

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Five: Lesson Planning

Last year, I agreed to help chaperone the class trip to Mexico that the Spanish department put together. My own Spanish was negligible but the kids helped get me through it. I dare say I even learned a bit from them, as well as some of the (very patient) locals I interacted with. The whole trip was incredible. Amazing food, fascinating cultural and historic sites, and lots of opportunity to roam and play. I got a first rate vacation and a first degree sunburn. (Yo soy muy blanca.)

Back in the hotel, the kids all slept four to a room. After the first night or two, they even piped down with complaints about “sharing beds with other dudes,” as the homophobic dude-bros put it. Some of the chaperones doubled up to save money, but as an introvert about to be thrust into non-stop company nearly every waking hour for over a week, I splurged and got my own room. It did me a lot of good to have somewhere to retreat to at the end of the day, and if I could still hear them down the halls and out the window, at least I could let my hair down, so to speak, and relax. To the extent I could.

I didn't masturbate once the entire trip.

Not for lack of inspiration. We hit up several beaches, thronging with bikini-clad women, and no matter where we went, I was surrounded by scores of horny teenage girls working double-time to advertise their interest in going home without their v card intact. (Or another hole punched in it, at least.) No, Taylor wasn't there; she threw quite the tantrum over her ineligibility, but her discipline record precluded her from going on a field trip across town to the bowling alley, much less international. Still, she was hardly the only pair of mouth-watering tits to be found in Mexico, imported or local.

By the time I got home, my balls had been ready to explode. A mild breeze was enough to induce an erection. It felt like I went through a bottle of lotion in a week while I caught up on lost time. But there's just something about being in an unfamiliar place that makes it hard for me to relax enough to enjoy myself. Always has been.

If Taylor and Abbie had taken thirty more seconds to get to Candy and Isa's house, I would have painted the ceiling of the living room pearlescent white.

I heard them before I saw them, even knew it was them and not Officer Barbour coming back unexpectedly early from the creak of the door opening and closing on that rustbucket car of theirs. I met them at the door, ushering them in quickly and keeping myself behind the door and out of sight of lookers-on. I doubted they were being followed, but I'd been burned enough already.

“What in god's name are you two wearing?”

It wasn't the most cordial welcome, I'll grant, but it was the first thing that came to mind. Abbie was dressed in a bulky sweatsuit. Her hair was still straightened from yesterday's flat ironing, up in the same high ponytail she'd had in yesterday's pictures, and she had a touch of makeup on. Very red lipstick. Otherwise, she looked like she was on her way to a slumber party. An all girl slumber party. Full of girls she felt completely and totally unthreatened by.

Taylor was little better in a baggy t-shirt and her own sweatpants. As they walked into the living room, studying their new environment warily, I saw she at least had the decency to pick a pair of sweats that clung to her behind nicely, even had the word "juicy" written in calligraphic script across the butt to give people an excuse to be looking. Still, compared to what I felt like I had been promised, they were both crushing disappointments.

"Tell me where the fuck we are first," said Abbie, frowning.

Taylor let out an exasperated breath. "I told you, we're—"

But Abbie put a finger to her sister's lips, and Taylor fell instantly silent. Looked like a hundred copies of *my little sister is the boss of me* had produced Abbie's desired results. If nothing else, it made my own commands feel humble by comparison. I was very glad I'd never had a boss like Abbie.

"We're at Ms. Salata's and Officer Barbour's house," I answered coolly. I didn't like her taking control of the conversation, but it was fair of her to ask. We had to keep our relationship a secret.

"So Dick-Breath over there was right." She removed her finger, allowing Taylor to sullenly mumble an I-told-you-I-googled-it under her breath. "All right, so *why* are we at their house?"

Another fair question, but trickier. "First off, let me stress that I have the situation well in hand."

"Situation? There's a situ-fucking-ation now? Pardon my French, but, dafuq?"

"Someone found out about us, see, and—"

Four eyes threatened to pop out of two heads. "Someone...! And we're just now finding out?! Is it Barbour? I will stone cold knife that little piglet!"

"No, and keep your voices down. So when I woke up yesterday—"

"Yesterday! And we're just now hearing about it!" exclaimed Taylor.

"Because like I said, I have the situation well in hand."

