassie had inadvertently dosed her again for me. I typed hastily.

*Show me your tits again.*

Mercifully, it was received and replied to in moments. *You got it, C. Pic or housecall?*

See? See, Megan? Is that so fucking hard?! But maybe there was more to it. Maybe she'd come back, finish me off, apologize, grovel... I grit my teeth. *Pic will do for now.*

It took a few long minutes, and when her reply came, it took some time to download. Bless her heart, it was a video. Isa looked to be in a public bathroom somewhere, the camera presumably placed on the sink judging by the stability. In front

of it stood Officer Barbour in her police uniform, hair back in its tight arrangement. She had foregone the compression shirt, which was abundantly clear because her uniform was unbuttoned but still tucked in, the middle spread wide to display her perfect, perfect tits. It began and ended with her standing at the camera hitting the record button, but for twenty-four glorious seconds, there was the sound of *Caissons Rolling Along* playing from the phone while Isa marched in place, hand frozen in salute as she gazed up and left. Her tits wobbled around like crazy, and while it caused one side of her top to slip back over her chest mid-way through, the overall effect was nevertheless divine. She grinned and blew the camera a kiss before ending the recording.

*Thanks, Isa.*

*Any time! ;)* She included an emoji of a smiling yellow-faced police officer, then the eggplant.

I was still watching it on loop and telling myself it was a waste to jerk off when I could call over any of my girls to take care of it for me when the growl of an engine sounded again from outside. I hurried to the window, peeking through the blinds in time to see the Browns' garage door closing behind her vehicle. Back already? It had only been a half hour or so. Good. Must have realized she couldn't... do whatever it was she'd been doing. Running away from home?

I took to my chair, fuming at the proximity of my betrayer. The only thing stopping me from storming over there and demanding her then and there was young Robby. I might have done some questionable things of late, but I wasn't about to abuse the kid's mother in front of him. No, I'd just have to knock, humor the boy, then oh-so-politely drag Megan back over here to finish me the second she—

*Knock knock knock.*

The front door. Before I could get up to answer it, it swung open. There was Megan, and on her heels, Cassie. Even if Megan hadn't said something earlier it would have been obvious she had just come from track practice, still dressed in a baggy t-shirt over her volleyball shorts and running shoes. Her dark red hair was up in a messy bun and a pair of white socks came up past her knees, which was oddly sexy. Or maybe I was just horny, blue-balled by the woman behind her.

"Hi, Mr. Canon!" the girl said with an excited wave.

"Good afternoon, Cassie."

She took her shoes off by the door. "Mom came and took me home early from practice. She said you needed me real bad – super dumb of me not to have my phone on me in case you called. I thought about trying to sneak it into my shorts but I think it would slide down when I was running and then it'd just break anyway and then you wouldn't be able to call me over to pleasure you even after practice. I even thought about my bra too, but that would be even worse since my boobs bounce way more than my thighs, plus it'd looked really dumb, too, and I didn't want the girls to ask why I needed

my phone on me so bad because what would I say, that I needed to be ready to run home to fuck my neighbor? Not that I want to lie, but obviously sometimes you have to tell little white ones. Anyway so it was in my locker, except I didn't see any messages from you, but Mom said it was urgent? It was super embarrassing to have my mom show up and drag me out of practice in front of everybody by the way, but I suppose that's what I get for not planning ahead. And still not as embarrassing as being an uncallable booty call, which doesn't even make sense, ya know?"

As Cassie prattled on, my gaze settled more and more fixedly on her mother until finally I took advantage of her need to breathe to get in a word myself. "Megan, what do you think you're doing? If you think you can pawn off your debt on your daughter..."

"Trust," my blackmailer said. Only that monosyllable for me, then she turned to her daughter. "Cassie, why don't you make yourself a little more presentable? The girls in your videos don't wear ugly, bulky things like this, do they?" She plucked at the t-shirt with disdain, though it was scarcely less flattering to Cassie than Megan's own plain shirt was for her.

Cassie wasted no time in squirming out of the thing, seizing the opportunity to say more words as she did. "Oh, right. Yeah, sorry about that. I don't wear the shirt to practice or anything, but I was all hot and sweaty and Mom gets P.O.ed when I forget and get sweat all over the upholstery. It's so warm out today – isn't it awesome? I'm such a summer person. Do you think my sports bra is cute, or dumb? I don't really know. Like, bras are cute, or can be cute if it's a cute bra, but I don't know if sports bras are just bleh. The boys on the boys' team stare sometimes, but I think they'll stare at anything. I heard that this party last weekend that a guy – I know his name but I don't wanna snitch since you're a teacher and I think he's in one of your classes – had sex with this girl from another school who weighs like two hundred and fifty pounds. And this guy isn't even that bad-looking. But ya know, maybe I do look cute in it? I like it, anyway."

