



\*wobble wobble\*

\*wobble wobble\*

\*wobbl-\* \*SLAP\*

“Quiet down back there!” Naoko hissed, raking her fingers across her swimsuit clad backside while the aftershocks of her smack still rippled through her flesh. “Nobody’s coming to help you, so give it a rest.”

Many teachers entered the education profession because they wanted to help shape the minds of the next generation. To impart knowledge and valuable life skills.

Others might have additional reasons, of course, perhaps tied to a desire to give something back, or having the skills but not the level of capability to go into other areas of their field, but it all came from a good place in the end. For the most part, anyway.

Naoko Kirishima had become a teacher because of the easy pickings.

The plan had been simple, really. First get the qualifications to teach, legitimately as not to arouse suspicion. Simple enough, really. Naoko was nothing if not patient.

Next, apply for positions teaching a senior class, those delectable morsels just taking their first steps into adulthood. She gunned exclusively for roles at all-girls schools, particularly those that catered to the well off. You got the best results that way. When everyone was from families that fed well, the students grew up nice and big... and curvy...

She was getting distracted. What had been next?

Well, once she'd gotten just the right job at North Mikuhara School as a homeroom tutor, having briefly considered South, but knowing all too well from her own education there that it was another's territory, she'd had to find her opening before the school year even began in order to set things up effectively. That was a two-part plan, in her mind. First, she needed an out of the way place, like a school trip, and secondly, she needed somewhere with a lot of water.

She'd been lucky enough to get both in one. At the end of each year, the seniors got to spend a day at an Olympic-sized pool, along with other facilities in the same complex, across town. The entire class talked about it all year, from what the faculty had said, and it had even been in her induction booklet when she'd landed the job, since she was supposed to use it as a bargaining chip with the more rebellious students if they got out of line.

As she later found, even those rebels would do enough to scrape by in the last months of the school year to qualify for the trip, since the school apparently pulled out all the stops with floats, inflatables and a drinks bar. You only got to go if you passed muster, though.

With such enthusiasm, Naoko's original intention to subtly nudge some students' grades in the upwards direction was unnecessary. Instead, she put more time into the two major lynchpins of what she would do when the day came.

First was to get to know the buffet she was laying out for herself. Until that day, they were still her charges, after all, and she might as well take an interest in their lives, though the main intent was to be able to predict how they'd act when the trap closed on them.

So, over every passing month of education, she got to know them, one by one.

There was the meek class bookworm, Haruka, who always had her in-class literature assignments done before anyone else and thought Naoko didn't notice how she always sat at the back and secretly watched porn on her phone when she was done.

The outgoing and excitable Saki, who had the largest chest in class by far, an impressive feat given almost the entire class were heavily stacked. Naoko suspected Saki was a lot more intelligent than she let on, as she got Bs in everything but seemed to be dumbing herself down for one reason or another. The reasons why escaped Naoko, but the student was doing well enough, so her teacher let the matter slide.

The best friends, Fumika and Rei, who could easily have been mistaken for sisters had you not known better, the fact that they shared the same signature oversized rumps not helping that observation. Naoko and half the class were pretty sure they kept making out behind the bike sheds, but since they were hiding this from their families, as obvious as it was, no-one said a word.

The transfer student, Harriet, who hailed from the United States. Despite having joined the class midway through the year, she'd quickly become part of the family, so to speak, building an

interesting friendship with Saki. The cool and collected mind to her new friend's over-the-top excitement, as it were.

The rich bitch, Yumie, who was the least endowed person in the class and wore that like it was a medal. A normal person amongst a parade of "fat, bloated freaks". Her exact words, as it happened. Few other members of the class liked her, and by the end of the year she was the only student Naoko had failed to build a notable rapport with.

The 'edgy' rebel, Mai, who definitely wasn't a complete sweetie under all of that attitude and skimpy clothes. And who also, clearly, wasn't just going to the effort of acting out so visibly because she had issues in her home life and was trying to shock her duo of neglectful, self-obsessed parents into noticing how stressed their arguments made her. In the latter months of the year, Mai had begun to gradually see Naoko as a surrogate mother figure with how often they spoke, since the one birth gave her wasn't suited for the role. Or, at least, that's what Naoko had thought it was at first with how stimulating their conversations often were, and she'd been surprised when she accidentally caught Mai ogling her butt with a heavy blush when she turned away to write something on the whiteboard one day.

