

Perfect GPA

Part Two

For the first time in my life, I woke up looking forward to going to work. Sure, I'd looked forward to individual days here and there, but I'd never hopped out of bed feeling like the high would last. I was up before Nicole for once, the sun still hiding behind the hills but even that didn't stop me from cranking some tunes and belting out a few songs while I washed up and rubbed one out.

It finally made sense, my wife's early hours. The GPA school day started at 7 sharp so they could squeeze in hours of morning announcements. Lessons, actually, what the teacher textbooks called the "hidden curriculum" – all that stuff school taught besides good old reading, writing and 'rithmetic. Punctuality, civility, teamwork, the natural pecking order of the sexes, all that jazz.

Van Patten took it very seriously, and every morning was one more foray to instill values in these kids and their teachers. Everybody had different vectors for their growth, so whether it was reminding our spirited young men that they needed to mind their male instructors, or a girl like Camryn who needed to better understand the feminine virtues of obedience, gratitude and beauty, he had to tailor the instruction for everybody.

Small wonder that his contributions to my training were so easy, while the rest of the building was still struggling with some of the most basic lessons.

It was a privilege to be able to see so clearly where you could help people. It felt good to work for such a great man. Mr. Van Patten is a great man.

Nicole was still in bed when I hopped out of the shower. I doubled back, refilled the cup of water she kept on her nightstand, and splashed it on her sleeping face. She jolted upright, gasping. "Whuh?! Who?! Why the...?! What the *fuck*, Hunter?!"

"Rise and shine."

She shook herself like a dog, beads of water whipping off her face and hair. "Why did you throw water on me?!"

"You overslept. It's already after six. Now get your ass up. I want to get an early start."

"So go get one! I can't believe you would–"

"We're driving in together. I was thinking, and I've decided it's ridiculous having us take separate vehicles."

"As it so happens, I like having some time to myself in the morning to get prepped for the day. Then I spend all day trying to teach these kids, so it's nice to have some me-time on the drive home. Not all of us have big cushy offices to ourselves," she grumbled.

“I said we’re driving together, and I’m your supervisor. Do I need to take away your keys...?”

As wakefulness settled in, Nicole managed to process the implications of my threat. “What? You can’t take away my keys, Hunter. It’s *my* car, and this isn’t a work thing. This is our personal lives.”

She sounded sullen, but also nervous. Of course I could take away her car. It was my job to make sure she was doing her job, fully on board with the program. Then again, she had a point. It wasn’t technically work-related. Not quite. “Fine. Keep your keys, but we *are* driving together. Now get up.”

Paisleigh was still asleep, too; she awakened to her dad jerking the covers off of her and laughing as he sang the song he used to sing to wake her up for church (before she started refusing to go). She hated the song, but it was an amicable hatred.

“Dad, what the shit?!” She dove for the pile of her blankets on the floor by the foot of her bed, gathering them to her angrily.

“Rise and shine, sweetheart!”

“I’m not decent, you asshole!”

I laughed again. “I noticed. Guess your wardrobe has a few items in it that aren’t black after all, huh.”

“Oh my GAWD you are not seriously standing there talking about the color of my freaking underwear right now!”

“Not any more. Time to get a move on. We’re getting an early start. From now on, we’re getting an early start every morning.” Man, I couldn’t wait to get to work and start patrolling. And more training! I felt like the luckiest school administrator in the world.

We made the car ride in silence, the girls still sulking over the manner of their wake-up calls. At school, I kissed them both goodbye and wished them a good day, which they also seemed to resent, but so what. We couldn’t all put our energy into grumping about the little stuff. Like the poster in Mr. Van Patten’s office said: choose your attitude.

It was almost a shame to give up the first half of my day on more training. I say almost because I know how important the training is to my success, and to the success of GPA at large. I value my training. I love my training. I’m always ready to be trained. Did I say “almost a shame?” Once I thought it over that morning, it was actually a great way to spend as much time as I needed to be the best possible asset for Mr. Van Patten. I *love* my training. You know?

Then lunch – Nicole sat slumped in the corner while she picked at her salad, like I’d splashed her all over again or something – and it was off to finally start administering discipline. The halls called! Van Patten waved at me as I nearly skipped off to do my duty.

I'm not going to lie: it didn't start well.

By two o'clock, I'd reprimanded one girl for running in the halls (apparently the boy she was chasing had swiped her shoes and her panties from her locker during swimming class, since the girls locker room was open to everybody and girls' lockers didn't have locks). "Slow down, Diana. He'll return your things once he's done sniffing. Or if not, you've given him a nice trophy, so think about how proud you should feel." Not exactly life-changing intervention.

My only other encounter was with Mrs. Chasse as she left the little girls room, an area I'd targeted to stake out to make sure girls used the facilities and then sprinted back to class rather than lollygagging where they were of no use to themselves or anyone. I'd not thought I'd be confronting teachers for such infractions, and she did seem to be hurrying, but that didn't excuse her appearance.

The faculty dress code permitted female teachers no more than three buttons. I'd gone through Nicole's drawers last week and thrown out – well, cut to ribbons and *then* thrown out – anything that had four or more. Plus some sneaky little tops with the buttons widely spaced – sometimes it was about the spirit of the rules rather than the words.

Mrs. Chasse blushed and pointed out that her blouse already put a lot of her cleavage on display, and without the top button, her bra would be entirely visible. I gave the garment a quick jerk and that top button went flying who knew where. She was right about the bra, not that it mattered. Underwear wasn't required. As a consequence for her intransigence, I confiscated her bra and restricted her from wearing one for a month. In the process, I discovered there was another button hiding beneath the beltline of her teensy white denim shorts (at least she seemed to understand how to comply with the dress code from the waist down), so I tore off all the buttons to help make sure she didn't repeat offend. Then, while I was driving home the button lesson, I undid the button and zipper on her shorts, too. She scurried away with one hand holding up the back of her shorts and the other trying in vain to keep her breasts from bouncing out into the open, apologizing all the way.

Incredible tits on that one. Too bad I was a married man. Too bad my first day on patrol I'd encountered a girl who couldn't hold onto her things and a teacher who was too stupid to dress herself.

Inwardly, I scolded myself for such thoughts. It wasn't right to wish for some real excitement just because I'd been cooped up in training for all these days, I knew. (A day spent training was a day well spent. I love being trained.) Still, it'd be nice to actually have a chance to do some impactful work instead of these petty cases.

I had Paisleigh drive the car on the way home. She'd had her license for almost two years, but she hardly ever drove if she had alternatives. She needed the practice, especially now that Nicole and I could afford to get her something to drive at college next year. Having to remove her earbuds didn't do anything to spark conversation, but like the old song goes, the driver is the DJ, so we got to listen to her playlist on the way home. Not my style at all, but I liked that it brought us closer.

Us being Paisleigh and I, that is. Nicole sat in the back seat staring out the window despondently. Maybe she'd had a hard day. But if she wasn't going to ask me about mine, I didn't see why I should always have to be the one to initiate.

That was work for a while. Wake up bright and early, wake up my lazy wife and daughter. (OK, so they could get up on their own, but I liked starting my day with some playful disciplining, and even Nicole couldn't deny that making sure students and staff got to school on time was within the purview of my job.) We'd drive in together and I'd train all morning, patrol all afternoon.

The halls, that is. I wasn't fully trained on how to administer discipline in the classrooms yet, and the last thing I wanted to do was disrupt these boys' educations.

One day it was Gina, sent to my office by the science teacher Mr. Mathers. She'd apparently ditched class during the morning announcement, like so many girls seemed to. He'd caught her trying to sneak into class while his back was turned once announcements ended and his lesson started. This was an all-too-common infraction, I knew (from my training, which was so important to me), and for Gina, it was her third such offense. She'd even broken out of ISS back during the first week of school, before the padlocks.

Luckily, this was an easy fix. I plunked her down in my desk chair – on my lap, but I was in the chair, so technically... It let me better monitor her attentiveness as we spent the afternoon going over the announcements again. All three days she'd missed. She tried to look away time and again, but each time I steered her gaze by the chin back to the screen.

