

Faculty Meeting

“Uh, Miss C...?” interrupted Brian, one of her freshman yearbook staff, as she was explaining an error on the previous day’s assignment.

She didn’t like to be interrupted mid-sentence any more than any other teacher, but he was a sweet kid. She let the faux pas slide. “Yes, Brian?”

“You’re kind of... close,” he mumbled, grimacing in embarrassment at having to point it out.

The temperature of her blood lowered ten degrees in an instant as she realized he was right. He was actually leaning away from her, practically ready to fall out of his desk, as she was leaning over his desk from behind. Even so, her right breast was brushing against the boy’s cheek. Worse...

“And, um... your, uh...” He cleared his throat, but finished in a whisper anyway. “Your nipple is out.”

Of course she’d been crowding him with her boobs. And of course her nipple was out. She’d been spending close to half of every class period all week working with Jordan Lyons one on one, and by now she’d accepted that he simply wouldn’t pay an ounce of attention if she wasn’t doing something to titillate him. Often several somethings. She’d crouch next to his desk and rub his inner thigh while proofing his work, or sit on his lap in the computer lab as he unenthusiastically completed an assignment he should have finished weeks ago. Half-finished, really.

She prided herself as a professional, yet nevertheless the harder she tried to coax him along, the harder he dug in his heels. Why, earlier in the period she’d caught him napping on the mini-couch in the lab. Knowing that if she woke him any other way he would be so crabby he’d refuse to do any work for the rest of the day, Kristy had to ask her other students to clear the room so she could draw the curtain and suck him back into the waking world. She could still taste his cum on her breath.

Could Brian smell it? Should she take a mint? He was still giving her that look.

Oh right, her nipple. Shit.

She tucked it back into the skimpy scoop top outfit, trying not to turn as red as the silk fabric as she apologized to Brian, told him he was on the right track, and retreated behind her desk. Jordan was smirking at her from across the room, like he often did. Why wouldn’t he? It must be pretty funny to such a spoiled brat, partaking in an educational system in which the onus was entirely on the teacher to teach, and not at all on the learner to learn. He could sit back, keep giving his pathetic level of effort while she continued the Sisyphian task of dragging his grade back into the black.

It was getting harder and harder to cover for it. Sure, her recent shift in wardrobe technically acceptable thanks to Conner and TIOS, but coupled with her behavior... As

Brian had just demonstrated, students were noticing her new hypersexualized teaching style, and not everyone was on board yet. It had started as a way to get Jordan to pay attention, but as it began to yield results she couldn't help but consider a wider application.

Within certain limits. She didn't want to be doling out blowjobs to the entire male student body, after all. No matter what it might do for the graduation rates.

Was it working? With Jordan, indubitably. With the others... she hadn't had a hard time reaching them before, in most cases, but she was only recently beginning to gather data on the efficacy of the technique.

Brian, for instance, didn't seem quite ready yet. She made a mental note and moved on to see how Don was doing, squatting beside his desk and making sure he had a good view down her neckline.

Don was one who definitely responded positively to her new style.

"Damn, Miss C, pair of titties like yours, how could I not want to come to your boring ass class?"

She folded her arms under her breasts – then had to stop before she started when her left breast popped right out of the crop top's neckline. "All right, Jordan, I'm glad you've found something to motivate you. Still, you're not the only one in here. Let's remember some people actually enjoy this class, OK? Do you really want to be the kind of person who saps other people's enjoyment of something?"

That line worked sometimes with her humbuggers, but Jordan's only reaction was to grin at the sight of her briefly exposed tit. "As long as you keep letting those sweater cows flop out like that, I'll be whatever kind of person you like."

If only, she thought. That hadn't been the first time he'd seen her naked; last month's Spirit Week had been a non-stop flesh parade and it hadn't done squat to improve his behavior. "Glad to hear it."

As she turned to walk away from the conversation, though, his voice came after her. "So I gotta ask, one teacher to another."

"One...?" Oh right, she always forgot he was technically a colleague as well as a student. Whoever had lead that search committee should be fired. She hoped he was a better teacher than he was student. It would be hard to be worse.

Jordan drummed his fingers on the desk, visibly waiting for her brain to catch up to reality. "So. Do you find being a giant slut to be a helpful teaching tool?"

Kristy whirled on him, glaring in spite of herself. "First off, talk to me like that again and you won't have to worry about teacher-to-teacher dialogue, because I'll file a report with the union and you'll be out of a job in a second, understand?"

Jordan's eyes widened in surprise at her tone; he'd apparently gotten used to being able to sass her with impunity. She'd put up with a lot in the name of reaching

her students, but sexual harassment from a coworker was way across the line. To think, if he hadn't reminded her of his new job, she might have let him get away with it! It was a little hard to keep track of, sometimes, how he straddled that line. She continued. "But to your question, yes, a good teacher uses every technique she knows."

He recovered from the rebuke, smirk slowly returning. "Even your sexuality?"

Kristy hesitated. She'd like to say no, but here she was in front of a student who'd only lift a pencil if she were doing something to excite him. Loathe as she was to admit it, it was working. "Evidently," she said.

"You don't find that a little... degrading?" he pressed.

"Sure I do, but so is working seventy hours a week for peanuts," she answered.

"Degrading or not, I do whatever I have to do to teach you guys."

His eyes sparkled.

"Conner!" she exclaimed, adding as an afterthought, "Amanda! I didn't expect you two would be back in today."

The editors-in-chief smiled to their staff. The two had probably been missing their staff; she'd been sending them out on so many errands lately, they'd hardly had any face time. "The print shop was closed, actually. I know Priyanshi said something in an email yesterday about how there was a bug going around the office. We figure it must've hit critical mass or something," Amanda explained.

The way Conner's eyes lit up when he saw her did a world of good for her morale. She had been missing him so much – as a lover, yes, but really even as a student. She'd been so embarrassed by the way she was carrying on lately, and knew full well how jealous her comportment might make him, that she'd been sending him away on whatever pretexts she could fabricate. Sending Amanda with him was blatant overkill; either one of them could easily handle any of the tasks she been doling out. Still, they took longer when they were out together, which gave her time to focus on her teaching without having to worry about what he might think of some of her new techniques.

Kristy tried not to think about what it was they were doing that made them take longer when they were together. The on-going presence of the busty blonde brainiac in the room already made her inclination to jealousy bad enough. Ever since prom, they'd been in a constant competition for him, a cold war of seduction.

On some level, she felt like she had TIOS to blame for how difficult this new situation was proving. Conner had explained all about how nobody saw anything amiss with the risqué clothing choices of their classmates and teachers, and little by little she'd seen what he meant by risqué. Heather Blake, for instance, sat there today wearing an extremely undersized bib and a bolt of cloth folded like a diaper and held on with a clothespin. Kristy never bothered asking what those insipid Pride girls meant by their protests – no doubt today it would be something about how dress codes infantilize

women or some such bullshit. Nobody else in the room seemed to pay it any heed, but if Kristy thought about it, she could appreciate that having her sideboob and underboob both completely visible was absurdly inappropriate.

(The pacifier was simply superfluous.)

However, her own clothing was arguably no less inappropriate. She was channeling sort of a sexy farm girl look. Overalls were the dominant piece, except they were cut as shorts. Very, very short shorts. Any time she moved her shoulders she could feel the back disappearing into her butt. She did have a tank top on underneath, but one that covered next to nothing of her sides. If her arms came up any, everyone was treated to a sight of sideboob, and if there was less of it visible than on Heather, well, there was less boob to display.

Oh, and there were pigtails.

Yet nobody had batted an eye when she came in this morning looking like that. Conner appreciated it, yes, and Amanda gave her that disdainful look she'd been catching more and more from her of late. (Did she somehow know about the dress code, too? Had Conner told her?) Other than those two, however, she might as well have come in wearing a sweatsuit for all anybody else noticed.

