

The No-Study Club
by Pan

Chapter 5

“Mr. Mancuso?”

“Matt,” I smiled, gesturing for the student to sit down in front of me. Most students would be nervous when a teacher asked them to stay behind after class, but not Matt. He was confidence personified, his broad shoulders and thick arms accentuating the large muscles beneath. He was the kind of guy who made girls swoon, and he knew it.

He sat down in front of me, a cocky grin on his face.

“What’s up, teach?”

I had to admit – his confidence was earned. He was easily as attractive as his girlfriend, and twice as charming. Hell, even I liked him, and trust-fund kids like him normally got my back up.

His father had invented some new way to keep ice cream from melting; Matt would never want for money in his life. Neither would whoever ended up with him – if Kelly could hold onto him after high-school, she’d be set for life.

I sighed. She was basically set up to live the life that Lacey had described to me, that first day she’d stayed back after class to ask me for a better grade. Was this some Gen Z trend, or was Lacey’s influence just that corruptive?

“I wanted to ask you some questions,” I said. After how blindsided I’d been by the conversation with Mr. Robin, I’d actually run through some different scenarios, and I felt prepared for whatever the kid threw at me.

“Like a pop quiz?”

I waved his question away. “Just about your time here at Rutherfords. What it’s like to be a student in 2022.”

“Go for it,” he shrugged, and I mentally went down the list of questions I’d prepared.

I’d gone in as prepared as I could, but I still didn’t have a clear plan. If Matt was the jealous type, what could I even do with it? Blackmailing a blackmailer felt like a bad idea.

“What do you think of Mr. Robin?” I asked, and Matt grinned, exposing his white teeth.

“He’s cool. He doesn’t give me shit about my grades, unlike some teachers.”

I nodded. I’d checked the database, and around the same time Kelly’s grades had started improving, so had her boyfriends’. All of the boyfriends had apparently been benefactors of the No-Study Club. Now I just needed to find out if they were aware of it.

“Your girlfriend’s club...” I said, deliberately pausing. He took the bait.

“The NSC?”

“Mm-hmm,” I said, trying to sound casual. “What does that stand for?”

“I don’t think I should say,” he said, waggling his eyebrows. “Don’t want to get in trouble.”

“I promise you won’t. I’m just trying to figure out what the students of the school are up to. Is it an extracurricular activity, or...”

“More of a philosophy, I guess,” he said. “You really want to know what it stands for?”

“I really do.”

“Well, Mr. Mancuso, it’s the...the No Sluts Club.”

My eyebrows shot up in response, and he laughed. “See, I warned you.”

“The No...”

“Sluts Club,” he replied, looking me straight in the eyes. “It’s sort of like a chastity club.”

“Really?”* I asked, unable to keep the incredulity out of my voice. What he was describing was the literal opposite of what I knew about the club’s activities.

“Yeah, except...look, teach, I really don’t know if I should be talking about this.”

“I promise, this goes no further than you and me.”

He looked me in the eyes, then – apparently satisfied – nodded.

“Okay,” he said. “But if it gets busted up because of this conversation, I’ll know who to blame.”

“Please,” I said. “I just want to understand what’s happening.”

“So a chastity club is like, no sex at all, right? Well, the NSC is about being faithful to one man.”

A grin spread back across his face.

“Except not quite. Basically, anyone in the club has...access to any of the girls.”

My eyes widened, and he laughed: a strong, booming laugh that filled the room.

“Yeah, you can see why we just call it the NSC. No Sluts, because they’re not unfaithful, right? I mean, they’re only with dudes whose girlfriends are in the club.”

“So you...”

“Uh huh,” he said smugly. “Lacey, Vanessa, Kendra...I’ve had them all. Sometimes all at once.”

“Wow.”

I was unable to hide the fascination in my voice. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing – I’d assumed the girls were hiding their exploits, but the truth was far more complicated. It was almost like a swinger’s club, but for high school students.

Back in my day, we were lucky to get a game of spin the bottle in. Now, apparently kids were key-swapping three years before they were legally allowed to drink.

“None of this goes past you and me,” he said, and I nodded.

“And so Mr. Robin...”

For the first time in the conversation, Matt looked like he’d been caught off-guard.

“What?”

“Is he part of the club?”

Matt’s face scrunched up with disgust. “What the fuck, sir?”

After what we’d been discussing, it didn’t feel appropriate to correct his language, so I just let him continue.

