

# Teaching Her A Lesson

## Part Three: Staff Collaboration Initiatives

*Nice work, moron. Brainwashed by your own brainwashing victim.* All the confidence I'd ever had in the supremacy of my intellect shrunk by half. Then half again when I considered the level of genius it had taken to outwit me. The goddamn Stern sisters.

So I slept. Hard. What else was there to do? It was going on four in the morning. I couldn't exactly call up Taylor or Abbie even if I wanted to. For one, I didn't know how. I'd deleted Taylor's number after I downloaded the blackmail video to reduce the evidence trail, and I'd never had Abbie's. I could access their parents' contact via SchoolWays, but that would be one hell of a conversation. *Yes, Mrs. Stern, I know it's the dark hours of a Saturday morning, but I need to talk to your daughters about our secret conspiracy. And maybe fuck them.*

For two, whatever else our new dynamic entailed, I was still pretty irate with the both of them. Abbie for feeding me Serenex, then cramming these new ideas in my head without any apparent thought to the ramifications; Taylor simply for being Taylor. And, I supposed, for her threats to betray our secret. Abbie had made good and sure I shared her passion for secrecy on that front. *I will keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret.* The thought that Taylor had nearly ratted us out had gone from terrifying the night before to positively infuriating now. I had a lot more empathy for the whole kidnapping thing now. But Taylor's copy swearing secrecy had been in my briefcase right alongside mine, so there was no more cause for worry.

Maybe I should be glad Abbie hadn't been stupid enough to have me copy the version of that sentiment I'd put to her, that is, to not let anyone "find out what happened in my classroom." That'd be a hell of a thing for a teacher. God only knew what the Serenex programming would do with an outright paradox.

For now, though, there was nothing I could do about any of it, and I was dog tired. So I slept.

It was mid-day before I woke up. Rock hard. Shockingly, spending a whole afternoon ogling and cuddling a pair of unbelievably hot naked students hadn't done anything but make the dreams more intense. More than anything, I wanted to call the girls back over and fuck the hell out of them. Thanks to Abbie, there was no more reason to hold back. None of us were going to tip anyone off, and I was done being a pussy about my desires. The next time I could get my hands on those bitches, it was time to get to work on that fantasy checklist.

(And when I say “bitches,” I swear I’m not the sort to casually use the term to refer to women. It simply happened to be apt in regards to these two particular young women.)

It did occur to me until I stood in the light of day that we lived in the age of social media. I didn’t need phone numbers when facebook messenger existed. Taylor was already on my friend list, after all – for once, a fact that wasn’t cause for discomfort and regret. I reached for my phone, already giddy with the thought of the evening I was about to have. As I picked up my phone, I saw I already had two texts, both from unknown numbers. Abbie and Taylor, no doubt. I couldn’t wait to see what a hundred hand-cramping repetitions of *Mr. Canon can do anything he wants to me* had done to Taylor. From now on, the sky was the limit.

The first message was from Abbie. She’d opened with a picture of her in a tartan skirt and a tight white blouse, hair flat-ironed and done up in a high ponytail with a scrunchy. She was perched on the edge of her bed with her legs spread wide, hands holding her skirt down to preserve her modesty, or to tease its eventual revelation more like, but the posture had the added effect of her biceps pressing her tits together so hard that I could see skin between some of the buttons.

She followed it with a short text: *ready for my lessons, Mr. C. ;)* It was time-stamped only two hours ago.

If last night was any indication, the girl was every bit as horny as I was. I scrolled to the next message, Taylor’s. God, what slutty little thing had she put on for me? From what Abbie had made her sister write, I didn’t even know if she’d willingly dress up for me, but she’d sure as hell do it if I told her to. I could kiss Abbie for that alone, leaving the girl’s spirit intact for me to break it. Taylor Stern, doing as she was told. Teacher’s pet. My good girl. Maybe Abbie’d had her put on–

*I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING.*

I dropped the phone. The glass cracked audibly as it hit the hardwood. A spider web of cracks marred the screen, but I could still read it. To my chagrin, the words hadn’t changed. Obviously it wasn’t Taylor. So who was it?

First things first, I researched the number and came up empty. One site claimed the number was registered in Mexico City, but when I clicked on that, it put up a paywall. Google confirmed it was a scam site – not that I’d worried my escapades had gone transcontinental. Several confirmed the number was serviced by Verizon, but nothing useful. Nothing I could find put a name or address on it, no bullseye for me to... I didn’t know, but to do *something*. I had to keep my relationship with the Stern sisters a secret!

Was it a burner phone? I only even knew the term from watching crime shows on TV. Regardless, the fact that it didn’t come up like most random numbers (or the

occasional student prank) with immediate confirmation of location said something was up. Or maybe it didn't. What the hell did I know about this sort of thing?

But one thing was for sure: that message had come from somewhere. My shattered screen wasn't letting me forget. *I KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING*. Who the hell were they, and what did they know? And were they trolling my grammatician sensibilities with that spelling error or what?

My mind raced through the possibilities, but there were too many. Abbie had been in my driveway yesterday in plain sight of anyone who might drive by. The incident at school could conceivably have been overheard as well, if somebody had been walking by my room and eavesdropped at the door, or easier still when I'd dragged Taylor down to the women's room to make the video. That could easily have carried out into the hallway. Any student who'd been in school late, any faculty member in the right place at the right time... fuck, anybody with a car and strong peripheral vision! The whole damn town was a suspect!

So what did I do now? I couldn't let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters! Except... it looked quite possible that someone had. Shit! Shit shit shit! Every goddamn time I was about to get a taste of one of those Stern girls, something came along and fucked it up!

