

Teaching Her A Lesson

Part Eighteen: Quarterly Reports

“So let me get this straight,” said Tabitha, seated across from me in my living room. It was just the two of us now, the other girls – and boy – having been banished to Megan’s house until I was ready to deal with them. “You bought this Serenex compound to make Taylor be a better student. You say. Then you accidentally had her, then her sister, ingest it, and discovered its indoctrination properties. Through a series of snowballing missteps, they both become infatuated with you, though in the process also alert Mrs. Brown next door. To find out it’s her that’s attempting to blackmail you, you poison Officer Barbour and, somehow, her girlfriend? Is that right?”

“It’s not poisonous, and... yes.”

“Correction: you *drug* Officer Barbour and Ms. Salata. You misidentify Cassie as the perpetrator,” she said, leaving no doubts as to how probable she found that prospect, “allow your brainwashed sex slaves to turn her into *another* brainwashed sex slave, then go on to use her to poison – sorry, drug – her own mother. Whom you subsequently turn into, again, a brainwashed sex slave.”

“I’m not sure I’d categorize it all like that.”

She tucked her hair back neatly behind her ears. “Let’s not get bogged down in semantics, Mr. Canon. So then you erroneously believe you’ve cowed Officer Barbour, and that Ms. Salata shares your predilection for – oh wait, I skipped where you compelled her to put on a sex show with... was it Abbie? or Taylor?”

“Abbie.”

“Sure. So Ms. Salata then makes you believe she’s also into that, the two of them reel you in with an offer of a threesome with two women you know to be avowed lesbians...? And you bought that?”

“Cut me a little slack, OK? I had a lot on my mind. And let’s not make it sound like I’m the only bad guy here. They’re the ones who tried to poison my food to turn me into some... soulless husk of a man!”

“Right, so suddenly it’s poison. But you manage to evade the trap, use three highschool girls as a distraction for the armed police officer so you can slide into Ms. Salata’s DMs, compel her to betray her partner in order to allow you to squelch what’s left of her independence, such that now the two of them are, for all intents and purposes, your brainwashed sex slaves.”

“Hey, they dosed me too, remember – that wasn’t me!”

“Of course. After Abbie snared Cassie Brown and her own sister for you, who could have predicted such an event,” she retorted dryly. “So then, you say without your

knowing, they proceed to continue to recruit other members of the student body to be, as I understand it, your brainwashed sex slaves. At the very least myself and Justin Diggs, plus an unknown number of others.”

“We don’t know that there are others. I’ll get to the bottom of it, though. This was never my intention, and I’m not going to stand for it.”

“Respectfully, Mr. Canon?” When she waited for permission, I gestured for her to proceed. “When was any of this ever *not* your intention?”

“I know how it looks, Tabitha. And I can’t even imagine how you must feel, what you must be thinking of me. But I got snared up in all this, too. Abbie put all this macho nonsense in my head.”

“Ah yes, the ‘don’t be a pussy’ thing you mentioned.” She wrinkled her nose in distaste at the term.

“Yes. But that’s not all. She’s made me allow her to use the stuff whenever she wants – which is fine – I mean it isn’t, but I can’t help... But yeah, *she* did that. Not me.”

“And so far, she’s exclusively used this stuff to bring you more brainwashed sex slaves? Would that be a fair summation of her endeavors?”

“Look, I don’t know what all is in my head, frankly. I shouldn’t need to tell you, considering what happened earlier, that it all *feels* very normal when it’s happening. It’s hard to step back and be objective.”

At last, the skeptical mask Tabitha was wearing showed a crack, if only slightly. “All right, I’ll grant you that. When they told me there was a study session here tonight, I thought it sounded crazy, but I figured worst case scenario, I surprise you on your doorstep, pay a compliment and leave with an awkward apology. It becomes a funny little incident, ha ha. Then when I got here and she said...” Her lips twisted downward. “Well, I certainly played the part they intended me to play, didn’t I.”

“And again, my apologies. I swear, I barely understand myself how you got wrapped up in–”

Tabitha forestalled the rest of my repetitive apology with a gesture, then folded her hands in her lap, smoothing out the pleats in her skirt. “You’ve already apologized. Keep doing it if it makes you feel better, but it’s really unnecessary.” From her tone, I inferred that it was unnecessary less because an apology wasn’t merited, and more because she was tired of hearing it.

Which was itself curious, her attitude. “You know, I have to say, considering what they did to you, I’m surprised you’re so... yourself. Normal, that is. The rest of them – and me too – we all caved pretty hard, pretty much instantly. But you’re... well, you’re...”

“I’m... what?” Tabitha arched one of those high narrow brows inquisitively.

“Let’s just say the others applied a lot less scrutiny than you are.”

A derisive laugh emerged from between her lips. “I imagine it was a shorter trip for the Stern sisters to become gigantic sluts.”

I couldn't help but laugh. Tabitha had made little secret of her contempt for Taylor all year in class. "Sure, but take Cassie. She was a virgin before all this, and the moment those girls put it in her head that she liked, you know, um—"

"Being your brainwashed sex slave."

None of the ideas I'd formed for how to phrase it sounded better, sadly. "Yes, well, she rather embraced it. Hard. Major porn addiction brewing there. But you, according to Abbie afflicted with a need for my approval..."

"Yes?"

"Just that you don't seem to be trying very hard to win it is all. Which is fine! Only that it's surprising."

To deepen that sentiment, the young woman merely shrugged. "I already have your approval though, don't I?"

Something in her tone made me hesitate. "Are you asking me, or was that rhetorical...?"

She explained, "My lowest grade in your class this year was a hundred and one percent. 'Pleasure to have in class,' 'exceeds expectations' every quarter. Well, no, last report card you wrote a whole paragraph praising me, which I did appreciate by the way; my parents were beside themselves. Still, it basically said the same thing, how great you think I am. Heck, you just said not that long ago that I was the perfect student, Mr. Canon."

I did remember writing that paragraph. SchoolWays let us check boxes to insert the more repetitive comments. For a student of Cassie's caliber, the stock comments had come to feel inadequate. I did not recall that last bit, however. "Perfect? When did I say that?"

