

# Perfect GPA

## Part Three

*“He’s training men! Hallelujah, he’s training men! Amen!”* I drummed vigorously on the steering wheel, barking out my improvised lyrics over the song on the radio.

Pussleigh rolled her eyes with a girlish giggle in the passenger seat and swatted me on the arm. “Oh. Mahgawd. Dad, you are such a freaking dork!”

I just went right on singing my improvised parody tune over her, and she just went right on laughing and half-heartedly begging her old man to stop. I couldn’t help it. After more than a month of intensive training on faculty interactions, today was the day. Today, I started putting that training to use. I was beside myself. No more would I be just the guy who chewed out students for cutting in line in the cafeteria or “forgetting” to re-insert their anal beads after going to the bathroom.

Starting today, I brought justice, order and discipline into the classroom itself.

I could hardly wait. Sure, I could hardly wait to get to work most days. Honestly, I sort of hated that I ever had to go home. Home, where my mopey, surly, probably unfaithful wife hid herself away whenever possible, where my daughter was a daughter and not a student. It blurred lines, made basic interactions confusing. It frustrated me to no end having mere paternal power over half the day, when I spent the other half as her Chief Disciplinarian.

Especially considering how well she’d finally responded to it. Looking back on my daughter’s journey thus far at Grandview, I had to admit there had been a rough adjustment period. I’d gone into it with a plan, though, and that plan was for all of GPA, not just one bad girl.

Two straight weeks of ISS, the entire school day, every day, plus an additional hour or two after school as a detention. Not that I’d assigned it that way on day one. *“Bye honey, see you in half a month, hopefully you’ll still recognize your mom and me.”* If I’d just dumped all that in her lap at the onset, I knew there were decent odds she’d simply kill herself, and where would that leave everyone? It would break my heart, Nicole’s heart, and really disappoint some of the GPA boys who’d taken a shining to her.

So every morning, I’d waited until we got to school and tell her that yes, she was going back, again. Yes, all day. No, I wasn’t kidding. Yes, I understood what happened down there (practically, if not technically). No, I wouldn’t accept another second-degree blowjob to let her out of it. No, I wouldn’t accept a first-degree blowjob to let her out of it. Nicole took to hurrying away from us as soon as we parked the car so she didn’t have to see the weeping, shrieking, pleading mess our daughter became. Her histrionics played out in full view of Mr. Van Patten and everybody.

The dividends, though, were striking. Only a couple days in Pussleigh learned to beg with a respectful “sir,” giving up on trying to appeal to my fatherly weaknesses. (“Please, sir, I’m your daughter, sir, they’re turning me into a whore, sir, don’t make me go, please sir!” A significant improvement.)

Day five, she didn’t even beg. I told her she was going back to ISS, and she simply nodded, started bawling, and shuffled down to the dungeon for more lessons. As a reward, I allowed her to join her peers for lunch. She was almost in line before Ron Lauter – one of my personal favorites, son of a vice president of a major regional bank and grandson of its president! – took her by the wrist and led her to his table, setting a completely unresisting Pussleigh down in his lap and making out with her all lunch period long. Watching him fondle my daughter’s big tits made my heart swell with pride. No way she would have endured it pre-ISS, much less reciprocated so dutifully.

(Then again, on the drive home that evening, she’d mumbled a bitter complaint that she hadn’t gotten to eat anything all day and that her nipples hurt from how he’d been handling her, so... yep, nobody to blame for day 6 but her own foot-dragging.)

Day 8, she’d literally skipped into my office at the end of the day, grinning ear to ear, telling me how grateful she was for the training, how much she was learning, how much she wanted to learn more, how much she missed morning announcements, how important morning announcements were, what a great man our headmaster was, what a good girl she hoped to prove she could be, how she almost hoped for another day of ISS to help make her weaker, sluttier, more pliable, a better toy for boys. A good girl.

She probably hadn’t been bullshitting me, but when she sauntered back in after two more full 10-hour days of relentless education, naked as the day we met, and dropped to her knees at the foot of my desk, and said not a word, I knew it was real. She knelt there for hours (I was putting in some OT, like usual) without my having to make a sound as I submitted to my own training. When I paused to rub sore shoulders, unasked, my Pussleigh sauntered up behind me and rubbed them while I continued to study.

“I love you, sir,” she said, kneading my shoulders, rubbing her bare boobs into the back of my head.

“Good girl,” I muttered distractedly, trying to focus. Her touch receded – the little slut was probably coming her brains out – but she was back at it as soon as her body would permit. Every so often she’d thank me, or apologize, or just kiss my hair and breathe against my skin like it was her greatest honor in life to be permitted.