(Of course, the one time of late she had tried wearing less revealing clothes, Jordan certainly noticed *that*, if only so he could make it a point to explain why he was ditching her class that afternoon. She'd mollified him by taking her top off and teaching in just her bra for the rest of the period.)

It had been fun, at first, a way of flirting with Conner without having anyone know what she was about, yet now that she was trying to get people to notice how sexy she could look, it was actually rather frustrating. She really had to slather it on thick to get her students to realize she was too hot to ignore. Which only made it all the more humiliating. What was the point of all the work that went into maintaining a body this sexy if it did nothing to reach her students?

Earlier that day, she'd been doing Romeo and Juliet, and as her kids zoned out at the first intonation of iambic pentameter, she'd had to reel them back in by paraphrasing some of Juliet's lines for them in modern English.

"So here she's kind of saying, 'Oh, Romeo, I want you so bad! You wouldn't believe how wet I am just from hearing you talk. But Daddy won't like it, so if you wanna fuck me as much as I wanna fuck you, we'll have to run away together!'"

It wasn't quite the spirit of it, but there was no denying they'd paid a *lot* more attention, so maybe that was worth the utter embarrassment she'd felt.

It was near the end of class, and her editors-in-chief had plenty to catch up on to occupy them. Good. Conner wouldn't be happy if he saw the way she let Jordan finger her while she walked him through what needed fixing on his spread, nor of the way he

periodically yanked back on her pigtails to suck on her neck. There would be a hickey there if he wasn't careful, and she didn't know how she'd explain that away.

Soon the clock indicated the bell was mere minutes away and students began packing up. Kristy foolishly called out a reminder of the quiz coming up the following day; as he'd done several times before in such moments, Jordan shoved an extra finger inside her pussy and rammed them in and out rapidly. The result was that her voice came out in a breathy gasp, cut off in a sudden yelp. Her students rolled their eyes upon seeing their teacher once more displaying her supposed favoritism and left the room early. Why not? With her body impaled on Jordan's fingers, it wasn't like she could chase them down and stop them; plus, it was hard for them to respect a woman who let a student treat her like a prostitute. One he didn't especially like.

"You know, I'm kind of in the zone here, Miss C," he said into her ear. "If you wanna stick around after school and help, I bet I'll do a kick-ass job on that quiz tomorrow."

Kristy grimaced. She'd had plans to spend the afternoon – and hopefully much of the evening – with a bottle of wine, and with Conner. Her anxiety that she was losing him to Heather and/or Amanda felt increasingly realistic; she hadn't been intimate with him in close to two weeks. Every time she made plans, it seemed, she was too swamped with work to prioritize her own personal life.

It was a tale as old as time.

"Miss C, why don't you ever give me a detention?"

She narrowed her eyes. Could Jordan have gone from "asking for it" with his disrespectful conduct to literally asking for it? "Because different disciplinary methods work well on different people," she said vaguely. How else could she say she was afraid that if she tried, she'd lose him forever?

"You mean like how when you're being a cunt, it's easier to take you over my lap and smack your ass red than just tell you you're being a cunt?"

She grit her teeth for a moment, then decided to respond on his merit than to his tone. "Discipline isn't about doing what's easier. It's about doing what's effective. Frankly, I'd like to stop giving out detentions altogether and start trying some of more progressive techniques out there. Meditation, intervention – hell, even going back to community service."

"Well that's interesting," he said, somehow managing to sound shockingly sincere. Interesting? It was the first time he'd found anything interesting about his yearbook teacher aside from her tits and pussy in weeks. "You know, I'd love to try some of that out with you sometime. Meditation, or whatever. Maybe it'd be the silver bullet, ya know? Finally get me to quit giving you such a hard time."

Kristy wasn't an idiot. If he wanted help amending his garbage attitude, he'd be the first student to seek out such an intervention that she'd ever heard of. Still, if she could get him to agree to try – even for whatever ulterior motive he was surely harboring – she might actually be able to accomplish something.

It was like when she'd taken Conner to that Thai restaurant. He'd only agreed to go because she'd made a big fuss about their three-month anniversary (of what, she didn't even know and he'd been too afraid of looking thoughtless to ask). Thai food had scared the heck out of the untraveled young man, but after driving an hour out of town to try it (so he could feel comfortable being seen with her in public, the paranoid little dear), he'd wound up loving it. She'd let him "talk her into" going again next weekend.

"If you'd like to try it, I can make time for it," she said. "I'm free after school any day this week, except Thursday."

"Yeah, that's a problem. See, Thursday's the only day I'm free."

"Oh. Maybe some other week, then."

Kristy's optimism to sneak in some attitude adjustment time with Jordan was a rather fragile thing, and she turned to let it go at that. A squeal of alarm burst from her lips, however, as suddenly his hand was grasping the waistline of her shorts, tugging her back until she tumbled into his lap. He left his hand there, grinning as he rubbed his middle finger in her ass crack, up and down the length of the strap of her thong.

"Come on, you're gonna give up on me that easy, Miss C?" His other hand forcibly parted her thighs, resting on the right side and rubbing aggressively mere inches away from her pussy. "What do you have going on Thursday that's so important?"

She had a date with Conner, in point of fact. Her first in far too long. Nothing fancy, a little Netflix and a lot of chilling, but that was her ideal date anyway. She'd made up something about having a lot of work to grade first after school to allow him to predictably offer to help her grade it as a pretense to open up the evening's festivities by working him up to fucking her on her desk. God, she never got tired of that.

"None of your business, that's what. What do you have going on tomorrow, Wednesday and Friday?"

"Eh, I just like to fuck my girlfriend first thing after school," he said, and she tried not to grimace too hard. This boy had no boundaries.

"Well good for the two of you. I'm sure then that you'll understand if I have a personal life, too."

"Sure," he said, hand sliding higher until he was practically fingering her. Not that she wanted him to. It did feel a little good, though. Or would, if not for the judging eyes of several of her students on her. "I guess I'm a little surprised is all."

“Surprised that I have a life?” she said, glaring when he deliberately slipped a finger all the way under her shorts to graze her labia through her thong mid-sentence.

“No, surprised you’d put your socializing with your friends ahead of teaching your students.” As if he’d ever put his own education ahead of his socializing!

Kristy couldn’t keep the frost out of her voice as she snapped, “I’ll have you know that teaching you is always my top priority, understand? I put in more than enough overtime around here, and I don’t need to explain how I spend the scant time I keep for myself. Is that clear?”

He only laughed. “Got it, Miss C. Teaching. Top priority. Loud and clear.”

“I... suppose I can make time,” she said, sighing in her heart if not quite out loud. Conner would understand. Maybe. Maybe one of his other girlfriends would keep him company in her stead. She hated to cancel on him. Making him happy felt so good, but teaching came first, and her happiness - and thus his - was second. A distant second, it felt, lately.

But she was definitely strengthening her bond with Jordan. Maybe this time she’d finally get through to him? She made a note to ditch her bra once class let out. The little pig always paid closer attention when her tits were easily accessible.

“All right, slutcakes, are you ready to... what?”

Jordan stopped mid-swagger at the look on her face. It wasn't even deliberate; Kristy had simply been staring into space thinking, and evidently whatever look those thoughts espoused was quite a look indeed.

Conner had, after a fashion, understood. She'd been oblique about things, telling him she had to meet with another teacher to do some peer education on student discipline. Not even a lie, technically, but it had still sounded every bit as trivial as it truthfully was. He'd tried to talk her into it, seeing how unhappy she'd been, telling him how excited he was to cheer her up (and being uncharacteristically graphic as to how).