“Of course not. He’s a teacher. And he must be what, like sixty? Where the fuck did you get that idea?”

“I must have gotten my wires crossed,” I said, and Matt narrowed his eyes.

“You don’t think my girlfriend would do something like that with a *teacher*, do you?”

I shook my head firmly. “That’s why I was asking, it didn’t make any sense.”

The teenager continued staring at me for a few seconds, then gave out a short bark of laughter.

“Yeah. Fuck me, can you imagine?”

“Just one more question,” I said, and Matt nodded.

“Whatever you need, teach. Long as I’m not in trouble for telling you all this.”

Truth be told, I think my student was proud to tell me. I couldn’t blame him – if I’d been having sex with the four most attractive girls in school at his age, I’d have wanted to shout it to the rooftops.

“You share Vanessa and Kendra...”

“Uh huh.” His proud grin was back, like a cat that’d just eaten the canary. “They’re fun to play with together. They keep each other warm.”

I tried not to let the mental image linger.

“So does that mean their boyfriends get to...”

Matt nodded, looking more uncomfortable than I think I’d ever seen him look.

“Yeah,” he grunted. “Yeah. I mean, I try not to think about it.”

He shook it off, and the grin returned.

“It’s pretty fuckin’ worth it, y’know?”

I nodded. “Thank you, Matt. That’s everything I need.”

I didn’t even need to look up when my door opened that afternoon. School had been out for half an hour, but I’d had to catch up on some of the preparation I hadn’t done while I’d been interviewing Matt.

“Go away, Vanessa.”

“No,” she said. Her voice was soft, but firm. “I need to talk to you.”

“I’ve told you. Go away.”

“Not until you listen to me.”

I sighed, and looked up. The moment I saw her, I couldn’t help but imagine what Matt had told me – “keep each other warm”, he’d said of her and Kendra. I didn’t know exactly what that meant, and I couldn’t help but wonder.

“What?”

“I need your help.”

“I know how this goes, Vanessa. You tell me you need a better grade, that you’ll do anything for me to help, and then when I refuse, you throw yourself at me. It’s not happening, young lady, so you might as well skip the theatrics.”

Perhaps it was the full night’s sleep, or the conversation I’d had with Matt, but I was feeling better about the whole situation than I had in days. I still didn’t have a plan, but I had the hopes of one.

“I’m not going to be throwing myself at you, Mr. Mancuso,” she said. “I...I really need your help.”

Something about her voice piqued my interest, and – against my better judgment – I gestured for her to sit down, in the chair that Matt had occupied just a few hours earlier.

“What?”

“I know what the other girls are trying to do to you,” she said, her eyes downcast. “And I

know you don't want it."

I didn't say anything, and after a brief pause, she continued.

"I think it's wrong."

I was watching as she spoke, and she looked up and met my gaze. She was blushing; there was a flush of pink rising up her neck, and I could see it in her cheeks.

"What's wrong?"

"Mr. Robin liked the attention – I don't think he and his wife have sex much any more. But with you it's different..."

Her eyes briefly glanced down to my arms. Like I said, I'm not a body-builder or anything like that, but my time working out has yielded results. Not that I do it for vanity, of course.

Lacey's eyes lingered on the muscles for a second, then she looked back at me.

"You're fit. You and Mrs. Redfield must be fucking every night."

I held my tongue, not correcting her assumption or use of language. After all, she wasn't actively trying to get me in bed – that was already a step up from each of the other girls I'd spoken to.

"With him, we were giving him something he wanted. With you, I feel like we'd be...I dunno, taking something away."

I nodded. She wasn't quite right on the specifics, but she was generally accurate.

"You're right," I said simply, and she nodded. "What are you proposing, then?"

"You know how Lacey gets. When her mind is set on something, nothing's going to stop her. And Kendra and Kelly both want to fuck you so bad..."

"What about their boyfriends?" I asked. "Don't they feel bad about cheating on them?"

To my surprise, Vanessa looked confused by the question.

"No?"

I just stared at her, not understanding.

"Mr. Mancuso, has...hasn't anyone explained the No-Study Club?"

"Of course they have. It's for girls who...I don't know how to put this. Who don't want to do schoolwork, and instead use their bodies to get what they want."

For the first time since she'd entered my classroom, Vanessa cracked a smile.

"I think you've misunderstood," she said. "It's not like that."

I raised one eyebrow.