Abbie threw her hands in the air. "Well in hand, he says! Like when you were gonna let this back-stabber blab about us to the whole world? That kind of 'well in hand'?"

"Someone saw you at my house and got pictures of it! They want me to pay them twenty-five grand or they'll share them with the world. Now let's see, was it me who climbed out the window naked, or was that you? I forget."

“Don’t put this shit on me! I was taking care of business, yo!”

“Abbie, you moron!”

“Kiss my cooch, Tay!”

“BUT!” I roared. These two were unraveling everything I knew about de-escalation. They did turn back to me though. “But, I’m handling it. I, ah, gained the services of Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. They’re going to help me find this son of a bitch, and then I’ll make sure our secret stays safe.”

They stared at me in silence. It was Abbie who finally broke it. “Now let me see if I got this straight, Mr. C. You’re telling me, our secret got out, and your reaction to that was to involve TWO MORE PEOPLE in it?! Is THAT what I’m hearing?!”

“I’m sorry, do you know how to run a trace on a cell phone? Conduct an investigation? If needs be, subdue and detain someone? Because from what I hear, you make your sister’s D average seem a work of genius. We needed the help of a professional, and Officer Barbour was the only one I knew!”

Taylor gestured to a photo hanging on the wall of the two residents of the house. It looked to be from the Winter Formal, actually. “And her rug-munching bitch of a girlfriend? What’s she bring to the table?”

“Language, Taylor. Now as for Ms. Salata, she was... we...” I sighed. “It was an unavoidable necessity. But she’s dealt with. Neither of them can spread word any more than you or I can. So we’re fine. Officer Barbour is out right now looking into things for me. For *us*. She seemed confident that she’ll be able to trace the communication. When she does, we’ll take care of that leak Abbie created, and that will be that. So going all the way back to your original question of why we’re here and not elsewhere, since you alerted someone to the nature of our relationship, my house isn’t secure any more. I figured your parents probably wouldn’t love the idea of me swinging by to spend some quality time with their daughters, so it had to be here. There, now you’re all caught up.”

The girls glared at me, at each other, at the pictures on the wall, at the house they stood in. Really, though, there was nothing else to say, so I went on. “Let’s get back now to *my* question. I believe I asked why you two are dressed like you’re heading out on a camping trip. When you professed to be my fantasy slut, Abbie, I have to say, this was not how I fantasized you looking.”

Like that, Abbie’s glare vanished, replaced immediately by a look so smug she could probably copyright it. I hadn’t noticed the high-heeled platform sandals she was wearing, but as the girl stripped out of her sweatsuit to reveal the fetish schoolgirl outfit beneath it, I appreciated how prepared she’d been to get into costume. Thin white blouse tied off beneath her breasts, buttons straining to contain their bounty beneath. A bra, this time, easily discernible through the paper-thin fabric of the top. Navy blue? Black? I wasn’t sure. I would be soon. The tartan skirt from the photo, though, that was navy. Once Abbie had adjusted it to where she wanted it, the waist was clear up over her

belly button, which meant the bottom was struggling to cover anything it was meant to be covering.

To satisfy the itch of curiosity, I lifted the front to inspect. Plain white cotton panties. Like a good schoolgirl should wear.

“Teacher likey?” she asked, twisting to give me a good look from all angles.

My mouth was suddenly parched. “Very much. You get that just for me?”

“The top, yes. The skirt is from middle school when my cunt stepdad tried to force me to go to St. Mary’s. Nuns couldn’t handle me. Virgin-ass penguins held me back and everything. But what do you think? Still fits pretty good for what it’s doing, right?”

“Yes, it certainly...” Somehow, mid-sentence it dawned on me that if she hadn’t been held back a year, she’d be a senior. “Hang on, what?”

Abbie shrugged. “Nuns are cunts. They just don’t know how to use ‘em.”

“No, you’re... wait. That’d make you two the same age.”

“I’m six weeks older,” Taylor clarified ambiguously.

“But... but are you... twins can’t...”

The girls shared a look, then broke into laughter. “You thought we were twins?” snorted Taylor.

“Not before thirty seconds ago! So then what—”

“Stepsisters. Duh. Her mom married my dad, like, six or seven years ago. How could you not know that? We don’t even look anything alike.” Taylor eyed her apparent stepsister with disdain.

