

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Six: Anti-Bullying Initiatives

“Wait, so... you’re serious? I really have to...?” Abbie’s look to me was pleading, to her social studies teacher, revulsed.

“To let her teach you, yes. Is there a problem?”

“You mean, other than her being my teacher and me not being gay?”

“Are you my fantasy slut, or are you just here to get yourself off?”

“Hey, don’t be like that, Mr. C. You know I’m your T&A sex object. Such a fucking hoe.”

“Oh my god, I can’t believe you’re letting him do this to you,” grumbled Taylor.

“Do what? Not like Mr. Canon would do anything inappropriate,” retorted Abbie hotly. “We’re lucky to have him, you ungrateful cunt.”

“That’s enough, you two. Now come on, Abbie. Be my good girl and pay attention.”

She sighed. “All right. Fine.” Suddenly she affected such a smiles-and-sunshine demeanor that the mockery was almost painful. “So, Ms. Salata, what super awesome new and exciting thing are we gonna learn about today?”

Candy gave me a pleading look of her own, but there was no reprieve in my eyes. She’d likely have verbalized her own misgivings if not for her desire to look less pathetic than Abbie had doing the same. Then she turned back to her pupil, looming over where her student sat on her living room sofa. “Today, we’re going to learn about...” She steeled herself with a few deep breaths. “About how to pleasure a woman.”

“Oh, cool! Gee golly, how lucky am I to have a genius teacher like you!” Abbie clapped her hands together, but when she caught my warning gaze, she let up. “Fine. Sorry, just... This is so lame. How fucking hard can it be.”

Candy shook her head. “I didn’t say it was hard. But... hmm. What’s something you’re really good at?”

“Rollin’ bliggity blunts, yo!” She made some funky gesture with her hand I didn’t understand. Taylor rolled her eyes, and I simply stood behind Taylor, watching passively. Without her audience, Abbie would quickly lose her steam.

“Hilarious. But really, Abbie. What’s a skill you have? Something you’re proud of?”

To my colleague’s credit, her student actually seemed to give it some thought the second time around. Abbie was too proud of herself by half in my estimation, but playing to it got her invested fast. “I dunno. I used to be pretty decent on a skateboard.”

“Skateboarding, eh? That’s pretty cool,” continued Candy. “Though is that really a skill? You stand on the board, give it a push, try not to fall down. Seems idiot-proof to me.”

“Yeah? Think you could do it? They’d be scraping you off the bottom of the half-pipe, Ms. Salata.”

“But my little brother used to skateboard when he was eight or nine years old. I mean, if a small child could do it...”

Abbie still wasn’t picking up on the analogy, but she had all night. Or until her curfew, anyway. Candy and I had insisted before getting started that the girls notify their parents they wouldn’t be home for dinner. “Well yeah, a kid can stand on the board and glide a little, but they got no tricks. That shit—”

“Watch the language, Abbie.”

“Fine. That *crap* don’t come easy, yo.”

“So how’d you get good at it, then?”

“I mean, like ya do, right? Watch how the pros do it, practice, and when you can do something good, you try something harder.”

“I see. So, to summarize what you’re saying, anyone can partake in the activity, but it takes practice, mentoring, and observing experts to become truly skilled?”

“Yeah, but what does that have to do with—” Her eyes narrowed in suspicion upon having realized she’d been tricked into learning something. “Oh.”

But Candy laughed it off and took a seat beside her. There was something fire engine red under that skirt, I couldn’t help but notice. “I’m not trying to tease you, Abbie. I’m only making a point. When it comes to sex, any knuckle-dragger with a penis can...” She made a circle with her left hand, then jammed two fingers from her right in and out a few times. “*Pth, pth, pth, plrrrb!* It’s the old biological imperative. If it took actual talent rather than mere genital friction to cause a male orgasm, our species would have died out in our infancy.”

Abbie actually laughed, her observers beginning to be forgotten. “I can’t believe I just saw Ms. Salata go *pth pth plrrrb.*” She duplicated the gesture. “But, like, no offense, what do you know about dicks and genital friction?”