Something needed to be done. But what? I considered reaching out to Abbie, who more than anyone paralleled my passion for concealing our secret, and having an ally might if nothing else take some of the edge off. Only then I remembered her stuffing Taylor in a trunk, threatening to kill her. Drugging me when I didn't give her what she wanted. Rewiring my thoughts on a whim. No. I was going to figure this out, but Abbie was volatility personified. Besides, I was a grown man. I didn't need a teenage girl to fight my battles for me. I am not a pussy.

Dammit, Abbie.

I had no leads. I had no investigative tools or skills to use. All I had was a phone number. Well, whoever it was, if they'd meant to turn me in, they would have done it. Instead, they'd sent me a message. Let's see what they wanted.

*Who is this?*

I pressed Send. And I waited.

What followed was one of the longest hours of my life. Abbie tried me again, this time with a less seductive *where the fuck u at Mr C, we're bored and I'm horny*. But I told her I was busy taking care of some things and that I'd contact her when I was good and damn well ready.

*u fuckin better*, she answered succinctly.

Not long after that stimulating exchange with the absurdly hot and desperately horny girl I ought to be fucking right that minute, though, I got the text I'd been relegated to waiting for. All caps again.

*SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE DOING*

I stared for a moment, waiting for the follow-up.

And waited.

Nope. Seriously? That was it? *You already said that*, I answered with an eye roll. *I don't know what you think you know, but you better start making sense.*

*ABBY STERN*

*MAKING SENSE NO*

*\*NOW*

*?*

“Fuck!” I almost dropped the phone again. So much for that faint hope that it was just someone screwing with me. Still, they'd only mentioned Abbie, not Taylor. And hadn't spell her name right, though that may or may not mean anything. Hmm. *I don't know what you're talking about.*

*I HAVE PROOF*

*DONT BS ME*

I considered. They said they had proof, but they hadn't proven it. Maybe they thought they'd seen something inappropriate and hoped I'd admit to it in writing? I would confess nothing. Smart. Maybe. Please let that be smart.

*Proof of what...?*

It took my phone a few seconds to download the attachment in their next message, but once I saw there was a picture incoming, the only question was which incriminating act they'd caught me. Then there it was, Abbie, naked and straddling my lap in my living room last night. It had been taken through the gap between the curtains in my living room from the looks of it. My face wasn't visible, obscured by the mountain of flesh jutting forth from Abbie's chest, but the tattoo along her spine left no doubt who was photographed here. Plus, while I may not be identifiable, it was obviously my living room, my furniture.

“FUCK!” My shout was louder this time, but was equally effective in solving the problem. I looked up; the curtains were still split just so. I stormed across the room and threw them shut. Dammit, I had to be the stupidest man to ever get inappropriately involved with a student!

*What do you want?* It was hard typing with the glass like this. Maybe my lucky streak would continue and right before I was about to stick my fingers in Taylor's pussy I'd cut them to hell on my damn phone while Abbie knelt down to suck me off and landed on a shard of the broken glass and screamed so loud the cop who just happened to be driving by at that moment stopped in to see what was up.

*GIVE ME WHAT I WANT OR I WILL SHARE THESE WITH THE WORD*, they replied, this time not bothering to correct their typo.

*YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR FAMILY, THE POLICE, PRINCIPAL HOREN*

*EVERYONE*

Hmm. That was interesting. This person knew me enough to know where I worked and the name of my boss. A student, likely, given the proficiency of their communication. Or maybe a dimwitted neighbor? Randi? My custodian had always seemed so nice, but not like I really knew her that well, and finding out I was up to this kind of thing with some students might have soured her despite the tip I'd left in my Christmas card.

*I'm willing to cooperate, but you have to tell me what you want.* I hated caving so easily, but what choice did I have? I was not about to let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Sure felt like I was being a pussy, but my rage would have to remain impotent for now.

Ultimately, the response was not especially surprising aside from the total amount. *\$100,000*, they answered, including several money emojis. Perhaps they were there to make sure I took them seriously.

*Are you insane? I'm a single teacher with a mortgage. I don't have anywhere near that kind of money,* I replied. What kind of idiot was I dealing with here?

*WATCH HOW YOU TALK TO ME MR. CANON*

Mr. Canon. Not my first name. That didn't mean much though; like most teachers, I was Mr. so-and-so to most of the people I interacted with. I waited for them to continue. Was I supposed to apologize? I was about to when there was finally a follow-up. *FINE, \$50,000*, it read.

With a sigh, I took a moment to pull up my bank account balance only to realize my phone was too busted to screenshot, so I had to use my laptop instead. Any details I didn't want shared were covered over in Paint, and then the pic was sent. *That's my balance. That's all I have.* Revealing so much stung, but with less than two grand left in my savings account, I needed them to get realistic about this. My father would be rolling over in his grave to see his son openly sharing financial information like that. Though perhaps he'd be pretty impressed to see me about to nail those Stern girls. (My dad was a complicated guy.)

As it turned out, they disagreed about the nature of realism. *YOU BETTER GET CREATIVE THEN*

*\$25,000*

*YOU HAVE TIL MIDNIGHT*

I grit my teeth as I furiously hammered out a reply, not caring if I scratched my thumbs or not. *Well it's 5:15 on a Saturday night, so even if I could come up with it, the bank's closed for the weekend. So if you'd rather get some \$ instead of going to jail with me for blackmailing me – as that is a felony, btw – then you'll just have to be a little patient.*

There was a long pause, over five minutes this time. Were there more than one of them, talking out my rebuttal? Did they think they were going to sweat their money out of me, like I had a trunk full of cash buried in the yard? Who knew with this idiot.

*MONDAY?* they proposed at last.

*I'll do my best. Is this the best way to contact you with updates?*

*YOU'D BETTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU*

I sighed. *I'll take that as a yes. Just be patient. I am cooperating. You'll get your money.* A couple imbecilic taunts later, our conversation concluded. So that was that.

Time to figure out how to find this mother fucker and burn them down.