She was far from the only one, admittedly, but was evidently the most frequent starrer.

Of course, this changed nothing going forward, and she'd pretended not to have noticed the girl sneaking further glances, but it was cute, in a way. If she wanted to nurse a crush on her teacher to cope with her terrible home-life, that was fine.

Not that it would matter come the end of the year.

These were but a few stand out personalities amongst a class of 22 beautiful, delicious young women, and Naoko could easily give such descriptions about all of them. Akiko, Rika, Aimi, Yuki... the other Yuki... you gave her a name and she could tell you all about them, from their hobbies to who they wanted to date to what colour of lingerie their mothers all wore.

Naoko considered it a personal gift that she was able to make her students feel at ease enough that they felt they could tell her such things, even if it led to some occasionally odd things Naoko hadn't expected to learn.

Finding out Fumika and Rei chased each other around Rei's house in the nude whenever her parents were out of town had been an interesting highlight. Especially so given it was something they admitted to together.

Young love was a powerful thing, it seemed.

Heck, at this point she had the same sort of dynamic with some of the students in the year below, too, from when she'd occasionally been asked to substitute for one class or another. She thought it best to 'plan ahead', in case she managed to make a repeat performance of this year's finale.

That, then, led her to her second lynchpin. The day itself.

When it came, she had everything ready to go. To her benefit, the homeroom teacher role was pretty much in charge of the class for the entire day, only accompanied in that supervision by several teaching assistants. Of course, the assistants had to go, and on the day, situations carefully engineered several weeks in advance came to a head, and the assistants were diverted elsewhere to

help handle things. Naoko had, however, assured her fellow staff members that she was more than capable of handling the class on her own, but would call if there was an emergency.

As most of her class adored her and would thus be unlikely to be a major hassle under her watch, she was allowed to proceed.

After that, there were only a few more steps before things were ready, also planned ahead of time. The pool itself would be minimally staffed on the day anyway, as the school booked the entire place out, and it had only taken a few words here and there to convince the skeleton crew of lifeguards and janitors to give the class "some room to enjoy themselves". It would just be her and the class there for the entire time.

And for the class themselves? They received a text from the school the day before instructing them to come directly to the pool rather than stop by the school first. Naoko's suggestion, obviously, to save time and get down to have a good time faster.

After the dust had settled, Naoko would go on to claim that none of the students had turned up for the day, and an observation of records hinted that one of the teaching assistants had given the wrong address out. Claims that Naoko had corrected this oversight in class went ignored.

With that, the party got underway. Everyone turned up at 9am on the dot, as they were told, and got changed into their swimsuits, more than a few of the girls having come in the skimpiest bikinis they could legally buy.

Saki would have stridden into the pool naked from the outset if an indignant Harriet hadn't knocked some sense into her.

The morning went off without a hitch. There was recreational swimming, party games, a diving contest, and lots and lots of drinks.

Haruka started out reading calmly by the poolside, before she was dragged into a drinking contest, downed 5 shots and then proved she was both a lightweight and an incredibly horny drunk who set her sights on the first person she saw after looking up from the table, pursuing them for most of the day. At first, Yumie was incredibly shocked and enraged at this, but as Haruka was quite possibly the only classmate she had anything even remotely resembling a friendship with, she was slowly worn down over the course of events.

Shortly before things came to a head, Naoko had spotted the two curled up together in the shallows. She couldn't make out the situation for sure, but Yumie was blushing and Haruka's head was below the water.

Rei and Fumika disappeared back into the changing rooms about half an hour into proceedings, and when Naoko went to get a towel sometime later, she was greeted by some rather enthusiastic grunting sounds from one of the cubicles. She thought it best to give them their privacy. The pair returned sometime later, looking rather... pleased with themselves, both red in the face but with incredibly satisfied smiles.

Saki eventually overpowered Harriet's disapproval and waddled into the water with her sizable mammaries on display for all the world to see. Apparently, this started a chain reaction, because the next time Naoko looked up, half the class, a tomato coloured Harriet included, were playing naked volleyball.

Not that Naoko was complaining, of course, but it was certainly a sight to behold.

