

The Fall Of Teach

Chapter 3 of 3

Cindy was fucked. Well and truly fuck.

Cum dribbled out of her abused cunt and anus. It coated her body from head to toes, stained her and marked her. Every muscle in her body ached, hand-prints and bruises dotted her body in all the places boys had spanked or pinched or groped too hard – her breasts and ass and thighs and throat and arms. Everywhere.

One by one, they plodded out of the classroom. All with smug smiles on their faces and phones in their hands.

How many pictures had been taken? How many videos?

If even one of those pictures or videos got out, it'd be the end of Cindy. The end of her career, her dreams. It'd be the end of her reputation. If the world every found out what'd happened today, Cindy's life was over.

And it wasn't just today. It was yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Weeks and weeks of torment at the hands of Shorty. Each new choice the bitch gave was worse than the last. Sleep with this student, send nudes to that student, fuck the principal for a pay raise, show a classroom filled with guys the 'female anatomy', have sex with two students and once, have sex with three students at once. On and on it went, each demand growing more vulgar and dangerous.

And still, Cindy was no closer to finding out who the bitch really was. Shorty was too careful, too cautious to be caught out. Her real identity was safe, well beyond Cindy's reach.

She had no way of retaliating, no means of protecting herself.

And now, *this*.

A classroom orgy, right out of a porn flick. Only without the bad acting or fake pleasure.

Seventeen guys. All taking turns on her. Multiple turns each. One after the other after the other. Some took her two at once. Three at once. At one point, she'd had her mouth, cunt and ass filled at the same time – with another cock in each hand and one more between her tits. She hadn't been able to do anything other than lay there and take it, let them have their fun with her.

And now, finally, after so many hours, it was over.

The boys were leaving, having been worn out and drained of cum. Leaving their teacher drenched and covered and shamed.

Only one of them remained.

"Well Teach," Shorty said through the voice of a young man. "You did it. Well done!"

Cindy ignored her, stared up at the classroom ceiling.

She was sat on the floor, back to the wall. They were cold, the floor and the wall. Freezing cold. And there was such a mess. Bodily fluids everywhere. Someone would have to clean that. All of it. Cindy couldn't leave it for janitors to take care of, she'd have to clean it all up herself. Where were her clothes, anyway?

"I have one more choice for you to make today, Teach. An easy one, don't worry."

Of course she did. Shorty *always* had another choice for her.

"See, after being stuck in this classroom so long, fucking your brains out with this body, I've encountered a little problem. Call it biology. I need to use the bathroom, Teach. But, since I never went to school here, I don't know where the bathrooms are. Besides, walking into a public bathroom for guys? No thanks."

Cindy kept her eyes on the ceiling.

If this didn't stop soon, her life would be over. Ruined. It may be the case that she'd already passed that point. All it'd take was one leaked video or picture – and there were *countless* of those out there. From today, and all the past days and weeks. Even if Shorty

stopped, never forced Cindy to do anything ever again, it might already be too late.

But how could she stop it? How could she stop Shorty?

Nothing came to mind. Or, well, not *nothing*.

What would happen to a Wanderer if the body they were possessing happened to die while they were inside it?

"So I'm thinking," Shorty continued, walking over to where Cindy sat limply, "why not do the business right here? I mean, come on Teach. You're practically a toilet at this point anyway."

The insult washed over Cindy harmlessly. She was too tired and exhausted - too defeated - to care.

"So, what's it gonna be, Teach?" Shorty said, and Cindy could easily picture her usual smirk. "Pee or poo. I can hold one in, but not the other. Onesies or twosies?"

Finally, Cindy pulled her eyes down from the ceiling. She stared at the smirking face of one of her students.

A game. To Shorty, this was all just a game.

And Cindy was the toy.

Half an hour later, Cindy was driving home naked. Her clothes were nowhere to be found, likely taken away as prizes by the score of boys that'd spend an afternoon fucking her. She ignored the cold, ignored the stickiness covering her body, ignored the stench of urine. She simply drove home, where the safe comfort of her bed was waiting with the sweet promise of sleep.

It was over. Finally, after over four months of daily humiliations and abuse, it was over. How many laws had she broken? How many minor crimes had she committed? Public indecency for sure, and prostitution. Assault and battery – from when Shorty had forced her to choose between attacking a random stranger and seducing them. Resisting arrest. Countless others, ranging from public nudity to petty theft to trespassing.

The officers had arrested her as she'd been giving homeless men blowjobs for pennies – the lesser of the two options Shorty had presented her with.

If not for Shorty, chances were the cops would have let Cindy off the hook with a slap on the wrist and an unofficial warning.

Now, she stared at the lawyer listing her crimes one by one. All the ones they knew about, at least. One by one, the countless guys Cindy'd fucked had come forward with photos and videos and confessions. An ever-growing pile of evidence against her.

How many of those 'witnesses' had been unknowingly manipulated by Shorty?

It didn't matter. It was over now.

When local news had gotten wind of the 'nymphomaniac teacher' who'd fucked just about half the men in the city, every hope Cindy might've had died there and then. Her face, plastered all over newspapers and TV and the internet. Forever, she'd be known as the whore who'd organised classroom orgies, the slut who'd spread her legs open for anyone, anywhere.

There was no coming back from that. No rising above that level of disgrace.

If she was lucky, she might manage to avoid prison.