"You were having us do our vocab study tools. I'd already done mine before class like usual, so I was studying for a quiz seventh period. You reprimanded Justin, Taylor and Savannah for not working on theirs and being their usual annoying selves. Justin said, 'why aren't you yelling at Tabitha, she's not working on hers either' and you said if I'd ever missed a question on a vocab quiz, you might be more concerned about me, and then I showed you I was already done, and you said—"

"Right, right." It rang a faint bell. Taylor and her posse whining and being lazy pains in the butt were hardly remarkable, nor was Tabitha over-achieving. The specificity helped jog my memory though. "I suppose I hadn't counted on that approval extending to all the rest of it, though. Approving of you as a student isn't the same as approving of you as a woman."

She paused. "Shouldn't it be, though? I've been thinking about this past week – for reasons that are only just now becoming obvious – but we did that whole unit on women and feminism, and you said – over and over again, I might add – that women ought to be beholden to the patriarchy. After we read 'Woman in the Nineteenth

Century,' you said you wanted to dig up Margaret Fuller's bones and ask them out on a date. Remember?"

The things those young minds retained. "I did say something like that, yes, though I was mostly trying to spice up a dry read, Tabitha."

"Personally, I really enjoyed that essay. Remember that line, something about men and women coming together as a 'ravishing harmony of the spheres,' or something close to that, anyway. I loved that." She tilted her head at me inquisitively. "Isn't... isn't that the sort of woman you prefer? Approve of? Feminist, progressive, strong-willed and independent?"

"I... did say that. And that's true!" Then again, she wasn't as wrong as I wanted her to be about my harem of brainwashed sex slaves. Up until this afternoon, I certainly hadn't had many complaints about that aspect of the Seerenex proceedings. Feminism suited me just fine in the classroom and the voting booth, but when it came time to put my lesbian lovers to work begging for permission to suck my cock, I was leaving it at the door, and happily so. I amended, "At least on a macro level."

"Macro level? What does that even mean?"

I rubbed the bridge of my nose. Why was I even having this discussion? If she thought continuing on as a smart, woke woman gave her my approval, why muddy the waters?

Tabitha crossed her long, slender legs, her brief pink and yellow plaid skirt rising up despite her efforts to guide it back in place.

"It means that what's best for people out in society isn't always what makes them happiest in their private lives."

"So you're saying... what? Be a hypocrite when it's convenient?"

My eyes squeezed shut. No. I wasn't doing this. Somehow, the girl had actually listened to the best lessons I had to teach, and even retained those values in spite of the meddling of goddamn Abbie Stern. It was easy to see down the road this question laid out before me. It was one where I clarified that publicly I approved of women like Tabitha, but privately I enjoyed the company of sluts like Abbie and Taylor. That I *approved* of that sort of behavior; that I *disapproved* of little prisses who gave one unimpressive blowjob and then threw in the towel. The button was visible on her forehead, right in the same place Abbie had her fantasy slut button; right where Cassie had the booty call button; where Megan had her enthusiastic cooperation button; where Candy and her girlfriend had matching buttons that read *Degrade Isa*; where I had a *me no pussy!* button; where Taylor had...

Hmm. What button *did* Taylor have?

Never mind that. Tabitha was watching me intently for my response. "No. Forget it, Tabitha. You're absolutely fine the way you are. Better than – you're *great* the way

you are. For crying out loud, the last thing you need to worry about is whether or not you give first rate blowjobs.”

“You’re saying that that wasn’t first rate?” I decided to take it as a joke, and she laughed with me after a brief pause.

“Come on. It’s high time I gave those chuckleheads a talking to and make sure what happened to you doesn’t happen to anyone else. Let’s go next door and—”

An engine started outside, coughing asthmatically as it wheezed its way to life. The sound of that engine was all too familiar. I darted for the front door, throwing it open just in time to see Taylor pulling out of Megan’s driveway with Abbie in the passenger seat and Justin in the back.

“Hey! Stop right there!” I bellowed.

The mocking laughter of Justin echoed back to me, the more muted peal of giggles from Abbie audible beneath it. Taylor’s middle finger extended out the driver window while Justin hung out his own window in the back. He pantomimed a blowjob, then called out, “C-dawwwwg! Ow ow owoooooo!” His canine howls faded as Taylor slammed the accelerator and left us in their dust.

“God, I hate that kid!” I yelled to no one in particular. Not the first time I’d yelled those words in this house, and certainly not the first time they referred to that particular student. This was the young man who made fart noises with his mouth when I sat down at my desk; who flicked paper balls at my back when I wrote on the whiteboard; who had more than once given me a dirty look when I told him to pipe down, like *I* was the one who was bothering *him*. His mother had literally laughed at me when I tried to talk to her about his behavior, then hung up. It was a hundred different things week in and week out, a steady stream of disrespect and petty abuse that raised my blood pressure just to look at the little fucker. A lazy, uncurious, stupid jerk who was going to need some sort of major life event to steer him back towards a semblance of decency. Knocking up some poor idiot girl was the most likely case, but in my darker moment, I quietly rooted for a short prison stay.

Justin was Taylor, only without the tits or the potential. He was a pretty little fellow, quick-witted and gregarious to a fault. Girls adored him. (Not girls like Tabitha who preferred a little substance between the ears, but she was far from the norm in her demographic.) Having both Justin and Taylor in the same class period had more than once made me question if I had angered a vengeful god somewhere along the line. Their class was forever behind all my other sections, and it was ninety percent due to them and another friend or two. They were the ringleaders, though. They drove me crazy nearly every day – or they had until Serenex had forced Taylor to behave herself. Watching him grow despondent at her refusal to join in his antics had been one of the most satisfying side effects of this whole escapade. One of the things I liked best about Tabitha, in fact, was her open disdain for the two of them.

“Are teachers supposed to say things like that?” she asked behind me.

I wasn't especially enjoying her company at present, though. Bit of a nag. I'd gotten enough judgment from Isa and Candy, to say nothing of myself, to want to sit here being berated by an eighteen-year-old.