"It's nice, Cassie," I managed. It was. Hot pink, like the nipples it hid beneath it. Her breasts were pressed flat by the thing, forcing them higher up on her chest. It reminded me somewhat of Isa and her absurd minimizer, though Cassie's chest was no match for that masterpiece of mammaries.

"Thanks," she said, then looked sidelong at Megan. "Um, Mom? I think we might, ya know, do stuff now, so maybe you wanna go home or something?"

"C'mere, Cassie," Megan said instead, walking toward the rear of the room. "Come here both of you, in fact."

I didn't like that she was taking charge, but Cassie's long, coltish legs and her tight round ass in those volleyball shorts drew me on like a rat before the pied piper. Megan stopped next to the antique radio I'd inherited from my grandmother, a bulky

wooden box with nonfunctional dials and knobs. I hadn't known what to do with it, but it was an interesting piece and served as well as anything to hold junk mail.

"On your knees, Cassie," Megan said softly, but firmly.

Cassie's eyes widened in indignation. "Moooom!" she whined. "It's weird enough when you watch me studying porno! You can't hang out and watch me give Mr. Canon blowjobs! It'd be too freaking gross! Right, Mr. Canon?"

I didn't answer. Not that I meant to cede control of the situation to Megan, nor to let her weasel out of this, but... well, I was at least intrigued. "Do as your mother says, Cassie."

She made a bratty face at her mother, but settled down to her knees in front of the radio. "Fine," she grumped.

"Do you like her to have her tits out when she blows you, sir?" Megan asked in that same sultry tone. It dripped with deference. Most intriguing indeed.

"I think I would today." My response was born less out of my desire to see Cassie's breasts again, and more out of my zeal to watch Megan undress her firstborn daughter for my entertainment. "But you take it off for her, Megan."

The order having come from me seemed sufficient to quell Cassie's mortification, though as Megan knelt to unzip her daughter's sports bra, she gave a yelp. "Gosh dangit, Mother! Your fingers are freaking icicles, Jebus!" But Megan only tousled the girl's bun-bound hair and drew the straps down off Cassie's shoulders, baring those cute round tits of hers for me.

Without asking permission, she turned to me next and got to work for the second time on my pants. Cassie licked her lips as my cock came into view. "Oh wow, that's so hard already! Mom, have you ever seen a cock that big? No, never mind, I actually don't want to—"

"No, I haven't."

"—know. Gross! Anyway, wow. Can I suck it, Mr. Canon? I watched like dozens more pornos since the other day. I almost got yelled at in study hall because I was watching it at my desk and Mrs. Olegario saw my earbuds in and snuck over and got in my face to chew me out, but she didn't see what was on the screen. And I was in the back of the room so nobody else could, don't worry. Not that anybody'd think I was studying porn so I could be a hotter cocksucker for you or anything — that'd be too crazy, right? Not that it's *crazy* crazy, you know I love sucking your cock, but you know most people would be all wuh-wuh-whaaaat? Cassie Brown is Mr. Canon's booty call? Also is cocksucker a yucky word? One of the guys in one of the pornos kept calling this actress that, and it seemed kinda dirty, you know? Not in a bad way, but... I dunno, not dirty, but more like *durrrrrty*."

She stopped, looking up at me expectantly. When I didn't say anything, she asked (perhaps again; who could keep track), "So yeah, can I give you a blowjob?"

“It doesn’t bother you that your mom’s watching?” I probed, curious.

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with pleasuring you, Mr. Canon. And I will protect your secrets obviously, except it’s not a secret from Mom, right?”

“Right.” I smiled, turning to Megan. “Well, Megan?”

“Be a good little cocksucker for our neighbor, Cassie,” she said, planting a soft kiss on Cassie’s cheek as she pushed her daughter’s mouth towards my crotch. The girl most definitely did not require the push. As soon as she was greenlighted, she was passionately engaged in sucking me off. There were immediate differences in her technique that even I recognized through the haze of arousal clouding my eyes and judgment. (Was I really going to let Megan off the hook so easily? Oh, but the way Cassie is making that little ring around around my head and dragging her lips up...) She was heavily over-producing and over-supply saliva, licking up and down the length, moaning in desire, spitting on the shaft as she stroked it with one hand, making out with the dome as she did so. She wasn’t very coordinated at any of it – it necessitated an apology as she accidentally spit on my foot – but once I realized she was only trying to emulate what she’d been watching on pornhub, I shrugged it off and let her have her fun. The radio was even situated in front of a window overlooking my back yard. It made for a handy position with which to brace for balance, too. With Cassie giggling self-consciously at her own excessive zeal, I got to gaze out at the neighborhood as my neighbor’s teenage daughter sucked my cock, invisible to all but me. The girl was right. It really was a lovely pre-summer day out.