Once Gina realized there was no escape, it was just a matter of reinforcing the lessons. When she tried to throw herself a little pity party and beg me not to subject her to what I suppose the little brat thought was too tedious for her, I resorted to the stick, lifting her shirt and twisting her little nipples until she was gasping in shock and pain and arousal so intense she couldn't form words. If a girl can't talk she can't whine. When she realized she'd find no pity and just started sobbing, I shifted to the carrot, murmuring reassuringly in her ear that she could be my good girl, such a good, good girl, if she just watched and listened and absorbed. She started leaking out of somewhere else, then, but I didn't mind having to do a little laundry if it meant I'd helped a student.

Getting through it all meant I didn't get to leave work until almost 8 at night, but I'd dispatched Nicole to pick up dinner for us. She and Paisleigh sat silently in the corner and ate their food while I petted and pinched my disciplinee; I was so focused on Gina that I didn't get to eat until the drive home. Still, when I saw her in the hall before school the next morning, the girl smiled ear to ear and gave me a warm kiss on the cheek before hurrying off to class, lest she miss a single minute of instruction.

Another day it was a boy sent to my office, Douglas. Great kid, one of my favorites. Ha – I suppose all the boys are my favorites. I'm turning soft. Douglas's dad was a state senator, very respectable family and a big supporter of the GPA, single-handedly got Mr. Van Patten's charter approved. Douglas had apparently run out of the cafeteria and been spotted by another teacher sobbing his way into the men's room. I offered him some tissues – from the same box I'd used to dab Gina's cum off my slacks the other day; versatile stuff – and eventually got it out of him.

Douglas told me about how unhappy he'd been here, how the whole thing felt weird and wrong and frightening. He hadn't made any friends with the other boys, who, he said with cheeks burning shamefully, seemed so confident. They teased Douglas because he didn't go around flirting with the girls like they did. That morning, he said he'd been thinking it over during the morning announcements and finally decided he may as well try. The girls here were all so pretty, which I realized he meant as a negative, too intimidating. So he'd picked the most approachable one he could think of and asked her if he could sit with her at lunch. She'd said no, and...

An even easier fix than Gina, thankfully. I thought back to my morning training and the progress reports on student achievement, and knew exactly who to summon. Leanne arrived only minutes later, looking profoundly unnerved at being summoned to the office of the Chief Disciplinarian. She ought to look nervous. She was at the top of Mr. Van Patten's list of problem students, attempting – and I'm not making this up – to *leave* GPA. During the school day! Just snuck right out the window! Monstrous, horrible, rotten, nasty, mean-spirited incorrigible bad girl!

The three days of ISS that followed, I hoped, would have changed her tune. There was no disregarding instruction there; dozens of monitors ringed the entire room, and the speakers were so loud they'd had to use the old band room from before GPA had acquired the school and put a stop to wasteful instruction.

Excellently soundproofed, though. I'd seen the reports, how girls would scream themselves hoarse trying to drown out the instructional materials. Leanne had some lungs on her, but she was no match for Mr. Van Patten's curriculum.

Leanne was nearly as tall as me, easily 5'10". At her old school, she'd been a cheerleader and varsity basketball player, though she looked much more the former, leggy and busty and blonde and beautiful. Presently, she had makeup running down her cheeks and what I suspected was drool dried in streaks down either side of her mouth.

She looked as hideous as a girl that attractive could. Douglas, sitting patiently in the corner, watched her anxiously.

Served her right, failing her most basic obligation. Why even go to school if you didn't want to be educated? (Hm. I suppose she did try to leave. Worse yet!)

I approached her, positioned her where Douglas would be able to really admire her impressive profile. "Leanne, how have you been enjoying your time in ISS?"

"I love it. I love it. Please. Sir. I love it. Don't make me go back. Please. I love it. Thank you, sir."

I smiled and patted her head. "Good girl." Her knees buckled; only Douglas's chivalric instincts kept them from hitting the floor, diving to catch her in the nick of time. God, I loved this guy. "Now I wondered if you could help my good friend Douglas with a little problem."

"Of course. Whatever you want. Don't send me back. I want to help. I want to be a good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Be a good girl." She was shaking like a leaf.

I shushed her gently, though her jaw clicked shut like I'd put a gun to her head. It spoke well of our ISS regimen. Harsh, yes, but a stitch in time. Douglas looked worried she might faint. I knew he'd catch her again if she did. Good lads like him always did. Or if they didn't, well, she shouldn't have fainted.

"This is Douglas," I said.

Instantly her face lit up like the sun. The clouds still kept it from her eyes, but it was a heck of a smile. "Hi, Douglas! I'm Leanne. I'm so glad to meet you. You seem so nice. I love your shirt. And your hair. And your glasses. And your, um, personality." The smile slipped a moment in her confusion at realizing she didn't know the first thing about his personality. It didn't seem to diminish her enthusiasm, though. Maybe she just had good intuition about people.

"Um, hi," he said shyly.

"Douglas, Leanne is here to help show you that you don't have to feel nervous around girls here at GPA. This is a supportive academic community. Isn't it, Leanne?"

"I support it absolutely. I love it here, sir. I love GPA." She nodded vigorously. Or maybe it was just more trembling.

"So, Douglas, I understand you're a little nervous, which is absolutely the most normal and natural thing in the world. Still, why don't you try paying Leanne a compliment? See how she responds. This is a safe space." I pointed to the small poster I'd affixed to the front of my desk only this past weekend when I'd snuck in to do a little extra training. I love being trained.

THIS IS A SAFE SPACE, it said reassuringly.

He wrestled with it for a moment, then managed, "You're, um, really good in math. At math. I meant in math class. Ugh, sorry, I'm so stupid, I just—"

“Thank you, Douglas. That means so much to me, coming from you,” Leanne purred sensuously. It was enough to cut his dreadful self-deprecation short. I gave her another little pat as a reward. “Is there anything else you like about me?” Her smile brightened, eyes fluttered, tits pressed against his arm.

“Go on. You can be flirty, if you want. Leanne’s a good girl.”

She moaned, like a whore. “Thank you, sir.” She focused on Douglas, though. As she ought.

“And, um, you’re really pretty?” he ventured, watching both of us for a reaction.

“Thank you, Douglas,” she preened. Behind her back, I gave him a hearty thumbs up.

Every step of the way, I was there to make him feel confident, to reassure him he wasn’t doing anything wrong, to see to it he understood how important his success was to this school. Sometimes I had to feed him suggestions more directly, but he soldiered on. For her part, Leanne was demonstrating her contrition as well. What a good girl.

“What do you think is pretty about me?”

“Um, your smile? And... yeah. Um, your... body? I guess? I mean, I don’t guess, it’s definitely, like, it’s really... Oh gosh, I’m sorry, I—”

“Thank you, Douglas. I love it when boys admire my body. Do you like my boobs?” She thrust them out invitingly.

“Oh. Oh wow. Yeah! I mean, yes. Yes, they’re... they’re... great, um, boobs.”

Off went her shirt. There were scratch marks on them, fingernails, little slut diddling herself silly during ISS no doubt. These girls thought they could take their mind off their studies so easily. Still, she was all too ready to demonstrate what little she had paid attention to. I had to keep nudging them, but she seemed to have been paying at least *some* attention down there in the dungeon.

(That was Mr. Van Patten’s funny term for the ISS room. What a great man.)

“You can touch them, if you want.”

“You can suck on them, if you want.”

“You can slap them, if you want.”

“I’ll suck your cock, if you want.”

I really had to press both of them for that; Leanne to make the offer, and Douglas to have the fortitude to accept it. Once the girl got started though, she gobbled that cock like his cum was the only thing she’d had to eat in days. (Which it was. Bad girls need instruction, not food.) By the time she was done, he’d gripped pigtails into her hair and was fucking her face with relish, sweating and grunting and finally tossing her down on her ass and spraying her face and tits with his seed.

(A few blobs landed on my safe space poster, but that’s why I’d had it laminated. Not my first disciplinary rodeo.)

Douglas went back to class with a little swagger in his step. Leanne begged me not to send her back to ISS, offered me any and all of her holes if I let her stay. I can't say I approved of a girl trying to use her body to curry favor from an administrator, but I conceded she'd done well with Douglas. I told her that I'd be keeping my eye on her, and if I had an inkling she wasn't being a good girl, I'd assign her another week. She hugged me so tightly I had to physically stop her from humping my leg and sent her back to class. She was so excited to rejoin her peers she forgot to put her shirt back on.