"No?"

The Latina beauty shook her head.

"No, sir. It's not like we'd just let anyone join. It's a very exclusive club."

She was almost giggling as she said it, like she couldn't quite believe she was telling me this.

"You're half right, I suppose. But it's not that we don't *want* to study. It's so much more than that."

"Okay," I said slowly. "So what is it?"

Vanessa stood up, leaning on the chair. Her eyes flicked down at my crotch; whether it was deliberate or not, I couldn't tell.

"Look at me, sir," she said gently, and giggled again at my reaction. I'd blanched, like she'd

just told me to amputate my leg. "Please? I won't bite."

I glanced at her body. She was wearing a t-shirt and short skirt, revealing a lot of skin.

"Really look, sir," she pressed, and unsure what else I could do, I took a moment to properly check my student out.

Her hair was long, and dark, hanging down past her shoulders, and her face was beautiful. Her lips were full and kissable, and her brown eyes were framed by thick lashes. She was wearing a tight t-shirt, showing off her toned abs and large tits. It wasn't like she had a six-pack, just a perfectly formed stomach.

As my eyes travelled down to her skirt, she turned to the side and stuck her butt out, making sure that I could see the curve of her hips, and her round ass. Her legs were long and toned, ending in shapely feet clad in strappy sandals.

"You like what you see, Mr. Mancuso?"

"Vanessa..." I said warningly, returning my gaze to her eyes. They weren't brown, I realized, but rather a light shade of hazel. She had a soft smile on her face.

"The No-Study Club isn't just about laziness. It's about superiority."

"Superiority?"

"Girls like me, girls like Lacey and Kelly and Kendra...we don't need to study. We don't need to do anything we don't want to. We're superior specimens, sir. It's not just a club to avoid studying – it's a club to ensure that we get whatever we want. *Whoever* we want."

I didn't say anything as she spoke; I just sat there, trying to process what she was saying. She leaned forward as she continued, her hazel eyes boring into mine.

"We're going to marry wealthy men, sir. I'm going to marry Matt, and never work a day in my life. As soon as we finish school, I'm going to get pregnant, and he's going to take care of me every day."

Her lips curled into a smile.

"And I'll take care of him. Whenever he gets hard, I'll make sure he cums inside me. That's the kind of relationship we're going to have. He'll be able to cum whenever he wants; any time he's horny, he'll have a piece of ass at his beck and call."

She licked her lips, and I tried not to react. I tried to keep calm, and not show how appalled I was by the girl's view of life, and relationships.

"In return, I'll get everything. Perfect babies, with the man who's perfect for me. All the pretty clothes and shoes I want, all the money I could ever need. A husband who looks after me, and tells me how wonderful I am. And in return, all I have to do is use my body for what it was made for: to make men hard, and get them off. To make men happy."

"Vanessa..." I protested. "There's so much more to you than just your body."

At that, she laughed. "Of course there is, Mr. Mancuso. But look at me."

Her hand stroked her smooth thigh, and as I watched, she began to pull the hem of her skirt higher. I forced myself to look away.

"I could work hard, burn myself out spending half a lifetime on some career. I could do all the homework and studying that everyone else does...but I don't need to. Not with a body like this. While the nerds like Mia and your wife are doing all the hard work, I can enjoy myself, while getting exactly what I want. They spend their evenings buried in a book; I get

to spend it doing whatever I want. *Whoever* I want.”

She lowered her skirt, letting it fall back down over her thighs, and I felt a strange sense of disappointment come over me.

“The No-Study Club isn’t about studying, not really. It’s about being free. Free to do anything, without having to worry. Free to do whatever, *whoever* we want to do. Of course I’m unfaithful – why would I restrict myself to one person? If I want to fuck Kelly’s boyfriend, I fuck Kelly’s boyfriend. If I want to suck Brandon’s cock, I suck Brandon’s cock.”

A wicked grin spread across her face: a sharp contrast to the girl who had meekly entered my classroom just a few minutes earlier.

“Maybe women like your wife need to limit themselves to one man, but I can have anyone. *That’s* what the No-Study Club is about, Mr. Mancuso. *Freedom.*”

I opened my mouth, but before I could speak, she leaned over the desk and put a finger over her lips.

“Don’t. I know what you’re going to say – you should be faithful, you should study hard, respect other people, blah, blah, blah. And yeah, maybe some girls should. But we’re not like those other girls. We’re the best, and we’re going to get what we want. What we *deserve*. I’m going to take anything, everything I want, and the world is going to let us.”