I didn’t realize Megan had left until I heard the door close behind her.

“That bitch!”

“Who, Mom?”

I didn’t answer, but Cassie didn’t seem to care, more than happy to be allowed to ooh and aah over every little twitch and dribble. It really was something, her enthusiasm, though right then I was focused on Megan. For a moment, I’d wondered if she might actually be attempting a good faith effort at recompense. Her question about taking her down a few pegs... I’d thought maybe she meant to get down on her knees and enact a mother-daughter scene with Cassie. That would have been good. Not that Cassie needed any help. Still, rather than lower herself to pleasuring me firsthand, she’d dragged her own daughter out of track practice and passed the buck. This was not going to stand, no way. In terms of recompense, this counted for nothing.

In the meantime, however, I didn’t have the heart to deprive Cassie of her diversion or risk demoralizing her about her as-yet unpracticed technique. Watching this high school girl suck me off was a bit like watching a high school play, in a sense. The acting was well-intentioned but hamfisted, the words were inaudible often as not, and the costume was both cheap and wholly inappropriate to the setting. Though as she rose up to sandwich my cock between her tits, moaning in her imitation of a porn star’s

pleasure in providing pleasure, I granted that at least I was getting the show for free as a faculty member.

Then... Megan was back. Outside.

“Ow!” Cassie yelled as I thrust my hips forward, bumping the back of her head into the radio box.

“Oh man sorry, Cassie! Are you all right?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. It was actually kind of hot? You thrust like you were having sex with my mouth kind of, and I mmf...” I thrust back inside her mouth, more gently this time, and she purred in contentment as she resumed.

There was her mother. Of all the things I hadn’t expected to see, the woman let herself into my back yard via the gate between our properties. She was standing in my garden, pulling weeds. It had been on my to do list for weeks. The clover, dandelions and thistles were a jungle in miniature, crowding out any space I might have devoted to the usual herbs and veggies. I had never done any gardening growing up, but Amy Cook-Burfield had gotten me started a few years back as a way to fill time during the summer months, and even if it was more bother than it was probably worth for the food, there was a satisfaction to be had in it.

Then again, I was presently learning that there was a great deal more satisfaction to be had in watching my sexy, busty MILF of a neighbor do it for me, clad only in a bikini that was too skimpy by far to be bending over like that.

Megan had exchanged her casual outfit for an American flag bikini, a blue star over her right breast, red and white stripes on her left and on the bottoms. The first and only time I’d seen her wearing it before had been last Fourth of July – or maybe the one before? Whatever. The encounter had been brief, merely me wishing her and the kids a happy Fourth as she loaded Robby into the car on their way to an extended family barbeque. There had been a wrap on over the bottoms, but the top had been more than enough to stick in my memory. I’d had to fight to maintain eye contact; Megan was a good deal more well-endowed than Cassie was turning out to be, and her breasts had positively bulged out of the thing. My rocket had glared red for some time after, that was for sure. While an attractive woman, she seldom dressed for overt sex appeal. I couldn’t imagine right then why not.

Megan was wearing nothing but this two-piece bit of Americana and a pair of leather gardening gloves. She didn’t look in my direction even as she turned to face the house. Her breasts swung side to side like they never meant to stop with each jerk of her arm, tearing weeds out of the earth with a vigor that suggested they had somehow personally wronged her. Then she turned around the other way, and... god. Each time she bent and stood, the stars and stripes crawled a little higher up the crack of her ass. Every so often, Megan hooked her fingers under the bottoms and tugged them back to decency, then got right back to work. Cassie vigorously fellated me all the while.

It was hard to say which view was best: from the back, bikini briefs trying their best to become an American flag g-string; from the front, bent at the waist, her enormous bust bulging out such that I could hardly see the cups of her bikini; in profile, the curves of her ass and tits cooperating to make a silhouette of raw sexuality; crouching, her tits jiggling madly as she struggled to rip a small sapling from the ground, or crouching from the other side as her bottoms conformed to her exact shape.

No. None of those. The crawl. Megan Brown, on her hands and knees, crawling in the dirt as she tidied up my yard, posing and posturing for me as her cocksucking daughter obeyed her mother's command. Eye candy to stimulate me, an enhancement for her daughter's blowjob.