“For one, it’s tough to grow up with a television and an internet connection and *not* know about that. The basics, anyway. I concede I’m no expert there. And before you ask more explicitly, yes, I’ve slept with a man before, but I’m admittedly not the best fit for an instructor on that subject. Which is why we’re talking specifically about how two women can do this, in those rare and blessed moments when we find ourselves in the state of *phallus absentium.*”

I was pretty sure that was not authentic Latin, but it merited a chuckle. As Candy went on, explaining the differences between female and male pleasure, I bade Taylor stand up from the armchair, then took her place. A pat on my lap summoned her to sit

back down, her leather-bound bottom nestling in right next to my straining cock. Her tits, upthrust by the corset, were closer to my face than ever before, so close she had to feel my breath on the acres of bared cleavage. Her hands folded themselves in her lap self-consciously, while I rested one above her knee and the other on her hip.

I pulled her hair back to reveal her ear, a pair of silver studs set in it. “Now, Taylor,” I whispered, “you’re going to watch these two women do... whatever they wind up doing. And we’ll just see if all your haranguing is mere heterosexism, or if it’s a beard for your own urges.”

“If you think this shit’s gonna turn me on, you’re fucking cray-cray, Mr. C.”

“We’ll find out.”

As our attention returned to the lesson, Candy was laughing gently at something Abbie had said. “That’s called the clitoris, sweetie. And yes, some men will have some idea of what to do with one. But I promise you, there are plenty out there who don’t even realize you have one, much less endeavor to do anything with it.”

“Well maybe I don’t care if they do. I mean, shit, sex still feels good, clit or no clit,” said Abbie defensively.

“Sure it does. Nobody’s denying that. But remember, we’re talking about skill here, and one of the major goals of sexual skill development is enhancing the pleasure of the experience. And that’s what the clit is all about.”

“OK, so... diddle the clittle. Boom, I know how to lezzie. Done.”

Candy patted her knee; Abbie only recoiled slightly, but with a glance at me, relaxed somewhat. She was going to be touched by a woman in this fantasy, no boners about it. “We may have gotten ahead of ourselves, sweetie. The clit is... well, that comes later. Now I won’t ask you about your own sexual experiences—”

“Good thing, or we’ll be here all night,” Taylor whispered to me. I pinched her thigh and motioned for silence.

“—but I imagine most of them don’t begin with tearing off pants and jumping right into the sex. There’s other things that come first, right?”

Abbie pursed her lips. “Sure. I mean, sometimes there is.”

“Yeah. And those things, what some people call foreplay, can do a lot to make things better. So for today, rather than dive in to the deep end, why don’t we wade into the shallows together, start with the basics and then see what we see? OK?”

“I... I mean, I guess. Do whatcha gotta do, Ms. Salata.”

Candy laughed. “Relax, Abbie. I don’t bite until lesson three.” Abbie did not laugh with her. Taylor did a bit, though only at her sister’s discomfort. “All right. For starters, I think you look a little tense. Which is understandable and perfectly normal, OK? So for me when I’m tense, and a woman wants to help me relax so I’m ready to go further, that woman might—”

“You mean Officer Barbie? You can just say her name.”

There was a flash to Candy's eyes; she wasn't going to disrupt my plans, but talking explicitly about her sex life with one of her least favorite students was pushing it further even than the lesson in abstract, I could tell. "Yes, but there have been others. At any rate, one of the easy ways to start relaxing a woman is massage. That might be a neck rub, a foot rub, shoulders, thighs, the whole back, whatever. To make things more comfortable for you, we'll start with the neck. Have you ever had your neck rubbed before?"

Abbie shook her head, looking surprisingly bashful. "All right, Abbie. Let's get you comfortable first, OK?"

As Candy positioned her to lie face-down on the couch, her head propped up on a pillow, I amused myself by moving my hand up Taylor's thigh, stroking it softly. Naturally – no, not naturally, but whatever passed for "natural" in my new life – she let me.