But she'd insisted. Teaching came first, play came second.

Amanda had popped in then to offer a reminder that they had a project they could collaborate on, if he was going to be free after all, and as they all tried to ignore the transparency of the coded message, Conner glumly accepted. Kristy hadn't missed the smug look on Amanda's face as she lead him out of the room on the end of an invisible leash lead by an all-too-visible pair of legs. Ever since that mad and wonderful night after prom, they'd been waging a war for his attention, and Kristy was clearly losing. Badly.

Reaching her most difficult student was supposed to be her solace. But instead...

“You're forty-five minutes late, Jordan.” Her voice was ice cold.

“Sorry, got caught up with helping one of my students on a project.”

She was out of her seat and in his face in a flash, jabbing a finger hard into his chest. “I canceled my plans to make time for you! When somebody sets aside time for you, you don't... Do you have any idea how rude that is?”

It was more satisfying than she could have imagined to watch that smirk of his pucker. “Hey now, you aren't going to motivate me acting like that, Miss Kristy,” he grumbled.

“Near as I can tell, nothing I've been doing has been motivating you! Did you know you're still failing? Three weeks of one-on-one attention, and you're *still* failing! Actually, I ran the numbers and your grade is worse than it was before! You have a list of incomplete projects as long as my leg—”

“Damn, those are some long legs, too.”

He was already recovering from her initial attack, but she thundered on. “—and on Monday's quiz over APA style, you didn't answer a single question. Instead you just wrote, and I think I'm quoting you exactly here, ‘who cares about her style as long as she's got nice titties?’”

“Come on now, did you see what I drew on the back? That doesn't count for anything?”

She had, in fact; it had been a poorly illustrated caricature that she could only assume was meant to be her, bent over her desk, naked, grading papers while a half

dozen stick-figure students stood around jacking it to her bare ass. He'd turned his quiz in first, which meant after she graded it, it had been on the bottom of the stack. That was how she'd discovered the picture, when she checked what everyone was snickering about as she walked around handing them back.

"Is this all a joke to you? Do you take any aspect of your time in this classroom seriously? I've looked at your transcript, and if you flunk my class, you're not going to have enough English credits to graduate. Is that what you want? To have to stay here, in high school, putting up with me for another year?"

"Oh come on, you're not so bad, Kristy." He took a step closer, but she stood her ground, hands on hips, unwilling to be intimidated in her own classroom.

"Stop using my first name," she said heatedly.

"Why? I think you're cuter as a 'Kristy.' Oh, or you know what? Krissy." He tried to put his hands on her hips, but she squirmed out of his grasp. "Yeah, you're even sexier as a Krissy."

Her little sister had called her Krissy through much of her childhood, and she'd always hated it. Still, she'd dealt with kids enough to know not to admit to it aloud. "It doesn't matter, because students are to call teachers by their last name."

"But teachers call one another by first name all the time. I mean, I let you call me Jordan, don't I?"

"But..." She made herself consider. He *did* have a point, annoyingly. "Fine. Kris-tee. But only outside of class."

"Sure, sure, whatever you say." He took a seat in a nearby desk as casually as if she hadn't been shouting at him a moment earlier. "So what say we talk about how we can get me where I want to be in here?"

Kristy took a moment to calm herself. Then another moment. Finally, she turned to face Jordan, giving herself still another moment as she caught him staring at her chest. Those tits were for teaching students, not providing eye candy to her coworkers. It was infuriating that he had to be both.

"All right. So it sounded earlier like you were interested in learning more about positive intervention," she said at last.

"Yeah, sure, tell me more about that."

"Well, traditionally, when teachers intervene in student behaviors, it's in a negative light. That is, to address negative behaviors and issue consequences that the student will view negatively. You know, things like detention, in-school suspension, and so on."

He nodded to her, or at least to her boobs, as she went on. "So positive intervention is pretty much what it sounds like. Intervening in response to positive behaviors, or to give consequences to negative behavior that won't be viewed as negative."

“Wait, so like... you wanna reward me for treating you like a whore?” She glared, but he hurriedly tacked on, “For example, hypothetically.”

“No. But it’s about trying to understand the root cause of the behavior and address that. Students generally don’t act out because they want to disrupt the class. They act out because they’re bored, or because they’re hungry, or because they’re having a bad day – a bad week, or year maybe – or a hundred other reasons.”

“That makes sense. Sometimes I push your buttons just because I like the way your tits jiggle when your head snaps around to give me the stink-eye.”

Lord, this boy existed to make her lose her composure. “Hilarious. Anyway, so instead of punishing the student, I might pull them aside – maybe not even right in that moment, if it can wait – and try to talk to them, to understand their needs and their feelings.”

Jordan stroked his chin. “I think I get it, but... maybe if you could show me? Say, during class, I slapped you on that big round booty of yours and told you how it ought to be criminal to put such a fuckable woman in a position where none of us are allowed to fuck her.”

That was all too easy to imagination. He’d say almost that very thing twice last week. “So stipulated.”

“So... what would you, as a teacher concerned for my emotional well-being, do?”

“Right. So, since that sort of behavior is more than a little disruptive, I might ask you to work in the lab for the day, then once you got settled, come touch base with you to—”

But Jordan was looking to try this exercise in the field, evidently. He moved to the lab, quickly grabbing a laptop to take it with him to complete the proscribed arrangement. Kristy followed him after a moment. Role play could be an effective technique, and if he wanted to go that route, she was game.

“Hey, Jordan. How’s it going in here?”

“Better now that your fine ass is here.” He was still mostly focused on his laptop, and she could see even from her angle he was actually logging into TIOS. A method actor, it would seem. “Yeah, about that... I was hoping I could talk to you about earlier. The, ah, flirting.”

“Oh? Did I say something wrong?” he said too innocently by far.

“Well, yeah, a little. More than a little, actually. See, I’m your teacher, and you can’t talk to me like I’m a girl you go to class with.” She realized what she was implying, and added, “You shouldn’t talk to other girls like that either, really. Do you have a lot of experience, you know, talking to girls?”

“I got lots of experience doing lots of things with girls. You want me to show you?”

She tried to laugh it off, pretending she assumed he was joking. “That’s OK – I’ve seen it up close plenty already, remember?”

“Plenty for you, maybe. I wouldn’t mind some more.”

She sat down beside him on the couch. Her shorts rode up so high on her leg that her hip was practically bare, and she could see Jordan had noticed. “See, and that’s what I mean. Jordan, I think sometimes you may not realize the way you’re talking to women actually isn’t very flattering. If you’d like, I could help teach you how to do it right. In a way that might be better for getting you the kind of reaction I think you actually want.”

“Really? You’d do that for me?” Again, that after-school-special tone. He may as well have added a “gee golly.”

“Sure I would. Jordan, I’m your yearbook teacher, but I still want to see you do well in life. And sweetie, you won’t get very far talking to women like *that*.”

“Wow – that’s really nice of you. I can’t wait to get started!” He clapped his hands together giddily. “Aaaaaand, scene.”

“See?” she said. “Not so complex. I show interest in you. Try to assess the root issue, lack of know-how with girls, rather than the manifestation, i.e. your filthy mouth. It’s cheesy, but you’d be surprised how showing a little kindness and interest can open people up.”

“About what you said, though,” Jordan said, scooting closer. “You really think you could teach me to talk to girls?”

“You mean actually? Not, like, part of the role play?” She was surprised that he seemed interested. From what she’d heard in the rumor mill, he did quite well with the girls around here. The how of it, she couldn’t fathom. A nice ride and good looks went a long way, but that vulgar mouth of his would have to repel any girl with even a shred of self-respect.

“I’m serious if you’re serious. That is, if you actually think what you know would do anything to give me that edge. Gal your age, not sure you know what modern women like.”