"Don't you dare stop," I grunted to Cassie. She gulped down a mouth flooded with eager saliva, but didn't slow for a moment.

Cassie's theatrics had succeeded in momentarily distracting me when I was roused by a voice from outside. It was faint, but standing right in front of the window, I could make it out all right. Standing on the far side of the fence in the alley behind our houses stood another neighbor. I didn't know his name, but I recognized his face, and more so the sight of the dog on the leash in front of him. The elderly little cocker spaniel seemed perfectly happy to stop walking and sniff around at my fence posts.

"Afternoon, Megan," he said. "Heck of a day to be out getting your hands dirty, eh?"

She rose to a kneeling position and waved back. "Well good afternoon to you too, Pat. And how are you today, Gypsy?"

The dog did not respond. Pat, however, didn't look to be eager to pass up the opportunity to talk to our scandalously underdressed neighbor. I wondered if he could see me, but with the direction of the sun, I should be nothing but blinds and a dark room to him. "She's doing fine. We had to take her to the vet the other day, but..."

"What's going on out there? Are there people out there? Was that my mom?" asked Cassie, rising up slightly to let her tits take over for her lips.

"Your mom's just helping me with a little gardening, and somebody decided to be social. Pat, I think I heard her say."

"Oh, Mr. Gough!" She made a face. "He used to babysit for me for this one summer. I remember he used to get so grumpy over the dumbest little things. Like this one time, when..."

I wasn't paying any attention to her babbling. I wasn't paying any attention to the chit chat between the two neighbors outside. I was completely riveted by the sight of Megan's ass. As Pat blathered on about Gypsy's runny nose, she casually reached back and adjusted the spangled spandex to go right up her butt. With a subtle tug before returning her hands in front of her, she wedged it up so high it split her pussy lips clearly enough that I could make them out from all the way over here. What did it look



like on Pat's side? No way he didn't at least notice the camel toe – unless his eyes were being pulled in by the gravity of those ripe American tits of hers.

I was only dimly aware of the conversation, but it did eventually turn to something marginally less banal, at least in that it involved me. “Now wait a tick here, Megan... isn't that your house next door?”

“It sure is, Pat.”

“Oho. So, are you just being neighborly then? Or if you just like pulling weeds, I'd be only too happy to let you come take a crack at my wife's flower bed!” He laughed, though everyone listening understood he'd be ready to cheat on his ugly old wife with this patriotic goddess in a heartbeat.

“No, I'm just doing a favor for Mr. Canon. Well, not doing a favor so much as repaying one,” she amended.

“Put your mouth back on it, Cassie,” I ordered.

“You got it, Mr. Canon. Sorry, I'll get better at the titty-fucking thing, I prom-mth,” she replied, sucking me back into her mouth. I would have had her stand up and strip out of those hot little volleyball shorts except that there was the small chance that Pat might catch sight of me, and thrusting would be a bit too suggestive. Besides, Cassie was terrible at keeping quiet when she came. Or at any other time her mouth wasn't otherwise occupied.

“Oh yeah? A favor?” Pat said. When Megan didn't elaborate, he pressed more directly. “What's he done to get a pretty young lady like yourself out doing his yard work for him?”

“Pat, you flirt,” she answered with a laugh. Her ass flexed and unflexed, waves of buttock rippling for my eyes alone. “It's just a tit for tat thing. He's tutoring Cassie, you see.”

My fingers clenched down on the surface of that radio.

“Oh, that's right. He's the teacher over at GHS, isn't he?” Gypsy laid down, head resting between her paws.

“That's him,” she confirmed. God, it was like she was twerking at me without moving her hips. Between mother and daughter, I didn't know which ass I loved better. Both, I decided. I loved them both better.

“What's he teach?”

“English, but really, he's teaching her all kinds of things. Making sure Cassie is ready for college in the fall.”

“Our Cassie is headed off to college!” Pat exclaimed. “Seems like only yesterday she was starting middle school. They grow up so danged fast, don't they?”

“Even as we speak,” said Megan with a laugh. She glanced over her shoulder for a moment and winked at my window before turning back to Pat. I gripped Cassie's head to make sure I didn't ram it into the radio again as I started to thrust.

“Well, I see I’m starting to bore Gypsy, so I guess I best get her on home. It was good seeing you, Megan!” He waved again, coaxing the dog to her feet and resuming their walk.

“It’s good being seen,” she replied, fishing her bottoms out of her crack as she turned back toward my window. For a brief moment, she pulled the stars triangle aside to flash me one glorious breast before letting it snap back into place.