Realistically, if this trip had been supervised by anyone other than Naoko Kirishima, none of this would have flown, but in the students' eyes, Naoko was that cool teacher who understood them and would, on this very special occasion, let them get away with literally anything provided there was no evidence later and nobody got hurt.

And with a class as thirsty as this one apparently was, there were only so many ways that could go. Naoko would have liked to claim it was all her doing, having subtly encouraged outgoing sexuality in her charges over the course of the year, but she wasn't *that* good.

She'd just had the good fortune of being assigned an entire class of secret pervs.

Eventually, though, all this was to come to an end, and she'd get what she'd waited so patiently for after all these years.

Lunchtime rolled around and the entire class filed out to have lunch together on the rooftop patio. So engrossed in their own fun and chatter they were that they didn't catch their sensei eyeing each of them up individually with an almost lecherous hunger as they passed by.

Naoko, with a lick of her lips, assured them that she had a special surprise in store once they were done eating. Excited by this, all ate quickly and filed hurried back inside, salacious body pressed together as they squeezed in through the door.

If any of them, particularly Haruka and Yumie, who were the last ones through, had been in anything but the high of the best day of their entire year, they might have heard the door's magnetic lock shunt into place as the passage swung shut behind them, having been set to do so several minutes before.

Even if it *had* crossed their minds, however, it would have been overshadowed in moments at the sight that greeted them.

There Naoko stood, her blue swimsuit abandoned, every inch of her well-toned body bared for the entire class to see at the far end of the pool room. While not as curvy as some of her students, both her ample chest and rear only a mite larger than Yumie's, she was quite a few years more mature, pushing her mid-20s, and half the class immediately broke out into red, unable to tear their eyes away.

With a sway of her hips, Naoko turned, rear end pointed in the group of 21's direction, grinning devilishly as she heard a few gasps.

Licking her lips again, she began with a speech, thanking her class for being such a "good, well rounded group of girls" that year, and that she'd never forget any of them. Most of them smiled proudly, if a little confused at their teacher's nudity, though Saki of all people gave a small frown, something not sitting right in Miss Kirishima's wording.

In a moment, though, it wouldn't matter.

With a tiny moan, Naoko leant forward, arms reaching back tentatively to pull her cheeks apart, presenting her puckered anus even more explicitly in her class' direction. Several of them recoiled in uncertainty, but most were frozen, minds thoroughly bamboozled.

Naoko thought it best to clear up any misconceptions.

"Thing is, I won't have to forget you..." she bit her lip, "...when I'm taking you all with me."

The air pressure in the room abruptly dropped.

All was still, watching eyes filled with a gradually encroaching sense of dread.

Slowly, teasingly, the waters of the pool began to stir, whipped up by a sudden and slight breeze. It was subtle for a moment, barely a tickle that made the girls cross their arms to stave off the cold, several glancing around, despite their fearful befuddlement, for an open window that wasn't there.

Then, with a whoosh of dramatic flair, it picked up, bursting into a full-on gale that had them all crying in alarm as it became apparent this wasn't blowing...

...it was sucking.

Naoko bit her lip in anticipation, bracing herself as the air funnel her rear was drawing in strengthened still.

Quickly, even as the seemingly tactical airflow threatened to whip their feet out from under them, many of the young women burst into motion, panicked adrenaline flooding their systems as they dashed, desperate for something to hold onto. Anything from heavy pool weights to wall fixtures were reached for like lifelines, gaggles of wide figures pressed together as kudzus of twitchy, flailing hands swamped to grasp wherever they could.

Not everyone was fast enough, however.

With a cry of fear, one Rika Amano fell, forced to the floor by the wind. Screaming, face damp with tears, the air licked at her, pulling her across the pool tiles with accelerating speed. Her limbs scrabbled, trying to find purchase, but the floor was slick, giving her nothing.

Less than nothing, in fact, as with a loud tearing echo, her bikini bottoms, already absent a top from earlier events, became caught on a drain grate, ripping from her form and leaving her bare.

She shrieked in embarrassment, instinctively reaching to cover herself. Her eyes widened as she realised her mistake. No longer burdened by resistance, her entire body accelerated tenfold. Spun around on her rear, she cannoned forward, feet first.

With a wet skidding sound, the poor girl shot off the pool edge as if emerging from a water slide.