Abbie was damn impatient. By that evening, she was already openly regretting that she didn't just make me her slave. I gently reminded her that being dominated by her or anyone did not feature into my fantasies, and that if she wanted to be a good little fantasy slut, she'd stick to looking pretty and waiting to be called on.

Brainstorming was slow going, what with losing my train of thought a hundred times thinking about what I could and by all rights ought to be enjoying right then, namely being tag-teamed by Taylor and Abbie. No, I was having to keep at a distance, not knowing who might be watching me, tailing me, looking for more and juicier blackmail. I at least made sure to get Taylor's number. When I was finally done with this dickhead, I wouldn't have to waste another solitary second before I took my satisfaction.

However, first the dickhead.

I studied the conversation, looking for any detail that might give them away, but it was futile. A dunce, yes, but that narrowed it down not at all. It could be anyone who'd seen Abbie in my driveway and decided to get nosy. Hell, it could be a neighbor who'd seen her darting naked out of my bedroom window and into my garage. There were houses close by on either side of me, and half a dozen more across the alley behind my house who might have had a view of my yard. Assuming it wasn't merely someone out walking their dog who'd seen a naked girl and gone Peeping Tom.

If this were on TV – and if I weren't the bad guy in all this – I tried to think what the police would do. Trace the number, probably. Dust my outside windowsill for prints. Set a trap for them during the exchange? How the hell was I supposed to know how to do this sort of thing?! I'm an English teacher, not a PI! Plus even if I hired one, with my luck, I'd wind up owing yet another blackmailer when they got their hands on the pictures!

Where was an honest, hard-working cop who wouldn't object to my sexual relationship with a pair of teenage students when I needed one? I laughed despondently. Maybe Officer Barbour would be willing to do Taylor yet another favor and help her hide her soon-to-be-affair with me.

Wait a second.

Could I...?

No. NO. That was a terrible idea. It was wrong. Risky as hell. Immoral! Pure lunacy! I couldn't possibly do something *that* stupid on top of all the other stupid I'd done so far.

I mean, I *could*. It was *possible*.

But no. Just... no! *NO, Canon*.

But...

*No.*

“Louisa, hi!” I waved her over to my table. It was rare, seeing her like this in her civilian garb. I’d never been much for women in uniform, but weirdly, her plain clothes alter ego wasn’t bad at all. Psychological, I guess. In her uniform, she was a cop. Full stop. But like this, she was a woman, and an attractive one at that. I was a terrible judge of racial background, and her Anglicized name did less than nothing to help me figure it out, but if I had to guess, I’d go with Pacific Islander, or maybe that diluted with something else. Olive skin, hair that was dark at the roots but dyed a brownish blonde throughout... beat me. As she drew closer, I wondered if her uniform had some sort of minimizer in it, because her bust was not entirely unimpressive. She was no Abbie Stern, but few women were. I had to say, without the intimidation of her job on display, she was doing it for me.

Not that I was going to have her do anything for me. This was definitely not about that.

Louisa Barbour waved, then made her way through the Sunday morning Starbucks crowd. She managed a smile, yet although I was not a detective, I could tell it was rather forced. “Hey, Mr. Canon. Sorry I’m running late. Had to circle the block looking for parking.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I got here early, beat the rush I guess. And hey, thanks again for meeting me like this on such short notice. I know it’s—”

She held up a hand. “I think if you thank me or apologize one more time, I’m going to have to issue you a citation for it.”

I laughed, though it felt like it came out a little crazy. I’d rehearsed this in my head a thousand times since I’d gotten her to agree to meet me, but I was still almost paralytic with anxiety. Most of what I’d done up until now had been accidental or spur of the moment. Premeditation made me decidedly more anxious. “Sorry.” I winced. “There’s my citation. But hey, can I bribe you with some coffee? My treat, of course.”

She shrugged. “Sure.”

“What’s your poison?”

“You know what? It’s Sunday, and I’m working, so let’s go nuts. I’ll take a caffe mocha, no whipped cream.”

“Done and done. Settle in, and I’ll be right back.”

I put in our order – a black coffee for me, just so I’d be getting something and not look suspicious returning with only one cup – and waited. It didn’t take long; the baristas were in the zone, moving the line like the pros they were. I took our drinks over to the counter, grabbed napkins, straws, cream and sugar to give me something to do with my hands so my shaking didn’t give away my panic, and oh yeah, half an eye-dropper of Serenex for Louisa once the hipster at my left vacated the area and gave me a window...



It was all a lot easier than I'd worried it would be. Once I sat down, it only took a couple minutes of small talk about my concerns for Taylor, some fabricated bullshit that she'd opened up to me about some disturbing things in her home life but pleaded I not tell the school counselor. "But I know you two have sort of a connection, so I thought if anyone could help..."

She finally took a sip. Licked her lips, took a nice long drink.

"It would be you."

Louisa began a response, and I could see it hitting her as she tried to get the words out. "I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised. Kids who, um, cause as much trouble as Taylor tend to... you know... tend to be... um..." She shook her head. "Taylor probably..."

And she trailed off. Like that, I had her. Now I'd just give her a command to follow me out to my car, plant the necessary suggestions, and I'd have my very own investigator. Easy as—

"Hey, guys!"

I nearly leapt out of my socks from the proximity of the voice that addressed us. It was Candace Salata, newest addition to the social studies department, assistant volleyball coach... and Louisa's girlfriend.

"Candace!" I squeaked. Oh shit, don't let her look over at Officer Barbour. "Hey, we— I mean, I didn't expect you! Good to see you. Having a good weekend so far? End of the year is crazy, right? I know I've been just slammed. Assigned an essay in May like a complete idiot. Now I'll be grading to graduation day to get it done. This time of the year is always BLALALA, ya know? But hey, this weather... can't beat it right? Good time to sit out on the patio and get some work done in the fresh air. You ever do that? I love it. Do you? Um, do that?"

Smooth. So smooth.