I grumbled an entirely insincere apology and sat down to think. Now what? Ever since Justin and his shit-eating grin emerged from my bedroom, my plan for the evening had immediately hardened itself as chewing out the Sterns, Abbie in particular, and finding out how deep a hole their meddling had dug. Yes, Abbie could use my Serenx whenever she liked, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to exert my influence over her on the when and the how. I'd teach her that being my fantasy slut entailed a certain amount of respect, and that her days of treating me as a subordinate to her own whims were over.

Now they were gone, and could be on their way to anywhere.

Cassie was unlikely to know anything of substance about it all, and certainly wouldn't have been the driving force behind their little “prank.” The best punishment for her participation would be to ignore her and let her fester. As for the Sterns, they weren't beholden to come when I called them, and I couldn't very well pretend I'd been harboring a fantasy about smacking them upside the head for putting my penis in the mouth of one of my least favorite people on the planet. (That was to say nothing of the aggravation and confusion of... ugh. *Ugh!* That I could deal with later. Much later.) There was probably no point trying to reach them on the phone; they'd ignore, deflect, or more likely simply frustrate me for kicks.

Plus, I grudgingly admitted, I already knew what they'd say: that I deserved that little shock for what I'd done to them. After all, more than once I'd put them in sexual situations with other women regardless of their own stated feelings. Hell, I'd made Taylor lick my cum off her sister's tits. Their displeasure was understandable – though it would be nice if they'd have simply told me as much instead of being so goddamn dramatic about it.

Could I catch up to them somewhere? They'd probably gone back to one of their houses. Not necessarily though. Should I text them? What would I say? If not tonight, when? This was only going to get worse the longer it went unaddressed. Should I dose them? Could I? I would never use Serenex on Abbie without her permission, but maybe I could get Taylor to do it for me? I wasn't sure. Where were they even hiding it? Did Abbie have it on her person, or could I maybe sneak into her place and nab it? Was it in her locker? Did Isa have access to student locker combinations, or some sort of master key? Could we–

Tabitha interrupted my musing. “Look, I should probably be going, Mr. Canon. You look like you have a lot on your mind, so I'll get out of your hair. As long as I still have your approval, right?”

She did, of course, but in that moment my mind was focused on getting answers. I only half-heard her to begin with. What on earth was Abbie up to, and why? Why create competition for herself? Justin at least made sense to make a point, but Tabitha? For all the whining she did about not getting enough time with me, why unleash a brilliant, beautiful rival to get in the way? It hadn't broken Tabitha's resolve like it had the Browns, but it sure sounded like that was what she'd meant to accomplish. I could imagine the pissed-off look on Abbie's face when Tabitha told her what she'd told me. Already a pleasure to have in class, a perfect student – and all that before a single lick on my cock. Only...

I interjected as she opened the front door to slip out. "Tabitha, wait."

Her slender body froze in place. "Yes, Mr. Canon?"

"Answer one question for me before you go. If you were so sure you already had my approval, then why did you agree to participate tonight?"

She took a step back as if physically struck, nearly falling backward over the base of the doorframe. "I'd... rather not say."

Uh, oh. That had touched a nerve. What the hell else had those girls done? "Did they do something to you? Coerce you? Threaten you with something?"

"No! I mean, not really. They... look, it doesn't matter. I'm gonna leave."

I rose to my feet, but was careful not to approach her. She was plainly nervous and I didn't want to frighten the poor thing. Still, I wasn't above exerting a little pressure on her, either. Abbie could use my Serenex whenever she liked, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to allow her to bully and harass her fellow students. The bullying was working, though; Tabitha wasn't going to rat her out if she could help it. I'd seen this play out a hundred times.

Still, there was that button on her forehead.

With an inward grimace, I pushed it.

"Maybe you had my approval up until now, Tabitha, but approval isn't irrevocable, and it can be granted or withdrawn from action to action. Right now, you're toeing the line of my disapproval. A lie of omission is still a lie."

Her eyes shot wide. I'd struck a nerve. "What? I'm not... I wasn't..."

"Then tell me why you joined in tonight, Tabitha. Or go if you want. But know that I don't approve of your decision." Not the most artful manipulation, but Serenex often didn't demand a lot in that regard. My own button had proven quite effective, too.

Only, my button tended to make me whip my dick out and start thumping my chest like an alpha gorilla. Tabitha's button, however, evidently functioned to accelerate her breathing and make the blood drain from her face. Her body began to shake like a leaf in a storm. "I... I'm... oh shit, not... not now...!"

Oh no. What had I done? I hurried to my student's side, ushering her over to the couch before her wobbling knees gave out on her. "Tabitha, it's all right. You don't have

to talk to me. I approve of... of whatever. You. Leaving. Whatever. Just calm down, OK? Deep breaths now. Deeeeeeep breaths. That's it. I'll get you something to drink, OK?" She didn't answer. Breathing like that, she couldn't. "I'll be right back, just calm the hell down!"

Yelling at the girl probably wasn't the best way to impose calm, I considered belatedly. By the time I returned with a glass of water, Tabitha was full-blown hyperventilating. I almost dropped the glass in my haste, grabbing one of the throw pillows and fanning her. Tabitha's fist gripped the arm of the sofa white-knuckled. She fought to regain her breath, and when it didn't go away after the first couple minutes, I hastily googled what to do for someone having a panic attack on my phone and followed the advice as best I could. That WebMD assured me she'd be fine did little to bolster my anxiety as I watched her tremble and gasp.

After about twenty minutes, she was finally calm enough to manage more than clipped monosyllabic answers. Afraid to send her condition back the other direction, I waited for her to speak first. Eventually, though her breath was still shallow, she at last did.

"Sorry, Mr. Canon. I have an anxiety disorder. I don't really tell many people. My dad says when people know you have a weakness, they see you as weak."

"You're not weak, Tabitha. You're human." I wanted to reassure her with a squeeze of the hand, the shoulder, but I didn't dare touch her, just in case.

