

Lesson Plans

A TIOS Story

“All right, gang, today we’re going to read a little piece by a fella calling himself Edgar Allen Poe. Have you heard of him?” Miss C was asking her freshmen as Jordan stepped in. A chorus of enthused responses came back.

“The Raven!”

“Tell-Tale Heart!”

“Oh, that one where the guy’s going to murder his boss, and like he keeps hearing this heartbeat, only—”

“That’s ‘Tell-Tale Heart,’ stupid.”

Miss C nodded. “Right – lots of sharp cookies in here. Now to figure out who’s going around sharpening cookies, eh.” Miss C’s eyes barely flicked to the intruder as he made his way to the laptop cart. “Today we’re going to do one of his stories I happen to really like called ‘The Cask of Amontillado.’ Crazy title, I know – anybody know what either of those words mean? Cask, maybe? Or try amontillado if you’re looking for brownie points.”

“It’s wine,” Jordan chimed in dryly, “so I wouldn’t go trying the amontillado until you turn twenty-one or find a convincing fake ID.”

“Mr. Lyons, how good of you to barge into our classroom and trample on our discussion. Can I help you with something?” Miss C said, obviously annoyed.

“Just trying to check out a laptop, but the sign-out sheet’s gone.”

“You’re a senior. This seems like the sort of obstacle you ought to be able to surmount on your own by now.” The freshman snickered.

“Not my fault you’re slacking, teach,” he retorted. “Me, I’m a hustler. I get it done, keep it trim.” He hadn’t really meant it as a comparison, though once the words were out of his mouth he still esteemed it a good jibe. Not that Miss C had anything to fault in her figure. He’d never really noticed teachers for their bodies; there were already so many girls his own age he might actually get to sleep with that he didn’t bother wasting imagination on the unattainable. But the realm of the attainable had expanded rather dramatically of late. After chewing up and spitting out that little spitfire substitute Miss Galvin, he’d come to appreciate the charms of an older woman. Slightly older, anyway.

What little mirth lay in her dry smile evaporated in an instant. “Says the boy who’s had one of my laptops out almost every night for a month but is still flunking because he won’t do his classwork. But you’re right, it must be me who’s not applying enough effort directing you. Do I need to walk you step by step how you might handle this conundrum of putting your name and a laptop number on a piece of paper, or do you think you can handle it? Because I’d be happy to.”

Jordan held up his hands in mock surrender, and she quickly moved on with her lesson as he found a post-it and scribbled down the info. Geez, what a bitch. What did Fishers see in her? He had Hailey McKnight, nympho sex queen, eating out of his hand, but instead he's barking up that tree? It made no sense. She was good-looking for sure, just a little too generous in the T&A department in a way he enjoyed being unable to stop noticing now that he'd noticed. It couldn't be that hard to put her through the same treatment as those sluts in his second period.

Still, why bother.

Right?

"Open up your books to 428, gang. Ryan, why don't you start it off. I know we usually set up a story first, but this one pretty much tells you what the story's going to be about in the first line, so I'll let the master handle it."

"The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could," her student began, "but when he..."

"Ventured," someone supplied.

"Ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge."

The dweeby little freshman started reading in his halting voice as Jordan made his exit. Why bother indeed.

Kristiana Coszic-Lewandoski didn't think much about her brief encounter with her student until later that day when he straggled into yearbook two minutes after the bell. Ordinarily she'd have asked if he had any excuse, dismissed the frivolity that usually followed, given him his tardy and moved on. But a look in his eye as he took his seat told her he was harboring resentment over that morning's incident.

That tongue of hers was going to land her in the unemployment line one of these days, that was for sure. A pang of guilt erased the tardy from her mind. Jordan might be a spoiled jerk, and a bully to her lover no less, but he was still her student. Public ridicule was hardly going to change him for the better. She should have known better.

At the end of the hour, she managed the presence of mind to keep him after class. Quite possibly he'd never made an apology in his life, but that only meant it was all the more important to role model mature adult behavior. "Jordan," she said as the others filed out. He held back, and once they were alone she approached with a sincerely contrite expression.

"Look, I'm sorry about this morning. I was rude, and it was uncalled for, and I want you to know I regret treating you that way." She had to swallow just a little pride to get the words out, but she did it.

"Sure, whatever." That was all he said.

Conner and Amanda were still chatting about some bit of yearbook minutiae that was no doubt fascinating to their nerdy editor-in-chief mentalities. She didn't want to have to apologize to him in front of Conner. That would definitely make him unhappy. "So, do you forgive me?"

"Why should I?"

That was not the response she'd been expecting. "I... suppose that's fair. Look, I called you out publicly, so I'm happy to apologize publicly as well if you like. I'll repeat this in front of my kids tomorrow morning."

"Hey, if that makes you feel better."