She rolled her eyes. “Jordan, I’m one of the youngest teachers at Northside. Trust me, five minutes of education at my hands, and you could make a ‘gal my age’ pant with desire with the things you’d say to her. And I don’t mean some mushy lovey dovey gosh-you’re-sweet thing, I mean full-on randy for you. DTF, as you kids say.”

He laughed, even harder than she felt her charm merited. “All right. Let me just...” He typed something quickly, then folded shut the laptop. What was that little laugh about? “You got five minutes. Go.”

Even in the absence of a dress code, Kristy couldn't help but feel self-conscious walking into school the next day. She'd worn some revealing outfits of late, but she'd never gone full-on costume level of sluttiness.

No. Not a costume. Costumes were cheap. Disposable. This was a week's income, blown on a single outfit, one that in any other school in America, she'd be fired for being seen in even outside of school.

A backless, and incredibly sheer, cream blouse over a lacy black bra that only mostly concealed her nipples. A leather skirt, red, but so dark it seemed black at first glance, over thigh-high stockings that matched the blouse. The skirt was so tight across the hips and ass that her individual buttocks were distinct; it appeared to hug her figure rather tightly, but in fact, if she took a step longer than six inches it would reveal itself to have a slit on either hip to just above the stockings. In these towering six-inch heels, however, that was fairly difficult to do.

The alarm had gone off at 4:30 that morning in order to give her time to properly primp. Her hair was coiffed high in an elaborate bun, the thin braids surrounding it held in place by a pair of chopsticks. Wine red lipstick, makeup that was certainly beyond the boundaries of professionalism without quite cruising into hookerish, gold hoop earrings, and her favorite perfume. It was the bottle that Conner had said got him hard simply from the smell.

She was getting noticed, all right. Whatever TIOS did to obscure what would have once been fireable dress code violation, it didn't keep her colleagues, and some students, from noticing she'd outdone herself that day. It felt good to be noticed. Back in high school and college, she'd always had the ability to turn heads when she'd felt like it. She didn't, usually, but only once she'd lost the right to try did she miss the privilege. While she was checking her mailbox in the office, Arthur Rodriguez – never missing a chance to remind her of his interest – gave her ass a nice hard squeeze.

“Looking fine, Kristiana!” he declared appreciatively.

“Thanks, Arthur.” The yearbook teacher winced only a little as he caressed her butt as she sifted out the junk and tossed it in the recycling bin.

“What's the occasion? Hot date tonight?”

“Sometimes a girl feels like dressing up,” she said, shrugging.

He seemed to finally see more than a woman's body in front of him and, as she turned to exit, stopped her by taking a double handful of her boobs. “Oh hey, I didn't even notice the digs, yeah! That a new bra?”

Way to notice the only thing I'm wearing that isn't brand new, she thought. “Nope.”

He honked her tits a few times. “New tits?” he joked.

At last, Kristy decided she'd had enough and strode away. “If I ever get my tits done, I'm sure you'll be the very first to know, Arthur,” she called over her shoulder.

“All right, everybody, that’s it for today. Remember, APA quiz Monday, and those of you covering the softball game against Central don’t forget to check out your cameras this time. You can’t keep expecting Amanda and Conner to come out here and bail you out. All right gang, you guys have a good weekend!”

In the usual Friday stampede, her students headed out. Conner made an excuse to linger, to steal a few quick kisses before he had to leave to get ready for his date night with Heather. She sighed as the door closed behind him. Could she have seduced him into canceling his plans? Probably. Heather was young, inexperienced, used to boys who bent over backwards to get into her pants. A woman, in full command of her sexuality, who would initiate rather than wait to be romanced... it was no contest.

Except Heather hadn’t been blowing him off for several weeks to spend more time working with—

“Hey, Miss Cunt. You got a minute?”

This was what she got for not dashing out the door at the bell with the rest of the faculty. “Hi, Jordan. Yes, I have a minute. What’s up?”

“Couple things. First off, I had a couple projects I finished up that I was looking to turn in.”

Kristy sat up straighter. This was something decidedly new. “Really? That’s great! Whatcha got for me?”

He held up a hand. “Hold on there, tigress. You’re not getting these for nothing, you know.”

That was more like it. If she had a nickel for every entitled brat whose parents bribed them for good grades, she’d have... well, less than they did, that was for sure. “Jordan, if you want credit for your assignments, you have to turn them in. You don’t want to have expended the effort for nothing, do you?”

But, as she’d known, he wasn’t having it. Heck, the one lesson she’d managed to pound into that thick skull of his was that she would move heaven and earth to convince him to do any work. “Lose the top. Then we’ll see how I feel about handing it in.”

At first, she’d fought back against such impulses, but as time passed she’d learned there was no point dragging her feet. Once he’d realized the lengths she’d go to get homework out of him, he wouldn’t settle for simply handing it in any more. She deposited her discarded blouse on her desktop and endured his ogling of her bare tits.

It was this right here why she seldom bothered with bras these days. “There. Now fork it over, Jordan, and you can stare all you want.”

“Not so fast, ya greedy little slut. For two assignments, I want a lot more than your saggy old titties.”

Don't take the bait, *she chided herself before she could retort. Kristy was very much aware he enjoyed her titties. The only thing he enjoyed more than seeing them was mocking them. May as well get on with it. Soon the rest of her clothes were folded atop her blouse, and she perched her naked ass on the cool surface of her desk. "Happy now?"*

Somehow, he had the temerity to look disappointed by her swift acquiescence, as if having a hot young teacher strip for him in exchange for the privilege of grading his half-assed homework assignments was less than he deserved. "Sure, take all the fun out of it," he grumbled. "Stupid slut."

Kristy rolled her eyes as he studied every inch of her nudity. "I'm sorry, you little punk, was I supposed to do a strip tease for you?"

"Punk? Hey now, where's the respect for a fellow faculty member?" His grin returned, though, and suddenly his tone was one of collegiality. "Speaking of, that's the other thing I could use some help with."

She was taken aback by the sudden shift. "Oh? What's that?"

"You know that presentation we're supposed to give at the faculty meeting next week? About what we're doing to meet the Common Core and all, or whatever."

"Yeah. Are you presenting? Your department head should be doing that."

"I guess sex ed is kind of its own department? I talked to Principal Beckmann already, and she... yeah, she was a big help. Anyway, I wondered if you wouldn't mind giving me some pointers? One faculty member to another."

She considered a moment, but for once, he actually managed to look halfway earnest in seeking her help. Still, she was sitting here bare-ass naked in her chilly classroom. "I don't know, Jordan..."

"Come on, we're already here, what's it going to cost ya? Pleeese?" He even batted his eyelashes in a way that the high school girls here would probably find adorable.

(It was, she supposed, pathetic enough to be a little cute.)

She sighed. "Well you know me. If I can give a fellow faculty member what they want without it costing me anything, I'm happy to help. Team player all the way, that's me."

"You don't know how happy you've made me," Jordan said with a laugh. Then a harder laugh. "A bunch of other teachers too, I bet. Man, I may save that one for a day when I need a pickmeup."

Suddenly, he was leaving the room. "Save what? Didn't you need help? Jordan? Jordan, your homework!"

"We'll talk later!" he yelled back. But he was walking fast, and as she darted into the hallway after him, she crashed tits-first into Gerry, her custodian, and lost him.

Gerry was good enough not to stare too hard as she squeaked in mortification and ran back into her room. Did the dress code cover nudity? Lord, she hoped so.

Seventh period certainly did take its time coming that day. It was impossible to forget how she was dressed in those heels, every step a mincing little thing. While the outfit wasn't (quite) the most revealing thing she'd worn to school, the psychology of it was on a whole other level. It was a constant reminder that she had somehow let herself become a hyper-sexualized parody of her role as educator.