Pussleigh was a whole new girl after that. She never stopped smiling at school, whether she was happy or miserable. I got emails from her teachers, unsolicited, raving about what an absolute pleasure she was to have back in class – a model student, a real good girl’s good girl. With her friend Leanne, she co-founded the Grandview Preparatory Academy Philanthropy Association – the GPAPAs – to bestow affection to

boys who didn't receive or take enough for themselves. Watching her drag shy young acne-prone shrimpy Walter – a hero still in the budding, growing into a man like his father, the police chief – into the men's room so she could fuck him where his peers could hear it done... I'd never been prouder of her.

The ripple effect it had on the student body, though... that was the real payoff. I made sure everyone in the building knew exactly what Pussleigh had done; what I, her father and their Chief Disciplinarian, had done to her on account of it; and what that had made her go on to do from there.

It was what the kids called, "Fuck around and find out." To class it up, the term I devised for it in the morning announcements was "the Pussleigh Protocol."

I would never have subjected my own daughter to more than a hundred hours of Mr. Van Patten's special education in ISS just for her own sake. For one, it was preposterously over the top, both in terms of the discipline her infractions warranted and what the human brain was meant to endure. (I'd not find out for weeks yet, but it hit Pussleigh hard enough that she forgot how to read anything not embedded in GPA instruction. Well, we could hire a tutor or something if she needed it.)

For everyone not named explicitly in the new protocol, however, the word was out that the Chief Disciplinarian had banished his own kid to ISS for *weeks* for nothing more than ditching morning announcements – an offense every girl in school had committed more than once.

If I were that severe with Pussleigh, what might I do to them?

Almost overnight, girls started behaving gooder. Even a good portion of the truly incorrigible ones, the baddest girls, started at least staying in their homerooms for announcements, even if reports indicated they resisted instruction. Mackenzie McIntyre – that's right, the she devil who'd gone so far as to slap a boy, provoked by nothing more than his pulling out of a classmate's mouth to come on her face – actually shuffled into my office one afternoon, planted an apple on my desk, and apologized for having hurt my hand when I'd had no choice but to spank the holy hell out of her. That's how chastised she was by the mere thought that she could be subjected to the Pussleigh Protocol.

Watching her return to regular instruction, I have to say once more, I'd simply never been prouder of Pussleigh. My daughter was suddenly *popular*. She'd always been sought after – you couldn't have Nicole's ass and, um, I guess my mother's tits...? (yikes!) and not be sought after. But now she wasn't a brooding, gloomy stick-in-the-mud. Boys quickly learned that Pussleigh Boyce was one of the goodest girls at GPA. Slap her ass and she'd giggle and cock it out for another hit. Compliment her tits and she'd flash them – if she even had a shirt on in the first place. Everywhere I patrolled, boys would come up and tell me about how hard she made them come doing this or that. Whenever our paths crossed, she'd skip over and kiss me on the cheek and

chat with me about my day until a boy barked out her name and she had to go get back to her schoolwork.

Was she actually so enamored of her old man, or simply driven by the imperative to ingratiate herself to every boy and man in school? I didn't know, and, since she was so happy all the time (or so well-educated in how to pretend she was), I didn't care.

In fact, only a few days ago, a group of boys had decided they liked the new Pussleigh so much better than the shitty, lousy, bitchy, angry, stupid bad girl "Paisleigh" (god, how had I ever let my wife get away with that), that she was due a reward. Unprompted, with the oversight of Mr. Coswell, they'd planned a surprise field trip for her.

A "re-beautification day," they called it. Those boys couldn't have called what they did to Pussleigh anything more accurate than that.

They took her tanning. Then a teeth whitening. From there, off to the salon for a mani-pedi and to paint all her nails slut red. She'd already spent weeks chemically purging the black dye from her hair like she had the black from her wardrobe, and it had been pleasant to see her natural brownish blonde re-emerge. That day, when I met her at the car to take her home, it was so white it literally hurt my eyes to look at it in the sunlight. She was smiling ear to ear as she showed off what a "tasty little fuckslut" (I know, *language!*, but she wasn't wrong) the boys had turned her into.

She was so excited about her big makeover – the tan even more than the hair, surprisingly – that I gave her some money to book some regular appointments to get darker. My good girl was so keen on admiring herself that she stopped wearing clothes around the house altogether. Nicole complained, but Pussleigh said it was good practice for school. She made a good point. I pulled rank and side with her, even though it meant we had to keep the thermostat cranked up to keep Pussleigh warm enough during the cold months. A small price to pay for self-actualization, though.