She stopped him from brushing past her, careful not to make contact. No faster path to a lawsuit than laying a hand on a malcontent student, and she'd bet serious money Jordan's father had a lawyer on retainer. "Look, Jordan. I know I ride all you kids hard sometimes." She ignored the way his mouth twitched at her choice of words. High school boys. She'd be happy when Conner outgrew that phase. "But it's only because teaching is important to me. I work hard at it. So when you implied I didn't, well, I got defensive. I know you and I don't have the best relationship, but you're still my student. The most important things to me as a teacher is that you get as much out of your time in my classroom as possible. OK?"

Finally, a little smile blossomed on his handsome, condescending face. "OK, Miss C. I get you."

"Good. We're good?"

“So good,” he said. With that, she let him by.

Kristy wished that had been the end of her vexations with Jordan, but if anything, it only got worse from there. For one, it was plain to her there was something brewing between him and Conner. The way her protégé glared in his classmate's direction half the period spoke more loudly than if he'd shouted they were quarreling. She even asked Conner during their date Thursday evening, but he insisted glumly that everything was fine and insisted she not get involved. Kristy knew when Conner was making suggestions and when he was making demands, and she heard the latter. She settled for cheering him up with a nice thorough blowjob and told herself sometimes that was the happiest she could make him.

Still, more distressing still was the way Jordan took to behaving in her class – doubly so considering how much she'd amped her lesson plans. Their altercation and subsequent apology had been on Tuesday. Wednesday, she'd come in with a really funny and engaging presentation, but had to reprimand him at least four times to stay on task and quit having side conversations with his peers. Thursday she had a whole plan to work one-on-one with him to help get his projects caught up; instead he asked for a bathroom pass at the start of the period and didn't return until there was a minute left. Friday? Friday she went for the Hail Mary of student pleasing; the class watched selected scenes from *Can't Hardly Wait* to highlight the importance of the way memories are preserved. Jordan slept through the period, slumped over his desk oblivious to the glares his snores elicited from Marisa and Siobhan.

She kept him after class to ask if everything was all right, if he had any excuses for his behavior. He responded curtly, "Your class just doesn't have anything that interests me. Sorry, hot stuff." He shrugged and left her gaping in his wake.

Kristy could have chosen to be mad. A detention for speaking to her that way, at minimum, and a few more for the rest of his recent behaviors. Still, getting angry and exacting retribution might teach him not to be quite such a little shitheel, but it was only going to worsen his attitude towards her class. She didn't know – didn't even wonder – why it was so important to engage him, but it preoccupied her on and off the whole weekend. She found her thoughts straying to him even when Conner came over Saturday evening. Even when they were having sex.

As Conner was cleaning up afterwards, she allowed herself a giggle at a stray thought. That was one way to command a student's attention. Not that she would ever sleep with the repellent little turd, of course.

Although...

Monday, she arrived with a new plan. She was going to at least get him to pay attention. This could work. It wasn't the craziest thing she'd done for a student, certainly, though the gap between what she'd done for Conner and what she'd done for any other student was a chasm. She was a little self-conscious during the day, but

reminded herself it was going to be fine. She wasn't breaking any rules. Quite. Any *current* rules, at least. She was going to reach him.

Except instead, Jordan ditched her class altogether.

"Kristy, are you... not wearing a bra?" Conner asked after class.

"Look at you, being all perceptive," she said, letting him stare for a moment.

"Why, does it bother you?"

"Bother me?" He didn't bother trying to address the question to her face. "No. No, it definitely does not bother me. Only usually, you don't take advantage of the dress code situation so... thoroughly."

He'd told her about the oddity, shown her how she should be shocked and offended when Heather Blake paraded around in her trampy outfits, how bizarre it ought to be that cleavage and spandex were an omnipresent part of the school atmosphere now. Every now and again she liked to tease the boy, wear something low-cut and bend over his desk or the like. A few times she'd even flashed him her panties in a dress if she was sure she could get away with it. It was fun, and none of her other students were the wiser.

So when Jordan came in Tuesday to find his teacher going over the lesson in a miniskirt and a blouse that hung loosely from her breasts without ever reaching her barely exposed belly button, she was a little surprised to see his eyes widen. Most of the kids hadn't noticed, except the handful who'd always leered at her anyway.

But sure enough... he paid attention. Sure, he seemed to mostly be paying attention below the neck, but he didn't chit-chat. He didn't sleep. He didn't duck out or ditch or doodle or drive her crazy. Was he riveted? Probably not. But it was a marked improvement. For the first time in a week, Kristy felt like she was doing a good job as a teacher.

"You seemed like you were here for once today," she said to him on his way out the door.

She expected some grunt of acknowledgement, a bashful grin at being singled out for praise, or even just ignoring her. What she did not expect was for him to turn, smile, and say, "Imagine how present I'd be with one less button."

Before she could say a word, he snagged the collar of her blouse, tugged it outward, blatantly looked down the expanded opening, and walked away. A few of his classmates eyed the behavior with shock, but of course nobody said anything. After all, who cared what Jordan did or said enough to talk about it?

Relief that she'd worn a bra that day and he hadn't seen her bare breasts was her first reaction. Second was shock that he'd so brazenly touched her.

Third was considering if the extra button would be worth it.