“She wishes,” retorted Abbie.

I looked back and forth between the two girls with their long blondish brown hair, curvy figures, tanned skin, beautiful faces. How could they *not* be... but I supposed they weren’t the only busty blonde girls with tans in school. “Huh. That’s... I don’t know. Huh.”

Abbie dragged a fingernail in zigzags down my chest. “You thought I was seventeen, and you were gonna fuck me anyway?”

“Um, I wasn’t... I mean, I was, but—”

This time, Abbie’s giggling was pointed rather more directly at me. “Holy shit, Tay, I’m so hot I turned him into a fuckin’ child molester!”

“You hit on me first!” I cried defensively.

Taylor was howling. “Right, so it would’ve only been statutory, see?”

I glared between the two of them until, after a bit too long for my dignity’s sake, they finally stopped laughing. “Are you done?”

Abbie patted my shoulder. “Come on, Mr. C. A couple minutes’ teasing is better than twenty to forty without parole, right?”

Before I could say something clever back at her, or more likely, the girls could continue mocking me, there was the pointed sound of a throat clearing behind me.

“Oh hey, Ms. Salata. You got a nice pad.” Taylor’s tone was as dry as Candy’s shower had been wet. Her hair still was, somewhat, though the rest of her was now dry and covered in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms and a billowy shirt. It couldn’t have been more of a pointed attempt to protect her shape from roving eyes than if she’d come out in a hazmat suit.

“Good afternoon, girls. I take it Mr. Canon has brought you up to speed on our arrangement?”

“Yeah, he said he made you his bitch, pretty much.” Abbie helped herself to a seat on the sofa. She didn’t bother crossing her legs, not that it would have done anything to preserve her modesty. “So how’s it feel?”

The sight of a teacher mustering the resolve to show restraint despite a student trying their best to provoke a reaction engendered more empathy in me than all of her belly-aching and sass in the shower had. “Look. Abbie, Taylor, none of us are in a position we want to be in,” their other teacher began.

Abbie shrugged. “I dunno, I’m kind of OK with it.”

“OK, a situation none of us wanted to be in this time Thursday,” continued Candy evenly. “Now it’s going to make some things complicated, obviously. That said, I expect you two to remember that I am still your teacher, and presently, your hostess, and I expect you to act accordingly.”

Taylor took her own seat in the armchair I’d used when I’d broken all this to Isa and Candy. “But like, you can’t tell anybody about any of this, can you? Like, for instance, if I called you, say, a gash guzzling geezer... you can’t actually do anything about, right?”

Always the age slams with these two – and Candy was even newer to the profession than I was! She wasn’t put off, though. “If I understand correctly, no one in this house is empowered to disclose the nature of your relationship, you included. So if I opted to assign you detention every day through graduation, my question is what exactly *you* think you’re going to do to stop me.”

“But Mr. Canon already has me with him every day after school.”

My colleague glanced to me, and I nodded. “Fine, Saturday classes then. We still have time for a few of those.”

Abbie giggled. “Oh no, don’t lock us alone in a room with Mr. Canon for five hours. However would we fill the time?”

Candy sighed. “You do Saturday class?”

“Yeah. Most weeks. I had to call in a favor to cover it yesterday because of... well.” All this chest-thumping was getting out of hand, though, and moreover interfering with my plan. “Look here, girls. You two are going to behave yourselves for Ms. Salata. Ms. Salata, you’re not going to unjustly punish them either. The more out of character you

behave, the more attention it calls to us, and the last thing we need is more people asking questions or looking for connections. Yes?”

One by one, they each sullenly conceded that I was right. Whatever our different opinions and compulsions, none of us wanted people to grow curious, however slightly. “Good. Now, if you’ll excuse us, Candy, the girls and I have a lot to catch up on.”

Abbie snickered. “Translation: piss off so we can fuck in your living room without you lezzing out on us.”

“Hey, enough!” I snapped.

Taylor scrunched up her face. “What? We’re just busting her girl balls, Mr. C, chill.”

“That’s not the first homophobic slur I’ve heard you girls utter since you entered Ms. Salata’s home. Nor, frankly, is it the first outside of it for you, Taylor.”