There was a series of loud smacks, splashes, as a still reeling Rika bounced along the surface of the pool, skipping across its length like a round stone. Growing quickly larger in her vision, Rika whimpered as Naoko's anus loomed ahead of her.

With a final gust, she was yanked from the water, legs pulled straight by the tornado of pressure.

Rika cried out.

\*SHLUCK\*

As Rika's feet impacted dead centre, squishing against Naoko's ass and sending ripples flowing across her skin, the teacher's anus gave way, hole abruptly unclenching under the force and, with a wet slap, wrapped itself around its guest's feet.

Then her ankles.

Then her knees.

Then her thighs.

Then, after less than a second had passed, such was the speed Rika had been pulling, there was a sound not unlike what a blocked plughole makes. The air in the room settled for a moment, noise dropping enough that Naoko's sudden moans of bliss took its place. The rest of the class, dazed and confused, looked up from their assorted refuges.

What they saw did little calm their prior alarm.

Naoko still stood, or rather *didn't*, bent forward, cheeks parted by quivering hands as she bit down on her lip.

Rika stood sideways, though stood was, again, something of a misnomer, all things considered. It was kind of hard to be standing when you were jutting out of your teacher's rear end at an uncomfortable angle, anus blocked by your hips but still sucking at you hungrily like an unfed beast.

Rika took a deep breath, staring down at herself for a moment, briefly wondering in her daze why she couldn't feel her feet, before doing the one thing any sane and logical person would do in her place.

Rika screamed.

Naoko's back-passage responded by sucking harder. The teacher gagged in bliss.

There was a sharp popping sound. As if slurped through a straw, Rika's hips vanished, and from there it was over. In an instant, her entire body fell into the abyss, like water over a cliff-face, the girl's chest only catching for a millisecond before it, too, disappeared.

Rika clawed again, eyes desperate and frantic, but it was no use. For a second, inside of the rim of Naoko's anus, the girl's terrified face stared out, hands poking out of the sides, caught at the wrists.

She opened her mouth to scream a second time, perhaps to beg for help.

Her prison instantly contracted, Rika's hands and face were pulled out of view into the dark beyond, the student exiting existence in the blink of an eye. Naoko let out another moan, barely able to keep her cheeks parted.

Because now her body had been given a taste of what she'd craved for so long.

And it hungered for more. *Demanded* more.

No longer clogged by its first meal, her rear opened wide again, bursting into a hurricane of air force.

The increased strength of the 'invitation' not only pushed things over the edge but bent the entire situation over the table and went hard enough that the table broke in half. Still fearful, the students had watched on in panic, grips on the very things that were keeping them anchored falling slack as their attention was drawn magnetically to the black hole their teacher had become.

Crying in alarm, one of the girls had staggered to her feet, dashing with heavy strides to the exit, furious tugs and pleading cries coming up with nothing.

The onslaught that follow was inevitable and was over in only a few short moments.

There was a cacophony of squeaking and smacking as bodies, both half-clothed and unclothed, were swept from their feet.

\*splashsplashsplashsplash\*

There was a series of dreading cries, music to Naoko's ears, and she braced herself.

Her rear was like a thirsty plughole, now, not even waiting to have a taste. Naoko felt wave after wave of pleasure and force rock her body, barely stifled screams echoing up her throat as one girl after another impacted into her, some feet first, some headfirst, and a few even sideways, but all lost in an instant. Vanished from the world with a cry, a pop, a gurgle and a slap, gone into her body like she was the top of a water slide.

With each one she counted off, she felt their curves, heard their voice, knowing from experience alone who had already joined her in paradise.

"SEMPAI, PLEA--!"

Aimi, Akiko, Emiko, Chiaki, Yuki... the other Yuki...

Naoko's tongue lolled slightly from her lips, motor control barely present as her legs began to buckle, hips quivering and thrusting subtly with every new arrival.

"AAAAAIII--!"

Kodama, Chou, Hikari, Hana, Mayumi, Atsuko...

Beneath her fingers, Naoko felt her parted flesh mounds shift. Granted, they were bouncing a lot already, but this was... different. She gasped in delight, what she had been waiting for coming to pass.

Slowly, her ass cheeks, beginning to redden from the many impacts against them, started to subtly swell, new skin sliding sensually past her digits as those of her girls earliest to arrive began to settle into their new accommodation.