A few days later, I had an idea. Then I checked to make sure Mr. Van Patten approved of my idea, which he did. I did my morning shower beat-off to that feeling for days. It was nothing flashy; I just mixed things up and scheduled my helpful, useful, interesting training for the afternoon, and did my patrolling in the morning. After all, the morning announcements were the most important part of instruction, and here we were halfway into the semester and we still had so many bad girls not ready to pay attention. How better to intervene than to catch them in the act? Morning patrol was the only way.

It quickly became a permanent transition.

My first day, I discovered a couple girls ditching class under the bleachers in the gymnasium, Skye and Kyanna. They acted like they didn't hear me calling them right up until I pressed the button to retract the bleachers. Then it was dart for the side or be crushed to death.

Not that I would have let them be hurt; after all, they were just girls, not the sort to call a man's bluff.

"And what do the two of you think you're doing?" I demanded of the two girls huddled on the floor, embracing one another remorsefully. Remorseful of getting caught, that is. I knew their type too well.

"Please. We weren't doing anything bad. It's just... The announcements. They... They make us..."

Skye shook her head vehemently at her friend. "Shh! You can't complain about them. He's part of it. We can't... We're not supposed to..."

"I think I'll be the judge of what you girls ought to be made into," I said dismissively, "and of what you are and are not supposed to do during instructional time. Come with me."

Kyanna grabbed Skye's arm. "No! We're not going anywhere with you. You could have killed us with the bleachers! You and the headmaster, you're... you're so... I want to..." She shook her head, the fog in her eyes clearing. "No. I won't."

I nodded. Kyanna had made up her mind. Maybe her little partner in crime would be more reasonable. "Skye, come."

OK, OK, so that one was my fault. Skye hit the gym floor like she'd been slam dunked into it by Wallace Gibbs, a shoe-in for collegiate All-American. (That's not just

me dotting on my favorites; his tuition was already covered by NBA scouts! One hell of a fine young man.) In that useless, slutty mini skirt, it was plain that Skye had squirted like she'd just been plowed by Wallace's big black dick. Next time I crossed paths with him, I'd have to give him the recommendation.

"Good girl, Skye. You did as I asked. Now please collect yourself, and come with me to my office."

Skye looked up at Kyanna apologetically, then made to follow. I stopped her before she made it more than a few steps, though. "And drag her along if she won't do as she's been told."

Skye licked her lips nervously. I could see she wanted to be a good girl, to obey and submit and do as a man told her, but she was still learning. "I... I think she's stronger than me. Sir. I don't think I can? Physically, I mean. I mean I want to, but..."

I smiled, projecting some of the confidence she needed. (No worries! I had confidence to spare, thanks to my rigorous training.) "You're a good girl doing as she was told. She's a bad girl who thinks she knows better than the headmaster and I. And where does strength come from, girls?"

"Obedience. Acceptance. Deference. Humility. Submission," the girls said in perfect unison. Kyanna winced after the words finished spilling out. Skye was able to force her lips to smile.

"Well, maybe there's hope for you girls yet."

Kyanna still had to be dragged, but I'd seen terriers who put up more of a fight. She was sulking more than resisting, really. I'd come up with an elegant solution for her by the time we reached my office. The girls were united in their misbehavior, so they were each the perfect person to discipline the other. I let Skye, the more biddable (i.e. good) girl take the first turn, bending her friend over my desk and slapping her ass purple. By the time she was done, Kyanna was ready to return the favor. By the time of my afternoon training session, they were only half-heartedly spanking one another, fingering each other's pussies as much as anything, dazedly smacking and diddling and licking as they soaked in the morning's announcements they'd tried to cheat themselves out of in their willful girly ignorance. I switched on my other monitor and got on with my training; when I finished, I found them both collapsed on their hands and knees, dribbling cunts humping nothing at all, skirts and panties discarded heaven alone knew where, murmuring a stream of apologies to me and to no one.

I'd timed my training to end along with the school day, so I waited for them to change back into their home clothes and walked them out to the parking lot myself. Kyanna walked to school, but I was able to introduce myself to Skye's mother and gush about how proud we were of how well she was doing. Her daughter hugged me in gratitude, whispering in my ear one final apology, and headed home.

Did I say I loved my job? Because I *loved* my job. I didn't just make a fat salary. I made a fat difference.

That said, it wasn't always easy.

For one, there was living with Nicole – not easy in the best of times. She hardly spoke to me any more, only to answer a direct question or acknowledge a command. Not that I was some kind of knuckle-dragger bossing my wife around! (Can you imagine, in this day and age?) But in some capacities, I really was her boss. It required concessions – or at least it felt like it did. My training... I shouldn't make concessions. I fucking shouldn't. I should do what I was trained to do, which was to make her do what she'd been trained to do.

Always obey my training. Do as I was trained to do, which was easy because I loved doing it.

Whatever the state of our relationship, however, she *was* my wife. I tried my best to honor those vows I'd been guilted into making. So when the dumb whore accidentally left some of her teaching supplies at home one October morning, she made all three of us late to school. It was hard keeping the fire out of my voice, even though her chewing out was in front of dozens of teachers and students, and of course Paisleigh. Some of the boys applauded as she scurried down the hall to the girls changing room. I threw her shoes after her. So she wouldn't lose them.

(Why had she taken them off...? Oh, right, so I could loom better while I lectured her.)

What had been in that box we'd had to go back for? Nicole wouldn't even tell me. The slut. Not that I was one to call names, but she was a GPA woman. How could she *not* be a slut. I'd have been upset if she pretended not to be. A good GPA girl was a slutty GPA girl. That went for Nicole as much as anyone else.

So long as she didn't cheat on me, that is. (Damn you, Tim, for planting that seed in my head!)

It felt like she was constantly testing boundaries. I was raking the lawn when a package arrived for her. Inside was a thin, tight, v-neck top that was nowhere near revealing enough to be appropriate for work. Her defense was that she intended to wear it around the house, or for the ride to and from work before she joined the other faculty girls, changing on arrival into something better suited to the GPA campus culture.

Or take the following weekend when her parents visited. They lived hours away and hadn't made the trek since Paisleigh's birthday last summer. We got along well enough, considering I knew full well they took Nicole's side of our marital strife. As they should. Parents should support their children, always. *Always*. (Mr. Van Patten said the

evening recap videos for our kids' parents weren't quite ready yet, but their central theme was already branded on my heart. And boy howdy, did I have some parent phone calls to make once they'd been given the opportunity to study and embrace our curriculum.)

My in-laws asked all sorts of questions about life at Grandview. Not of me, so much. Typical enough – teaching made for good anecdotes, but administrators like me lived a pretty drab life. Paisleigh made some vague answers – “no it's fine; I like it; eh, school is school” – with a few glances at me to check for my approval. Such a good girl.

Nicole, though? Her parents were barely out of the driveway Sunday afternoon when we started fighting. She was usually the instigator when we fought; my entire approach to our marriage had been to learn what was expected of me, do it, and then fly under the radar so as to be left alone. That night, it was all me. The curriculum was too challenging? The students too rowdy? Not sure she intended to stick with it?! What the fuck were we wasting our time and money training her for then?!

She yelled back, that it wasn't fair for me to take Mr. Van Patten's side, and that of course she hadn't meant anything disrespectful about our beloved headmaster, and that I was setting a bad example for Paisleigh losing my temper like this. I wasn't having it though. She was ordered to a week's sleep on the couch.

I heard my wife and daughter talking one night during that week. I'd gone to bed, but had forgotten to adjust the thermostat, and couldn't help overhearing.

“Why do you have to sleep on the couch, Mom? You didn't even do anything wrong.”

“Your father has his reasons. And like it or not, he is the Chief Disciplinarian.”

“At school, yeah! Not at home!”

“If I don't submit to his authority here at home, how can he trust me to obey him at school? The Chief Disciplinarian is the linchpin that holds the students and faculty together. We're fortunate to have his oversight.” Her tone, however, was wholly without enthusiasm, mere rote recitation of materials from the morning announcements.

“But he's not the boss of us at home... Is he?”

“He's not your boss period, sweetie. Look, I know this is all stressful. Just keep on being true to yourself, no matter what your teachers tell you, OK? You're amazing, just the way you are. You don't have to change yourself for anyone.”

I know I can come across as a bit of a hardass. Comes with the territory. Still, I wasn't so cold or so proud that I couldn't admit I cried myself to sleep that night after hearing that. My baby girl...