Candy knelt beside the sofa, adjusting her student's ponytail off to the side. The tartan skirt had ridden up somewhat, revealing a significant portion of the white panties beneath. Candy tried to smooth it down, but seeing it wasn't going to be possible without either starting over or a lot of touching on and around Abbie's butt, she chose to ignore it for now.

"All right, Abbie. Now just close your eyes, try to relax. Remember, this is about making you feel good; it doesn't necessarily need to be capital-S Sexual. When I was a little girl, my mom used to rub my back to keep me quiet and calm during these long boring church services. It wasn't erotic, but it felt nice, and I liked it. Try to think of it like that, in terms of the sensations, and not the broader situations. OK?"

"Whatever. I'll try, OK? I'm not sure I even *oooooongmmmf...*" The effect of Candy's finger's was instantaneous. From across the room, it simply looked like a very basic kneading around the base of her neck. But to Abbie, evidently, it was pleasurable enough to shatter her resistance in an instant.

Or maybe she just knew what I wanted to see. Good by me.

The house was almost silent, save for the occasional unconscious grunt from Abbie. Taylor adjusted herself, then one more time, as I idly stroked her inner thigh. I couldn't help myself, and snuck a soft kiss on the exposed slope of her breast. The skin was chilly; Candy and Isa kept the AC quite cool. Poor girl. Someone should help warm these things up for her. I rested my cheek against it, careful not to nuzzle my stubble too hard into the tender mound.

"Seems like you liked that," said Candy.

Abbie smiled sheepishly. "It's been a long weekend is all."

"Sure. Now if it's all right with you, I'd like to move a bit lower. Would you like that?"

“Yeah. Sure, I guess backrubs are fine. Um, do I need to...?” The girl pointed to the sleeve of her blouse.

“I think you’d enjoy it more that way, but it’s your choice. Do you want to?”

Abbie considered. Meanwhile, I took a page out of the instructor’s playbook and shifted my right hand from Taylor’s hip to her neck, up under that tangled mass of hair. Her eyes closed for a moment as I pressed my fingers softly into her skin. I was so caught up watching her for reactions that I didn’t even see that Abbie’s top had come off until Candy was already at work on her shoulders.

“Now to make sure you’re learning something and not just milking me for backrubs,” the teacher said, “I want you to see if you can pick out some things I’ve done that you could imitate in your own activities.”

Her student was too busy groaning in pleasure as Candy worked an elbow in along her spine to reply. When it suddenly stopped, her eyes opened and she seemed to gradually remember she’d been called on by teacher. “Oh. Sorry. Um... I don’t know, you rubbed my neck and my back. Isn’t that it?”

“There is that.” Candy resumed, but more gently, teasing her by withholding the more forceful treatment the girl had been enjoying. “But I was doing other things, too. For instance, I could have told you to take your top off, or simply tried to remove it without asking. What did I do instead?”

“Uh, you asked?”

“I did. Consent is important.” I didn’t miss the three pointed looks that were suddenly shot in my direction, but she went on quickly. “You can push for what you want, try to expand your partner’s comfort zone, but don’t press past it too aggressively, and take no for an answer.”

“I dunno, all that ‘please can I maybe hold your hand’ crap is for pussies. And don’t complain about cussing because that word is so on the vocab list.”

“It’s good to show your partner that you’re interested, yes. But you don’t want to push too hard past those boundaries if you aren’t sure they’re ready.” Abbie was already in the midst of forming a rebuttal, but Candy continued on top of her. “For instance, I might think you’d enjoy some ass play.”

Candy suddenly flipped up the girl’s skirt to show her whole ass. Abbie suddenly shot up on her elbows. “Whoa there, what?!”

The teacher was already jerking her student’s panties down. “I might be sure of it. Who’s the veteran lesbian here after all, right?” Prone and surprised, it was easy work, and suddenly there was the younger Stern girl’s thick juicy ass out there in the open air. Taylor’s neck was abandoned; her whole body trembled softly as I squeezed the leather encasing her butt.