It did have the desired effect, though, keeping her eyes on me and off of the glassy-eyed slack-jawed stare of her girlfriend. I estimated maybe two, three seconds of close examination before anyone looking at Louisa realized something was wrong. As it was, if we sat here for very long, total strangers would begin noticing. I'd been banking on them not being intrusive enough to say anything before I could usher Louisa out of here, but now...!

"Uh, yeah. Sometimes. Wow, what're they putting in the coffee today, huh?"

I laughed, and this time it was *definitely* crazy sounding. "Yeah, guess I'm a little tweaked, huh. Haha! Good stuff though. What's your drink?"

"You buying?"

I was babbling so fast that I almost said yes – which would leave the two of them alone at the table. As it was, her eyes were still threatening to roam that direction. "Hey, you know what they pay me," I joked. "Tell you what, you may wanna hurry up and get

in line, though. I think I just saw an SUV pull up full to the brim. Don't want to get stuck in the back of that line, right?"

She glanced away from us. *SMILE!* I mouthed at Louisa. *SMILE, DAMMIT!* "No, I guess not," said Candace. She looked over to Louisa, who donned a dippy grin with no time at all to spare. It was enough to pass muster for the momentary glance. "Don't go too far into things without me, OK? If you're talking about Taylor Stern, I want to be in on it. Girl's turning my hair gray!"

My laugh was marginally less ridiculous-sounding this time, but I didn't say any more words. Nothing that would keep her standing next to the two of us for another second. I waited until she was in line, and to my incredible relief, she seemed to be actually studying the menu rather than look back at us.

My brain was going a hundred miles an hour. What was I going to do?! No way Candace wouldn't notice Louisa's mental state almost instantly. As things stood, at best, she'd think I tried to roffie her girlfriend. No talking my way out of it. And as was becoming all too familiar an instinct these days, my thoughts went immediately to the eyedropper in my pocket and the few drops still in it. I'd made sure to bring more than enough in case some of it dribbled out in my plastic-wrap-lined pocket. At this rate, I was going to have to start lugging the whole canister around to keep up with all the collateral damage I was causing.

*And how had I started using it this casually?!*

I could agonize about the ethical ramifications later. Right now, there was no other choice. How, though? Candace was second in line now; no, they called her to a second register. Tick tock. I raised up and struck down options in my head like mental whack-a-mole. Intercept her order when they called it? No way. Too weird, and too much chance she'd catch on to Louisa even if she let me. Dribble it in once she sat down? Too conspicuous. What if someone else saw me? At the counter, I'd been able to do it with my body in the way, but right at the table? Impossible. But what if I caused a distraction? Sneeze and pretend to knock my coffee across the cafe. No. That meant apologies, clean-up, delays, all the more time for Louisa's behavior to tip people off. How how how?!

By the time Candace picked up her order, I'd put into motion the only plan I could come up with. Dammit, this had to work. If I were religious I would have been praying, but my fortune these past few days had done nothing if not confirm that if there were a god, they were clearly not on my side.

Candace took a moment to grab her own accoutrements and returned to the table, taking a moment to set down her purse and windbreaker over her chair. "So what did I miss? Isa told me all about what Taylor did to you. Over a chapstick! My god, that girl. I can't believe she would mmf...!"

Louisa did as I had commanded. As her girlfriend sat down, she leaned forward, seized Candace by the back of her neck, and kissed her.

It was hot. Really hot. Louisa was an exotic beauty, very well put together, and while Candace might not have the curves I generally preferred on a woman, she was undeniably very pretty and took excellent care of herself. She was the object of countless crushes by her students. Faculty too, as I could once have attested to.

There was a brief squeak of surprise and alarm, even some a little squirming to get out of it. It was one hell of a sexy kiss, and right there in the crowded cafe... it was not the sort of romantic impulsivity she evidently preferred. But Louisa kept it up until, I fervently hoped, the deed was done.

My colleague wiped her mouth with a napkin. "Isa! Why would you...!" She glanced at me, blushing. "I'm sorry, I don't know what..." She smacked her lips, frowned. "Is that your mocha? Because I gotta say, it's... it tastes like... um... we..."

But whatever verb might have accompanied "we," I wasn't going to wait for it. That kiss had attracted more than a little attention, lookie loos on all sides. We needed to get out of here five minutes ago.

I leaned in. "Louisa? Candace?" Candace looked up. Louisa needed me to say it a couple more times before her eyes focused. "When I stand up, I want you to follow me. Bring your things, and say anything. Understand?" It was hard, keeping my voice soft enough to discourage overhearing but loud enough for both to hear my words clearly. But when I stood, they stood. When I walked, wishing I could sprint, toward the door, they followed.

Moments later, we'd made it back to my car. I'd done it! Done... something anyway. But I was handling things. I wasn't laying down and letting this blackmailer push me around like some weakling.

I am not a pussy.

This was still a high traffic area, both cars and pedestrians, so I drove a short ways off into the abandoned lot by the old Kmart. There, good and private. Even if somebody could see us from the road, they wouldn't recognize us. Not that I had reason to be paranoid about people watching me or anything.

Fuck me. What did I do now? I'd been ready for Louisa. But now!

Hmm.

It occurred to me that one of the primary hazards in my original plan had been the possibility of Candace discovering I'd done something to her girlfriend. So much for that. Maybe... maybe this was a blessing in disguise?

I looked to the two women in my backseat, heads lolling about like a couple of bobblehead dolls. Definitely under, bigtime. I wasn't coming any closer to getting a baseline for the necessary minimum dose for efficacy – and had a few concerns about what might happen in case of an overdose – but so far, they didn't look too bad.

“Louisa? Candace? Can you hear me?”

“Yes,” they answered in near unison.

Good start. I had not turned them into vegetables. That was the bar for good news of late.