Taylor folded her arms. “I have no fucking clue what you’re talking about.”

“Let’s see. How about the time you spread a rumor that Deborah was, and I’m quoting it as it was revealed to me here, ‘a dick-disdaining deep-diving diesel dyke?’”

Recognition bloomed on her face, followed by fresh gales of laughter. “Oh my god, I forgot about that! It wasn’t a rumor – remember, it was the day we did, what’s it called... alliteration! Oh shit, Ryan fucking lost it over that. That shit’s on you, Mr. Canon.”

“And you don’t see how you’re making my point for me with your reaction, Taylor?”

Abbie rolled her eyes. “She’s too used to guys who wanna fuck her so they laugh at all her dumbass jokes.”

“Yes, well, nevertheless, ‘it was just a joke’ is not an acceptable excuse for bullying or mistreatment of others. Now apologize.”

Taylor stroked her chin contemplatively. “Or... now I’m looking at this from all angles here, so bear with me. Or... get bent.” More laughter. Abbie giggled along this time.

Quit letting her behave like this, Canon. Don’t be a pussy.

“What you girls may or may not realize is that such displays of bigotry can often be a mask for latent homosexual urges in the person espousing them,” I began.

Candy arched an eyebrow and addressed me in a low tone, meekly interjecting. “Actually, the science on that is not really confirmed...”

“Ms. Salata, I’m trying to teach these girls something, and you’re *disrupting* my lesson *plan*.” The significant look that accompanied my words was totally unnecessary. Her eyes widened, mortified, and she mouthed a hasty apology.

“Though there have been numerous studies to suggest that very possibility,” she amended.

“Nice save,” said Abbie. “So can we fuck now or are we gonna get the whole SJW treatment?”

“My point being, how do we know you’re not using these outbursts to cover for your own feelings of attraction to other women, Taylor?”

“What? Seriously? Look, I got nothing against her kind. But I’m not gonna tone it down just to spare some weak-ass bitch’s feelings. I ain’t built that way.”

“Oh yes, we’re all familiar with your capacity for ‘keepin’ it rull,’ as the kids say,” the social studies teacher replied dryly.

“Nobody ever says that,” the two answered in unison.

I ignored all three of them. “So I think what we need to do, as a thought experiment, is to give Taylor an opportunity to engage in lesbian behavior and see whether or not her body responds.”

This time, it was all three women who spoke together. “We need to what?!”

“Was I unclear?”

Taylor rose to her feet, hands wadded into fists. “Mr. Canon, you can’t do that! She’s... she’s my *sister*!”

“I thought she was your stepsister?”

“Yeah, but like since we were twelve! We didn’t even have tits back then! You can’t!” Abbie, for her part, was objecting no less vociferously.

“Well, if the idea of being with one another makes you so uncomfortable, then perhaps we’ll need a third party to assist us.”

Candy was already back-pedaling as we all looked to her. “What? No. No way, Canon. You want me to... I don’t even know, but no. If you’re going to engage in sexual intercourse with students, I’ll state once more for the record that I don’t approve and I think you’re sick, but I won’t get in the way. But I will not stand idly by and let you involve me in—”

“It’s part of the lesson plan.”

Seven little syllables and her protest died on her lips. All she needed was that nudge, and her next breath was a sigh of resignation. “Fine, then. Just tell me what you need me to do.”

Thank you, Serenex.

“For starts, go change into something less... that. See what Abbie did? Like that, but for teachers. Best you can do.”

Now that it was part of the plan, there was no resistance, no sulking. She would never do anything to disrupt my plans, even made-up sex lessons with her students. Candy nodded and padded quickly down towards her bedroom without another word.

“And you,” I said, walking over to Taylor. “You had to know what I had in mind for this afternoon. You might be lazy and disrespectful, but you’re not stupid. And yet you dressed like this. Were you trying to provoke me, or what?”

“Abbie made me!” Taylor insisted. “But look, I—”

“Shh. Hush, Tay.” Her sister cut her off quickly, rising from the couch and coming up behind me. Abbie’s body pressed against my back, her pelvis grinding softly against my ass, hands massaging my chest. “I wanted her to look cas for the road. Low profile, keeping our secret and all. I will *never* let anyone find out what happened in your room. But what you’re looking at is just the gift wrapping. See, Mr. C? I brought my favy teacher a shiny red apple. You just gotta unwrap it.”