Abbie was sputtering protests, but kept looking to me as if unsure this was part of the fantasy, or just her co-slut taking advantage of her. Candy wasn’t slowing, though. “I

might want to just shove my thumb right up your presumably virgin ass, watch you explode with pleasure as I stimulate you in ways you didn't know were possible."

"Ms. Salata!" Abbie whined.

"But..." The teacher stopped with one of Abbie's broad buttocks in each hand, pulling them wide, poised to do exactly as she'd suggested. Her thumbs kneaded the skin up along the inner crack of her student's ass cheeks. There was plenty of it, and Abbie's Serenex-induced compulsions muted her resistance to mere skittishness. Her ass and her mind alike were putty in our hands.

Candy planted a kiss on the back of Abbie's thigh. With aching slowness, her tongue dragged up to meet her hands. "However," she murmured softly into the girl's ass, "whether or not I know you'd love being my little butt slut... it's obviously not something *you* want. So, because I want you to feel good, I wouldn't shove anything up your ass." She sat up, gave Abbie's bottom a few soft pats. "No matter how enjoyable it might be for me."

Abbie glared at her for a moment, flopping back down to her stomach now that the threat had passed. The instructor, though, was immune to her scorn. Who knew, maybe she was actually starting to enjoy herself. Me, I almost had to laugh. The number of times I had thought (or privately said aloud) that I wanted to see Taylor shove it (whatever "it" was) up her ass? Beyond number. Presently my finger found where the crack of Taylor's ass was peeking out of her shorts and teased in and out of that space softly.

"So yes. Direct skin on skin contact, asking permission, seeking consent, accepting boundaries. All ways you can enhance your partner's pleasure. And so far, all good for men or women, too, so that's a bonus for you. Are you keeping up?"

Slowly, Abbie nodded. "Yeah."

"Now I'd like to model another lesson." With a flick of the wrist maneuver that was honestly the most impressive thing I'd seen her do yet, the clasps of Abbie's industrial strength bra were undone. It had happened so fast, Abbie seemed to barely comprehend. "I was teasing you a moment ago, but in all honesty, Abbie, I think you're a very attractive young woman. Mind, I'll never repeat it outside of this room—"

"Bet your ass *none* of this shit leaves the room, Ms. Salata."

Candy chuckled, resting one hand between Abbie's bared shoulders, the other in the small of her back, fingers grazing the girl's skin softly. "So like I said, consent is important. Now I want to put the onus for it on you. Learning when to say no is important. I'm going to start touching your body, and I want you to tell me when I'm doing something you want me to stop. All right?"

Abbie frowned. "Don't you fucking dare put *nothing* in my ass."

"Understood. And—"

“Hold up a sec. May as well...” Abbie pushed up to her hands and knees and slipped her bra off altogether. Those pendulous tits of hers hung low beneath her, nearly reaching the couch cushions even with her arms fully extended. God damn, but that girl was stacked to hell and back. I could hardly wait to get my hands on those things. Delightfully, I knew she felt the same way. “There.”

The teacher’s hands returned to their former places. “Ready?”

“As I’m gonna be,” the girl muttered, but her eyes closed, and the caresses began.

And then, Candace Salata... taught. Her hands and digits everywhere and lingering and moving on to everywhere else all at once. Abbie’s shoulders, her arms, her fingers. Along her ribs. Higher, near the sides of her breasts. The back. Lower, near the swell of her buttocks. Lower.

On our side of the room, it was time for a check-up. I trailed along Taylor’s inner thigh right up to where her pussy was doing its best to suck in the leather. Even through that layer of fabric, though, there was a palpable moisture.

Oh god, I was running a finger along Taylor Stern’s sopping wet slit, and she was spreading her thighs to let me.

“Well, well, well... looks like somebody’s enjoying the show.”

“The hell I am,” she grumbled.