I waited until Pat was on his way before I lowered the upper pane of glass. “Hey Megan! Megan, could you come in here for a sec?”

She nodded. “On my way, sir.” There was a playfulness to the way she said it, but a seriousness in her eyes that said she took the request as a command. That she meant to obey.

Megan let herself in the back door and strode over to where Cassie was still blowing me. Without a word, the girl’s mother turned her back to me, lifting her hair. It took a moment before I understood her intent. Cassie’s head remained in the firm grip of my left while my right plucked at the exposed string on Megan’s bikini top. She took a helpful step forward to complete the untying, shrugging the straps off her shoulders and letting the cups fall to the floor.

“Guess we have to burn it now, don’t we, sir,” Megan purred. She turned to face me. My god, those tits. I’d been waiting for hours to see another pair of tits like these. Big and round and womanly. Nothing against Cassie, but there was no substitute for a pair of heavy, fat tits. Holding together well for her age, too – I almost wondered if she’d had them done. A conversation for another time.

The woman slid the bikini with her foot, using it to protect the floor from her dirt-stained knees as she joined her daughter. There was no hesitation in slipping out of Cassie’s mouth and offering my pulsing shaft to her mother.

“I’m sorry if I tracked in any dirt, sir. I’ll clean it up as soon as I finish in the garden.”

I was coming even before her mouth was on me.

“Mom! That was *my* blowjob!” protested an indignant Cassie. When her mother only continued teasing spurt after spurt out of my balls, she looked up to me pleadingly. “It’s not fair, Mr. Canon! You know I love it when you come in my mouth! It’s my second favorite place for you to come. At least that I’ve seen so far. Favorite is my pussy. Though maybe that’s just because I like having sex with you so much? Yeah, I guess in terms of just where I like the come, mouth for sure. It’s like I can taste your pleasure, you know? I guess you probably don’t know, but... but now she’s hogging it all!”

“Megan?” I said softly as my balls finished draining. “Share.”

“Yuh, hurr,” she said, mouth open wide, gleaming with its slimy pearlescent bounty. A thick tendril dribbled out of the corner of her mouth and down her chin, splatting silently on one sweat-glistening breast.

“Well, Cassie? Don’t let it go to waste.”

How many years had it been since Cassie had been fed at her mother’s breast? Megan merely knelt there, eyes overbrimming with dutiful shame even as her mouth overbrimmed with my cum. Once Megan’s tit was slurped clean, Cassie shifted to the mouth, a wide open kiss that tilted her mother’s head down to get at her rightful reward for what really had been a fucking incredible blowjob, excesses be damned. Megan cooperated gamely until her daughter at last sat back, licking her lips in satisfaction.

“Man, that was super gross,” Cassie said, nose wrinkling. “Not the cum, obviously, but kissing my mom like that I mean. The girls in the pornos do it all the time, though, so hopefully I made it look good for you. Real, real weird doing it with my mom, even though I guess in porn girls make out with their moms all the time, though those aren’t their real moms, and half the time the actresses are practically the same age which I do not get at all. But since you’re still hard, I guess you liked it, huh Mr. Canon?”

“Yeah, Mr. Canon. Did you like it?” Megan asked innocently.

“That was a good start, Megan.” I helped her to her feet. “I’ll start working on a proper list of chores for you.”

“My mom is gonna do your chores?” Cassie exclaimed, fighting back a smug grin. “I hope getting you off isn’t one of them, or at least you save some for me because ever since we started messing around, it’s practically all I think about. It’s so fun to pleasure you! I never had real orgasms before. I used to think I had, but I think that was just, like, flutters or something. But now I want to come over here and fuck you every day – not that you have to do it every day or anything. Just whenever you wanna call my booty over. Gosh, it feels amazing.”

I helped her to her feet as well as Megan tucked herself back into the bikini. Man, that thing really did not want to contain all that boobage. It was probably the most patriotic thing about it. A smudge of dirt had transferred from knee to bikini to the exposed portion of her star spangled titty; I gallantly brushed it off for her. I took a few steps back from the window, then slid Cassie’s tight black spandex shorts down just below her ass. She bent over automatically, her flexible body bracing itself with a firm grip on her ankles.

I had to speak up to be heard over Cassie’s moans of delight as I slid into her dripping wet pussy. “Now get your ass home and take care of Robby, eh Megan? I’ll take care of this one.”

Megan bowed, treating me to one last sight of her swaying tits. For tonight, at least. “Thank you, sir.” She gave Cassie’s ass a sharp smack, then turned and left us to our fun.