Mixed metaphor aside, I have to say I was pleased. Abbie Stern was a lot of things, but I was fast learning that an incredibly generous sexual partner was chief among them. Or maybe her ego simply couldn’t handle not having jaws drop at her handiwork. I looked over Taylor, and indeed, on closer consideration, there was something under that baggy tee. As for the sweats, I couldn’t tell, but I suddenly had a good feeling.

A very, very good feeling.

It was happening. My god, at last it was happening! Taylor Stern, the unrepentant bitch who’d made my job hell for two long years, who’d bullied and lied and thrown tantrums and teased and frustrated me in every way a student and a woman could... It was happening. She was mine.

It was happening.

I began by untucking her shirt. It was wedged in there good and tight. That provided a glimpse of her lower belly, as smooth and flat as Candy’s. Except it was Taylor Stern’s. With a hand on her chest, I shoved her back down into her seat so I could untie and remove her shoes and socks. Abbie stepped back to let me work. Nice of her. As for Taylor, ditching footwear was necessary, true, but tackling that first was mostly done to give me a moment to ponder whether I wanted to go after the top or the bottoms first. Those tits of hers had been shoved in my face for years, at times almost literally when she took the opportunity to loom. Her ass, though... ever since her first dose, watching her bend over to write her lessons on the whiteboard, it had haunted me.

With two handfuls of buttocks, I pulled her back to her feet, but I remained kneeling.

Her pussy was mere inches from my face. I could feel the heat emanating from it. Was I imagining things, or was it hotter than the rest of her? Well duh, obviously the girl’s pussy was hotter than... oh, never mind. I hooked a finger in both of the hip pockets. It would have been easy to pull them down all at once, but why rush? Whatever happened in the time to come, I would never be able to undress Taylor Stern for the first time again. I didn’t even untie the drawstring, giving it maximum resistance.

It was high time to wear down that resistance.

Left side down an inch.

Right side down an inch.

Left side.

Right side.

Left...

“Whoa.” I looked back to where Abbie was sitting. The girl looked pretty pleased with herself at the look on my face, and she had every right to be. I was finally getting a glimpse of what Taylor had on under those pink sweats. I’d wondered if it would be a classic teen slut uniform complete with the fluorescent thong, or perhaps nothing at all. All those times her panties or thong straps showed above her pants, the times she wore those white leggings and brightly color panties beneath, the skirts that found ways to divulge their secrets. I’d been beside myself with anticipation of which one my eyes would meet.

Instead... Leather. It was leather.

Once I’d gotten a glimpse, my incrementalism was forgotten. Those things went right down to her knees, showing me the painfully tight black leather boy cut shorts Taylor’s sister had picked out for her. They were so tight they cut into her skin. The cleft between her labia was visible, even. Right there in front of me. There was no stopping it now. I nestled my face into that heavenly space between her thighs.

Suspicion confirmed: it was indeed hotter than the rest of her. The smell of her... god. I couldn’t wait to taste it. Except I could, because I wasn’t done unwrapping my apple yet.

I didn’t tarry long before I spun her around. It was equally tight in the back, cutting a horizontal line across her butt cheeks that caused the lower portion to pooch out like an upside down muffin top. Perhaps inspired subconsciously by that very thought, I helped myself to a bite. I took that revealed flesh and sunk my teeth in and just chewed for a moment. Somewhere in there the sweatpants came off the rest of the way, but my whole world was that tender, rubbery buttock. What my hands were doing was their business; my mouth was busy chewing on Taylor Stern’s ass.

She said nothing.

Eventually I remembered there was more to her than an ass and a pussy. But first, I crooked a finger to Abbie, beckoning her. She took my meaning, slipping to her knees and crawling across the room to me. The bitch knew exactly what I’d wanted her for, too, because as she reached me she climbed up my body like a snake until we were chest to chest, and I locked my mouth on hers instantly. No gum this time, just a slippery teen tongue and the fervent desire to use it.

“Good girl.”