“Why not? I am.” I stood Taylor up, pulling myself up behind her using her waistband for a handhold. I started taking off my clothes. Taylor whirled. “What the... oh fuck. Oh... *fuck*.” Her eyes widened at the sight of my swollen purple shaft as I kicked my pants and underwear aside. This time, instead of seating her sideways, I planted her facing front, the crack of her ass resting along the length of my cock.

Her pussy was a furnace.

Across the room, Candy had shed her jacket; Abbie’s eyes were open now, staring at the topless teacher whose lips had now joined her hands, raining rose petal kisses at random across her exposed body.

Each of Taylor’s breasts more than filled the hand that grasped it as I pulled her backwards against me. She was incredible, as incredible as I’d imagined for so long. The pressure of a single finger was sufficient to turn her head to the side. Like last time, she didn’t reciprocate at first, but was soon motivated to kiss me back rather than lay there being kissed upon. The more I tasted her, the harder I squeezed those big tits of hers. I was vaguely aware of the corset’s neckline (which, upon tactile exploration, turned out to be more like lycra than leather, as cheap as the reputation of the girl wearing it); the deeper my fingers sunk, the more it abandoned its efforts to conceal her. Finally, with a barely audible *snap*, it slipped beneath her boobs entirely and I was no longer inhibited in the least.

Taylor Stern’s tits were mine. Two hard points pressed into my palms; I grasped each and let myself pinch, twist and pull until finally, I heard a noise claw free from my

student's throat. Pain? Humiliation? Bliss? I didn't know. I didn't care. But one thing was for sure: there was nothing cold about them now.

Her whole body was soft, sexy heat.

Along the whole length of my cock, her cunt was an inferno.

As I devoted one hand to an effort to maneuver into those impossibly tight leather shorts to experience this fact more directly, I got a fresh look at the other teacher-student couple in the room. Candy was straddling Abbie's lower back, facing her feet. The whole weight of her torso was being put into a vigorous massage that was at this point really just fondling. Aggressive fondling at that, squeezing and pulling at Abbie's ample booty, up and down her thighs, easing them wider, caressing higher, probing ever closer to that holy of holies.

I noted that her student hadn't voiced any objection. When at last Candy extended her long, slender middle finger and slipped it effortlessly into her student's juicy wet pussy, there was no resistance at all. To the contrary, Abbie wailed in ecstasy into the pillow, back arching, thighs thrown wide to welcome the intruder.

Around that time, my own probe finally reached the corresponding target on my pupil. To my surprise, I felt no hair beneath those shorts as my hand slid down the front of her. Shaved. Taylor Stern shaved her pussy – and had done so since I stole her panties after school on Friday. Had she done it herself, or had she been made to by her sister to prepare her for me? Both thoughts were so hot that it was only surprising that the *splat* against the back of Taylor's shorts was only a bit of precum and not two aching testicles full.

Then I was at the pussy itself, drenching my digits on contact.

"Wow. So this lesbian stuff really is driving you wild, isn't it?" I taunted, pulling my hand out of her shorts and thrusting the moistened fingers into her mouth. I waited for her to suck them clean before removing them. It took her a moment to succumb, but she did it.

"I told you, I'm not into that," she mumbled once I withdrew.

"Really? Because it sure feels like you are. Come on, stand up and take off your shorts. Show me how unaroused you really are."

"I'm—" But I twisted hard on her nipples, and her eyes and mouth squeezed shut. Then I prompted her again with a slap on the ass. Sullenly, she rose and turned her back to where her sister was grunting and moaning with what may well be her first orgasm of the evening. Candy wasn't letting up or resting on her laurels. The sight of Taylor's tits, however, blinded me to everything else in the world. Friday's show had burned their likeness onto the backs of my eyelids, yet now it was like they were going a step further, searing right into my soul.

I was so eager to get them back in my hands – oh fuck, and in my *mouth* – that I almost forgot why I'd had her stand. Taylor hadn't, though. With her eyes squeezed

shut, my leggy bitch goddess of a student forced her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts. It took visible effort to peel them down, wriggling her hips side to side to pry at the clingy leather. Her body was revealed in minuscule increments. Taylor's mound exposed itself more and more, the skin so smooth I suspected it had been waxed as well. Then, at last, her shorts cleared the bottom of her ass and finally were allowed to tumble down her thighs unaided. Taylor stepped out of them, her glistening pink snatch bare and beautiful.