I supposed there was no huge rush. They’d be like this for hours, it seemed; no sense acting hastily. Man, they were a hot couple. I frowned at the wayward thought. This was not going to be a repeat of what had happened – accidentally! – to the Sterns. Yes, these women were attractive, and yes, they were at my mercy, but I wasn’t some serial brainwasher on the prowl for fresh minds.

*You could, though.*

I shook my head. No. *Come on, Canon, do like you planned with Louisa, at least.* “Louisa, I have some instructions for you. All right?”

“OK,” she mumbled.

“Good. Now when I give you those instructions, I want you to repeat them back to me.”

“Repeat them.”

“Then, I want you to say them in your head a hundred times. The whole thing. Understand?”

Regrettably, I’d left my pad of paper back at Starbucks, so we’d have to modify my previous method. I reckoned the writing-it-down aspect of things was probably unnecessary anyway. After all, some things had sunk in for Taylor and Abbie despite them only being said once. This should work just fine. Louisa confirmed that she did indeed understand.

I took a breath. “I am Mr. Canon’s protector. My top priority is keeping him safe and preserving my freedom.”

The choice of words was somewhat hifalutin, but I’d put thought into it. I would be “safe” in prison. The inclusion had been necessary. Louisa murmured the words verbatim. Her lips kept moving, and her fingers counting up the repetitions. Good. It was working.

“Now, what to do with you,” I said, looking to Candace. She wasn’t looking back. Hmm. Maybe you had to get their attention first? It might explain why Abbie had cherry picked what details she’d seized upon. A blessing, if so. It’d be easier to micro-target my messages for their intended audiences. But what did I want to tell her?

I didn’t feel good about it, but honestly? My first impulse was that least ignoble of desires. Candace was in my backseat, the assistant volleyball coach dressed for the part in black spandex shorts and a pink t-shirt with the sleeves and most of the sides cut off, a sports bra partially visible. It matched the shorts. Probably on her way to the gym after coffee, or maybe had already been. She was definitely pretty in a natural kind of way, less made over and conformed to societal beauty standards like Taylor and Abbie. Dyed

black hair with a faint streak of purple in it, edgy for a teacher, but this time last year she'd been a sorority sister with a nose piercing, and it seemed the adjustment was still in progress. Fit, trim, tight and perky.

And sexiest of all, her mind wide open for anything I might want to do with it.

I had to remind myself that it wasn't pussy behavior to *not* make her like the Sterns. Just because I was horny as hell and she was attractive and vulnerable wasn't a reason to take advantage. But I couldn't let her go like this, obviously. I had no idea what she'd remember, but there would be more than enough cause for suspicion to land me in all manner of trouble.

Say. That ought to do it, right?

"Candace," I said. After a moment, she looked up at me, eyes slowly locking on mine. Her pupils were wide. Beside her, Louisa was still subvocalizing her new mantra. "Candace, in a moment I'm going to say something. I want you to repeat it back to me. All right?"

"I want you to repeat it back to me, all right," she monotoned.

"Uh, right." At least she was listening. "Now again, only this time, say, 'I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans.'"

"I will never do anything to cause Mr. Canon trouble or disrupt his plans." I supposed I could have used my first name with these ladies, but my title seemed less ambiguous.

"That's good. Now I want you to repeat that to yourself a hundred more times. Those same exact words. Go ahead." I watched for a moment while she got started, and soon, the women in my backseat were both assiduously drilling my programming into their heads. What I wouldn't give for students who complied with my instruction with that kind of devotion.

Well, I suppose I had that now, too, but... not in that sense.

Each of them did a hundred more repetitions when they finished, in case this was less effective than writing it down. Abbie had been done in by mere off-handed comments, so it was likely overkill anyway. I wasn't about to keep trying this on people until I had actionable data. If I had my way, I'd never use it on anyone again.

Meanwhile, I sat there stewing in guilt. I wasn't stupid. I knew those commands would do more than simply cover my ass, help me with my blackmailer. But I had to preserve the secret. I will not let anyone find out about my relationship with the Stern sisters. Overkill was an unfortunate necessity. I'd probably have to tell Louisa about it all, sure, but I owned her loyalty now. She could no more spread the word than if I wrote it down on a piece of paper and stuck it in my pocket.

They went back to their vacant staring, waiting, taunting me to do more to them. But no. Jesus, I already had two gorgeous young women ready to do anything I might

want to do with these two. They were lesbians to boot! That fact might not matter to the Serenex in their blood, but it mattered to me.

All right. Enough with the violations of basic morality and the natural order. Back to work.

The original plan had been to take them back to my place. Since the blackmailer could well be a nosy neighbor who might still be watching my house, Louisa would have to hide in the trunk, Taylor style, so nobody would know I'd recruited help. Now, though?

“You two have a place together, right?”

Candace massaged her forehead. “Just so I understand you correctly, to summarize: you bought a riot control chemical to make Taylor Stern let you tutor her one on one. You got caught with it, so you used it on her and her sister to stop them from telling anyone. Then you say you wound up brainwashing Abbie to be your ‘fantasy slut...’”

“*Accidentally*,” I emphasized in response to her accusatory tone.

“At which point she kidnapped Taylor and brought her to your house, tried to seduce you, and when you so very stoically resisted, she dosed you, making you feel like it would be wrong *not* to take advantage of these two teenage girls. Then when you woke up yesterday morning, you found out that somehow, despite your overwhelming abundance of caution, someone had discovered your activities and wants twenty-five thousand dollars to keep quiet. So you thought instead of confessing or using the help you already had, you’d come and enslave my girlfriend. And lucky me, I just happened to be standing in the path of what let’s affectionately call the Canon ball.”

I sighed. “That’s the bulk of it, yeah.”

“You know, for a man who netted himself a pair of nubile sex slaves without even trying, you sure have yourself quite a martyrdom complex about it all.” She sneered.