So she kept it going. After all, nobody else in school cared how she dressed. Besides, she didn't even own anything as scandalous as what those so-called Pride Girls were wearing, so objectively she was not the worst offender of the former dress code. Some of her underwear she'd gotten for her ex-boyfriend Brent and Conner, maybe, but she wasn't about to start coming to school in bra and panties or a camisole. She'd just dress more... fun.

So she let her neckline fall, her hemlines raise, threw in stockings and heels, and threw out bras and panties. It varied day to day. She stuck mostly to the sorts of clothes she used to wear on date nights with Brent, sexy things with some amount of sophistication or elegance to redeem them. Once in a while, she slacked and went for something more comfortable. (It was hard to police oneself when there were no consequences, after all.) She worried she might have crossed a line the day she came to work in stretchy purple cotton volleyball shorts and a spaghetti tank top, both of which had been in a drawer since college and now failed to cover all of her tummy or even all of her buttocks. Still, the only ones to say anything about it were Conner, who told her to leave it on for when he came over that night, and Jordan, who slapped her on the ass, full palm, when she walked by him in the computer lab.

"Exactly what do you think you were doing?" she hissed at him in the hallway, where she'd promptly dragged him.

"How ya mean?" he said, brimming with feigned innocence.

"What on god's green earth do you think gives you the right to treat a teacher like that? Or any woman, for that matter!"

"You didn't like it?" He could apparently see she was a hair's breadth from tackling him to the ground, career be damned, and held his hands up defensively. "OK, OK, geez. Sorry, all right? I just figured, the way you were dressing... I dunno. You never seemed to mind when I stared, so I guess I thought you might be into it."

"Jordan, I'll be frank with you. The way you look at me makes me feel like I'm some sort of sex object. I don't appreciate it. At. All." She emphasized her point with a couple firm jabs to his chest with her fingernail. "But I tolerate it, because hey, at least you're not asleep at your desk. But if you think what you did today is going to fly, I hope you brought along a parachute. And a damn good lawyer. You get me?"

"Sure. Whatever you say, babe."

"And do *not* call me 'babe,' understand?! You call me Miss C, or you can call me the bitch who got you expelled! Do I make myself clear?"

"You got it."

Kristy sent him to the in-school suspension room for the rest of the period, if for no other reason than so she could at least show her face in her own classroom again. To her surprise, he asked if he could bring his laptop with him, so he could get work done

while he endured his punishment. That was good. Even if she'd had to chew him out, he was still focused on his studies. Maybe she wasn't a failure as a teacher after all.

Was it all Jordan had dreamed of? Maybe six months ago. After all, who could complain about having his surprisingly tasty teacher so pliable to his advances? As the days went by, she kept on dressing that little extra bit sluttier, and now, there were no more annoying lectures about his looks, his comments, his wayward hands. He supposed “some sort of sex object” was open to interpretation, though “but I tolerate it” seemed to resolve it just fine.

Her boundaries were tested over the coming week, and Jordan came to feel like he had a good sense for where the lines were. The next day, with his new quote in place and hidden away from Fishers as best he could, Miss C came to class in a miniskirt and a burgundy top that clung to her body like a second skin, save for an oval between her breasts that showed a crazy amount of cleavage. Definitely no bra either, the way those things were bobbling around in there, constantly threatening to break free. With Fishers and Carpenter holed up in their office, he was free to play.

“You look crazy hot in that, Miss C,” he said when she passed by his station in the computer lab.

Nearby, several students gaped at his statement. The dress code edits had immunized them to dismay at her fashion choices, but not at someone treating their teacher like a whore simply because she was wearing a whore’s uniform. Miss C, however, simply glanced over her shoulder at him, nodded curtly, and continued monitoring her class. After all, a tolerant sex object couldn’t exactly be indignant about crude comments, could it?

Then Fishers joined the class, and he had to lay low or risk blowing his cover. Mother fucker. The game was no fun if he was gonna have that prig trying to ruin it for him.

Two days later, the editors-in-chief were away for the day at the print shop on business. (Anyone else and he’d have taken it for granted that they were off having a little afternoon delight, but not those two do-gooders.) Either way, it left him the day to play without fear of reprisal. Miss C was looking good in a pleated skirt and white blouse unbuttoned to the point of barely revealing the cups of her black bra, and he decided to favor the old bitch with another compliment.

“Yes, Jordan?” she said when he raised his hand, annoyed at having to pause her lecture but pleased to see she was keeping him engaged.

“Your tits look amazing in that top.”

He was ready for her to accost him, send him to the office, even slap him across the face. Instead, like the other day, only his classmates looked shocked. Miss C simply gave him a mildly exasperated look, like she would have if he’d interrupted to crack a joke. “Thanks,” she said with bland sarcasm. “Mind if I continue?”

“How big are they?” he pressed.

“Jordan!” exclaimed Heather.

“What? Of all people, I’d think you’d want to celebrate big cans.”

“That’s enough, Jordan. Apologize,” said their teacher firmly.

“Sure. Sorry I noticed your great big tits, teach.”