Her wetness spread before my eyes. My feet were resting between hers, keeping them shoulder width apart and thus providing an uncensored view. As the seconds passed, the abundance of moisture gathered between her labia and trickled right down her evenly tanned thighs. A single droplet was seized by gravity and born directly onto my bare foot. The echo of that splash filled my universe.

I dragged a finger from the back of her slit up to and over her clit. It was a little marble of a bud that peeked out like a budding flower upon receiving my touch. "I rest my case. Taylor Stern, closet lesbian."

Her hands balled into fists, but she remained stock still as I fingered her pussy. "I. Am not. A lesbian!"

"Your mouth says no, but the pussy doesn't lie, Taylor." I rubbed my thumb and forefinger together, then slowly pulled them apart. The ooze from her cunt stretched into a thin line between them.

Nine days earlier, Taylor Stern had screeched accusations of impropriety at me so loudly I'd had to stall my entire class in order to address her insistence that she was not the cheater that we all knew she was. But the sounds that tripped from her lips now were so quiet they wouldn't have been audible over the *shlick shlick* of Candy's vigorous pumping of Abbie's snatch, much less the delirious moans that accompanied it.

"Come again, Taylor?"

Her whole body was trembling. "I said, 'it's not from them.'"

I affected confusion. "Oh? What then?" Abbie managed to split her attention enough to sport a wolfish grin at her sister's mortification, but Candy was easing into position, scooching her butt back so that soon, she could join her mouth with her fingers.

Her knees buckled for a moment as I surprised her with a sudden pressure on her clit, swirling my thumb around it while she fought to regain her balance, her voice. "Gee, I fucking wonder," she grumbled, face contorting in unwilling acknowledgment of her body's response.

"What, this?" I seized her ass in both hands, pulling her pussy right up to my face. To her credit, she managed to maintain her balance and prop one leg up on an arm of the chair to keep from falling. Not that it made a difference. Sitting on my face or standing pressed against it was pretty much the same. As I dove in, devouring that hot

drippy pussy, lapping and slurping and providing the tongue-lashing of a lifetime, she fast gave out altogether, sinking to rest one knee on either arm rest, only maintaining her balance with two tight handfuls of my hair. If I'd wanted to pull back, I couldn't have. She wasn't letting me.

Right before her grasp grew to be uncomfortable, I stopped. After a moment, she dazedly let go, slipping backwards to straddle my lap across the thighs. The moisture that had trickled down her legs now smeared across mine.

A few inches farther forward and I'd be fucking her.

I seized her tits again, rubbing each swollen orchid pink nipple between a thumb and index finger, smirking at the convulsive gasp that followed. "Sorry, Taylor, I'm not following. Surely it's the show on the sofa that has you so turned on. It has to be, right? Because I distinctly remember you saying that you'd rather flunk out of school and spend eternity in purgatory before you let a pervy old creep like me touch you. Right? Isn't that what you said?"

"But... but Abbie, she... I don't have a choice. You can do anything you want to me. It's not... I don't..."

"Oh no, Taylor. She didn't make you like it. She just made you permit it. This..." I dragged her forward, her pussy gliding up the length of my cock. I was sandwiched between her folds. A moaned trickled forth from Taylor's throat in spite of herself. "This is all you."

"I... I... No. No, I... I... please, Mr. Canon," she whimpered.

Abbie's sudden wail of elation interrupted us for a moment; Candy was now positively devouring her, the bombshell's whole body spasming uncontrollably on the sofa. The girl's pussy was wrapped around her teacher's face like a scarf.

"Sorry, please... what, Taylor?"

"Don't make me say it. Just... just do it already. *Please!*" That word, the entitled, petulant, resentful delivery... It brought me back to last Friday, when I'd had her begging me in my classroom not to make her show me her pussy. That *please* had been reverberating inside my head ever since. Suddenly I realized, her reticence hadn't been because she'd been embarrassed at the thought of having me see her body.