Her future jeopardized by her insubordinate, churlish mother.

I couldn't get her words out of my head. Be true to *yourself*? Even if it means ignoring your *teachers*? Don't *change* yourself? For *anyone*? Who was Mr. Van Patten, if not anyone?!

I know. I ought to be Chief Disciplinarian first, a father second. After all, my ineffectual leadership of my household was what had let things go so far astray! I had to make sure my daughter was all right, though, and technically, she was a student as well as my child. Surely it wouldn't be wrong to single her out. If it were any other girl having her mind poisoned by a parent, I wouldn't hesitate to reach out. Yes. This could well be what all my training had been building to.

The next morning at school, in lieu of patrolling, I sat in my office and sought Paisleigh out on the GPA surveillance system. There were, frankly, a staggering number of cameras in the building. My personal disciplinary style was hands on. I liked to be out there in the trenches, catching the girls red-handed and bonding with our boys face to face. That day, however, I needed the edge of modern technology. The surveillance system was objectively a great tool for disciplinary purposes.

(Plus, there were a heart-warming number of civic heroes who were so concerned about the quality of education that they paid to see it delivered personally on these feeds. It was a significant source of GPA's revenue.)

I wasn't permitted access to the classroom feeds yet. I didn't know what exactly Mr. Van Patten was waiting for, but I'm sure he had good reasons that I should follow unthinkingly. So instead, I selected one of the cameras outside Paisleigh's homeroom. She started her day in the home ec with Mrs. Ross.

God, these girls were incorrigible. The morning announcements commenced, and just like that, with everyone distracted by the very important enrichment materials, I watched with gritted teeth as they slinked out of their classrooms like rats from a sinking ship. In minutes, I saw more than a dozen, creeping out, furtive eyes darting this way and that – and that from only three classrooms I could see.

What did they think they were doing? They were GPA girls – but *bad* ones. I could appreciate that the material was challenging for some of them, but that only meant they should listen harder, question it less. These bad, awful, obstreperous girls weren't even trying!

My heart sank when I saw the door to Mrs. Ross's room open, and out stepped Paisleigh, my own daughter. Worse, she wasn't alone, as I saw another young woman sneaking out with her. Mandi-Pandi.

(If that sounds like an uncommon name, I should mention that she enrolled as Amanda Baxter, but Kedrick Hirsch, an upstanding young man and nephew of a board member at BP, had renamed her Mandi-Pandi – never just Mandi – when she mispronounced his name as “Kendrick.” I didn't know who'd convinced her to get that huge panda tattoo with the big black and white tits on her back, or if it was the same person who made sure she never wore anything that covered it, but if they were boys (as seemed probable), they'd hit on a great way to help support the arts and I applauded their initiative.)

Mandi-Pandi was the co-captain of the GPA girl's twerk team. She hadn't wanted that, either, but again, someone with better judgment had prevailed. I was aghast. I'd known from my training that Mandi-Pandi was considered a bit of a troublemaker, a routine gaze-avertter during announcements and with an established reputation for fleeing the male grasp.

And there she was, leading my Paisleigh down the hall and around the corner. She had fallen in with a bad girl crowd.

I followed the two of them with only a little difficulty. I was only just learning how foolish I'd been to patrol the old-fashioned way rather than mastering the surveillance system, but the software was intuitive and I was even more motivated than usual. Down the main hall, past the faculty changing room/showers/lounge, around the corner into the humanities corridor, and then into the northwest stairwell, where they...

Disappeared.

What?

I switched to the top camera, and just to be safe, tried a couple adjacent halls in case they'd shifted to a sprint. I saw a girl smuggling herself in her locker too late to make out a face; Mrs. Yang stumbling out of her room weeping, a disappointing dereliction of duty; one of the custodians, Miss Stella, picking up a discarded pair of panties and giving it a deep sniff before depositing it in the wastebasket on her cart. As young and pretty as she was – a former Miss Tennessee, rumor had it – she was still one hell of a pervert. I shot one last glower at the recording of Mrs. Yang, on her hands and knees coughing up an esophagus full of cum, and silently thanked Miss Stella for her professionalism. At least someone around here was doing her job, besides me.

I couldn't find Paisleigh and Mandi-Pandi anywhere. Well, there was a reason I usually patrolled in person. Grabbing my master keyring, I hustled out into the halls walking as fast as I could without appearing to run. Not that there was anyone to see me except these bad girls, and who cared what they thought. Every girl I saw in the hallway had one excuse or another – admittedly, a few were legitimate, as the boys on their arms attested they were being appropriately escorted – but a disappearance had to take precedence.

The solution was obvious as soon as I reached their last known whereabouts. The camera was mounted above the door into the northwest stairwell, but once I was standing there, I saw another set of double doors on the same wall, tucked away under the upper level of stairs. A closet of some kind, it looked like. The camera didn't show it, and somehow my training hadn't included its presence.

I swear, sometimes it felt like Mr. Van Patten left these girls places and means to hide on purpose. Like it amused him to see the girls squirm before we rounded them up and educated them.

Which was his prerogative, of course! My God, it almost sounded like I was criticizing him. If he thought it was important, or just fun, to see these helpless little flies thrashing about in his inescapable web of re-education, I was all for it. Like any good administrator, I considered one of the most important parts of my job learning to anticipate the desires and commands of my headmaster so I could be a more effective subordinate to his agenda.

I glowered at those closet doors like my eyes would bore a hole through them. My own daughter. If Nicole had been there right now, I would have taken her over my knee and beaten that perfect ass black and blue for inciting Paisleigh to such acts. How long had this been going on? I prayed it was new, a reaction to her mother's encouragement to insurrection. In my heart, though, I knew it wasn't.

Maybe I'd punish Nicole for it later regardless.

I took a few deep breaths, steeling myself. In fact, while I did so I could hear the girls whispering in there. My own daughter, ditching class. During morning announcements! I was seething.

Suddenly, in the midst of nurturing thoughts too dark to even let myself form the words in my head, a little ray of light pierced the thunderheads. It was my training, there to get me back on track. In that moment, I had an epiphany.

This was what Mr. Van Patten had been waiting for to further train me. He had to know I was with him, one hundred thousand percent. First him, second the GPA, third him again, and somewhere way down the list there was room for my wife and my daughter. Today, I'd show him where my heart lies. He deserved at least that much from me. He deserved everything from me.

Twin gasps were audible through the doors as I slid my key into the keyhole. The twin doors swung open and there they were. There was an odor to the small space, powerful enough that my nose outpaced my eyes. Like I said, Mr. Van Patten had bought this disused school building from the city for a dollar. (I'd like to give him credit for his business acumen, but that wasn't unheard of for charter schools.) This musty closet held all sorts of odds and ends. Old wooden bookshelves stacked horizontally; piles and piles of out-of-date textbooks; a pyramid of desks and pieces of desks; a dozen or more rust-pocked file cabinets; and a mound of bent and broken overhead projectors jumbled atop their own broken glass that looked like something out of a horror movie.

Closer by was a messy stack of gym mats, one of which had been transported to the dusty concrete floor. Seated atop that mat were Mandi-Pandi and my Paisleigh, squinting up at the light of judgment in stark terror.

"Paisleigh." That was it. I put all the disappointment wracking my heart into those two syllables.

"I'm sorry!" blurted Mandi-Pandi. "I'm so sorry, Mr Boyce. I'm sorry. I didn't... I'm sorry!"

I held up a finger. She fell silent. Paisleigh merely glared at me, like *I* was the one who'd wronged *her*. Like *I* was the bad girl.

"What do you think you're doing, young lady?" I demanded of my daughter, as I had more than once before. Never with such heavy heart, though, not even the time in 9th grade when she pulled a Timbo and stole my car, got high huffing paint fumes and wrapped it around an electrical pole. That was nothing besides this. Skipping morning announcement! More than anything, I wanted to join her in this grubby closet and shut the door before everyone saw my wayward bad girl daughter ditching the most important part of the day's lessons.

That wasn't what Mr. Van Patten expected of me, though. What I wanted didn't matter, only what he wanted. My wants were nothing, except where I wanted what he wanted, which was always.

"I wondered how long it would take you to catch me," she said, sneering. There it was right off the bat, confirmation she'd been a bad girl not just this morning. How long? Weeks? Months! Her whole rotten, disobedient life, probably.

How I hated her mother in that moment.