“Not to me,” she said, as though he were being deliberately dense. “To Heather.”

Jordan couldn’t help but laugh. “Oh. Right, sorry. Won’t happen again.”

Heathered glared, but she didn’t pursue her objections as Miss C went on. “Now, to your question, my bra size is thirty-four double D. Is there anything else, or can we actually try to learn something today?”

“Double D? Damn, girl!”

“Language, Jordan,” she scolded.

“I knew you had some nice ta-tas, but you’ve been holding out on us. Are you punking me?”

“Hand to god.”

The class watched, baffled by the banter transpiring. “Come on, prove it. Show me what ya got.”

“I’m sorry, I seem to have forgotten my tape measure.”

“Well your bra’s got a tag or something, right? Let’s see.”

“Jordan, what the hell are you doing, man?” demanded an uneasy DeShaun. Jordan waved him off.

“I’m not going to take off my bra for you in the middle of class. You want to see the tag, find me sometime when I’m not in the middle of a lesson, OK? Now. Where were we?”

She went on teaching like nothing had happened, but the class’s concentration was shattered. Everyone was whispering their dismay.

“What just happened?”

“She lets him get away with murder!”

“Dude, Miss C is some kind of slut.”

“With a student!”

“I can’t believe she didn’t expel him!”

“She must love the attention or something, ya think?”

This was no good, Jordan thought. Second period with his girls had gotten him so used to being able to treat sluts like Miss C however he liked that he’d forgotten that, while she might be able to dress however she liked, being treated like the cheap slut she was dressing like wasn’t covered. His peers might not spread rumors about Jordan himself, but the editor-in-chief would surely hear something about his teacher’s strange behavior. Heck, the principal may well, too, come to think of it. What were the odds her replacement was half as hot as this bitch? He’d have to figure out a way to keep his classmates’ fat mouths shut on the subject.

Then, as if by magic, came the words of two of the pimple-faced little freshmen yearbook boys, unable to believe his ears, gave him exactly what he needed.

“Did you just see what I just saw?”

“I saw it, all right.”

“Do you think she’s really a double D?”

“Come on, like anybody can tell that just from looking.”

“Yeah, well nobody could even tell she was gonna just let that guy treat her like a slut, and that happened.”

Jordan hastily brought up his spread and captured the words while they were fresh. It really was annoying sometimes, trying over and over to find the exact phrasing before TIOS let him click that almighty save button. For once, he had the software handy in the moment.

“Nobody could tell [Miss Coszic-Lewandoski] was gonna just let [Jordan Lyons] treat her like a slut.” –

Jordan leaned back to the dweeby kid two rows back. “What’s your name, shithead?”

The kid looked surprised to be addressed by a popular senior. “Me? Um, Brian.”

“Got a last name, Brian?”

“Brubaker.”

– *Brian Brubaker*, he finished.

When Fishers and Carpenter straggled in five minutes before the bell, giggling like schoolgirls, nobody could tell them a thing.

Kristy was having a good week. Why hadn't she started dressing sexy at school sooner? Conner, for one, was going wild over it. Four of the past five school days he'd either stayed after school to make out with her or flat-out fuck her, and the fifth day he only didn't because Amanda was working late in the office. So instead, they'd rendezvoused at her place and fucked there until it was nearing his curfew. Having his secretly scandalously clad teacher dress up for him seemed to drive the boy wild.

Not that she was actually dressing up for *him*, but he didn't need to know the real reason. That was all for Jordan's benefit, but she sure wasn't going to tell Conner how his nemesis treated her. It would only make him unhappy. Thankfully nobody else seemed like they intended to blab either; they simply gawked at the degrading way he treated her, and moved on.

Meanwhile, for her part, Kristy indeed was happy. In a professional sense, at least. For the past couple years, her morale as a teacher had been in steady decline. The low pay, long hours, lack of respect and bureaucratic meddling had taken their toll on her. Increasingly, she'd wondered if she was even making enough of a difference to be worth it. Conner had done a lot to help with that, at least giving her something to look forward to and a chance to work at what made her happiest – namely, making him happy. Yet it was somehow Jordan who was doing the most to make her rethink leaving her profession, and the boy didn't even realize what he was doing. Take that afternoon, for example. She'd gone to work in less than usual, a pair of black denim cutoffs and a bikini top. Neither especially salacious in the environment for which they were intended, but far less than any teacher in any other school might wear even on a field trip to the beach. At NHS, such things occasioned no comment.

Almost no comment, anyway. "Your big fat titties look amazing in that skimpy little thing, baby," Jordan commented as she walked past his row during group work.

The usual strange combination of emotions rose in her at his words. Anger, for one, that the little prick thought that was an acceptable way to talk to any woman, much less an authority figure. Embarrassment that the other students overheard, and saw that once again she wasn't going to discipline him over it. Yet the feeling that won out was pride. She'd once more managed to engage her most apathetic learner.

"I'm glad you like them. Now maybe try liking the way your keyboard feels as you type up your assignment, OK?" she replied.

