

## The No-Study Club

by Pan

### Chapter 1

“Mr. Mancuso?”

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

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

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

Lacey was an exception to this.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No matter what they looked like.

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

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

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

None of it was subtle.

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

Even a student with a body like Lacey’s.

I let out a sigh.

“What can I do for you, Lacey?”

A smile spread over her face.

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

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

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

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

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

Women like Lacey.

All through college...I don’t want to say that something ridiculous, like that I had to beat them

off with a stick, but there was a certain type of woman that just seemed to find me irresistible. Confident women, women who know exactly what they want.

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

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

Unlike my wife.

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

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

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

To say that Sarah isn't happy about her lack of chest would be an understatement. I don't want to say she's obsessive about it, but whenever she sees a woman with a larger bust (which, to be fair, is most women) she gets a look in her eye, and it's like she shrinks into herself.

She also teaches here – I mentioned that teachers definitely have favorites...well, Lacey is by far my wife's least favorite student. She's irritated by her for the same reasons as I am, of course: her refusal to study, her inability to focus, and her blatant disregard for authority.

But beyond that, I know Sarah resents Lacey because of her body. Because of the way she flaunts it, because of the way men treat her. More than once, she's come home seething at something Lacey has said.

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

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

comment about her chest was reaching.

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

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

This time I did roll my eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I wasn't going to budge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

student scrunched up her nose.

“Ew,” she said. “No thank you.”

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

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

Again, the blonde girl interrupted me.

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

“Oh no?”

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

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

Not just talking; practically bragging.

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

“So don’t lecture me about life, Mr. Mancuso. I know how things work.”

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

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

I furrowed my brow. “Mrs. Redfield, Lacey. You know my wife didn’t take my name.”

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

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

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

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

“Of course not,” I said immediately. “But…”

I stalled, feeling suddenly trapped. I couldn’t defend my point without sounding misogynist, but at the same time, Lacey needed to know what she was capable of. What a difference she could make in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course it does–”

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

“Lacey!”

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

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

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

“Am I wrong, sir?”

My eyebrows shot up. “What?”

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

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

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

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

For the rest of the day, my head was spinning, reliving the bizarre conversation I’d had with my student. I was still reeling as I walked home from school. I’d never experienced anything like it – the attitude of my student felt like it was from a different decade – a different century!

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

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

Almost.

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

Again, I want to be clear: I love my wife more than anyone else on the planet. She’s my soulmate, my best friend, my partner for life. We’ve been through everything together. Our

relationship isn't perfect, but it's so close to perfection that I'm always afraid of doing something to ruin it.

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

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

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

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

Every few months, at the bare minimum.

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

But *sex sex*? It was rare.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Then she said something that caught my attention.

“And Lacey! God, *that girl*.”

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

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

“Oh? Did she say why?”

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

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

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

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

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

But it was impossible to deny this one.

My wife...has a jealous streak. No, that’s putting it too lightly: my wife has a *murderous* streak

when it comes to any woman that shows interest in me.

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

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

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

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

And honestly? I hate it.

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

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

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

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

"Sarah..."

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

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

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

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

She sniffled, and wiped away the tears.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I’m just...so tired all the time lately.”

I hugged her harder.

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

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

“I’m going to finish it,” she said, her voice small. “I mean it this time.”

I beamed at her. “I know you are, honey.”

Sarah had been working on her novel for almost as long as I’d known her. At the start of the year, she’d made a pledge: this year, this would be the year that she finished it. I was so proud of her, and resolved to do everything I could to help her – I’d stay out of her way for the entire summer, giving her all the space and time she needed to work on the book uninterrupted.

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

Kneeling beside her, hugging her, I promised her that this would be the best summer yet.

Little did I know how true that would be.