"See, every now and then I have these panic attacks. Technically only about four times ever, including that, but the anxiety does lots of other things, too. That's why I joined speech and debate, because I was always terrified of it and my parents thought conquering my fear would be good for me. It's gotten better. Mostly. Anyway, I'll be OK." She patted her chest as if it would force her heart into a steadier rhythm.

"I'm glad for that, at least. Thought you were going to faint on me for a minute there." I leaned down so I could meet her eyeline. "You're not, are you?"

"I'll give myself a few before I try standing up, but I should be OK. The water helps, thanks." She took a long sip. "Is this well water or something? It tastes... blergh."

"My apologies, on behalf of the water conservation office."

Tabitha at least seemed to grasp her ingratitude and made a face. Or maybe the water really was that bad. I didn't like it either, frankly, but I hardly ever drank it straight out of the tap. Again, I waited, afraid that if I posed the obvious question, it might trigger a relapse.

(I'd had time to think about what might come of an ambulance call to my house to pick up a panicking eighteen-year-old student. I was pretty sure I could arrange for her to be picked up at Megan's, but it seemed like it would be rude to dump her off like that. Happily it hadn't come to that.)

Tabitha, however, sensed my lingering apprehension. "Go ahead. You can ask."

“Hey, you’ve been through way more than enough today. If you want to talk about anything, I’d be glad to listen, but I’m not putting you through that. It wasn’t fair of me to pressure you like that in the first place.”

She didn’t respond right away, taking some time to force down the rest of the water, then a bit more to let her body calm back down to normal levels. I had all sorts of questions, but more than anything, I wanted my student to feel safe and well. Maybe another day I’d get to grill her on the rest of it. For tonight, it would be best if we let the subject drop and just—

“Did I really do that bad, with the... you know...?” she asked, her voice so soft that even in the quiet house I barely heard her.

“The what? Oh, you mean... before? Um, yes. Yes, you did just fine.” Why was *that* on her mind?

“Don’t placate me. You said I wasn’t first rate. I know I didn’t get to make you... you know. Honest answer. Did I do a bad job?”

The sincerity in those piercing blue eyes of hers bade me take her request seriously. “It was... decent. Not the best, not the worst. The teeth thing was sort of rough. It gets pretty sensitive down there when... yeah.”

“Thank you. And I’m sorry.” Tabitha looked down at her lap contritely.

What the hell was this? Had the panic attack fried her brain? “You’re making me dizzy, Tabitha.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Canon,” she said meekly. No more, though.

“Help me make sense of this. You come over here for a made-up study session that you had to know wasn’t real. Somehow they convince you to join their little game, and you play along. But after, when I explain how it came to this, you come at me with a slew of righteously indignant accusations – not unfair, but still. Then I ask why you went along with something you find so distasteful and you have a panic attack, and then on the other end of it you’re apologizing for not giving a satisfactory blowjob? Are you all right? I’m starting to worry Serenex really did something weird to you.”

Her eyes flicked up. “I suppose it’s been a weird night for both of us.”

“Putting it mildly. Come on, Tabitha. Talk to me. How are you feeling? Can I help? If we need to get you medical help—”

“Fine. You win.” She sighed in resignation. “It’s... it’s what you said. One of the things I always liked about your teaching style is that you’re good about steering discussion toward an end point, guiding it along. Some teachers let kids just blurt out whatever idiot things are on their minds like it automatically has value, and then not take it anywhere.”

“I’ve said a lot of things tonight...”

Her hands fidgeted in her lap. “My dad used to say when I was studying for my driver’s license test that just because I did a good job washing the car didn’t mean he

trusted me to drive it. Like you said, approval of one deed doesn't extend to approval of all of them."

I held up my hands, already seeing what I'd done. I'd just had to hit that damn button, hadn't I? "No, sweetie. That was wrong of me. I only said that to get you to satisfy my curiosity about how tonight got put together. I was angry with the others and since they weren't here for me to interrogate them, I looked to you. I was being selfish, and I'm sorry."

Tabitha shook her head, though, and reminded me that she was on GHS's varsity debate team with her swift, cool analysis. "You were being selfish, true, and so was Taylor when she sold me on her reasoning. She told me that maybe you approved of me as a student, but not as a woman. She was only trying to play me, too – and I'll deal with her later, believe me – but that doesn't mean she was wrong."

"Please don't start taking your cues from Taylor Stern. Really, Tabitha. You have absolutely nothing to prove to me."

"Respectfully, I disagree." Her legs crossed once more, and when I let myself notice too pointedly, a thin smile appeared on thick lips. "In a way, this is an opportunity – for both of us. I'll get to learn things about relationships, about satisfying a partner, about my own wants and needs. And you... well, it's pretty clear what you get out of it."

I blinked. "Wait, now you're talking yourself back into being my brainwashed sex slave?"

"As if I have a choice in the matter," she said snidely. "Intellectually, yes, I know it's the Serenex, but in my heart, it *feels* right. Wasn't that the rationale you gave us for all those journaling exercises? I always found them a bit tedious myself, but I do remember some of the lecture side of things. You said they were to help us understand what's inside of us so we can bring it to the outside in the way we want. Something like that, anyway. I was sitting too close to Taylor and her idiot friends to hear it all."

"This is definitely not what I meant by that!" I insisted, standing. Just once, it would be nice if anything Serenex-related made sense or went according to plan! And of course, it had to be with a young woman who had near eidetic memory for every damn word I'd ever said in front of her damn class!

"Obviously, but since what was inside you was a desire to have sex with your students, now that you've made that your outside, maybe you shouldn't look the gift horse too closely in its mouth either, hmm?" Her smile broadened. "Wow, I feel better. Trying to fight this down. All this past week, ever since that party, I've found myself thinking I'm not doing enough to earn your approval – and every time I got it, it felt so... *good*."

The way she said that word... that was dangerous.

“Mr. Canon, I’ve been to rationalize this away, but it just... bleh. It was eating at me all week. Then tonight when you explained it all, I tried to keep being independent, to not worry about what a man in a position of power thinks of me – like you said you respected – but I just can’t ignore how I feel. And that teeth thing! You have no idea how much that bothered me – that I couldn’t even apologize!”