“What do you know about the duration of the effect?” asked Louisa, sipping at a fresh and untainted cup of coffee she’d brewed in the kitchen to help clear their heads. Unlike her partner, her voice was devoid of judgment. She was approaching this analytically, a professional through and through. It was a welcome reprieve from Candace’s judgment, valid or no.

There was a question I should have asked myself a long time ago. Serenex was only a chemical, after all. Surely it would wear off eventually. Shit! Why did my hindsight never reveal any good news?

I supposed if it wore off on the girls, it would wear off on me not long after. Of course, I’d be in handcuffs or buried in the Sterns’ back yard by then. Not much of a consolation.

“Not entirely sure. I first dosed Taylor Monday, and she behaved herself well enough all week that it had to be the Serenex. That was a pretty weak dose, only whatever she got from licking her lips. Abbie’s been on the slut warpath for going on forty-eight hours now and showing no signs of slowing down.” The text I’d gotten while waiting here at their place had left no doubt of that. *if i dont get some dick in me soon, ima come find u and spray that shit up yo ass*. It had been accompanied by a shot showing her raised fist clenched defiantly, though the wrathfulness was clouded by the bared breasts behind it.

Still no word from Taylor, but then, there wouldn’t be. There didn’t need to be.

“Well there’s one of our first concerns. If we’re going to maintain security of information, our biggest potential liability is that one of us will snap out of it. Not much question that any of us would bring you down first thing if we could.”

“Who, me? What about me leads you to think I’d object to a teacher drugging and raping his students?” groused Candace.

I was unconvinced any of this could constitute rape to begin with considering the tangled web of who had brainwashed and compromised who, but there was no point arguing semantics. The point was, Candace was going to let me do what I wanted to do, which was good enough.

Louisa patted her girlfriend’s shoulder consolingly, but she wasn’t deterred from her consultancy. “So that’s really the thing. The blackmailer isn’t the problem. It’s the sheer number of people with knowledge they shouldn’t have, that person or persons among them. We need to figure out what we’re dealing with here. I’ll see what I can learn at the department, if we have anything in the database about side effects of Serenex ingestion. Better give me your phone, too. In case the number isn’t enough, we might be able to run a trace with the phone itself.”

“Can you do that without anyone reading it?”

“No worries, I’m friends with the tech. I’ll buy him a coffee and dose him with the Serenex. Twice the manpower, that way.” It wasn’t only Candace who looked at her aghast, but Louisa soon cracked a grin. “I’m kidding, geez. Relax, you two. I’m trained on the software myself. Comes up all the time at school, kids sending threatening messages, cyber-bullying, that kind of thing.”

“Oh. Well that’s good, I guess.”

“In the meantime, you two need to be thinking about what you’re going to do to keep Candy and I from blabbing if or when it wears off.”

“You know I don’t like it when you call me that in front of people.”

But Louisa merely bent down and kissed her forehead, fuzzing her hair. “Tell me you love me.”

Her eyes darted to me resentfully, but she gave in soon enough. “I love you. For some reason.”

Louisa tucked my cracked phone in her hip pocket and headed out the door. “And then there were two,” I said dryly.

“Look, I was on my way back from the gym when you caught me this morning, so if it’s all the same to you, I’m going to clean up and get dressed and then... I dunno, hide in my room and pretend you’re not here. No offense.” I had a hard time believing she didn’t intend at least *some* offense.

“What about what Louisa said?”

Candace rolled her eyes. “Isa. Nobody calls her Louisa except at work.”



“Candy and Isa, eh? Shows what I know.” I donned a cheesy high-pitched voice.  
“*Isa me! Candy-o!*”

“Don’t do that. Oh god, don’t ever do that.”

I allowed myself a smirk. “Anyway, what about what she said, about a contingency plan? She has a point. Seems pretty certain you’ll report me the second you’re able.”

“Maybe. I don’t know, seems hard to imagine doing anything to cause you trouble. I would never do that.”

“Let’s hope it stays that way.”

Paradoxically, for all her naked disdain for my conduct, Candace nodded sincerely. “Yeah, let’s hope. If I start to feel like anything you shoved in my head is coming loose, I’ll warn you ASAP, OK?”

“Yeah. That’s, uh, great.” Huh. Guess she preferred keeping my plans intact to having her mind back in one piece.

Well that shouldn’t turn me on.

My hostess retreated to her bedroom. I tried not to think, as I had been for most of those seemingly interminable hours when I’d been waiting for them to come to, of what I could get away with. Spending this much time in close quarters with the two of them had only made me more keenly aware of what their respective work uniforms had allowed me not to ignore. Candace’s athletic build might not command the same attention as classic bombshells like the Stern girls, but as I watched those spandex shorts glide down her hallway, it seemed unjust. There had been a good reason I’d been attracted to Candace back then.

There was a brief pause, then I heard water turn on. The shower. I grit my teeth. Nudity. Prolonged nudity. Wetness. Soap. Hot warm water. Hot warm teacher.

*No.* That was the slipperiest slope I’d ever stood on. One inch downward, and I’d be coasting until... oh god, yes, until...

I sat up. There it was. Abbie. I needed to contact Abbie. What was I being blackmailed for, after all, but for the presence of a naked student in my house? All I had to do was have Abbie come over here and take some pictures of my own. Then if Louisa and Candace – Isa and Candy, that is – did snap out of it, they’d be as screwed as I was, caught in the exact same vice of guilt and blame as me, and look how far I’d been willing to go to get out of it! It was perfect.

Or maybe I was just tired of waiting and wanted to get my girls over here. Whatever. I was doing it, and if the pictures never served a higher purpose than fueling my spank bank, that was fine by me.