"Don't act you don't like it," he pressed.

"Oh yeah, nothing drives me wild like hearing you harass me, Jordan," she threw back, voice full of sarcasm to make sure nobody listening could mistakenly think she was encouraging him. She tugged her bikini back into place (darn thing was highly prone to nip slips if she was careless) and resumed teaching.

She was pleased to see Jordan smile as he rapidly typed something into his laptop. The outfit was working, apparently.

Ten minutes later, though, as she walked past his desk, he didn't just slap her ass, he left his hand there and copped a nice long feel. Shocked – that he'd do such a thing, yes, but especially that it could feel so fucking *hot* – Kristy let it drag on for far too long before stepping away from him, eyes narrowing playfully, hoping no one else in class could smell what was happening in her loins. She walked heel-toe down the aisle, smirking over her shoulder as he stared right through her ass and into the molten core in her pussy.

She had him. The boy had gone from sleeping and ditching to being completely obsessed with her. Not with her class, maybe, but those interpersonal relationships could go a long way to reach the hard-to-reach students.

So what if Conner didn't know if a good chunk of her arousal those days stemmed from remembering the way Jordan had pinched her ass on his way out of class? Was it so wrong if her boyfriend ate her out, never realizing her pussy was juicing as much from his tongue as from fantasizing about what trampy little outfit she'd be leered at in tomorrow? She wished she could thank Jordan for helping her sex life become the best it ever had, but he'd never understand the effect he was having on her. He was just being a pervy teenage boy, and had no idea she happened to get off on the way he treated her body like a meat market.

Every day he grew more brazen. First came the lewd comments. Then it was squeezes and pinches when no one was looking. Then it was when they *were* looking. (Never Conner, thank goodness; she didn't know how she'd handle it when that happened!) Then it was groping – her butt, her breasts, touching her neck and face in too-intimate ways. Then one day he seized her nipples where they were tenting out her top and gave them a firm twist. She gasped – in surprise, in indignation, in bliss – and finally told him he'd better sit right down that instant. Instead, he walked behind her, pulled her hips against a cock she could feel throbbing even through layers of clothing, and squeezed her tits in front of the whole class for so long that she had no choice but to continue her lecture while he played, lest the class have nothing to engage them but the obscenity unfolding before them.

Then one morning before first period, the boy finally crossed the line. She was getting set up for class, updating the white board for upcoming assignments and quizzes in each of her classes. She didn't even hear him come in, but suddenly there was a hand between her legs – right up her dress!

“What in the...!” Then she saw whose hand it was, and winced as her pussy remembered how much it loved this treatment. And as she herself remembered she wasn't wearing panties that day. She hastily squirmed away from his touch before she could start dribbling on his fingers. “Mr. Lyons! I put up with a lot of this nonsense in seventh period because it's important to me you be switched on. But you cannot simply come into my room and treat me like this whenever you want!”

The boy somehow managed to look, of all things, surprised. Offended, even. “I thought you were my teacher 24/7,” he said.

“I am, but I can’t be on hand 24/7 to keep you on task! For now, you’re your first-period teacher’s problem, so go grope them.”

“Mr. Rodriguez? I’ll pass.”

“Then I suppose you’ll have to find a way to phone it in. If you ever touch me like that again outside of our class...” She let her eyes imply the threat, but when his smirk didn’t fade, she elaborated. “I’ll have you in ISS for the rest of your natural life, and when that’s over, I’ll see to it we hold your funeral in detention. Now buzz off before I change my mind. I’ll see you seventh period.”

Only she didn’t. He left her room glowering, and didn’t come back that afternoon. She triple-checked the attendance system, but sure enough, every other period had marked him present. (Except his second period, but he was a co-member of the faculty that period, and so it was silly to think his name would be on the attendance list.)

She’d rebuffed him. All the progress she’d made, the humiliations she’d endured for and from him, unmade in one hasty comment.

She’d have to make it up to him. The next day, Kristy eschewed her usual sexy business casual and went straight to too sexy for any office not on a porno set. No bra, no panties, no duh. Six-inch red stilettos. A gauzy blouse that wasn’t nearly see-through; it *was* see-through. A miniskirt that was tied on either side with a slender red string that left her hips entirely bare. It was so short that every time someone opened the door to her classroom she could feel the air moving across her pussy.

She wouldn’t wear this getup to a club in a town where no one recognized her face. But she wore it, to work, for Jordan.

He showed up, looked her over once, then plopped down at his desk and promptly laid his head down. She didn’t see his eyes again for the rest of the period.

She had to excuse herself at one point because she was so overcome with her failure that she couldn’t stop herself from crying, and as heavily, practically whorishly, as she’d applied her makeup, she couldn’t risk them seeing. Kristy reapplied it in the faculty restroom before returning, in case Jordan woke up.

He didn’t.

“Conner, do you think I’m a good teacher?” she asked him that night as they lay in bed. She needed to hear a compliment, and while he was a sweet boy by nature, he was at his sweetest right after she’d sucked down a few mouthfuls of his cum. It was a Friday night and his parents thought he was sleeping over at a friend’s house, so she had him to herself for the whole night. Sometimes nights like these felt like they were all that kept her going.