From a strictly legal standpoint, she'd broken no major laws. It wasn't like she'd committed murder, much as she'd have been glad to do exactly that to Shorty. If not for the infamy and notoriety that her activities had drummed up, prison time probably wouldn't have been an option at all. But, unsurprisingly, there were a lot of voices demanding severe 'punishment' for Cindy's numerous, 'devious' crimes. They wanted to make an example out of her. What example exactly, Cindy had no idea. But, where before prison wouldn't have been an option, now it was the most likely outcome of the upcoming trial.

Maybe, if she played it smart, used her underappreciated brain and intellect, she could avoid prison.

But then what?

Leave the city, that was for sure.

Shorty no longer had power over her. Not any more. Not now that Cindy had been so publicly destroyed. What could the bitch do? Threaten to leak more videos and pictures? So what? Cindy's life was already totally and completely destroyed. What could Shorty possibly do now? Ruin it more?

In a way, it felt almost freeing that she'd been arrested, that her 'crimes' had come to light.

Shorty couldn't blackmail her any more. Couldn't threaten her, make her do anything else. The girl's influence over Cindy had died the moment Cindy had been put in handcuffs.

At the trial, Cindy would fight like hell to avoid prison. And, if she succeeded, she'd go some place far away. A Wanderer's range was limited. As long as Cindy wasn't in the same city as Shorty any longer, the bitch wouldn't be able to come anywhere near her. She had no more leverage over Cindy. Finally, Cindy would be free.

The trial. It all rested on the trial.

No doubt, Shorty would be there in the room when it happened. Floating invisibly nearby, enjoying the show.

Cindy hadn't Wandered in weeks. So long.

She didn't dare leave her body. Too much of a risk. If Shorty managed to possess her mindless body again, the cunt could do untold damage.

But, once the trial was over, and Cindy found a new city to live in, she'd be free to Wander again – to renew and continue her research.

It was all Cindy had any more. Her last, final hope.

For most of the trial, Cindy let her lawyer do the talking. She answered questions that were asked of her, did her best to look beaten-down and defeated. Anything to gain sympathy.

And it was all going well. Her lawyer made good points, fought hard for his paycheck and his career. If the man won this case, as public and famous as it was, it'd be a huge boon to his career.

Every now and then, Cindy would glance around the room – a silly instinct, as if she were expecting to see invisible Wanderers floating about. It wouldn't just be Shorty, would it? If they watched the news, or ever went online, both Lanky and Tubby would know who she was. They'd be here too, watching events unfold.

Where were they likely to be?

Over there, in the corner of the room? Or perhaps hovering above the judge? Maybe they were seated on the table right in front of Cindy, lounging about casually as her fate was decided.

Cindy resisted the urge to Wander and look.

Passing out in the middle of the trial wouldn't look good. Her body being possessed by Shorty would be even worse.

"Is there anything else you'd like to add, Miss Orion?" The judge asked, eyes focused solely on Cindy. "If so, now is your last chance. I suggest you choose your next words wisely."

Cindy hadn't been paying attention. Bad move.

The judge was a professional-looking man. Old, with white hair and wrinkles. Not the type to be swayed by final pleas or appeals to emotion, Cindy wagered.

She opened her mouth to speak.

"Fuck you," she said. Her eyes widened in horror as the words formed in her mouth. "Ugly-ass cocksucker."

That was not what she'd intended to say.

"I beg your pardon," the judge said with wide eyes, shock showing clear on his

wrinkled face. "What did you just say?"

"Go to hell," Cindy found herself saying, the corners of her mouth twisting into an ugly smile. "You can rent a room there with your husband and-"

What the *fuck* was going on?

"I- No!" Cindy gasped, coughed. The words choked. "I don't- Cocksucker!"

She barked out a maniac's laugh, wild and insane.

Shorty. Somehow, this was Shorty's doing. The cunt was touching Cindy's mind somehow – despite the fact that it wasn't supposed to be possible. A Wanderer *couldn't* touch another Wanderer's mind! But there was no other explanation-

"No regrets," Cindy laughed, even as she tried to stop herself. "None at all. I'll do it all again the first chance I get!"

The judge's expression shifted, eyes narrowing.

"It's not me!" Cindy managed to gasp, words distorted by her body's raging laughter. "It's *her*. Don't listen to- Suck a dick! I'm Teach and I'll fuck your son! I'll give him a discount! I'll- NO! Please, I'm sorry, I-"

Even as she tried to speak, her throat revolted against her. She coughed words out, lungs screaming for air. Her brain throbbed painfully, eyes watering. She tried to take control of herself, to resist Shorty's touch. But it was to no avail.

Words spewed out of her mouth in an endless stream. Some hers, other's belonging to Shorty. It was a tangled mess, the rambling of the insane.

"I think we've heard enough!" The judge shouted clearly, voice cutting over Cindy's insane ramblings even as court-room guards attempted to restrain and silence her.

Instantly, she stopped speaking. Had full control over herself again.

What- what was happening?

"Officers, please escort Miss Orion out of the room. Her presence will *not* be necessary as we make the final verdict."

The man, the judge, Cindy noticed, was smirking.

A familiar, soul-crushing smirk.

She tried to resist as she was dragged away, kicking and screaming. But it was to no avail. Just as she'd been ever since Shorty had found out her real name, Cindy was powerless.

Before the week was out, Cindy was sat in a prison transport vehicle. Headed to her new home. Greenwater Prison.

And, for the first time in a long time, she was smiling.