She grinned. “You ain’t seen nothing yet, Mr. C. Go on. Ogle that body. She’s a sex object. Tits and ass.” Until that moment, I couldn’t recall with clarity what exactly had been said to make Abbie this way, but hearing her echo her sister’s words did the trick.

Taylor Stern's penchant for sass had indeed, as I had long predicted, proven her undoing.

Abbie graciously helped me to my feet, but remained kneeling beside me. The girl's thighs spread so she could press the whole center of her body against me, from her pussy against my ankle to my tits draped around my thigh. But my attention was back on Taylor. Standing face to face was a handy reminder that she had a face at all. Presently, it was glowering like I'd accused her of cheating.

"Well? Get on with it. Need me to lift my arms for ya, or can you handle it?"

No sir, I hadn't come this far to let her start calling the shots, even if it was the thing I'd been about to do anyway. No. She wanted me to play on her terms, or if she couldn't have those, then to savor what enjoyment she could by denying me my control of the situation. Taylor was still Taylor. So instead, I grasped her ass in both hands and pulled her slowly but firmly against me. "Did you bring any of that chapstick you love so much?"

The question took her by surprise. "Um, yeah? It's in my pocket. The pants." She pointed. I gestured, and Abbie helpfully fetched and delivered it. Which one of us was more into watching Taylor brought down a few pegs?

"Different color," I observed, examining it behind her head.

"Yeah, something about the last one being poisoned or something." She flashed a sardonic grin.

I took my time, casually unscrewing the cap with my arms still wrapped around her back. Took a sniff. Sweet, fruity. Berry, maybe? Taylor waited, chest heaving with each breath. At last, I brought the body of it near her lips. "Tell me you want it."

Her eyes narrowed. This close, those resentful orbs were my window to the world. "I want it."

I slapped her ass, open-palmed, with my free hand. She yelped in surprise and pain. "Like you really want it. Like you did in my classroom."

Her jaw was trembling. In outrage, anticipation, dread... who could say. Maybe lust, even if she'd never give me the pleasure of admitting it. "It's mine. Give it to me. You can't take my stuff for no reason."

"Say please."

My forehead leaned against hers. Our noses touched. I wanted to feel her breath on my lips when she gave in. The girl made me wait for it, though. Hand to god, this was better than any sex I'd ever had. When I got around to fucking her, I had no doubt it would be incredible. That face, that body, her power and her energy... it would be great. But here, watching her hold out as long as she could, knowing there was no way out but to give me what I wanted, unwilling to yield but left with no alternative... I was watching her spirit break. I only hoped it was resilient enough that it could handle breaking a little more.

A whisper. "Please."

I gave her what she wanted. I smeared on a layer across each lip, first upper, then lower. The berry fragrance filled my nostrils along with the barest hint of my student's breath. By reflex, she puckered her lips in and out to apply it evenly. I gave her a little extra help with my thumb.

"Food for thought, Ms. Stern. If you'd been so accommodating when it was first confiscated, you'd have never been put in this position. You'd be at home cyber-bullying the fat girls and getting high with your idiot friends. Instead you had to pick a fight with me. And it looks as though you lost."

"Fuck y—"

I kissed her. Not in the celebratory way I had Abbie. I simply extended my lips, and hers were close enough they made contact. She didn't kiss back. Good. I sucked her lower lip into my mouth, wet and tender and berry. Then as my tongue slowly invaded her mouth, she had little choice but to kiss back, or stand there like a statue and be explored. Either was fine with me, but she evidently preferred the less awkward path of submission. Taylor's head tilted to the side and her jaw slid open for easier commingling of our tongues. My hands slid up her back and came to rest behind her head, fingers twining into Taylor's thick wavy tresses to hold her face to mine. I made out with that beautiful, evil face until we ran out of air.

Then I kissed her some more.

Was she reciprocating because she liked it? Because she'd been compelled to? Because she'd rather play along than submit to being the victim? Who the fuck cared. By now my hands had run out of patience for my lips, and they were easing that shirt up of their own accord as they'd done earlier with the sweatpants. There was something under that outer layer, I felt, but I couldn't tell what. It was on her stomach, so no mere bra. Taylor's shirt flew across the room, knocking over a pile of junk mail and coasters on the coffee table, and I knew I had to look. Despite my desire to remain attached to those lips, those lips which had devoted so much time and energy to pissing me the fuck off all this time, I needed to see Taylor. The new Taylor.