“What? Kristy, of course you are. You’re an amazing teacher. Heck, none of my other teachers—”

She knew where the comment was going, and it wasn't what she wanted to hear right then. Her finger on his lips silenced him handily. "I'm serious. Like... do you think I actually teach kids something? And is it something worth learning?"

He looked more serious on his second try, rolling over and leaning his sweaty forehead against her sweatier one. "Totally. You were my favorite teacher for a long time, even before all this. You've taught me so much. I know you act like me and Amanda are some kind of geniuses who always know what we're doing, but we wouldn't have a clue if it weren't for you. The work you do... it's humbling. Really."

Given how much time he spent at her house, he had a better idea of how much she worked than anyone else but her coworkers. It was nice to hear. "Promise?"

"Promise. I don't know why you even have to ask. We've all seen how much you put in. You'd do anything for us, Kristy. And we know it."

That brought her smile back, and she promptly rewarded him for saying nice things. Moreover, it confirmed what she'd feared she'd have to do.

Anything.

The following Monday, Kristy took Conner's words to heart. She started by giving him somewhere else to be, inventing an "urgent" re-shoot for some pictures that had gone missing over the winter. (She'd deleted them on purpose, but they'd been lousy shots anyway, and Conner would do a better job than Don had.) She insisted he not come back to school after, giving him a key to her house and asking him to wait there for her.

That gave her license to do what needed doing to bring Jordan back into the fold without hurting her lover's feelings. She'd spent long hours the previous day, looking through her entire wardrobe, asking herself what the sluttiest, most revealing outfit she owned was, or if she needed to go to some sex shop and buy something new. If he'd slept through that joke of a blouse and skirt on Friday, she'd need something even more revealing. None of her other tops would do, nor her other skirts. The only thing she even owned that revealed more was...

Kristy blushed, standing there in the privacy of her own bedroom when she realized the solution, and she blushed as she strode into the halls of Northside the following morning. Nobody said anything, like usual, but she knew. She knew too well that she was there, in the middle of her school, in nothing but her bra and panties.

She'd had a range to pick from in that department, but ultimately settled on something that was, she thought, a nice blend of cute and sexy. A simple white cotton bra that was skimpy enough to show only the top of her areolae, a pink bow in the middle, and a matching pair of panties with a little pink rose embroidered on the front. The material was thin enough that her neatly trimmed pubes were just visible through it.

All day long, she tried not to think about what her students were failing to notice. Her pussy was outlined perfectly in her tight panties. If she didn't monitor it carefully, the garment was apt to ride right up her crack, revealing her entire butt cheek. Every time she bent over to help a student – something she did fifty times a day, easily – she was all too aware that any boy in front of her was basically seeing the view they'd have if she was on her hands and knees above them, ready to blow them; any boy behind her was basically seeing what they'd see immediately before she peeled down her panties to get fucked.

Needless to say, it was more than a bit distracting, if only to her.

Even so, Jordan shuffled into her room five minutes late, and though his eyes widened for a moment at the sight of her, almost as if he alone could see through TIOS's dress code editing, he nonetheless plopped down at his desk and lost himself playing games on his phone.

No matter. She'd prepared for this. She got the class going on their work, answered a few questions, followed up on a few important matters with Amanda, and made her way over to her worst student's desk.

“Jordan? Got a minute?” she said, her voice easily half an octave higher than usual. It made her sound unconfident. A neanderthal like him would like that, she thought.

He didn't look up. “Jordan?” she said again, slightly louder, slightly higher. When he still didn't look, she reached out and as gently as she could placed a hand on his wrist. She wanted to slap the phone out of his grip, or at least confiscate the thing for a day like she would with any other student. But she'd lose him. She couldn't let that happen. Reaching him was the most important thing to her as an educator.

Finally, he looked up, and she was relieved – and a little disgusted – to see him smile. He wasn't smiling in response to her own smile; no, he was smiling at the weighty pair of tits resting on the top of his desk like it was a shelf built to showcase them. A mantle for displaying a pair of trophy tits.

“Yeah, whatcha want?” he asked. He sounded annoyed, though he didn't look it.

“Well, I was looking through my gradebook and I saw you were falling behind on a few assignments, and I hoped you'd let me help you catch up.”

“Why are you talking like that?”

She grimaced; he'd noticed the affect, and she abandoned it and tried to remember how she normally talked. “Like what?” Suddenly her voice sounded deep, mannish. *Damn it, Kristy, don't bungle this!*

“Whatever. Look, you're worried about my assignments, go do 'em yourself. I don't care.”

“Please? I'll help. It'll be fun. Pretty pretty please?” she said. God, she sounded pathetic. God, her legs were burning from holding this pose. She'd practiced during her prep period. The top of a student desk was a bit too high to be comfortable, so to keep her boobs there like they belonged next to his pencil and notebook she had to stay on her tiptoes.