I was going to need a phone. Hmm. I could borrow Candace’s, I suppose. Looking around, I surmised she’d taken it with her. I stole quietly toward the bedroom, trying

not to think of how she'd disapprove of what I was about to do. Ah, well. She'd find out before long anyway when—

“Need something?” asked Candace. She was standing in the middle of her bedroom. Apart from her sports bra and two long socks, she was naked. Holy shit. Candace – Candy – shaved. (Anyone with that name and that pussy was definitely a Candy. I was never letting that go.) She waxed too, from the look of things. I couldn't help but gape at the two pink, puffy lips in front of me – then more so when it occurred to me that rather than push me out or dive in the bathroom, she merely stood there. Her response was no more severe than to place her hands on slender hips, watching me with a mildly irritated expression.

“I... um... phone.”

“What for?” Despite her question, she didn't hesitate to point to where it sat charging on her nightstand beneath a framed photo of her and Isa sitting in some picturesque gazebo somewhere. They were dressed up nice. Someone's wedding, maybe? They looked happy. Content. Much more so than the real Candy, who was gesturing for me to answer her and looking anything but.

“Oh, nothing. Just, um, some pictures. Your girlfriend took my phone, so... yeah.” Explaining everything to her the first time had been hard enough. Having to admit my sleazy plan aloud was more than I felt like doing. “It's part of a plan.”

Excellent – my choice of words evidently struck home, and her veneer of disdain vanished. “Oh? All right. Here, let me swipe you in.” My nearly naked colleague walked over and retrieved the phone. Holy *shit*, that ass! Two spherical bubbles above a thigh gap that was basically an arrow originating at her pussy. It couldn't have been tighter if she had been sculpted in plastic. She caught me looking as she turned, but said nothing as she handed me the activated phone.

“Thanks. Um, I think your water's hot now.” A cloud of steam drifted slowly from the open door to the master bathroom.

“Oh. Right.” Her lips twisted to one side for a moment, but only a moment. Then it was off with the sports bra in one swift motion, revealing a pair of unbelievably cute little tits. Her fair skin almost hid the petite, conical pink nipples. The socks went last, giving me an amazing view of the slit itself as she bent to peel them off. Then the social studies turned and strode into the bathroom. My cock threatened to jump out of my pants and follow. The glass door slid open, and in she went. With the panes already fogging over, I waited for her to close it so I could pry myself away. After a brief pause, it did so, and time started moving again.

Jesus. Causing me trouble and disrupting my plans had one hell of a broad definition where sweet Candy was concerned. I wondered if she'd let me...

No. No, on with the actual plan. Thankfully, I still remembered Abbie's number. I punched it in hastily, double- and triple-checking to make sure I didn't send it to some stranger. *Abbie, this is Mr. Canon. Get your ass over to 2530 Rock Creek Rd. Now.*

*Bring Taylor.*

The reply came fast. *How do I know this is u*

*I considered. And wear that schoolgirl outfit, slut.*

<3 <3 <3 *omw soon!!!* She included half a dozen eggplant and kitty emojis, evidently in case I'd forgotten she wanted to have sex.

There. Now hopefully Candy would stay out of the way so we could—

“You coming, or what?”

I looked up. There she was again, leaning around the shower door and looking expectantly at where I was sitting on the end of her bed. “Am I what now?”

“Yeah. If you don't do this soon, I'm gonna start pruning up.”

“Do what?”

“You said you were going to take pictures, right?” There was no mistaking the mild teacherly condescension in her voice. It worked; I felt pretty stupid just then.

“Huh? Why would I...?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Isn't that your plan? Get some naked pictures of me, make sure you have leverage in case I get un-mind-controlled?”

Wow. It somehow hadn't occurred to me to do something so straightforward. That was a lot simpler than my plan of using the Sterns. She sure leapt to that assumption about my intentions quickly, though. Should I be offended?

“Uh, yes?” Why did I make that a question? Here was one of, if not the hottest teachers in school inviting me to take pictures of her showering. What was I supposed to say, “naw, lame plan”?

To tell the truth, as I entered the bathroom and took my place in front of the open shower door, I was barely bothering with the camera. Why watch her on the screen of her phone when I could just stare at the genuine article in all its glory? Her slim, taut body gleamed head to toe under the sheen of steam, water beading across her chest and slowly dribbling down to the underside of each breast. It was like a game, waiting to see if each trickle and droplet would trail down her stomach or drip right down through the air.

I could have stared at this all day.

“Do you think it's better if I pose, or just act naturally?” she asked, adding, “Sorry if the loofah's in the way, but I actually do need to get clean, too.”

“Um, maybe posing? And smiling, yeah. The shower door's open, after all, so not like anyone seeing these would think you didn't know you were being watched.”

“Yeah, that's smart. OK, sure.” She clasped the loofah to her chest with both hands and cocked one knee forward, and I swear, the sight of Ms. Salata's naked,

glistening ass in profile almost did me in then and there. An experienced observer might say she didn't know how to model, that she largely alternated between the simple acts of thrusting out her butt, thrusting out her chest, or both. I couldn't have cared less. My preconceptions about the sex appeal of body types was realigning itself even as I looked.

"God, your fucking tits look amazing like that."

Oh crap, did I say that out loud?

Candy frowned. "Please don't use that word."

"What, fucking? Or tits?"

"I suppose either, but I meant the latter. I don't go for the whole dirty talk thing with Isa, and I sure as hell don't want to hear it from some random coworker. OK?" Then, as if to confirm the utterance had offended her only in its vulgarity and not in its clear relation to her behavior, she cupped her breasts, one in each hand, kneading and caressing them for the camera.

"Sure, sure. Sorry. Just... damn, Isa's a lucky woman." Her nipples hardened as she played. "You know, when you first started at GHS, I was actually trying to flirt with you?"

"I know. Half the single men on staff did. At least you were more subtle about it than Coach Krieger. He literally cornered me in the lounge one day. Would not stop talking at me. I started to wonder if he just meant to keep me there until I surrendered or what." Her eyes flicked to her phone in my outstretched hand. "Of course, he didn't drug me and my girlfriend and film me in the shower, so..."

"Yeah, yeah. Use more soap."