“It was really not a big deal, Tabitha – it could happen to anyone, especially on their first time.”

Before I could add that it was also to be her *last* time, she cut me off, taking to her feet and stopping right in front of me. “Justin didn’t use *his* teeth on what I can only assume was *his* first time,” she pointed out. I winced at the reminder. “I’ll practice. I’ll get good at it. I’ll get good at *everything*. You just have to show me how, OK? I realize I put you on the defensive earlier, but that was my fault. I get it now. Look at this guy, huh?” Tabitha playfully nudged my shoulder. She was standing much too close, though. “Teaching me, even outside the classroom.”

I stepped back, but she pursued. Was this the same girl who’d recovered from a panic attack not ten minutes ago!? “Not exactly what I had in mind when I took the job.”

“What about now?” Her carefully manicured hands found my stomach, caressed it. She smelled good, this close. Perfume? Shampoo? Whatever it was, she was pressing it up my nostrils like some sort of pheromone assault. “What do you have in mind now, Mr. Canon?”

I pulled her hands down, but she still managed to curl her fingers in and tease my wrists with her nails. “Tabitha, no. I know today’s been pretty wild for you, but I assure you, I’m not having my best day either. Let’s sleep on it, OK? We can talk later on once we’ve had time to think it over. Monday, after school.”

“Maybe I could help take your mind off of it.” My back hit the wall. She didn’t stop. Her chest pressed against mine. “Please let me help, Mr. Canon?”

“I shouldn’t. *We* shouldn’t.”

The girl’s slender neck craned up. I twisted my head to the side to forestall a kiss. I’m not sure if that’s what she intended, though; her soft, pink lips instead brushed against my ear as she whispered into it. “Teach me to be as good at being your brainwashed sex slave as I’ve always been as your student.”

“Tabitha...”

“I want to learn. Teach me, Mr. Canon.”

Foolishly, I turned back to face her. Damn it, she was beautiful. My taste ran to women with more curves on their bones, but with Tabitha’s face right in mine, there was no trace of any lacking element. The perfect student.

Why was I hesitating? I’d already crossed the line – that acre-wide line – between student and sex partner several times over. Not merely crossed but trampled, then gone

back and set fire to it. Hell, with Cassie and the Sterns, I'd barely thought of the distinction except in how it spiced things up.

Tabitha might be a better student, but it wasn't like we were close. The girl needed next to no minding in class; I'd expended ten times the energy trying to corral Taylor and Justin this year than I ever could providing enrichment for our resident brainiac. Perhaps her name had come up in Abbie's fantasy probing, though if it truly had (and this weren't simply the bitch seizing an opportunity to drag an uptight honors student through the mud), it couldn't have netted much substance.

Tabitha was my fantasy the same way she would be nearly anyone's fantasy in my place. Gorgeous, unattainable, easily fetishized given our relationship, but I had never fixated on her the way I had, say, Taylor. It wasn't to say she'd never been on my mind when I was jerking off. (Oy, the day she wore leggings for a group project, decorating posters on the floor with her partners, the hunching and the squatting and the bending...!) It was incidental, though. Occasional.

Only now, that occasion was caressing the bulge in my jeans.

It was stupid to say no. There was no justification for it – at least, none I hadn't already long since discarded. She was hot and willing, and if it was only because of Serenex, the same could be said for myself and every other woman I'd fooled around with in the past month. There was nothing about this scenario that was unappealing in any way.

So how on earth could I not be in the mood?

My eyes squeezed shut. There on the backs of my eyelids were burned the image of Justin on my TV screen, Abbie and Taylor broadcasting their amusement. The laughter, the howls, the finger as they drove off.

Evidently betrayal wasn't much good for my libido.

Gently but firmly, I removed her hand from my crotch. "I'm sorry, Tabitha. I'm just not in the mood right now. Sort of in my own head a bit right now."

"Oh." Her smile withered. "I see."

"It's not you." I tilted her chin up. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with you."

Her lips pursed. "Can I ask what it is then? You didn't seem to have a problem being sexual with those other girls."

"Well for one, I just found out one of my favorite students got roped into this whole mess I created, and then it gave her a panic attack."

"In my defense, that was part of an adjustment period. I'll be more proactive from now on, I swear."

"And for two," I went on, "I just came in the mouth of another man, one I very much dislike, and two people I thought I could trust made that happen. So I'm just in a shitty mood, and I can't stop picturing... fuck Fuck! Sorry. Just not in an amorous frame of mind."

“Oh. Yeah, I can understand that. So, um, I guess I really will get out of your hair this time. But... we’ll talk later, right?”

“Sure.”

“Oh and before I go – geez, this is so weird to ask a teacher, but... can I have your number?”

I entered my number into her phone as she did the same with mine, then exchanged our phones back. Tabitha gave me a brief hug, a nervous smile, and left out the back door. I peered out from between the front blinds as she settled into the driver’s seat of a luxury car I’d noticed parked across the street when I got home from work. The car started, she waved, and then she was gone.

Abbie sent me the video. Not a single solitary word accompanied it. Only the video. I considered for a fraction of a second, then deleted it. Then googled to make sure it wasn't still there, lingering somewhere in cyberspace to ambush me.

Fucking Justin. Fucking Taylor. Fucking Abbie! Fuck fuck *fuck!*

After quickly realizing sitting around at home with nothing and no one to distract me was a losing proposition, I took a jog around the neighborhood to burn off some energy. A shower was necessary after. Normally I liked to dawdle, relax under the stream of my deluxe shower heads, but that evening, showers made me think of Cassie and how much she liked to join me in here. Which made me think of what all we had done in this shower. Which made me think of her blowjob this afternoon. Which made me think of...

FUCK!

I was in and out in under five minutes.

Call her. Just call Abbie, demand to know what the hell she was thinking, and make sure she wasn't going to do it to anyone else, at least until we had a chance to talk face to face. My fantasies definitely did not entail this sort of bullshit. Maybe she'd refuse to pick up, or maybe she'd put on a show of throwing it in my face to impress the others, but I at least deserved the satisfaction of a redress of grievances, damnit!