There wasn't much time to dwell on that, however.



Just behind the loud fates of Ayako and Kiku, the richest member of the class came flying in. Even as she was sent cartwheeling, Yumie continued to scream horrified profanities, the torn strap of the wall-mounted lifejacket she'd been clutching desperately to still grasped between bone white fingers.

Distantly, through her lust haze, Naoko faintly heard Haruka cry out mournfully.

By the time the noise had passed, though, Yumie was gone. For all her bluster and superiority, a lack of curves proved her to be the quickest to go. There wasn't so much as a minor fanfare to mark her exit, so relatively thin that her body slipped away without so much as a sound through the heavily dilated gap, shouts muffled in an instant.

Far away, Haruka sobbed.

Said sob rapidly turned into a squeal of surprise, overlaid by the echo of the other strap of the lifejacket tearing under strain. Despite heavy breathing and burning nerves, Naoko managed to crack her eyes open, if only slightly, glancing backward just in time to witness her next arrival.

As if played in slow motion, the not insignificant curves of her star pupil skimmed across the water toward her, one splash after another. Despite her obvious fear, eyes frantic as her brilliant mind searched desperately for both a way out and a way to save her lost maybe-girlfriend in the mere seconds she had left, there was something else there that Naoko recognized. An undercurrent of minor and frantically suppressed lust she'd recognize anywhere.

It made sense, really. Naoko was, after all, more than aware of the specific erotic content Haruka secretly viewed.

Of course, knowing that made it all too easy to distract the girl.

Two seconds before impact, Naoko locked eyes with Haruka. Not taking her eyes away for a second as the look was returned with begging, she smirked...

...and gave the confused young woman a sultry wink.

Predictably, Haruka turned bright red. Her shriek of embarrassment filled the room for but a moment before ending abruptly.

\*SHLUCK\*

\*WHUMPH\*

\*POP\*

Naoko shuddered again, eyes closing with a smile as she felt her flesh stretch further still.

Haruka and Yumie would get to spend a lot of time together, it seemed.

And they would by no means by alone.

"Harriet!"

The cry of alarm was accompanied by a dual set of splashes, and on looking backward again, Naoko was greeted by a sight that was, situationally, quite comical.

Their resident transfer student shot forward like a rocket. Naoko didn't know what Harriet's situation had been before that moment to end up face forward, hands and legs rigidly straight as she bounced across the pool like a motorboat, but her terrified features, her usual collective attitude long since abandoned, made it clear it wasn't by choice.

Saki, on the other hand, had quite obviously chosen her current predicament. Naoko imagined seeing her best friend suddenly getting whisked away had awoken something in the girl. Having only seen Saki abandon her 'Fun Mode' and get even remotely serious a handful of times over the course of the year, it was always a treat seeing her actually apply herself.

Right now was no different.

In fact, if anything, she was going far beyond anything her teacher had ever seen of her before.

Saki's hands were gripped like steel to Harriet's ankles, feet embedded in the water as she leant backward like some sort of naked brake, throwing spray in all directions. Her face was a mask of enduring rage, desperation and determination blurring together with a sound through gritted teeth not unlike an angry cat.

The fact she'd managed to react fast enough to grab Harriet at all was a feat unto itself.

Through her haze, Naoko's mind briefly flashed to various uncompromising anime protagonists she'd seen in shows over the years.

This day was already going to live on in her memory, but this...

Well... this took the cake.

And speaking of food...

There was another loud slap, accompanied by a suddenly quieted yelp as Harriet entered her. Naoko cooed... and yet...

She felt blocked again, blinking in surprise as she felt a foot slam against each of her cheeks. Slowly, she looked up, and gave a wry smile.

"Well, then." The teacher shivered in pleasant surprise, barely keeping a grip on her ass to hold it apart. "I knew you just had to apply yourself to do great things."

Saki stood there, body out in the open and award-winning chest bare, bracing herself with all her might against her teacher's butt. Hand still clutching Harriet's feet with strength Naoko hadn't even realised she'd had (anime protagonist, indeed). The transfer student was still taught with shock, half embedded in Miss Kirishima from the waist up, arms pinned restrictively to her sides. She shook, now and then, under constant strain from the subtle but mighty tug of war between Saki and Naoko's anus.