Her nostrils flared at my command, but she did it, fetching a fancy-looking artisanal bottle from the caddy slung over the nozzle. Fresh suds bloomed across her torso as she massaged the fragrant oil into her skin. I could barely make out the discomfort and disdain in her eyes. She couldn't be blamed, I guess. I hadn't made her want this like Taylor inadvertently had with Abbie. But still, the traces were there.

"Come on, smile for the camera, Candy," I said, modeling one such. Instead, she flipped me the bird and went back to pinching her left nipple. "I'm serious. If these are going to work for keeping you quiet, they can't look coerced. Right?"

She stopped, glared openly, then flicked a splash of soapy water at me. "Fine." My coworker turned to face the stream, lowering her head under the spray. "Are you taking pictures, or video?"

"Um, pictures." Technically true. I think I'd taken three or four so far, and I wasn't even sure if they showed her. I didn't care.

Her petite breasts heaved in and out, as much as they could anyway, as she steeled herself. Then practically before I knew what was happening, she turned back to me, a broad smile on her face. "Stop!" she cried, but she was giggling in apparent glee as she swatted playfully at the space in front of the camera. "You're such a fucking pig,

Canon! I can't believe you're going around dosing women with some shit you don't even understand!" She splashed me playfully. "And now I have to let you record me in the shower like some garden variety whore!" She feebly tried to cover her breasts with one arm, her pussy with the other. As seemed to be her intent, the act did more to draw the eyes than thwart them, and with how much she was wiggling and squirming, it failed completely at covering her body.

"Like, ohmygosh, if there's a hell, you're going to the lowest level! You do realize that right? Heehee!" Candy shifted from the faux embarrassment act and went to the opposite extreme, leaning against the far wall of the shower and spreading her labia for me. "One-way ticket, first class, all the way down. Haha!"

One would think that, being served this compact bundle of sensuality served up on a platter of steamy suds, my mind would be incapable of wandering. But instead, as Candy's middle finger teased between the folds of her labia, probing at her swelling clit, I had a flashback to one day last fall.

It had been right before Halloween, I recalled, my memory somehow retaining the presence of cheap paper pumpkins stuck to the window, drooping even before their short-lived utility had been reached. Funny though, I couldn't remember exactly what had brought me to Ms. Salata's classroom that day. It was pretty rare for me to need to stop by the room of someone outside my department.

Anyway, what brought me back to it was the memory of that moment when I walked in. She'd been helping a student with an assignment, bent over with her palms on their desk. At her questioning glance at my arrival, I'd motioned to continue, no rush on my account. My patience, however, had not been born out of courtesy, but rather out of the way her ass looked in those pants. Tight enough I could make out her panty lines, which were a lot narrower than I would have thought. The detail only helped paint a picture in my mind of what it would have looked like without those pants in the way. I hadn't *stared*, per se, but any man would have at least looked.

And then I caught a female student looking at me, and her eyes went back to that ass, back to me, and the girl somehow managed to simultaneously smirk and sneer at having caught me. I narrowed my eyes as a soft rebuke of her correct assessment, then went on with whatever it was I'd come for.

But I'd gone home that night and satisfied myself at length to the memory of that image. It hadn't made its way into my playlist, as it were, but perhaps it ought to have. If not for that student intruding on my admiration, it might have.

That student had been Taylor Stern. Because who else would it have been.

"Turn around."

"Really? We have to have enough by now. And if you can't see my face, it's not exactly useful as blackmail. Unless we've moved beyond 'the plan' now."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

“It means, if you’re done prepping for the eventuality of blackmail and are now just enjoying yourself, say so, and let’s get on with things.” She sighed, brushed a strand of hair off of her forehead, and turned away from me. There it was. The ass, straight-on, unobstructed, posed for consumption. “Not like I can do anything about it, so have your fun.”

Something in that made me look up for a moment. “What do you mean, you can’t do anything about it? This was your idea.”

“Uh, no, I just figured out your idea before I had to hear you say it. I agree, making sure I have something so humiliating hanging over my head that I’d never betray you is smart. I’m not sure this will be enough, but it’s a good start.” For the life of me, I couldn’t say why I got so turned on hearing her agree to that. “But if you just want to leer at me, watch me shower, then that’s just you being a pervert. It’s fine, I already knew you were, but own it, and get on with it.”

“I’m... I’m not, ah...”

“The hell you’re not, Canon. Now relax, I guess, and get on with it. I mean, what am I gonna do? Report you to HR? Call the police? Tell Isa? You know as well as I do I can’t cause you any trouble.” She planted her hands on the wall. It may as well have been that kid’s desk. Her back arched, her ass thrust back. The water was hitting the small of her back, pooling there, then running off along her ribs, and right down the lines of her ass.

So yes, six seconds ago I had been excoriated for reprogramming her to be the perfect victim, but my mind was six months ago. Only this time, there was no judgmental student watching. To quote the woman whose butt I was reaching out to pinch, not like she can do anything about it. It was too slippery to get much of a grip, but that didn’t stop me from trying again.

And again.

“Really? Fucking really?” Her head swiveled to face me, scowling murderously. It was intimidating enough that I pulled back – at least, after a couple more seconds – and held my hands up in surrender.

“Fine, fine. Sorry, I couldn’t help myself.” Oh, fuck it. I gave it a few pats. And a squeeze. But that was it. “Finish up in here. Take your time. I’ll be in the living room, but feel free to hide out back here if you’re feeling put upon, Candy.” One last squeeze.

“*Candace.*” My god, she hadn’t even adjusted out of her pose, as I was still watching. Did not offering herself up like a rack of lamb constitute ‘causing Mr. Canon trouble’ to her warped mind? Jesus, this Serenex stuff was dangerous. In the wrong hands, that is.

“You’re too sweet not to be Candy, Candy.” One more squeeze, a quick stroke along the length of her exposed pussy, and I finally left the bathroom.

There was company coming, after all.