No matter. This was why she'd gone to four years of college. This was why she jogged ten hours a week.

He rolled his eyes. “Fine. But only because I take pity on old bitches with saggy tits.”

She knew full well her tits hadn't begun to sag, but this was no time to be proud. “You're too kind. Come on, let's go to my desk.”

Kristy lead her student by the hand to the teacher's desk and invited the somewhat perplexed student to take her chair. She'd modified it that morning before school, busting out an allen wrench she still had from assembling her TV stand to remove the armrests. It was a bit less comfortable now, but she'd needed to.

Once Jordan settled into his seat, Kristy settled into hers. Namely, her student's lap.

Even this arrogant little shit had the decency to look surprised for a moment. Almost as surprised as the rest of the class looked – thank goodness she knew she could count on them to keep mum. If he couldn't feel how wet her pussy was getting yet, he soon would. Her breasts were quite nearly at his eye level, or just beneath. Mouth level, she supposed.

“Well, look who's a randy little cunt this afternoon,” he taunted. “Say, that's the c-word, right? Is that what Miss C stands for? Miss Cunt?”

“It may as well, in this,” she conceded, gesturing to her “outfit.”

“Well skank is a good look on you.”

“And to think, I never even taught you poetry,” she teased. “Now, if you look here...”

With that, she was redirecting his attention to her computer, guiding him through his missing assignments one by one. Sitting sideways like that didn't make it easy, nor did what felt like an enormous cock stabbing into her ass, but she managed. After all, Jordan couldn't exactly type under the circumstances, as he was far too engaged with her body. One hand between her legs, diddling at her sopping wet slit, the other playfully squeezing her left breast. She expected him to be clumsy about it, unsure, the way Conner had been at first. She was surprised when he seemed to have some concept of how to finger a girl, how to feel up her tits in a way that was at least somewhat mutually pleasurable. Not a skill most teenage boys had yet mastered.

It was hard for her to concentrate, and it would've been a lie had she claimed she'd always known exactly what she was saying. She squirmed without even meaning to, nearly turning her lesson into a veritable lap dance. She could hear her heartbeat – or maybe the thrumming of delight between her legs – echoing around her skull as she explained his assignments. He caught her going over the same one twice at one point, and she had to blush, giggle nervously, and apologize. She caught Heather Blake glaring disgustedly at her display, but it was hard to take seriously a rebuke on allowing herself to be sexualized from a girl wearing something almost as revealing as what Kristy herself was clad in.

“Does that all make sense?” she asked when she'd gone over it all. (At least, she was pretty sure she had. Her head was swimming.)

“I think so. Say, why don't you stay here, in case I need help with something?”

“I... I should really help some of the others with...”

“Oh fuck it,” he said. “Never mind.”

But before he could shove her off his lap and stand up, she'd backtracked. “But! I can do that another time. You've gotten really behind, after all.”

He chuckled. “Say, speaking of behinds... how about you lay across my lap, ass up?”

“How about I *what?!?*” she exclaimed. She was used to being objectified by the boy, but this was...!

“Yeah, I can’t exactly type with you curled up in my lap, ya little sex pot. Plus your juicy little poon is starting to get my dick wet through my clothes.”

She turned crimson; other in class laughed openly at her discomfort. “Eyes on your own projects unless you want to stick around for an hour after school,” she snapped. Jordan was one thing, but she would not tolerate these kids disrespecting her like that.

“Atta girl. Now, make like a donkey salesman and show me your ass,” demanded Jordan.

She was still lying there, head swimming as the blood rush to her head where it dangled near the ground, when the bell rang. She tried to call out a couple reminders to the class, but her voice was lost in the shuffle and nobody heard. Or at least nobody cared. She supposed it would be hard to take her seriously like this, a piece of lap candy very nearly unwrapped.

“You’re not getting up,” he observed after a moment. The room sounded empty but for the two of them. “Isn’t class over? Aren’t you done putting up with me for the day?”

Kristy, however, had learned her lesson. “I didn’t want to disrupt you if you were still working. I’m still your teacher, even when it’s not seventh period. You can forgive me for the other day, right?”

She yelped in surprise as he slapped her ass.

No, he didn’t slap it. She taught her students to seek out the most precise word for an occasion. The correct word. In this position, it was very clear what he had done.

He had spanked her. Spanked her like a bratty little girl.

Then he did again. And again. And again. She wanted to call out, tell him he couldn’t treat her like this, that she was the authority figure here and he was just a student. That she wouldn’t allow anyone to abuse her like this. To humiliate her. And it was humiliating – she heard the door open, heard a girl’s voice say “Oh, I guess I’ll come back when you’re not... busy” and shut the door behind her. Jordan didn’t stop for the interruption.

But she wasn’t going to lose him again. Today she’d gotten him back, and she was not going to risk losing him. It was as if her entire career was embedded in the rain of staccato blows on her reddening, curvaceous backside, proof that she really would do anything to reach her students. Just like Conner had said.

He would be proud to see her taking such a vicious spanking for such noble reasons, if it had been coming from anyone but Jordan.