Oh hell, who was I kidding. There was probably a small percent of the blame reserved for my parenting, too. All the more reason I needed to take this seriously.

"Do you have any idea what you're missing right now, sneaking off with your slutty little friend to play bad girl in this disgusting little hole in the wall?"

Evidently the girls had been using the flashlights on their phones to see. Paisleigh shined hers up at me, so bright in that dark space it was momentarily blinding. "I dunno, I think it's pretty cozy."

Calmly, I snatched the phone from her hand. It erased the smirk on her face, that subtle reminder that I wasn't merely an authoritative presence but a physical one, who could impose physical consequences. *Who would impose physical consequences*, I amended to myself. Mr. Van Patten expected nothing less of me, no matter the student.

I threw the phone at the far wall. I didn't need to be able to see it; I could hear the thing shatter.

"I'll just buy a new one," she said haughtily, but I could see it struck home.

"Paisleigh, *shut up*," hissed Mandi-Pandi. "We're already in so much trouble!"

"I don't think we are," my daughter said, though she was addressing it to me. "I don't think he's far enough gone to push that brainwashing bullshit on his own daughter. No way."

I laughed my humorless vice principal laugh, honed over the course of her short life. "Right, because if someone tries to teach you something and you're not interested in learning it, it must be 'brainwashing' or 'indoctrination' or some such dysphemism."

"What the fuck is a dysphemism?"

“I think, from context clues, it’s like the opposite of a euphemism?” guessed Mandi-Pandi, adding quickly, “sir.”

I planted my hands on my hips. She could ace every vocab test and quiz in the world and become the Nobel Laureate of World Literature and it would still leave her nothing but a stupid slut who didn’t do what she was told if she didn’t start heeding the morning announcements. “Do you have anything to say for yourselves? Unless it’s another attempt to blame this institution for your personal failings.”

“Eat me, asshole,” said my daughter contemptuously.

Her co-conspirator was somewhat more contrite. “I’m so sorry. I’ll never do it again. I swear. I swear to God. I swear to Mr. Van Patten! I’ll listen. I’ll be a good girl. I promise. Never again. I swear. Please, sir.”

Not nearly contrite enough, though. “Are you lying about never doing this again? Be honest with me, Mandi-Pandi. I’ll be very angry if you lie to me.”

Her pretty face scrunched, crestfallen at my finding her attempt at dishonesty so transparent. “Yes, sir. I’m sorry! I know it’s important. It’s just... I don’t *like* it. It’s confusing, and it... it gets in your head, and...”

“Getting it in your head is the whole point, you bad, stupid, bad girl. When you learned your times tables and your states and capitals, did you put the information in your head or in that shapeless burlap sack you call an outfit?”

She looked down at her backless scoop neck top, hanging down off her breasts so loosely that she laid down on her hip, her sideboob would be visible from space. “I-I know it’s not as tight as it could be, sir, but it’s hard to find outfits that show my back and hug my front. I th-thought it was allowed as long as I show off my skanky tattoo?”

“Is it hard, or is it impossible? Because unless it’s the latter, you’ve no right to subvert basic expectations like making yourself presentable. Until you learn how to properly dress yourself, perhaps you need to get over your need to flout simple rules. Your shirt, Mandi-Pandi.”

I held out a hand.

Her eyes widened to the size of golfballs, but shot right to the dingy mat. “I’m... I’m not wearing a bra, sir. The boys don’t let me. They, um, they say zoo animals don’t wear underwear. Sir.”

“Well *I’m* not letting you wear *that*. Now hand it over.”

She looked to my daughter pleadingly, as if she had any authority here. “Please, sir. I’ll wear something tighter and sluttier tomorrow. Or, yeah, just overalls or something. I think I have a pair that—”

“What did I tell you?” I spoke over her evenly.

“To... give you my shirt.”

“So then why are you talking about tomorrow’s shirt instead?”

But Paisleigh shot to her feet, interposing herself between us. There was fear in her eyes, but I told myself that behind it, I could see a filial respect for the power of my office. “Don’t do it, Mand–” She grimaced. “Amanda. He’s just trying to get a rise out of me. Fuck with you to show off for me.”

I rolled my eyes. “I know you haven’t, Paisleigh, but have you ever been assigned ISS, Mandi-Pandi?”

She leaned around Paisleigh so as to be seen and shook her head. “No, sir.”

“Would you like to?”

“Oh god, please no, sir. Please. Girls go there, and they come back glassy-eyed whores. They just giggle and bat their eyelashes and... No, sir. Here, please take my top. I’m sorry, sir, I’m so sorry.”

With Paisleigh still trying to tell her not to, her over-dressed friend hastily tore off her skimpy, loose-fitting clubbing garb. She had some really cute tits on her, plump but perky, an excellent portent of a good girl. With a hard jerk, I tore her shirt in half and tossed the rags behind me. They wafted down a couple stairs and fell still. I made a mental note to pick it up before I left so nobody tripped.

“That’s better, Mandi-Pandi.”

“The hell it is! You know what? Fine. Fuck you, Dad. Here, take my shirt,” said Paisleigh. She’d changed at school, obviously. The dress code wasn’t exactly street appropriate. Since arriving at school in her usual black jeans black shirt black boots bullshit, my daughter’s curvaceous figure had been stuffed into a crop top and mini skirt. (Still black, of course.) The top looked like her tits would fly out if she sneezed, and didn’t even try to cover so much as an inch of her belly. Nicole owned bras that covered more. Moreover, if Mandi-Pandi accepted the garment and dared to put it on, it would definitely obscure the gigantic furry panda knockers etched indelibly on her back, something she’d been explicitly pre-punished for the possibility of eventually doing. I could see how much she wanted it. How tempting it must feel to keep being bad and cover up that huge monochromatic reminder of what a weak silly stupid joke she’d been remade to be.

Would Paisleigh really do it? Damn them both to ISS? My daughter was banking on me being soft on her transgressions like I had been her whole life until GPA trained the softness out of me. She thought the mere idea of her flashing me would prevent me from obeying Mr. Van Patten. She wouldn’t really do it. I was loath to admit it, but I was afraid my daughter was too bad of a girl to be willing to show an administrator her bare chest.

I prayed I was wrong, but even so, I called her bluff. I folded my arms and waited.

My daughter hesitated, twice, before finally whipping the flimsy top over her chest in one swift motion. Good lord, those things were amazing. Objectively, I mean. I’d known my daughter was stacked – I had eyes, after all – but my God in heaven, they

were incredible. Objectively. How long had it been since I'd seen Paisleigh bare-chested? More than a decade, right?

Or, no, Tuesday. (She'd been dawdling in the shower and nearly made us late.) Still.

"There? Take a good look, you fucking pervert!" Sans girl, her elastic "shirt" looked more like a wristband than a top. Paisleigh whipped it down at Mandi-Pandi and then shook her tits, almost like she was a good girl. "God, I can't believe my own dad is ogling me. You're going to jail for this, you know. It's one thing for the teachers, but you're my dad. You are so, so going down. Let's see how the boys in D block treat child molesters."

The fact that neither she nor any of GPA's students were children aside, I was floored. Threats. Worse, threats that would call attention to GPA and its unique, specialized curricular model. Of course she wouldn't alert anyone about the boisterousness of male attention here – even the baddest bad girl wouldn't have been permitted out of Mr. Van Patten's opening day all day video convocation without appreciating that. I'd seen it myself, dozens of times. I sometimes played it to fall asleep to at night. It was always, always, always, always, always, always, always, always best to handle things in-house, no matter what a teacher or classmate did.

It hadn't really impressed upon students the need to practice discretion about *paternal* involvement in the curriculum, though.

It was a good thing I'd intervened. I'd alert Mr. Van Patten to the oversight the minute we were done here.

I looked past Paisleigh to the other student, kneeling, blushing nose to toes. These two were at different places in their scholastic journeys, and needed to be treated as such. Sorry as I was to admit it, Mandi-Pandi was a much gooder girl than my daughter. Yes, she'd balked about her shirt, but only briefly, not long enough to impose further consequences. (And if I changed my mind about that, it wasn't like I couldn't summon her for further discipline again later, and again, until she was as good a girl as any.)