Worse, she wasn't even sure it was working.

Results were mixed. On the one hand, here she was with her blouse useless for concealing her body, nipples peeking out of her bra a dozen times a period. After a while she told herself to stop bothering to tuck them back in; they'd all seen them already, and the exercise of stuffing them back into her bra only called more attention to them. Then she realized calling attention to her tits was part of her pedagogical arsenal, and kept right on stuffing and peeking.

Maddeningly, the students hardly seemed to notice. With her clothing a non-issue, she had to really lay it on thick to get them to notice. She'd give her boobs a little extra squeeze whenever she had to tuck a nipple. Lesson plans were modified to include more play-acting, more emphasis on the sexual connotations of the material. Vocab words began to include at least one anatomical or sexual component that she would demonstrate firsthand. When Kristy couldn't tie her body to the lesson in any tangential way, she found herself simply inviting students who looked too closely to go ahead and have a quick touch.

It was, she supposed, cheaper than when she used to toss out Starburst.

In time, hopefully they would become comfortable with having their teacher use her body to guide instruction and reward attentiveness, but for now, it was very much a work in progress.

On the other hand, there were still at least two students who definitely noticed. Whether or not it ever made headway with the masses, those two made everything else worth it.

Conner, dear boy, simply sputtered unintelligibly as he walked in the door. As passing period was finishing, he pulled her into his office, shut the door and blinds, and kissed her hard. He slammed her body against the wall in an embrace that was nearly a tackle in his urgency to touch her.

"You look so hot," he told her when he finally came up for air. The bell had already rung, but she didn't care. It was normal enough for her and Conner to touch base before class. "Seriously. That's... like... I had a dream once where you dressed like that, only I'd forgotten it until just now."

“Woman of your dreams, eh?” she said, giving him a spin. His erection was almost vulgar, it was standing out so far in his pants. Poor thing.

“You have no idea. God, you’re, like, the ultimate hot teacher.” He helped himself to another double-handful of her ass. God, it felt good to see him like this. For the thousandth time, she wondered why she didn’t pressure him to TIOS her into early retirement so she could make him happy all day every day.

Probably not the most feminist thought. But tempting nonetheless.

“Well I’ll be happy to wear it again for you sometime,” she promised, tapping his nose.

“Again? You say that like there’s any chance I’m letting you go home today without tearing that off of you.”

Mm, aggressive Conner. She really had outdone herself. “Unfortunately, sweetie, I’m busy after school today. Remember?”

“For this, I can wait.”

“Oh, you don’t have to wait on me. Besides, didn’t you say it was your mom’s birthday tonight? No sense waiting around to spend five minutes making out before you have to run to meet your family.”

He frowned. “Yeah, I guess not. Damn.”

Kristy kissed his forehead. “Well if you’re an extra good boy today, I promise I’ll make it worth your while to wait. OK?”

They rejoined the class, with Kristy practically floating. She even caught Amanda eyeing her with open envy as she and Conner emerged from the room. (If the girl had any clue how many times Conner had fucked her right there on Amanda’s desk, she’d explode.) Her editors-in-chief called the staff to order, reviewed coverage assignments, and the class split up to get to work on their spreads. With Conner in the room, she was more self-conscious about educating by flirtation, but she made sure to at least make physical contact whenever possible, and ensure as many of them as possible got a good view of her. It was tricky, balancing her personal and professional sex lives like this.

Things were flowing smoothly – right up until Jordan started in on her.

“That is the single sluttiest fucking thing I have ever seen you wear,” he said when her rounds finally carried her to where he was set up in the computer lab. Marisa and Siobhan were in there, too, along with Carrie, but they’d gotten so used to the way he spoke to her that they didn’t do more than roll their eyes and start talking louder to drown them out.

Those few minutes with Conner at the start of the period had been good. Hot. *Wrong*. More than enough to get her pilot lit. Yet as Jordan proceeded to tell her, “Bet fifty bucks your skank ass isn’t even wearing panties,” that tongue of flame became an instant inferno.

“None of your business,” she told him, unable to fight back a pleased smile. Pleased that he was thinking about her panties. Pleased that he was already putting her lessons to use. Pleased she really hadn’t worn any, because if she had, they’d be soaked through in a few moments.

“That’s a yes,” he said, smacking her ass triumphantly.

She couldn’t help but laugh with him. It was heady, being this turned on. Even if he was a pervy little creep, he still knew exactly how to push every one of her buttons. “You said I needed to look slutty but professional for the meeting today,” she reminded him. “Your words.”

“That’s right, they are. And yours were to promise to help me out. You’re a saint. A totally fuckable saint.”

“It’s just a presentation on teaching standards. It’s hardly—”

Suddenly Conner was standing in the doorway, and her heart froze at the look on his face as he saw them. How must it look to him, after all? Crouching down, her tits resting on his thigh, one of his hands brushing her hair out of his view of them. Conner was a smart boy, but he didn’t understand much about teaching techniques.

“Uh, Miss C, could I…” He crooked his neck toward his office.

She smiled and stood back up. “Sure, Conner. Be there in a sec.”

He nodded, but it took him a long moment of glaring at Jordan before he left. “Sorry, Jordan, I gotta…” She frowned. Why was she apologizing? God, being this turned on made it hard to think straight. Maybe she should send the class out to do some interviews, so she could fuck him right now. Maybe he’d even do a homework assignment for her if she was really good.

Wait, what? No. No, that was inappropriate.

But so *fucking* hot.

“Don’t sweat it. You go do your job, cunt-muffin, and I’ll see you after school. OK?”

She couldn’t help but giggle as he helped her to her feet by tugging upwards on her nipples. She could sit here all day if he’d keep spouting such poetry at her, professionalism be damned.

Conner and Amanda’s conundrum, having double-booked some of their ad space, absorbed the rest of the period. When it was over, Conner made one last flattering attempt to talk her into fooling around with him after school. Not that he failed to grump at her about how she’d been behaving with Jordan, but she couldn’t begin to fathom wasting quality time with her boyfriend doing something as boring as talking about Jordan Lyons. She allowed him a minute or two of kissing before she insisted she really did need to get moving. Much as he was sulking, she knew it was a good sulk. Even if she’d be a little envious of whatever girl he wound up taking out his sexual frustration on, it still felt good to know she was the one who’d gotten him so excited.

Though, she had to admit, in terms of pure pleasure, it was a far cry from how good it felt when Jordan told her a few moments later that he'd like to hike that skirt around her waist and fuck her until she couldn't walk straight.

“Sweet, but come on. We have a meeting to go to, remember?”

Once a month, the faculty of NHS met in the large lecture hall, six tiers of seats behind tables that stretched from one end of the broad room to the other. Meeting topics varied from professional development, how they were implementing new policies at the state level, and procedural issues here at Northside. This week, each department was doing a brief presentation on their efforts to satisfy the revisions in the Common Core standards. It was all idiotic, breaking down what amounted to a repackaging of the things they had already been doing. Her own department head, Dawn Brantley, had delegated to the English team with her usual cheerless but efficient leadership. In the end, the presentation at least sounded good, used a lot of jargon and five-syllable words. It would be an incredibly boring but objectively exemplary presentation, one of a half dozen to be delivered this afternoon.

It was strange not to be sitting with her fellow English teachers. Kristy waved at them as she entered, but took a seat alongside the new sex ed teacher down in the front row. Teachers shuffled in over ten minutes or so, and more than a few stopped by to chit-chat. Jordan didn't talk to any of them; she wondered if he was too new to have made any friends yet, or if he was simply the same jerk with the other teachers that he was with her. She was very pleased to see Jordan looked to be working on some material for her class while they waited, though her own attention was preoccupied as both Arthur Rodriguez and Coach Conrad took the opportunity to come by and fondle her boobs. She was happy to let them. Morale was important, and she could appreciate how her tits were an asset to her colleagues. Retention was always a problem, and she was proud to do her part.