“F... F- Fuck you...” Saki spat out, a momentary look of betrayal flashing across her eyes, all traces of that excitable girl gone in place of this utter beast of a woman whose entire body, chest and all, was quaking under the strain she was putting on herself.

Not having been moved so much as an inch outside of a momentary frazzled wobble, Naoko merely grinned at this.

“Don’t worry,” she licked her lips, tone almost inviting, “I just know you’ll love this as much as you would that.”

Clenching for a moment, Naoko’s anus ramped up again.

For a moment, it seemed as if Saki would, inexplicably, be able to withstand this. The girl, impressively enough, held her ground, sweat pouring down her face as she heaved backward.

It wasn’t nearly enough, however.

With a slight moan, Naoko lent forward, and both girls’ centres of gravity instantly shifted. With a muffled cry, Harriet was pulled the rest of the way in, vanishing up to the tip of the toes, the predator belting out a jittering and pleasure tinged laugh.

“...Oh, FU--!”

Saki followed an instant later, the look of sudden and crushing defeat in her eyes almost palpable. What she’d been holding onto, namely Harriet, was pulled away ahead of her, and she was pulled with it. Her upper body was bent forward, face plunging directly into Naoko’s dark pit. Her legs slipped from their rests, flying upwards into the air. Though her chest caught for a moment, it wasn’t enough to save her, in spite of its reputation. With an almost buoyant \*PLIP\*, shadowed immediately by another, she dropped almost vertical into her teacher’s hold, slowing up only for a second as she most likely landed on top of her best friend mere moments before both ceased to require any sort of physical form.

Once again, Naoko felt her ass bloat, letting out a happy groan in its behalf from its youthful meals.

She counted herself lucky she’d thought ahead and purchased a stretchy swimsuit.

Not that she was done yet, but just a second more, and...

With a deafening clap, Fumika and Rei’s impressive rear ends clapped punishingly against her own, forcing out a guttural moan. Trapped from the waist thighs downward and pressed closely to one another on the borrowed time their endowments had granted them, the last two young women looked sideways/down at their impending shared fate, before looking up again, meeting each other’s eyes with shared and saddened resignation.

Slowly, with a sad and shaky smile, Fumika reached up, cupping her girlfriends’ cheek and rubbing it tenderly, Rei returning her expression with reassurance.

‘I’m here.’ It said silently. ‘I’m here with you. Right to the end.’

Naoko would probably have found it touching if she wasn’t beginning to finally peak towards an intense orgasm.

The remaining distance between the pair was closed, tears streaming down their faces and intermingling, and they locked lips. Eyes closed; they wrapped their arms around one another.

For whatever time they had left, their world was only each other.

With a violent and wet sucking sound, Naoko's anus finally wrapped itself around the flesh it hungered for, and the pair dropped. Past their rears, their waists, their chests, their shoulders... they paid it no mind. Not even beyond the last hairs atop their heads.

Its task done, the hole closed, gurgling with something resembling a satisfied belch, the last two meals feeding into its size with one final \*blumph\*.

The dam broke.

Screaming in ecstasy, Naoko's knees gave way. She felt forward onto her front, ass poised in the air, climaxing repeatedly as if pressed against the ground and penetrated.

Which she had been, really, over and over again.

Wave after wave of pleasure rippling back and forth through her form, she clawed at the ground, gasping joyously.

As with all things, however, this high came to an end.

Still twitching on the ground and truly sodden, Naoko smiled in bliss, a shaky arm reaching back and rubbing her now engorged rear with something resembling a loving touch, fingers tracing lightly across its curve.

The cheeks immediately responded by wobbling violently, its 21 new inhabitants throwing a fit.

"Well, then..." Naoko rolled her eyes, giving it a light smack to quiet it down. "You know I always, hm~... enjoy it when you girls have things to say, but..." the teacher slowly pushed herself to her feet despite still shaky legs. "...I'm afraid that just won't do at the moment. Now, where did I put my..." She glanced around idly, her eyes falling on her swimsuit, now floating in the pool, several meters out.

Apparently, she'd kicked it off the poolside in her throes of passion.

"Oh." She grinned. "Well, I suppose that saves me time, at least."

With a new, seductive sway to her body, new rear swinging back and forth like a pendulum, she stepped over to the ladder, wading slowly into the water.