"Mandi-Pandi, I'm going to–"

"Don't call her that," barked Paisleigh, trying (and failing) to look fierce with her tits bouncing around with every syllable. She hadn't gotten those big fat juicy titties from Nicole, that was for damn sure. "Her name is *Amanda*. Tell him. Tell him, you're *Amanda*."

She sounded like she was trying to teach a new vocabulary term to a parakeet, and for all Mandi-Pandi responded to it, a parakeet probably would have said it quicker. Apparently "dysphemism" had been easier to puzzle out than the strange series of syllables her parents for some reason persisted calling her at home.

“Tell Paisleigh your name,” I said encouragingly. “It’s all right. It’s a pretty name, for a pretty girl. And good girls are always, always pretty. Tell me your name, pretty girl.”

Her eyes darted side to side, ill-begotten dignity warring with generously donated deference. The latter swiftly won the battle in a rout, capturing the enemy general and tossing his headless desecrated carcass on the victory bonfire. “It’s Mandi-Pandi, sir.”

“Tell *her*,” I repeated. Stupid, stupid, bad girl, making me repeat myself.

“I’m Mandi-Pandi,” she said again, smiling obliviously at her classmate. She was mine, we both saw in that smile. Better yet, she was GPA’s.

“And why are you Mandi-Pandi? She seems quite sure you’re this ‘Amanda’ girl.”

“I was a bad girl and mispronounced a boy’s name, so he told me I had to go by Mandi-Pandi instead of my dead name.”

I wagged a reproving finger. “Hey now, a dead name is something else altogether. I won’t tolerate any flirtations with transphobia, understand?”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. I didn’t mean it that way sir, but... Thank you, sir. I’m sorry, sir.”

“Now to your point, you were saying that a boy told you to change your name, so you changed your name.”

Her eyes narrowed, as if the question were a trap. Which it was, just not for her. “Yes...? Or... or did *he* change it, not me? If there’s credit due, it’s all his, sir...?” A cleverly articulated guess. Too bad she wasn’t applying that cleverness to her studies. Until now, at least.

“Well said.” I gestured to Paisleigh, who had finally summoned the resolve to cover herself in front of her father. Slut. Her arm wasn’t doing much on those things; besides, her hair hung most of the way down her back, but the dimwitted whore was too stupid to consider using it as a curtain. “I think Mandi-Pandi suits you. It’s a cute name, and I think you’re a cute girl. I think I’ll instruct Paisleigh to follow your example.”

“You think you’ll *what*?”

I ignored her. “Help me come up with a new name for her, Mandi-Pandi. Something adorable, like yours.” I locked eyes with her, making sure she understood I wasn’t playing around. “Call it an opportunity to show me you’re not as bad a girl as I thought. My instinct is that you don’t belong in ISS, but I need to know you think so, too.”

She looked back and forth between Paisleigh and I. I let her think, not much caring if she was pondering whether to rename my daughter, or what to rename her.

I’m so sorry, Mandi-Pandi mouthed to her.

“What about... Pussleigh?” she said, wincing. As well she might. If anybody outside this institution ever tried to apply such a moniker to my daughter, I’d be ready to throw down.

Instead, I laughed. Good on her. “Perfect. Paisleigh, from now on, your name is Pussleigh. Pussleigh Boyce.”

Pussleigh sputtered in righteous indignation. “What?! You can’t just give me a new name! Especially not something degrading and perverted like... like *Pussleigh!*” She shuddered violently. “Besides, she can’t rename me! She’s not even a boy!” She caught herself, shifting from rant to pout. “Not that it would matter if she was! Nuh, uh. No. Way.”

“There’s no sense arguing about what’s already been done, Pussleigh.”

“But... Mom loves my name.” Left unsaid was that Paisleigh had always hated it, almost as much as I had. God, the fights we had about that when Nicole was pregnant. But young Hunter had been easily persuaded by blowjobs, not realizing how quickly that well would dry up after the I-do’s.

When she was younger, I’d taken her aside and suggested she could go by Leigh, but Paisleigh hated diminutive shorthands for women’s names just a smidge more than hyper-voweled designer baby names.

“Well, Pussleigh, Mrs. Boyce got to enjoy her name for you for the first eighteen years. I’ll enjoy my name for you until the end of the school year.” I let my head cock slightly to the side so she understood that I was indeed making a threat, so she could contemplate her response in light of the fact. “Unless you decide to be a bad girl, in which case maybe you’ll require another year at Grandview in which I can dote on my sweet little Pussleigh.”

Her arm dropped to her side, then she froze. “You... you can’t do that. I... I’m going to college.”

“Are you? Hard to imagine that if you don’t graduate. Do you really think we bestow diplomas on bad girls who sneak around, ditch their lessons, disrespect administrators?” Most of our students had already completed high school, so the “Preparatory” in GPA could be taken as either preparation for college (in cases like Pussleigh’s, or those girls who’d come here for one of the many scholarships we claimed to provide in our brochures); or preparation for life (like the boys who, we hoped, would have futures full of pleasure and promise and poontang).

“Dad...”

“Think about it, honey. You complained about us ‘brainwashing you,’ but you’re the only one I see scrubbing the wrinkles off of that capable brain of yours.” Capable for a girlbrain, but still, she was my daughter. I didn’t have to be so blunt.

“You can’t.” Her chin quivered. “Daddy, please.”

I waved off her plea. “Like I said, it’s done. Now, I am happy to spend all morning with the two of you, assessing what other areas you’re failing yourselves in and meting out consequences for your insufficiencies.”

“No! Please, god, no!” yipped Mandi-Pandi. My daughter was still frozen in place.

“I’m sure there’s lots of creative ways to reach you girls. No shirts for a month, perhaps.”

“No! Please, sir!”

“Your friend could display what she’s learned from Ms. Cueto’s art class, design a nice big tattoo for your back, like hers.”

“Don’t.” Pussleigh, this time.

“Assign you two a close, personal detention in my office. Finally take advantage of my employee ‘mutual instruction’ benefit. I don’t think it technically constitutes infidelity if I order your mom to join us.”

“Please don’t, Dad.” I’d never heard her voice so small.

“I’m sorry, ‘please don’t...?’”

My daughter’s eyelids slid closed. “Please don’t... sir.”

“And your name is...?”

They squinted tight. Tighter. “Pussleigh. Sir.”

“Good girl, Pussleigh.”

My daughter’s nipples hardened into dagger points before my eyes, and she couldn’t help diving up her skirt for a moment before she remembered where she was. Who she was. At least the little slut had some appreciation for the merits of goodness.

“Now. I have to confess, seeing you and those adorable tits of yours – not yours, dear, I meant Mandi-Pandi’s – has, I admit, put me in a bit of a mood.”

“Sir?”

“Da– Sir! You can’t. Please. Sir.”

I jabbed a finger hard into her chest, right between those pale pillowy tits I’d forged at that frat party back when. My spunk weren’t no junk indeed. “*Don’t* presume to tell me what I can and cannot do, Pussleigh. Do you understand me?”

Her chin sunk, eyes glaring balefully at where my hand lingered between her boobs. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. That said, why is it you think – sorry, *thought* – I couldn’t partake of her charms? Surely you weren’t implying she would deny me. You wouldn’t deny the Chief Disciplinarian a little tenderness, would you girls?”

“No sir,” Mandi-Pandi said meekly. The girl had the grace to fold her arms behind her back.

Pussleigh answered her portion of the question. “Because you’re married? Because Mom would clean your ass out in the divorce? Sir.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. Wouldn’t *that* be some irony? “Very well. In that case, Pussleigh, just so I can make sure you’re sincere in your contrition, I’d like you to instruct Ms. Mandi-Pandi to give me a blowjob.”

“You want me to do *what* now?! I’m not helping you cheat on mom!”

“I’m not cheating on your mother if I happen to be standing somewhere and you happen to be nearby puppeteering your slut friend, and she happens to suck me off at your behest.” I gave her chest one last poke, though more playfully this time. “*You’re* cheating on her.”

Mandi-Pandi looked at Pussleigh pleadingly. I’d created a chain of command, instructing Pussleigh to instruct her. Until Pussleigh did as she was told, there was nothing for her to do. The specter of being sent to ISS still loomed large in her imagination.

I cleared my throat as my daughter pondered. “I don’t have all morning. If you’ve decided to be a bad girl and make her be a bad girl along with you—”

“Pussleigh, please! Please! I... I want to! It’s only a blowjob – just tell me to do it!”