Principal Beckmann soon strode in, her arrival calling the faculty to silence. "Good afternoon, everyone. Second to last meeting of the year – how about that?"

The room applauded, and there was no phoning it in. By this point in the year, every teacher here was counting down the days.

"All right. I won't take long, but we do have a few quick business items. Then we'll get to your reports on the standards. I'll call you up by department, and let's make sure we're paying attention and being supportive, all right? Let's aim for no interruptions. This is important information, and per our goals, we want every department to be supportive of every other. So, first off, the renovations in the upstairs E hallway..."

Kristy, however, was looking at Jordan's computer. "Hey – I admire your zeal, but is that quote really appropriate for the yearbook?" she said, looking at what he'd just written down. Faculty meetings were, pretty much by definition, not something the students wanted to remember in their yearbook, and this wasn't the only quote he had on the page from Principal Beckmann. What did he think he was working on? No wonder he was failing yearbook.

"Mind your business," he muttered, clicking the Save button.

"Remember our criteria? Source, subject, ssss..."

Whatever she'd been about to say died as Jordan reached under the table, slid a hand under her skirt, and pressed a couple fingers into her pussy. That is, after he quickly typed a message into his laptop clearly meant for her eyes only. *How's it feel to be the hottest piece of ass in the room for once?*

His hand met no resistance whatsoever. Lord, she hoped nobody else could see this – or if they did, they'd remember he was a faculty member, too, and she was only being a good team player.

Kristy had no idea what the announcements were, her head lost in a fog of arousal as Jordan casually pumped his fingers in and out of her, her eyes reading and re-reading his words, marveling at how he'd taken her lessons about talking to women to heart. Before long, the presentations started, and she tried to pay attention, but it was so hard to think when she was this *horny*.

“Mind if I go?” said a voice beside her suddenly.

Principal Beckmann directed her attention at them. When had he taken his hand away? “Ah yes, Mr. Lyons. Teachers, this is the first meeting Jordan has been able to join us at. I suspect many of you know him from his status as one of our soon-to-be graduates, but for those of you who don't. Jordan Lyons did us a big favor coming to fill in for the oversight in our senior sexual education, and we're confident he's doing a great job filling in the vacancy. Please, everybody, let's welcome our newest addition to the faculty.”

There was some polite, albeit brief, applause. Too many teachers knew Jordan too well to show real warmth.

“Right. Now Mr. Lyons, sexual education is not covered under Common Core standards. I am sorry if that was not made clear to you by Coach Conrad at the beginning of the semester,” the principal continued, eyeing the Coach reprovably. He made an indignant face back at her.

“No, I know. But I came up with some standards of my own that I'd like everyone to hear about, if that's OK.”

Principal Beckmann frowned; Kristy knew the woman hated to waste precious time at these meetings. Still, there wasn't an easy way to welcome their new teacher in one breath while telling him he was the only teacher her whose work didn't matter in the next. “Very well, you have the floor.”

Rather than walk around, Jordan casually hopped over the table top and down to the front of the room. “Thanks. So hi, everybody. Nice to see so many familiar faces here today. On a personal level, let me just say, I think you're a bunch of tight-assed losers and having to sit through your bullshit classes has been fucking miserable.”

He looked around the room, seeming to be looking for their reaction, but nobody said a word. What did he expect? Sure, many of them were offended, obviously, but this was a faculty meeting after all. Jordan simply didn't know staff culture enough to know

that interrupting simply wasn't done. Everybody wanted to be done with this and back to their homes, and griping about his disrespectful opening wasn't going to hasten that goal.

"Great. So like she said, I'm the sex ed teacher. I wanted to take a little time today to clarify what exactly I do around here. I'm sure that to a lot of you, sex ed is about STD's and abstinence and vocab and all that boring shit. Right?"

He paused for a few mumbled sounds of agreement, enough to confirm they were at least paying attention. "Well I don't do things that way. When I found out that, somehow, all of the hottest bitches in school had to re-learn about sex, I thought, how can I make this experience more meaningful?" He tapped his chin pensively, then wagged a finger in the air. "Aha! I know – I'll fuck every last one of them raw."

Jordan made his way over to the podium, which was outfitted with a computer built into the surface. The projector screen in the front of the room, which had still been showing the last slide of some abstract painting from the art department's presentation, showed him closing their window and logging into his school cloud account. "I wanted to start off with a few images to illustrate exactly what I mean. Pictures worth a thousand words and all. I mean, how would you know I was a good teacher without some evidence, right? And believe you me, when I sell these pictures, they'll be worth a thousand bucks, too. We're gonna have some bona fide teen porn queens in this school before long, mark my word. Already got the site name and everything, nakednighthawks.com. Check us out, and disable your ad blockers."

Kristy frowned, and she knew she wasn't the only one. Pornography? Sex with his students? This was ludicrous! Yes, she knew sexuality could be a teaching tool, and yes she'd sucked his cock more than a few times the past few weeks as a motivational aid, but there was a world of difference between using your students as sex toys and letting them use you as one! Sure, she'd slept with a student herself – three, if you counted Amanda and Heather after prom – but that was extracurricular and totally consensual. Not... whatever this was!

She could hardly wait until his presentation was over so she could give him an earful. If Principal Beckmann didn't fire him first.

Jordan seemed to find the files he was looking for. The resolution was high enough Kristy could read the selected file name, *neveahkinslanassfuck 024.jpg*, and she braced herself for what that name portended as Jordan double-clicked. Only the image, as it turned out, was blank, nothing but a mottled blob of near-black nothingness.

"What the hell...?" Jordan said, looking at the screen in evident surprise. "Hang on, I got some more." The faculty sat by patiently as he tried file after file. *yuriandersonsplits 012.jpg*, *mirandawhitehallcumshot 019.jpg*, *kirstenvangelicab69 002.jpg*, *hannahcienfuegoswheelbarrow 041.jpg*... none of them showed anything but

the same indistinct blur. It was like someone had their thumb over the lens or something.

Jordan gritted his teeth and mumbled something. “What happens in sex ed,” was all she heard before he went on in a volume for the whole room. “So much for that. Damn. In any case, believe me when I say that these sluts are learning all kinds of shit about how to please a man, courtesy of yours truly. Sorry about the pictures there, but I guess that’ll teach me to set up the presentation in my classroom, huh.”

Kristy had no idea what he meant by that, but she was still too much in shock over the mere suggestion of what those pictures purported to show to devote much thought to it. A teacher! Having sex with his students?!

She supposed she could see the appeal. But still, to do it with so many!

“All right, now I still wanted to give you fine folk a peak at what we’re doing down in my room. Krissy, you mind joining me up here?”

She snapped out of her shock at hearing her name. What on earth did he have in mind? When she’d agreed to help him with his presentation yesterday, she’d assumed it would be something like distributing handouts. Kristy had only agreed because she believed in supporting her colleagues, and because he’d just sweet-talked her (“you’re as tempting than a two dollar hooker in a truck stop men’s room”) into a truly mind-blowing exchange of handjobs and she was still recovering. She’d even seen her acquiescence written up in that same spread where he’d quoted Principal Beckmann at the beginning of the meeting.

“Sure I can help out [with your presentation], Jordan. Whatever you need.” – Kristina Coszic-Lewandoski

After what she’d just seen, she was beginning to worry that her involvement was going to be a good deal more involved.

Still, she *had* agreed, and it would be wrong of her to back out now.