All of a sudden, the mild persona was back.

“But that’s the problem.”

“What is?” I asked, my head spinning. When Lacey had first told me about the No-Study Club, I’d thought it sounded crazy...but Vanessa had somehow managed to take it to the next level. The way she was talking about herself as superior, as the sort of girl who could have anything she wanted...it was like listening to a megalomaniac share their plans for world domination.

“You’re one of us,” she said, cocking her head to the side.

“W-what?”

“You’re one of us,” she said again, gently. “You’re not just any man. Look at you – you’re handsome, muscular, and from what Kendra was telling us, you’re bigger than any of our boyfriends. You deserve any woman you want, any time you want.”

“Vanessa...”

“Don’t get me wrong,” she said quickly. “I’d *love* to fuck you. God, sir, what I wouldn’t give to have you between my legs right now.”

She walked around the desk as she spoke.

“I’d love to have your cock in my mouth, sucking it, tasting it. I’d love to feel it in my pussy, slamming against my walls, filling me up. And I know you’d take good care of me: you’d make me cum so hard, fuck me until I couldn’t breathe. I’d love to share you with Kendra... or Lacey...or Kelly...or all three of them at once.”

She stood in front of me, looking down at me with those beautiful hazel eyes.

“...but like I said: you’re one of us. You deserve whoever you want. And for some reason, instead of ending up with a beautiful woman like me, you end up with a flat-chested bitch like your wife.”

I wanted to defend my wife, but I was so overwhelmed, I couldn’t find the words.

“She must be something in the sack,” Vanessa said with a whistle. “That’s the only reason I can come up with for why you’re with her. Underneath that blubber, she must be a real wildcat.”

She leaned down, her tits pressing against my armrest as she spoke. “Does she suck cock like a pro, Mr. Mancuso? Does she swallow every drop of cum? Or does she let you finish on her face, and then lick it off when she’s done?”

“No!” I barked in shock. I meant ‘no’ as in ‘stop talking’, of course.

“Does she ride you into the early hours of the morning, sir? Is she good at taking it up the ass?”

“Stop it!” I yelled, desperately trying to think of ways to stop her. I was a married man.

“Because I am,” she said, her eyes gleaming. Her face was inches from my mine as she continued. “All of us do. We love it, sir. Next time you’re teaching us the quadratic whatever, remember that. Me, Kendra, Kelly, Lacey – we all love taking it deep in the ass. We don’t just pretend, either. I cum so hard when from the feeling of a big fat cock stretching out my tight little hole. All our pussies get so wet just thinking about it. That’s what I think about when my boyfriend fucks me – how good it would feel to have your cock inside my asshole. How hot it would feel, how much pleasure I’d get. How good it would feel to make you unload deep inside my bowels...”

She paused to catch her breath, and I found myself staring at her chest. Her nipples were hard, poking through her tight top. She was wearing a bra, but it was thin enough that I could see the outline of her nipples beneath it.

It seemed like forever before she continued.

“It’s not just about studying,” she said again. “It’s about getting whatever we want. Because we deserve it. Because we’ve got the biggest tits, the tightest pussies, the best bodies. Because we’re better than any other woman in the school. Do you understand?”

I nodded, unable to help myself.

“Our goal is to get you,” she said, “and make you part of our little club. The grades are a bonus, but we want *you*, sir. We don’t let Mr. Robin touch us – he just gets to watch while Kendra and me make out, or while Lacey changes outfits. But we want you *in* the club, sir. We want you to fuck us senseless, to take us anywhere and everywhere you want to go, to make us cum over and over again. We’ll do whatever you want, sir...we’ll make your wildest fantasies come true.”

She stepped closer to me, and I was afraid she would kiss me, like Kelly had the day before.

“We won’t make you give us good grades. You’ll give us good grades because you know we deserve it. Because of who we are. We’re above the rules, sir. We’re better than anyone, and you know it.”

She fell silent again, staring down at me, and I felt helpless. Then, once more, her energy completely shifted, and a look of worry appeared on her face.

“At least, that’s what the other girls want. But I don’t want you do to do anything you don’t want to do, sir.”

My head was spinning; I felt like I’d just sat through the most intense lecture of my life.

“So...how do we stop them?” I asked, and Vanessa smiled.
“I thought you’d never ask.”