“—then say so, so I can get on with assigning consequences for your infractions.”

“Let me suck your dick, Mr. Boyce! Please, I’ll do it so good, I don’t need her to tell me how, I’ve sucked so much dick here I can do it in my sleep, please, just let me—”

I returned to one of my newly honed methods and stuck a finger between her lips. It shut her up, which was the point, though Mandi-Pandi also took it as an opportunity to show off her cocksucking talents by fellating it with genuine passion. Genuine enthusiasm, anyway, as the passion was rather clearly feigned.

“Yes or no, dear. Though...” Shit. I knew I shouldn’t say this, but... she was my little girl. I added, voice thick with compassion, “Whatever you decide, and whatever I have to do on account of that decision, just know I still love—”

“Suck his dick, stupid,” my daughter said sulkily.

Like that, Mandi-Pandi lunged at my zipper, but I pushed her back with my finger. “That’s a good decision, dear. But... I think you know the spirit of the command. Instruct her, like a good girl would. Because how does a good girl behave?”

“However a boy wants her to,” they both mumbled in eerie tonal symmetry.

“Go on, then.”

Pussleigh glared one last time, so very briefly, then dropped to her knees on the mat next to Mandi-Pandi. A little cloud of dust poofed up beneath her, right up her skirt, then settling back down. Seeing her dusty, unused pussy, and that sulk on her face as my cock strained at my fly, she reminded me of her mother more than ever.

“You have to get into his pants first. He’s probably not going commando, but still, just in case, be careful with the zipper.”

The girl nodded. She undid the belt buckle clumsily, not yet practiced in this particular craft. Then, as instructed, she reached up and oh so gently eased down my zipper. Satisfied to see my briefs underneath, she tackled the button. With that, my pants fell to my ankles.

“Now...” Pussleigh’s breath caught in her throat, but whatever she saw when she closed her eyes, it pushed her on. “Now his underwear.”

Mandi-Pandi brooked no such hesitation. If anything, she seemed impatient to be given more orders. There was a good, good girl down there somewhere after all. Down went my underwear. Out flopped my cock, trying its best to stick out horizontal but not quite there yet.

(I'd jerked off on Nicole this morning while she was still sleeping fitfully on the couch, her ass sticking out from under her sheet enticingly. As a small bonus, it saved me a trip to fill up a cup of cold water when it came time to splash her awake. She'd glared at me, but she hadn't complained. Maybe she was well enough trained to take it as the compliment it was.)

"Holy *shit*, Mr. Boyce...!" Mandi-Pandi looked genuinely impressed. Maybe she was. There was a reason Nicole had been so into me once upon a time, too. It had been a long, long time since I'd shown it to anyone but her, and the reaction was quite validating of old vanity. "Your dad is freaking hung, Puss-Puss!"

Questing fingers grazed up and down my shaft as she cocked her head side to side, studying it from various angles. "Don't call me Puss-Puss," Pussleigh snapped. A bit immature of her, I thought. Was one really any less degrading than the other? "And I didn't tell you to touch it yet, did I?"

Those fingers darted back. "No. Sorry. Sorry, sir. I'm sorry."

"Now square up. Get in a position you can hold for a while comfortably. You don't know what kind of stamina he has, so you want to be braced for the long haul."

I nodded. I had no idea what to expect from me, either. It was just nice to know my daughter had been paying *some* attention to the morning announcements after all. Mandi-Pandi wriggled a little closer, looking up at me with my cock splitting her pretty face in my field of vision, as it would soon split her pretty mouth.

"So you don't want to just pounce on it," Pussleigh explained. I was so proud of how authoritative she sounded. Reluctant, sure, but only because it was her dad's dick she was vicariously servicing, not because she didn't have a sense of how a GPA administrator's dick ought to be treated. "Just let the tip between your lips for a second. Like one breath, don't put pressure, just... a taste. See how it feels between your lips."

Mandi-Pandi's smile widened as she performed. God, I'd forgotten how good a pair of warm lips felt on my cock, even just the brief brush my daughter's command permitted me. The lips withdrew, though her lipstick gave the briefest moment where I stuck to her.

"Tell him you liked it." Pussleigh glanced up at me, suppressing her rage and disgust, like bad girls learning to be good girls did. "Whether you did or not."

"I, um, really like your cock, Mr. Boyce," the girl said shyly. "You taste, like, really good."

“Ask him if you can taste him again.” Another one of those shame-glances. “Try to sound really slutty about it, like you can’t wait to get more of his nasty dick-sweat in you.”

My stern look was enough that Pussleigh looked down at her lap nervously. “And say please. Boys like it when you beg. Good girls like to beg for cock.” That was more like it.

“Can I please taste you again, sir? Please? I’m so thirsty for you. Don’t, you know, tell anybody, but I’ve been thinking about how much I want to suck a man’s dick – not just a boy’s dick, but a man’s dick, like yours – for so long.” She shuddered in what looked like genuine pleasure. “Sometimes it feels like it’s all I think about.”

It was good theater, I had to admit. Nicole would certainly be proud, if indeed they’d learned any of it from her class. Still, “No no, Pussleigh. Remember, *you’re* the one in the driver’s seat today. If you want her to beg, tell her to beg *you*.”

“I don’t want her to do any of this!” she snapped.

I shrugged. “All right then. That’s all you had to say. I’ll just...” I shuffled back and reached down to pull up my clothes.

Mandi-Pandi absolutely panicked. It hadn’t been a command to her, but she took my words that way anyway. “No! Please, Pussleigh. Please let me suck his cock. I want to be a good girl. A good little cocksucker girl. Please tell me how to suck him. Please. I can’t go to ISS. I’ll break! I know I will. You have to use me to suck your dad’s cock. Please! I’ll do anything! Just tell me how to suck his cock!”

“I can’t,” murmured my daughter guiltily. “I’m sorry.”

“Please! Don’t think of it as your dad. Like... here,” she said, dragging Pussleigh on her knees until she was eye to hole with my cock. My daughter was so close to it she was going cross-eyed looking at it. “Don’t look up. It’s just a cock, OK? It could be anybody’s. Think of it like he’s just another teacher. You could help me suck off a teacher, right? Just think of it like that.”

“I... I can’t...”

“Please. I need this. I need this so bad. Please. Please.” I didn’t know if she was begging me again, or Pussleigh.

My daughter’s inner battle went no better than her classmate’s. “Fine,” Pussleigh said in a weak, tiny voice.

Mandi-Pandi threw her lips against my daughter’s. Then likewise with her tongue. Her eyes, however, were entirely on me, monitoring to make sure I didn’t object to her sexually assaulting my very straight daughter. And/or to make sure I enjoyed the show.

“Oh thank you!” she babbled between aggressive, noisy slurps. “Oh thank you sir, thank you thank you thank you sir!”

Pussleigh finally put her back in place. I'd never gotten my pants back past my knees, so I was still ready. "All right. Now... kiss it. Kiss it like you kissed me."

"Mmm, gladly, sir," purred Mandi-Pandi, immediately raining wet, tongue-y kisses up and down the length of me.

My daughter watched patiently. Taking her friend's advice, she made the display her entire view, not looking up at all. From her perspective, the dick glistening in her face could be anyone's. Pussleigh was so close now that I could feel her breath cool the moisture on my shaft. Once I was good and hard, she went on.

"OK, more tongue now, less lip. You're a cock licker now. Don't suck yet – you can suck while you kiss, but don't let him in your mouth. Lick. That's it. Good girl."

Mandi-Pandi's lips suddenly froze, a warm wet mannequin posed in the middle of making out with my cock, basking in the undue praise. "Ahem. I'll decide who's a good girl, and who's..." I looked pointedly at Pussleigh. She didn't return the gaze, but she knew where my words were directed at the top of her head anyway. "Not."

"I want to be a good girl. Make me a good girl, Pussleigh. Please, sir. Please make me your good girl. Please. Thank you, sir. God, let me suck it, please..."

She was made to wait for a few more minutes of idle tongue worship before Pussleigh decided we were ready for more. "All right. Now when I tell you to, you're going to take him into your slut mouth. When you do, you take him all the way in, as far as he'll fit, on the first go. A boy..." She shook her head. "A *man* should be able to feel how badly you've wanted him. Don't be afraid if it blocks your windpipe. You have to show him you want his cum more than air."