He opened a powerpoint as she made her way up front. Then, using a grip on the waistband of her skirt as a handle, Jordan steered her into the center of the stage at the front of the room. She stood there, hands folded in front of her, chin pointed at the floor. Kristy was suddenly quite self-conscious about her choice of wardrobe, even if half the teachers in here were dressed in ways that would have earned them a reprimand before Conner’s edits. Granted, there was a distinction between the reprimand Chris Turnkey would get for athletic shorts and a t-shirt and the one she’d have received for dressing as a pornographic teacher fetish model.

“So Krissy here is going to help me illustrate some of the core tenants of my own curriculum. The first one?” He paused to tap a key on the lectern, and the slide answered his question in bold letters.

LOOKING SEXY.

“As you can see, Kristy here has got that down, am I right? Come on, fellas, give the nice girl a sign you approve.” She fidgeted with her hands as she stood there, a piece of meat on a hook, the male faculty supporting their newest member with a round of applause. Plus a few wolf whistles. It was mortifying, frankly, and should have been mortifying for them as well. Conner was younger than all of them, but nonetheless outstripped them in maturity.

“Now, the sluts in my class are like little Krissy here, tits and ass for days, faces you can’t help but wanna come on. Believe me, this bitch looks even hotter with a good spritz of jizz in her eye. Don’t you, bitch?”

“Jordan!” she whispered plaintively. They were definitely not supposed to know she’d been letting a student give her facials! Even if the way he’d put it somehow made that prospect seem unbelievably appetizing.

He laughed off her discomfort. “But any girl with good genes can pull off looking hot! So my next focus...” He tapped the button, and the words spun in a circle and shot out, then new ones shimmered back in. She’d been teaching Jordan lessons on slide design since freshman year, and he still hadn’t grasped something as basic as consistent transitions. It wasn’t as embarrassing as the way Mr. Sinclair was staring slack-jawed at her gushing pussy, but still, proper formatting was important.

Of course, that was a distant consideration after what the words had transitioned to.

DOING WHAT YOU’RE TOLD.

“Now I know I don’t need to tell you guys. I’m in your classes day in, day out, and I see how mouthy and disrespectful some of these cunts can be.” His phrasing was rather uncouth, but nonetheless Kristy saw a couple heads nodding. She could empathize herself, after spending an hour a day with the endless proselytizing of Heather Blake.

“Now in my class, I teach that being a good student isn’t about knowing the material and passing some stupid test, no sirree. I train my girls to perform in the field. What good is it to be hot, after all, if you don’t know how to use that hotness to please your man?”

Kristy’s palms were sweating nervously. Why had she agreed to this?! It was too late to back out now, but when, in the next breath, Jordan told her she was going to play the part of one of “the uppity thots” from his class, she found her heart racing – as much from anxiety of what seemed to be about to unfold in front of the entire faculty as from how insanely horny she was from the way Jordan was talking to her. About her, really. Like she was an object.

A sexy, biddable, cock-sucking object, she heard in his voice, and nearly swooned at imagining him saying it. Not fair. He had to actually say it or she couldn’t let herself get carried away.

“Strip, Krissy,” he said simply, then stood back and waited with an expectant expression.

“Um, right here?”

“You can strip in the hallway and then come back in if you’d rather, but I thought I’d allow you to keep a little dignity,” he said, chuckling. No one else did. The women on staff watched with open disgust; the men with poorly concealed eagerness. Miss Jackson, the principal’s secretary, kept records on faculty meetings, but her mouth was twisted with displeasure as she took note of the proceedings. The woman was notoriously detailed. She wouldn’t be surprised if the newsletter, when it went out, included physical description, from the cold sweat between her breasts to the hot wetness between her thighs.

This is not happening, she told herself as it happened. Button by button, the yearbook teacher undid the fastenings of her blouse. Not that it had covered much of anything, but there had at least been some pretense of being clothed. Suddenly she was standing before several dozen of her colleagues in nothing but a bra and a skirt. Then no bra. Why were her nipples so hard? It must be Jordan, his sophisticated way of talking to women assailing her senses as he invited the faculty to “scope out the fat titties on this tasty little ho.”

It took longer to undo the skirt, as it was laced on over her hips. Plus, it wasn’t easy to hold her fingers steady enough to untie the laces, then one by one unravel it, letting the dark leather slowly peel away from her body as gravity did its work. She meant to catch it, but it slipped off before she realized it, leaving her suddenly naked, save for her stocking and her heels.

Somehow, those remaining items only made her feel *more* naked.

“That’s good enough,” said Jordan as her hands moved to her stockings. She stopped, even more humiliated that she’d been so focused on stripping that she had to be ordered to stop short of her intentions. “Now, on your knees.”

She gasped. “On my *knees*! Do I really have to...?!” It was mortifying enough in front of her students, but the faculty! They didn’t share the same lax attitude towards sex that his classmates did. Was he really going to make her suck him off?

And why was the way he casually demanded it nevertheless so fucking hot? She wished Conner knew how to talk to her like that. Maybe she could teach him? It was hard to imagine he’d learn as quickly, or as effectively, as Jordan, though.

When his only response was a stern look, Kristy knew what she had to do.

She knelt.

The tile was cold on her knees, her paper-thin stockings doing nothing more to insulate her than her years of working together as co-equals with this audience did to insulate her pride.

“You see, folks, how she gets on her knees like the cock-sucker she is. But notice how she drags her feet? You can see it in her eyes, she’s embarrassed. Ashamed of what a little skank she is. Right, little skank?”

“Right.” Truer words were never mumbled.

A sudden flick in the forehead smarted enough that she almost fell on her ass. “Call me sir, damnit! you’re supposed to be one of my students here, remember?” Jordan said, rolling his eyes at her stupidity – as if she’d known that was protocol in his classroom!

“Right, *sir*,” she said as she righted herself, trying not to sound too petulant. Probably failing.

“Now, in my classroom, we don’t put up with that kind of sass. That’s why our third principle is…” He tapped a button at the podium, and the new slide appeared.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE!

“See, I’m a big believer that sex is fucking awesome, and I’ve gotten pretty good at it of late. I don’t get any complaints, anyways. So as far as I’m concerned, anybody who gets a crack at my cock ought to consider themselves lucky for the privilege. So, Krissy, why don’t you give everybody a nice big smile, eh?”

He had to be joking. She was kneeling, naked, before the eyes of a group of people whose respect she’d spent years cultivating – and he wanted her to smile?! Why, if he was a student instead of a teacher, she’d drag him by the ear to the in-school suspension room and see to it he didn’t leave for the rest of the year, his grade in her class be damned!

Well, no. His grade was of the utmost importance to her. But still. She’d *want* to punish him.

As everyone watched her expectantly, she realized she had yet to comply with his order. Could she? Could she make herself smile at this debasement? What would Conner think of her if he saw her right now? Naked, submissive, humiliated.

And positively dripping wet.

Kristy sighed. Damnit, she’d promised to help Jordan with his presentation, so help him she would. By increments, an awkward smile crept onto her face. Channeling thoughts of times with her Conner, she kept at it until she felt it looked like an expression of sincere happiness. So many of the males leering at her mirrored it, as if her expression gave them license to join her in pretending everything was hunky dory.

“Atta girl,” said Jordan, patting her head like she was a dog who’d performed a trick. She wasn’t far from it, she supposed. “Now, ask me nicely to suck my cock.”

Her smile slipped, but only for a moment. “Um, may I suck your cock?” He drew circles in the air with his fingers, prompting her to finish the query to his satisfaction. “Sorry, may I suck your cock, *sir*?” she amended. Fuck, this was too much.

“Better. Still, I’m not sure you’re really selling it. My girls have been taught to really *crave* my cock, you know? My jizz is breakfast for some of ‘em. So come on, like you’re starving for it, Krissy. Really make us feel how bad you wanna blow me.”