Four beers later, I pressed the call button. Fuck it. I could at least leave a scathing voicemail, right? It was pathetic, but it might be therapeutic. I tapped my foot impatiently as it rang in my ear. Was I ever going to give that bitch a piece of my mind. She couldn't stop me from—

“Sup, C-dawg? Ready for round two already? Ow ow owooooooo!”

Justin's voice.

My words caught in my throat. I hung up. Then I threw the phone across the room. It was dumb luck that it didn't shatter on impact. Replacing the thing after cracking the screen a few weeks ago when Megan had shocked me with her blackmail texts had cost a small fortune.

My phone buzzed only moments later. I stalked across the room, ready to delete whatever taunt Abbie and Taylor and Justin had sent, sight unseen. That'd show 'em.

FUCK!

It was from Tabitha.

So other than the teeth, was my first blowjob at least halfway decent? (How's that for a first message in a new text log...)

I stared for a long moment at that text.

You did fantastic, I replied. I downed the rest of beer five. *Can't wait for round two.*

Orly? she replied with an attached bitmoji of herself stroking her chin, eyebrow raised in curiosity and intrigue.

Really. After a minute, I added a second reply. *Not to try to pressure you or anything. Don't wanna have you driving back and forth all over town like the doordash of blowjobs. ;P*

Her next text came with an attached image, this time a photo. It was Tabitha sitting in the driver's seat of a car with leather interior, lower lip stuck out petulantly. An *lol* followed a moment later, I presumed at my quip. That was more the Tabitha I knew from school, quick to laugh at my jokes, even the third-rate ones. She was a born suck-up. No wonder I hadn't noticed anything different about her behavior this past week.

Were you really about to drive back over here? I asked.

Yes. Only that single word, sent almost instantaneously.

I didn't need any more time to think it over. I was fucking done thinking things over. Right then, I wanted a distraction. I wanted civil company. I wanted every trace of this afternoon hoovered off my cock forever. I wanted to live out a fantasy that included nothing of Taylor or Abbie Stern.

Can you stay the night?

Yes.

“Don’t get up,” Tabitha said as she strode briskly through the back door. She hadn’t changed clothes, I noted, still the vibrantly colorful schoolgirl in her pastel skirt and thin, form-flattering pink sweater. Pink and yellow - more girly than one might expect from such a woman, but it only highlighted her vibrance, her loveliness.

I held my place in my chair. Without fanfare, Tabitha sunk to the floor at my feet, immediately going after my jeans. I’d taken them off before my run, but having considered her reaction to them in class, I’d put them back on during her drive over.

They didn’t stay on long, and occasioned no comment. Tabitha was on a mission. I may as well have waited for her naked.

She opened her mouth to say something, thought better of it, and said something else. “What’s your preference for dialogue?”

“Dialogue?” I repeated, too much of my blood flow already redirected. I’d stopped after that fifth bottle, but I was a bit tipsy as well. Good. My level head had only been getting in the way.

“Chatter. Talk. Vocalization. You like some chit-chat, all business, what?”

“Oh. I don’t have a strong preference. If you have something to say, you should say it. Communication is good.”

Her hands found my twitching shaft jutting up toward the ceiling and, after a lick on each palm, began stroking in both hands. It looked surprisingly natural to her. “What about dirty talk? Like, dislike?”

“Like.” Cassie’s fumbling efforts notwithstanding.

“Style-wise: Slutty? Aggressive? Obsequious? Dominatrix?”

“Explain the difference?”

She tapped her chin with one hand while continuing to jack me off with the other. “Oh my god, I fucking love your big fat dick, Mr. Cannon. Is all this for me? I barely know what to do with a monster like this. God your cock makes my pussy so fucking wet.” One slow lick up my shaft followed her fawning compliment.

“That was ‘slutty.’ Aggressive would be like...” Her eyes and voice gained a sudden intensity as she whipped her hair back over one shoulder. “Yeah, you like it when I jerk this bad boy, don’t you? You know you fucking do. Don’t you fucking dare cum yet, because I have all sorts of plans for this baby. I’m gonna drain your fucking balls dry, Mr. Canon. Every last mother fucking drop of cum.”

“Wow.” I gestured for her to go on. Who didn’t like a little theater with their tuggy?

“What did I say next?”

“Um, obsequious, I think?”

She nodded, closing her eyes for a moment. When they opened, they were twice their original size, needful and imploring. “Thank you for letting me play with your huge cock, Mr. Cannon. My tight little pussy gets so wet thinking about you. About this. Do

you think if I'm a good girl, you'll let me put him inside me later? I would be *soooo* grateful. I promise I'll show you just how grateful, if you let me. Oh, *please* let me, Mr. Canon," she whimpered.

I groaned. Jesus. She was picking up by instinct what Cassie hadn't been able to replicate in weeks of constant porn-browsing. Like everything else she'd ever studied, Tabitha was a natural.

"And dominatrix, let's see..."

"No need. I've been dommed enough lately. The others are all good, though. Whatever you like."

She shook her head. "No. You have to tell me. I'm here to *learn*, remember? So teach me what you like. Teach me how to earn your approval."

"I'm really not that picky, Tabitha. You can—"

"I'm not doing you a favor, Mr. Canon. I don't want you to feel thankful, and I don't want you to feel like it's greedy to be demanding." She planted a series of soft kisses up the length of my cock, yet somehow simultaneously conveyed she wasn't finished making her point. "Think of it like an essay. Teaching me the steps to craft a product that isn't merely satisfactory, but compelling. Except the paragraphs are my body, and the rubric is your cock."

I came.

Holy fuck, I came so hard I couldn't even see where it landed. The ceiling, for all I knew. The goddamn moon.

"Whoa! Was that... whoa. I thought that only happened with high school boys," she muttered, inspecting her hair nervously to see if any had spurted there.