From the way Mandi-Pandi lodged my cock down her throat, I had no doubt she did. Or at least she wanted to stay out of ISS more than she wanted to keep wallowing in the vestiges of her scant remaining dignity. She didn't let up until Pussleigh pinched her nipple, which must be some girl code I didn't know about. Mandi-Pandi fell back, but barely, like she still wanted to breathe my cock while gasping for breath.

Pussleigh stroked Mandi-Pandi's hair back out of her face, then deftly wrapping it in a hair tie I hadn't even noticed resting around her wrist. "Now... suck his dick, slut."

That was all the more specific instruction the twerk team co-captain needed. She took me back into her mouth with a rapturous moan that was so hot I didn't care if it was pure bullshit. The girl bobbed, and licked, and sucked, and drooled, and overdid all of it in the most spectacular way.

Pussleigh was studying her closely, almost unblinking. After she instructed her puppet to jack off my base with one hand while she bobbed on my tip, she scooted forward slightly. I didn't have the heart to point out to the newly intrigued girl that her breasts were brushing my leg.

After all, she was... invested.

“Put his hands in your hair. He has to feel like he can fuck your face like it’s another pussy.”

“Don’t neglect my dad’s balls. Lick those things like they’re your favorite flavor of slut.”

“Eye contact, Mandi-Pandi. Don’t look at the man’s dick, look at the dick’s man.”

“Don’t play with yourself unless you can do it without detracting. Ugh, fine, I’ll help get your shorts off. Now you suck, and I’ll finger.”

I steeled myself as best I could, but there was only so long I could hold out under this relentless, whorish attack. I was getting close.

“He’s getting close,” Pussleigh noticed aptly, though I’m sure quite unnecessarily. Mandi-Pandi had been dutifully edging me for some minutes by that point. “Now you can either ask my dad where he wants to come, or you can decide for him. But if you decide, you have to make it somewhere really slutty. Good girls love cum, everywhere.”

“Good girls love cum,” grunted Mandi-Pandi in agreement around a menacingly red testicle. “Do you want to come on our big tits, sir?”

For the first time in a long while, Pussleigh looked up at me in shock. “*Our* tits...?!”

It was impressive, the coordination of it. One arm around Pussleigh, rooting her in front of me, side by side, tits by tits; one arm working the hand pumping my cock with a desperate need for what was already rushing for the exit; lips locking on my daughter’s, dick-breath and all; but her eyes...

Her eyes never ever left mine. They were so big that they made a window right into her mind. *Please, sir*, they begged.

“Good girls,” I grunted as she coaxed out what felt like a bathtub of cum onto the four waiting, heaving, sweating, glistening tits. Mandi-Pandi dropped like a rock, diving three fingers deep into her cunt as she slathered my jizz all over her tits, her stomach, then raising a cummy hand up and smearing it all over her pretty face. As for Pussleigh, she managed to be almost as dramatic without moving from where I was still spurting at the general area of her chin and neck. She threw her head back and wailed out an orgasm somehow even louder than the component of it that I couldn’t mistake as anything but a cry of despair.

It was hard, I knew, accepting instruction that tore you from your comfort zone. I was so, so proud of her for committing anyway.

I waited for Mandi-Pandi’s delirious mutterings to die out (“oh thank you sir, thank you thank you, I’m a good girl, thank you, thank you sir, thank you for your cum, sir, thank you for coming on your good girls sir, thank you sir, so proud to be a good girl, sir”) before I pulled up my pants and got back to work.

“Now. Both of you hustle on down to ISS.”

That shut her up. “But... sir! Please!”

“Just for the morning. You’ve already missed half of morning announcements by now I bet, so just go in, listen to them twice, and then get back to class.”

My daughter stared up at me, my cum dripping from her chin down onto her big soft tits. She looked betrayed, which hurt more than I cared to admit. My only solace was that, after that intense lesson I’d just given her, the bad girl retreating behind her eyes looked... defeated. For now, at least.

In fear, and shame, and confusion, and arousal, the girls hurried out of the little closet and off to the ISS room. They both forgot their clothing, but no matter. Good girls didn’t need clothes to cover them. Just discipline.

And don’t worry. I remembered to pick up Mandi-Pandi’s top right as I heard Miss Stella coming down the stairs, broom and dustpan in hand, her tits trying to bobble out of the wide open zipper on her coveralls with each step.

“Wouldn’t you want to trip on these,” I said, holding out the torn-up pieces of slut shirt.

She smiled, then crouched down and gave my crotch a lick. “I think those kids left a little something on your trousers, Mr. B.”

“Oh! Thanks – good catch.”

“Somebody’s gotta pick up after these kids, right? I got your back.”

The zipper of her coveralls dropped easily, all the way down to where her panties would be if she were the sort to wear any. I tucked the trash into the opening. “Thanks, Miss Stella. You’re a good girl.”

I’d left my had down her coveralls on purpose, and I felt her come all over my fingers with a little thrill of professional pride. A stressful morning, but I still loved my job.

I explained to Mr. Van Patten what had happened, sparing no details. I felt I’d been firm but fair with my daughter, but if any nepotistic sentiment had diluted my disciplinary intervention, I wanted him to be able to help train me out of it. More than that, I wanted him to help me educate my daughter so we didn’t have to do anything like this again.

The next time I wanted Pussleigh to orchestrate a sex act on me, I wanted her to want it as much as I did.

“It sounds like you handled it better than I could have hoped,” he said. “I’m proud of you, Hunter. I think it’s time to start training you on classroom intervention.”

“I can’t wait, sir.” And not only because it meant more training. I love being trained! Even aside from how very much I loved training, though, finally, after weeks of walking by Nicole’s room hoping to catch her in the act, I’d be able to go right in and...

Do whatever Mr. Van Patten decided to train me to do. I always did what I was trained to do. My training is so important to me. I hoped it left room to punish my cheating sneaking lying whore of a wife. But much more important was supporting Mr. Van Patten.

More important than my daughter, I admitted privately. Though I promised myself I'd never tell her that.

The morning's intervention made for a long car ride home. Nicole opened with her usual "how was school, Paisleigh?"

Usually it got a grunt, maybe a few syllables, often nothing at all as our daughter pretended she couldn't hear us. Today she answered, "My name is Pussleigh."

"Your name is... what? What are you talking about?"

"Dad changed it while he was making me make this girl in my first period suck his dick."

"He... what?"

"Right before he sent us to ISS." She shifted in her seat, shuddering at whatever memory the intense instruction had left her. In pleasure, I hoped, but I'd settle for dread if that was what she needed to motivate her. "Go on, tell her, Dad."

I looked back at her in the rear view mirror. "I don't like your tone, dear."

She wilted. "Sorry, sir."

"And I don't like to hear you complaining about your schoolwork, either. Especially when you made me hunt you down to give it to you."

She shrank further into the seat. "Sorry, sir. It won't happen again sir. I'll be a good girl, sir."

I nodded, pleased but trying not to show it lest I send a mixed message. I then directed my attention to Nicole. "She was ditching class with another student, that twerking troublemaker Mandi-Pandi. The girl with the—"

"That tattoo with the panda stripper, I know. But she said something about... a blowjob? You made a student give you a blowjob?!"

"No I didn't. I simply noted I would like one, and from there, it was all our daughter's decision to procure one for me. Wasn't it, Pussleigh?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, Mom. I wanted to be a good girl," she mumbled sheepishly.

Nicole fumed – or at least I thought that was what she was doing, staring out the window with her back to me – for several blocks before responding. "So she was there, while you...?"

"It's OK, Mom. I didn't suck it myself. Mandi-Pandi did everything, just like I told her. And we did a really good job, too. Like, Dad came on my tits, but only because that stupid slut made him. It was OK. He was only trying to teach me. Thank you, sir." She didn't sound like she meant it, but that she was at least learning how to properly express

herself was such a breath of fresh air. Maybe I should send her back to ISS again tomorrow. Maybe for all of November. I could have the goodest girl in the whole school.

Nicole's jaw set. "Do you really think it's appropriate to do things like that with your own daughter, Hunter?"

I didn't make eye contact – couldn't, had to be careful through a construction zone – but my tone did the work. "Do you really think it's appropriate to question your supervisor's teaching methods?"

She went white. "No, dear."

A malicious snicker bubbled from Pussleigh in the backseat. "Maybe Mom needs some ISS, too, Dad."

Maybe she did.