Choking down what remained of her pride, the young teacher pawed at his zipper, nuzzling her cheek against a hardon he couldn’t conceal. At least she was turning him on half as much as he was her. “Please, Mr. Lyons? I’ve been wanting your cock in my mouth for hours, now,” she whined. This wasn’t easy; she’d never had to beg for sex in her life, much less the opportunity to suck a guy off. Even when she seduced Conner, he’d been eating out of her hand from the first moments, not the other way around.

But he’d given her an order, and the words on the board goaded her into enthusiasm as she saw her first effort yielded no results.

“You know how much I *love* sucking your cock, sir. I’ll be so good to it, you won’t want to let one of those girls in your class ever take a turn again. Please let me show you. I promise, you won’t regret it. I’ll suck your cock better than you even knew someone could. Just give your little pet teacher the chance, sir, please,” she whined.

“Wow, pathetic sure is an attractive look on you,” Jordan said, to her shameful delight, delighting and shaming her further as he undid his fly. For all his braggadocio, she almost wished he had the sort of tiny cock that usually accompanied such men. But no, there it was, fat and hard and so red it was almost purple. All for her. The pathetically attractive blowjob supplicant kneeling on the floor in the middle of the faculty meeting.

Sucking Jordan Lyons’ dick like she owed him gratitude for the favor.

Soon, as he explained the various techniques he was using to instruct his class in the art of giving head, Krissy – *no, you’re Kristy, Kris-TEE!* she reminded herself – was more accurately having her face fucked than really sucking cock. Yet the carefully crafted invectives, the countless ways he expressed his disrespect, even contempt, for her and really for her entire gender... she was close to coming simply from having his cock stabbing in and out of her throat.

While pursuing her English degree, she’d had classes with plenty of women who’d harbored a bizarre fetish for the works of the romantics. Poetry had never really done it for young Kristy, though. “Let me count the ways” had always lead to counting sheep for her. She’d always wondered how mere words could affect people so.

“Krissy, be a dear and hop up on the table and spread your whore legs for us, will you?”

She was on the table, legs spread and frantically rubbing at her throbbing clit as she pleaded, “Please come fuck me, sir, I *neeeeed* it!”

“Thank you for that insight, Mr. Lyons,” said Principal Beckmann as he zipped up his fly and looked around for where he’d thrown his shirt. Krissy remembered it landing in the face of Julie Roper, the cross country coach, though he found it on his own soon enough. Good. She wasn’t worth much at the moment, still laying on the tabletop, one leg on the ground, the other splayed out behind her, Jordan’s cum dribbling out of her exposed slit onto the surface of the table. She’d probably have to lick it up, or use her hair as a jizz mop. He’d made her do those things before.

She was trembling so hard she could barely move. Except to tremble.

“My pleasure, Principal Beckmann,” said Jordan, patting Kristy’s sweat-streaked ass in a fashion she could only call proprietary. She was too dazed to do more than grin and wriggle her hips. “And let me just say how much I appreciate your policy of allowing teachers to use their judgment when it comes to selecting best practices for their classroom.”

Kristy dimly recalled a quote to that effect he’d had typed up in TIOS at the start of the meeting. She supposed he must have run his controversial methodology by her previously, though Kristina could have told him as much. How else could she have felt confident in using sex as a teaching tool? She hadn’t even had to consider whether Beckmann would object.

For just a moment, she imagined the catastrophe it might be if Jordan’s TIOS account could do the kinds that Conner’s could do. Now *that* was fuel for nightmares.

Just like that, Jordan’s presentation was over, and Dawn Brantley, her own department head, was up. As she loaded her own presentation, she quietly asked Kristy if she could dress herself and vacate the floor. Kristy didn’t miss the look of more-than-mild contempt in her eyes as she tossed the leather skirt to her. At her. Someone had left a shoe-print on it while it had lain discarded on the floor.

The remainder of the meeting passed in a blur of blandness, but her mind was anywhere but on pedagogy. That had been the most intense orgasm of her life. Hell, that had been *ten* such orgasms. Yet she was also keenly aware that nearly every teacher at Northside had just seen her fucked insensible by a student, even if he happened to also be a teacher. How would she ever regain their respect? Was she going to lose her job? Principal Beckmann hadn’t said anything, but what if she was waiting until Kristy’s end of year performance review? She silently prayed that what she’d done would be passed off as helping another teacher hone his technique and not the whorish display it had felt like on the receiving end.

The meeting ended at 4:30 on the dot. She was relieved nobody did more than look at her. Except Arthur, at least, who complimented her on her pussy grooming while helping himself to one last grope of her tits for the day. It was as though he were trying to her nothing had changed between them.

He could be sweet sometimes.

“Say, you busy tonight?” Jordan asked, falling in beside her as they made their way out of the lecture hall.

“I’m tired, Jordan,” she said firmly.

“Fuck your tiredness – come on over to my place. Wear something slutty, and maybe I’ll let you suck me off again.”

Before she could do more than register that her libido was already firing back up at his flirtation, they were outside the room. There, to her surprise, she saw Conner standing a short ways down the hall. He’d been leaning against the wall, but as soon as they made eye contact he stood up and came toward her.

“Conner! You’re here awfully late today.”

She didn’t miss the look in his eye. She’d seen that look in dozens of her colleague’s eyes during the meeting. He wanted her. Conner still wanted her. “Yeah, I had a problem I *really* needed your help with.”

“What about your dinner? You can’t miss family dinner over yearbook projects,” she said, hoping Jordan wouldn’t see through their code.

“Dinner isn’t until 7:30,” Conner assured her. “Plenty of time to take care of the, ah, problem.”

She smiled. “Give me a couple minutes, all right? I’ll meet you in the classroom.”

Conner’s face split ear to ear and he practically skipped off down the hallway. Oh, she could kiss that boy. In fact, she meant to do precisely that, and more.

“So you got time to go fuck your editor, but not me, is that it?” Jordan said with a sneer.

“It’s not personal, Jordan. I, um, sort of had fun helping you today, believe it or not, but... I need to do my job.”

He folded his arms. “That’s what makes you happy, is it? Working with that pud Fishers?”

“Yes.” He had no way of knowing how happy Conner made her, and she wasn’t about to tell him.

“It looked like you were pretty happy with me in there.”

Kristy shook her head. “No. That wasn’t happiness. It was just... lust. I got excited is all. You were... well, you learned quickly from what I taught you.”

She didn’t want to let him see her grin, but he tilted her chin up and made it impossible to hide. “Well then, looks like you got a choice to make, Miss Cunt.” Suddenly he grasped her hips and drove her straight into the wall, his body following right against hers, pinning her in place with his cock. It was all too obvious how ready he was to go. He nearly had the staying power of Conner, it seemed like.

“Oh yeah? What’s that?”

“Do you want to feel happy?” His hand slid along her waist, forcing itself inside her skirt. He slid a finger into the sopping wet folds, and she quivered in his hands.

“Or do you want to feel *good*?”

Conner was waiting. He'd be so upset if she put him off again. There wasn't even a valid excuse this time. If she didn't go down there, it wouldn't be because she was helping a student, going the extra mile in her job. It would be because she was giving in to her most selfish and depraved instincts.

“I... I...”

“Come on, you pitiful fucking gutter slut. Tell me what you want.”

“I...”

“Say it, Krissy. You don't get it until I hear you say the words.

She groaned in anticipation of ecstasy. “I'd like to fuck you, if you'll let me,” she said, then added, lest he doubt her resolve, “Mr. Lyons, sir.”

Perhaps, she thought as he guided her to his car with a firm hand on her ass, happiness was overrated.