“Yeah, water under the bridge,” the boy said all too suddenly, and then before she knew it, he’d bucked her off his lap and onto the floor. He was standing by the time she was kneeling, rubbing her sore bottom with a trembling jaw.

“Good,” she said, accepting his offered hand to pull her to her feet. In these heels, she was nearly eye to eye with him. Nearly.

“Did you come, Miss Cunt?” he asked.

“Did I...? No. No, I didn’t. I don’t know why you’d think I would have.” She’d come darn close while he’d been fingering her earlier, but he’d stopped short, thank goodness. An orgasm that powerful would’ve been very difficult to conceal, and her students had been getting too much of a show as it was. If the boy began making her cream her panties during class, it was going to be very difficult to command their respect.

“You wanna? I got a few minutes yet.”

Her student spoke to her like she was some doe-eyed high school girl, someone who had no other prospects. A charity case he’d give a pity orgasm to. It was absurd. Demeaning. Wildly inappropriate.

Her knees almost buckled at the thought of it, and she could feel her pussy rumbling in response.

“I think I’ll be all right on my own,” she managed.

“You sure? OK then. Well how about a blowjob? I hate to say it, but you actually got me pretty hard, and I could sure use one. I bet you suck a mean dick. That true, Miss Cunt? You give good head?”

As a matter of fact she did, but he was already too presumptuous by far. She’d gotten his attention, and it felt more like he was taking interest in her socially rather than professionally. “Flattering as your offer is, I’ll pass on that, too, thanks.”

Instead of making for his backpack, though, the boy sat down atop her desk. “Tell ya what. I don’t really plan on doing any of that bullshit work you were talking about. But... if you get on your knees and suck me off...” He stroked his chin. “I’ll do... one assignment.”

Her jaw dropped. The suggestion was ludicrous. He’d do one assignment, try to save his own grade, *if* she debased herself by going down on him in front of her own desk. Like he was doing her a favor.

Only that was how it felt. The prospect of seeing Jordan Lyons hand in an assignment, a dutiful smile on his smugly handsome face, was too powerful to pass up. She was a teacher. What was she supposed to do – let him fail?

From the taste of him, she suspected he’d had sex with someone at least once since he’d last bathed, so that was a little extra embarrassment. She knew that flavor too well from those times she’d surprised Conner. With Conner, it was a fun game, watching him squirm when she caught him on those days when she was pretty sure he’d been out

with one of his little girlfriends. With Jordan, the tang of some high school girl's musk on his shaft was only a reminder of how cheap her services must seem in his eyes.

Yet at the same time, she couldn't help appreciating how unbelievably hot this all was. "Damn, you're a regular fucking Hoover, sweet tits," he praised her, panting. She fingered herself casually while she fellated him, figuring he deserved the minor disruption to her efforts for being such a pig. Such a bloviating, condescending, sexy fucking pig.

"Hey, Miss... oh gosh, you're... ew. Gross." Amanda's voice. Oh shit, had she been in the editor's office this whole time? Oh crap! "OK. Well, I just need you to look over the layouts on the softball spread so we can check it off as finalized." The disapproval in her voice was thick. Almost Heather Blake thick.

Her teacher pulled back, Jordan's cock twitching in front of her nose. "I'll look at it as soon as mmpf—!" Jordan grabbed two handfuls of her frizzy brown hair and thrust his cock back where it belonged. No. It didn't belong there. He just acted like it did. Which was insanely hot, even if it was unbelievably degrading.

Unable to reply, Kristy gave Amanda a thumb's up.

Her arm was just coming down when, without warning, her mouth was being flooded with Jordan's cum. It took her so much by surprise she nearly coughed it up, only barely catching herself and managing to swallow most of it down, save for a few globs that immediately soaked into her bra. By the time he'd finished spurting and let himself slip out of her mouth, Amanda had retreated back into her office.

"Nicely done, Miss Cunt. Nicely done. Here, why don't I just..." His hand went right down the front of her panties, and she was reeling from it all too much to try to stop him. Amanda quickly made her way out of the editor's office and into the now-empty halls just then, failing to hide a repulsed look at the two of them as she closed the door behind her.

"Nice work today, baby – looks like you earned an assignment."

Kristy came. She came screaming. She came as hard as she had since that first day Conner had let her show him how important to her his happiness was. He was gone before she could even see straight again, trembling on the edge of her desk, gripping it with white knuckles. She could hear the *plop* as her sodden panties were peeled away from the finished wood, and a tiny puddle marked where she'd sat.

She threw on her coat and rushed out the door. Back home, Conner was waiting for her, a fact which she'd forgotten all about. It was an awkward thing, refraining from kissing him until she could wash down the taste of another boy's jizz with a glass of wine. In nothing but her cum-spattered bra and dripping wet panties, her reticence must have sent a mixed message. No matter. She was still plenty horny, and he soon forgot all about it.

Tomorrow, she thought during a cold shower following Conner's departure, she'd convince the boy to do *two* assignments.