She'd needed water for this for a reason, after all, and now she'd get to find it out if her reasons for that actually bore fruit.

=====

\*wobble wobble\*

\*wobble wobble\*

\*wobbl-\* \*SLAP\*

“Quiet down back there!” Naoko hissed, raking her fingers across her swimsuit clad backside while the aftershocks of her smack still rippled through her flesh. “Nobody’s coming to help you, so give it a rest.”

She’d been right, of course, in her reasons, though it hadn’t been quite as effective as she’d anticipated. The sources she’d consulted had affirmed that, with one submergence in water, her new charges would be settled into their new home, quieting them down and preventing any chance of escape, since that was apparently a rare occurrence.

And yet here the girls were, still bouncing around quite a bit. Maybe that was just them, though. She’d been proud at how lively her class had been after all.

She hoped her next class was the same.

Well... *if* she got another class.

“Besides,” Naoko rubbed her ass warmly, as if apologizing soothingly for her prior snap, “Look at it like us all getting to spend more time together. I know at least some of you would like that.”

Still, she thought, perhaps a second swim was in order, to see if that would calm her class dow--

\*CLANG\*

“Eep!”

Naoko visibly jumped in surprise at the sudden sound, whirling around so fast that she almost slipped on the pool tiles.

Several feet away, a heavy pool weight lay on the floor, having been knocked clear of the nearby pile by something.

Or someone.

Behind the pile, trying to shrink out a view, a figure sat huddled, knees pulled up to their chest.

It finally occurred to Naoko that, in her miasma of lust, she’d accidentally forgotten she didn’t have 21 students in her class.

She had 22.

Looking up at her silently as she approached, Mai audibly gulped.

“Mai, Mai, Mai...” Naoko shook her head, seeming sad as she crouched down in front of her one remaining student. Her favourite, if she was being honest, though she knew and respected that teachers weren’t meant to have those.

Which raised the question of how she'd forgotten about her, but that was a thought for later. The predator sighed.

"This would've been so much easier if you'd been with the others."

"I- I..." Mai stammered, the not-goth averting her eyes. "I wasn't hungry. S- So when everyone went for lunch, I, uh... took a n- nap." She looked down. "Right here."

"Uh huh?"

"A- And when you came back and started d- doing those... those *things*, I..." the young woman shook her head. "I- I couldn't look away, b- but you didn't see me, a- and hiding here w- was a blind spot, I guess..."

"I see." Naoko nodded, understanding. Slowly, she reached up, beginning to tug at one of her shoulder straps. "Well, I'd love to talk all day." She looked back at Mai, smiling genuinely. "Like, I *really* would, but I made a promise to myself, all those years ago, about what it was I wanted. When I was about your age, actually."

"O- Oh..." Mai responded, eyes wide with fear and... something else that slowly began to creep in. She began to blush, a thought coming to mind. No... more than that...

The way her heart had been beating as she'd watched her teacher and, to be honest, *crush*, packing away her classmates. How enamoured she'd been, though it hadn't fully registered until now...

It was a *desire*.

Naoko didn't seem to notice either of these things, however.

"So..." the newly minted predator began to properly undress, a sad note in her tone. "It'd probably best if you went quiet!--"

"Teach me!"

The silence in the room became deafening at Mai sudden shout, her blush becoming practically luminescent.

Naoko's face was a mask of surprise and confusion. Her undress was paused, chest hanging out, arms too limp to complete the process.

She blinked, the words sinking in.

"I..." Naoko mouthed, not sure what to say. "W- What?"

"I- I..." Mai stammered, before she assured herself, still scared but something else beginning to override it. "I said... Teach me." She blushed harder still, looking away. "I want to do that, t- too..."

For the first time that day, Naoko felt herself blush not out of enjoyment, but from fluster. She looked down at Mai her favoured student. The last left.

And a dead ringer for Naoko herself at that age, as far as her now admitted wants went.

Which left her with a choice.

She couldn't just lump Mai in with the rest of her class. That would seem unfair, at this point. There were other places to draw her too, of course, but was that *really* what she wanted.

She honestly didn't know, not sure at all for the longest time.

Eventually, though, a choice had to come.

Standing before Mai, she smiled, letting her swimsuit fall away as the girl looked at her with anticipation.

Slowly, Naoko bit her lip...

...and made up her mind.