"Yeah, me too. Goddamn, Tabitha. Sorry about—"

She suddenly grasped my cock so firmly I clamped my mouth shut in fright. Rather than tear it off, though, she draped her plump lips around it and swirled her tongue around my dome, insuring that I was good and clean of the dribbles that hadn't fired like a gunshot. It was still hypersensitive in the wake of my orgasm. I trembled softly as she sucked.

"You don't have to apologize to me. When I do something wrong, tell me and I'll make sure it doesn't happen again. Don't waste words apologizing. I don't need it sugar-coated. I'll be more patient next time. I promise. I'll get better."

"You'll... you think you did something *wrong*?"

She made a face. "Well, yeah. It's supposed to take way longer than that, right?"

"It takes as long as it takes. That orgasm, hon, was a compliment. Or a thank you. Both, I guess."

Rather than smile at the praise, she simply nodded. Like she'd said, she wasn't merely giving me a handjob; she was studying how to give me a handjob. Tabitha might not be able to take notes at the moment, but she had a hell of a memory.

“So the dirty talk wasn’t too much?”

“It was great. Style-wise, I...” I’d been about to say I didn’t care enough to knit-pick, but her unwillingness to have me gloss over such things had already been made clear. “Um, the first one was good. Obsequious is cute, but it’s too role-play. Doesn’t suit you.”

Her eyes narrowed. “So you’re saying ‘slutty’ suits me just fine.”

“So far, yeah.” I got a grudging smile. “So you really want me to just... tell you how I like it? What to do, what not to do?”

“Like you always said, there’s the easy way, and then there’s the *right* way. I don’t care what other hypothetical men like. Teach me how *you* like it.”

Jesus. Even Isa hadn’t been like this. If she were here, she’d still have that glare behind her eyes, the resentment – that she hated the power I had over her, even if it turned her on like nothing else ever had. Tabitha? This was the same Tabitha I’d always known. Focused. Attentive. Determined to ace whatever I put in front of her.

A pleasure to have in class.

“All right, so we’ll need to build me back up. I hadn’t planned on... that, but I’m not out of it yet. Ready to try another blowjob?”

Tabitha nodded. “Yes, Mr. Canon.”

“All right. First off, are you comfortable down there? The hardwood can’t feel very good on your knees. I can get you a pillow or something.”

She retrieved one herself, wasting no time getting back into position. “Ready.”

I ran my fingers through her deep brown hair. It was like silk. She had to have brushed it in the car. No way it could be this soft without fresh effort. Tabitha permitted my caress, but she was plainly awaiting instruction.

“Now before, if I recall, you dove right onto it mouth-first,” I began. “What put you in such a rush?”

“They said I only had ten minutes,” she explained. “Is that not what you’re supposed to do? It’s mouth on cock, bob bob, squirt squirt. Right?”

I shook my head reprovably. “How... clinical. But see, that’s the thing about good sex, Tabitha. It’s not about the destination – it’s about the journey. You want to conceive a kid, then yeah, go with the pump and dump. You want to win a man’s heart – *my* heart– you use a little finesse.”

“Pump and...? Gross.” She wrinkled her nose, shuddering. “Sorry. Adjusting. You were saying about finesse? But if I’m not allowed to use my mouth, then... Do you mean start with a handjob? Because that sure didn’t slow things down a minute ago.” She peered around the room for a moment in search of the missing jizz.

“I don’t mean about slow. Sometimes I might like to have a girl go at it like she’s desperate for it, pedal to the metal. No, I’m talking about finesse. Is the point of a blowjob to make me come, or is it to provide me pleasure?”

“The latter, I guess? Yeesh, it’s so weird talking about this stuff with a teacher. I’m listening though – definitely don’t stop. So you’re saying diving in is bad.”

I nodded. “Some guys may dig that, and sometimes yeah, I might just be horny and want to get off – though sex is usually my preference for that. Are you on the pill by the way?”

She blushed. “Um... no. I can get on it, though. I have my own insurance card so my parents won’t know. Oh man. You’re going to... Wow. Sorry, processing. My English teacher is talking about coming inside me. Oh wow. This is... a lot.”

“Too much? For all the grief you were giving me over brainwashed sex slaves, you still get to say no whenever you want, you know.”

Tabitha nodded. “I won’t, but thanks. Unless you’re saying you want me to? I’ve heard that’s a thing.”

“Holy crap, Tabitha, I’m talking about consent, not rape games. Damn.” I shook my head. “Anyway, we were talking about blowjobs. Now what I want you to do is give my cock a single lick, and make that lick last at least ten seconds.”

“Ten...?! Mr. Canon, you’re big, but you’re not ten seconds big.” She winced immediately at her retort. “Sorry, I shouldn’t make fun. I didn’t mean anything by it.”

“You really don’t need to apologize this much. I actually sort of like that you’re being yourself.”

“Other than coming over to my teacher’s house to get tutored in sucking cock, you mean.”

“Other than that.” We shared a brief smile. “Now. Are you ready?”

Tabitha nodded, sucking in a deep breath as she leaned forward. I’d gone a bit soft after the handjob incident, so she took me in hand and extended my cock straight up. It was still semi-hard. I wondered if she could really drag it out that long. I’d picked ten seconds out of a hat. Was that number going to be comically long, or–

Oh.

No. It was not too long.

She only extended the very tip of her tongue from her mouth, so little that her nose grazed me as she began by the base. I wasn’t counting, but I could only assume she was. It felt like an hour, that lick. A perfect, warm, wet, loving hour.

“Like that, Mr. Canon?” she asked.

I jumped. One lick and she had shut my mind off. “Y-yeah.” I nodded vigorously. “Now keep going. Nothing but tongue. Lick it.”

Tabitha studied my cock from several angles. “Yeah, I guess I don’t need the hand now, huh.”

“You sure don’t. Now lick me.”

Tabitha Hutchings, honor roll dream girl of GHS, licked my cock. I tried to devise an adequate simile, but there was nothing. Not like a lollipop. That would lack the

passion she put into it. Not like an ice cream cone. It would be melting down her chin before she finished the second pass. She didn't even lick it like a cock. I'd had my cock licked all too much lately, and this was something new altogether. No. Simply put, Tabitha licked my cock like she'd been told to give it ten-second licks and meant to follow those instructions precisely until I told her to do something else.