It was because she'd been embarrassed to have me see how horny she'd been.

My hips slid my cock back and forth along her slippery, hungry pussy. I made sure the tip was making contact right along her clit with each go. "Say it, Taylor. Come on, just open wide, choke down that ego of yours, and tell me what you want. Tell me, and I'll do it."

Behind her there were two squeals of surprise followed by peals of giggling as one of Abbie's orgasms became so violent that she threw the both of them to the floor. But it didn't stop them for long. Taylor's breath came spasmodically as I teased her, but I could wait. It felt like I'd been waiting my whole life for this.

Meanwhile Abbie had thrown herself on top of Ms. Salata, pinning her to the ground by her shoulders and doing her best to thrust both of those tits of hers into the woman's mouth at once as she dry humped her teacher's toned, pale midsection. Candy groaned in pleasure. I couldn't blame her. I meant to spend an hour or two sucking those nipples off Abbie's body myself. Later, though. First...

Taylor.

"Fuckme," she whispered in a rush.

"Speak up, Ms. Stern. Come on, we went over this in our presentation skills unit last year, remember? Clear, and enunciate."

"I said *fuck me*," she growled, raising up her hips. One hand found my cock and started guiding me to her wet, ready hole.

I wasn't quite ready, though. My hands clutching her ass were more than powerful enough to stop her from sucking my shaft inside her. "First, you will apologize to Ms. Salata."

Taylor didn't delay this time. She wanted it. Bad. The girl didn't half-ass it, either. "I'm sorry, Ms. Salata. I was just trying to fuck with you. I'm not actually like that. I won't say shit like that again, I promise." The woman's only response was a thumb's up as she devoured Abbie's nipples as if they were her own namesake.

"Good girl. Now apologize to me."

This time it was more reserved. "I'm sorry, Mr. Canon."

"For what, Ms. Stern?"

Her eyes flashed. "For being bad."

I planted a kiss on each of her swollen nipples. "And how do you intend to make up for that?"

Taylor licked her glossy, chapstick-coated lips. For the first time since our lesson had begun, she cracked a smile. "Duh, Mr. Canon. By being good."

I returned it. "Say please."

Taylor entrusted her entire weight to my hands. The only thing stopping me from being inside her right then and there was the strength of my grip on her ass. Her body pressed forward, tits jutting into my bare chest, and her lips met mine. There was an absolute hunger to her kiss this time. Her hands cupped my chin and held it to her face, fingernails sinking possessively into my skin, unwilling to let me pull away again.

Her words were spoken right into my mouth. "Please, mother fucker."

I let go. Her sweet teen cunt sank down to the hilt in an instant, lips never leaving mine as her moan echoed around my skull. But before I thrust, I gave her ass a nice sharp smack. "Language."

I gave a single upward thrust. In an instant, her back arched, her eyes shot wide as big as dinner plates, and her body toppled backwards all the way down to the floor. A volcano of cum jettisoned up into the air where she had been, launching right past her

thrashing, helpless body and splatting across the face of a woman standing behind where Taylor had been, the taser in her hand still flashing menacingly.

“Officer Barbie?” said Abbie.

“Isa?” breathed Candy.

“Louisa!” I roared.

“Ghhhrpl,” managed Taylor.

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry, was she not choking you? I thought she was choking you,” the woman said dryly, deactivating the taser and returning it to its holster.

“Choking...! She was...! We were...!”

“Innocent mistake. Anyway, Mr. Canon, girls, *dear...*” She directed an absolutely withering gaze to her girlfriend where she was still catching her breath from the smother embrace of Abbie’s boobs. “When the three of you are done here, I’ll be in the kitchen cleaning this crap off my face.”

We all watched in sheepish silence as she strode of the room, my cum dribbling down her cheek. She paused in the doorway for just a moment and turned back. “And by the way, you’re welcome. I found your blackmailer.”