My Taylor.

It was a corset. Taylor Stern was wearing a corset. For me.

There was a thin strip of tanned flesh between it and the black leather shorts. The corset looked like leather at a glance, but whatever the imitation material was made of was crimson red. The bodice was decorated with stitched patterns of the same color. Taylor was slender already, but it pinched in her waist all the more, which only helped to showcase her breasts in a way nothing ever had before. Upwards, outwards, lifting and thrusting and squeezing and bulging... her tits were a work of art. Literally, I think. They were spectacular.

“Abbie... I am going to fuck that slutty pussy of yours harder than anyone ever has or will again,” I promised, marveling at the sight before me. That she was back to scowling only sweetened it. I was seeing the real Taylor, the bitch, the vixen, the tease and the thug all at once. Seeing how much she hated being seen that way was icing on the cake. Or on the apple, as it were. My bright red apple.

Abbie purred at my promise. “You better. I’d almost forgot she had the corset, actually.”

“You already owned this Taylor? What the heck for?”

She tugged at the garment here and there, adjusting it into place. Better still. “I do a little cosplaying at cons sometimes. You can make insane money off these dorks just to pose and smile. Corset set me back two hundred bucks, but I raked in close to six grand off it so far this year.”

“Look at that initiative, Taylor. I’m proud of you.” Her smile at my praise only rendered my punchline all the sweeter. “Already completing an internship in the prostitudinal arts – good career planning for a girl who’d rather flunk out with glossy lips than graduate without.”

“Eat me, Mr. Canon.”

“I will. But I think I’ll let you go first.”

Abbie was running out of patience, though. “Yeah, so can we skip this stupid thing with Ms. Salata, or wha...”

I saw my colleague’s apt entrance at the same time the girls did. “Jesus Christ, Candace...”

Really, she’d earned the moniker of Candy now more than ever, but I reached for the more familiar term of address by reflex. The outfit itself was actually quite simple. Black stockings ending mid-thigh, held up by suspenders. A black mini skirt with pin stripes that, not unlike Abbie’s, couldn’t be covering more than an inch or two below her pussy, with the same margin above her ass. Where did one get such an outfit? With her slight build and the tightness of the skirt, it was like she’d found it at a rummage sale for pre-teen skanks.

Then there was the top, which... didn’t exist. There was a black jacket, buttoned once near the belly button, and beneath that, nothing. Skin. Cleavage. Nakedness. Miles of it. The only decoration above the neck was a fairly plain gold necklace with a tiny blue stone that dangled between her breasts, its luster making sure we all took a look in case we’d forgotten to.

Oh, and her earrings matched. That was a nice touch.

“Is this OK?” she asked, giving us a spin. The skirt was so tight it outlined each ass cheek separately. Damn.

“Sorry, but why does a teacher even own something that slutty?” queried Abbie, evidently oblivious to the irony of asking such a question while kneeling subserviently at another teacher’s feet.

“It was something I had for a sorority party senior year. CEO’s and Secretary Hoes, it was called. I didn’t choose the theme. I used to have this see-through top that went with it, but I think something got spilled on it and I threw it out. Guess I didn’t figure I’d have any further need to dress like a slutty parody of professionalism in my career. Shows what I know.”

God, I wanted to fuck her. Bend her over, tug those panties aside, and dive in. She’d let me too. Say it was educational, or some such nonsense. I didn’t care. She wasn’t going to make trouble for me, so if I wanted to do it, I could do it. Same with Abbie, my fawning fantasy slut. And Taylor, the sex object who’d let me do whatever I wanted thanks to her little sister’s intervention. I looked back to leatherclad Taylor, then down to schoolgirl plaything Abbie, and back to slutty instructor Candy, round and round.

“Mr. Canon?” prompted Candy at last. “I believe you said there was a plan...?”

I blinked. “I did, didn’t I.” I mean, why not? After this long of a wait, may as well enjoy myself as thoroughly as possible. It was a sobering thought, that once I actually took it out and put it to use, this thing would be over all too soon. Today was for savoring.

“Very well, ladies. Let’s start the lesson.”