"You know, I think I actually kind of like the taste? Like, it's... I don't know the word. No, I'll screw it up if I try. But I like it. A lot. Do you like it, Mr. Canon?" she asked after some time had passed.

"That feels better than anything has felt all goddamn day, Tabitha. You're a godsend. You—"

There was no missing the sudden tremor that went through her body. Had that been...? Did she just...! From nothing more than...?!

I tested the waters. "You suck cock like a pro, Tabby. You should be proud. My perfect little blowjob queen."

At that, however, she pulled back. "Did you see me, um, having the... well, I guess it was an orgasm, but I never..."

"I sure did. How'd it feel?"

Her smile sneaked past her resolve. "Good. *Really* good. At least until you started forcing it. It has to be real, Mr. Canon. Don't b.s. me, or it breaks the mood."

"Then get back to licking already and give me something to approve of."

That was all it took. She didn't hesitate, and never slowed. After a while I started counting along with her. Ten seconds of bliss was far too leisurely for my brain to register as a rhythm, but sure enough, at or around the same mark every time. Up the sides. Up the base. Zigzagging back and forth. Swirling around the tip. With only a few words of muttered feedback, she devoted several rounds to the ultra-sensitive spot around my midsection. Round and around and around, never dwelling on any one technique long enough for her spit to dry elsewhere. My whole universe was divided up in ten-second increments for as far as I could see.

I began to wonder if she'd ever stop. Sure enough, the clock over the TV told me she'd been on her knees, licking my cock, for close to an hour without saying a word. The stimulus was too gradual to actually make me come, but the feel of it... Physically, her methodic technique was magnificent. Psychologically, the devotion to my satisfaction was divinity itself.

I hadn't caught the exact start time, but it was closer to two hours than one before she said a word.

"You're sure you don't want me to use the rest of my mouth? You came so easily before, but now, I don't know if I'm, you know, doing it right."

"You're closer than you think. But you're right, I don't want to keep you down there all night. Now I want you to wrap your mouth around it. Bob nice and slow like

you did before, but keep focusing on using your tongue. All about the tongue. And don't let what I'm doing distract you."

She looked nervous, but one thing Tabitha Hutchings did not do was question a direct instruction from her teacher. She slipped my almost aching cock between her lips, wrapping them snug yet remaining perceptibly assiduous in keeping her teeth clear. Somehow not tired from an hour and a half of slobbering all over my dick, she moved her tongue with the dexterity of a finger. A soft, slick finger, consumed with the need to pleasure me.

My hand fumbled around beside my chair for where I'd dropped my briefcase when I'd come home. The question was in her eyes, but she didn't ask it. She sucked, because I'd told her to suck, because my approval was contingent on her sucking, because her sense of self-worth was contingent on my approval.

I entered the combination and retrieved the necessary implement, a black dry erase marker. Tabitha didn't like that; it was clear from her eyes alone. She didn't slow, though. Not when I took the cap off. Not when I held her head still with my left hand. Not when I put the marker to her forehead with my right. Not when I whipped out my phone.

"Say cheese, Tabitha."

"Heeeev," she replied, her lips curling upward at the corners in a vain effort to smile around the cock lodged in her mouth. I snapped a picture. It took three tries, but I finally got one that wasn't blurry. Once satisfied, I turned the phone around and showed her.

Her eyes widened as she took in the sight of her face impaled on her English teacher's swollen red cock. On her forehead was written, in my shaky handwriting: *100% A+ COCKSUCKER*, with the grade near her hairline and the assignment title above her brow.

With a screech that dropped and became a growling mess of a moan, Tabitha came. That was all I'd been waiting for – I obliged her by flooding her mouth with a river of cum all my own.

Tabitha fell back on her ass as I finished – or at least, I finished because she fell back on her ass. She hadn't known to swallow, or how, and as she panted in the wake of her climax, a trail of slime dribbled between her lips and down onto her sweater.

"Did... did you really mean it?" she asked eagerly once she'd gulped down the dregs before they too stained her top.

"You're a natural, Tabitha. Best blowjob I've ever had. No bullshit. You earned it. We'll work on some variation next time, but for that project, full credit."

Her thighs clenched together conspicuously. "Thank you, Mr. Canon. You know, I think grading me like that is actually a good idea. Not necessarily writing it on my face – that is washable, right?"

“Yeah, comes right off.”

“Good. But that’s so... it’s so...” She launched herself to her feet and then immediately onto my lap, thighs spread to straddle my flagging cock. Was she that wet, or was that just her saliva? I could feel her labia wrapped around my cock hungrily even through her panties. “Just promise me you’ll give me honest feedback, OK? No filter. When I fuck up, tell me. I want to get better. I want to be the *best*.”

“And when you do a rock star job like that, I’ll tell you that, too. You’re a straight A student Tabitha. Apply yourself, and I think you’re going to surprise yourself how quickly you learn.”

She rocked her hips, grinding her pussy against my cock. “I had a hell of a teacher.” Did I have a condom? I couldn’t wait for birth control. I could get a condom. There was a Walgreens four blocks from my house. Ten minutes, tops.

“Hell, that was me winging it. Just you wait until I actually come at you with a lesson plan.”

“Mm, I can’t wait. I know I have so much more to learn.” She applied her travel-worn tongue to the side of my neck, licking with that same painstaking slowness up toward my ear. I counted along with her.

Around second eight, I gently nudged her back. “Yeah, see, that’s a liiiiittle too slow there. Sort of slobbering all over my neck – I think I felt some dribbling down my chest.”

She nodded, hopping back to her feet. “Yeah, it felt pretty gross. Stubbly, too. Yuck. All right, I’m gonna wash off my forehead before this crud stains.” Tabitha paused by the door to my bedroom, which I suppose would be the only bathroom she’d know about in the house. The smoke her eyes, though, when she looked back over her shoulder... it should have set off alarms. “Start thinking about your next lesson.”