Nicole just took to hiding in the guest room all night. She hadn't ever returned to our bed after being banished to the sofa anyway, so who cared. God, I couldn't wait to divorce that neglectful, lying, cheater.

Not that I knew for sure she'd been cheating. Not that I would know any time soon. I'd been cleared to begin classroom discipline – but only in the classrooms of our male faculty members. So if Nicole was in there letting the whole PTA run a train on her (wouldn't surprise me, the slut), I still wouldn't have any way of finding out.

I could ask her, I guess. That would be way too close for comfort to interfere with female classroom proceeding for my comfort, though.

So Pussleigh and I sang and laughed our whole drive in while Nicole did whatever she did in the backseat. We got to school and I wished them a good and fruitful day of instruction. Nicole grunted something vaguely reciprocal. Pussleigh hugged me as tightly as she could and licked all the way up from the collar of my shirt to my ear, which

she gave a daughterly suck before I finally goosed her and she laughed hard enough I could get free. (I'd told her that the licking thing she'd started recently was a bit flirtatious, but to be fair, I hadn't dropped the hammer by calling it *too* flirtatious, so she persisted in having her fun being a good girl for her Chief Disciplinarian.)

I gazed long at the entry of my beloved GPA, and headed inside. Time to get to work.

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I guess I didn't know what to expect when I stepped into Mr. Whipple's classroom. One thing I definitely hadn't expected, however, was anarchy.

I have to say, the situation was grimmer than anticipated. Monitoring the surveillance feeds these past weeks, I'd felt proud that the Pussleigh Protocol seemed to be doing its job. Truancy was way down, as was absenteeism and general brattiness. Male student satisfaction was on the rise.

In that light, it was hard to make sense of what I was seeing. Here we were, coming up on winter break. Mr. Van Patten and I had been training me relentlessly. I knew the class roster of every teacher's every class in every period by heart. Seating charts, too. I'd memorized the learning styles of every boy at GPA – kinesthetic, auditory, redhead – and who they liked to sit with and who to sit on them at lunch. I'd done my work.

Mr. Whipple, it seemed, had... a different approach.

He didn't notice me entering. He was completely focused on the morning announcements, staring fixedly at his computer. Dead to the world. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for teachers who take their on-going education seriously. Hell, I insist on it. But his class, it was...

Erik Baumgartner was drawing penises on the dry erase board. Next to him, his twin brother and co-heir to the Baumgartner fortune, Kyle was drawing penises on Laurie, naked and holding stock still so as not to disrupt his art.

Christian was bouncing a tennis ball off of the backside of his classmate Dana. It looked like it was going about as well as one might expect against such a supple surface, though I granted that Dana was being a good girl about fetching the ball for him every time it bounced off. As easy as she made picking it up in her teeth look, I'd bet she had some practice.

Lainie was awkwardly splayed out on Eugene's desk. The boy was jamming a #2 pencil in and out of her butt. After some inspection, I realized Lainie was evidently clenching a pencil sharpener between her butt cheeks, and Eugene was testing her grip strength by putting it to use.

Virginia, one of GPA's better good girls, was in the midst of proving herself utterly unworthy of her namesake, waving to me happily as she dutifully fucked Andrew. And Alex. And Mark. And jacked off Jack "Jack-Jack" Jackson, which made me question my assumptions about the origins of his nickname.

Yes, some members of the class were staring vacantly at the morning announcements flickering and pulsating on the big screen at the front of the room. Even amongst those, however, I saw girls sneakily "watching" with sunglasses on; girls with their faces pointed the right direction but their eyes closed; boys watching but jerking themselves off so hard they couldn't possibly be absorbing the instruction with anywhere near a hundred percent intensity. (And my god, these slovenly brats sat there neglecting those aching cocks as if they had no obligation to their peers!)

I was floored. Without saying a word, I backed out of the room and headed next door to Mr. Mathers' class in the science room. More of the same. No fewer than three of the tables were occupied by students administering nude oil massages (two boys receiving, one boy delivering to a whimpering, blushing Mary Ann, red right down to her perky little butt). Clare was busy fucking herself with a test tube, trembling in what might be pleasure but I deemed more likely anxiety that it would break and ruin her cunt for her peers, and maybe seriously injure her to boot. Shy Douglas gave me a little morale boost when I saw him aggressively titty-fucking a girl whose face was obscured from my angle, but from the little mole I could make out on her under-boob I was reasonably sure was Jasmine.

And so on. Room after room, students who were split 50/50 at best between paying even token attention to their morning announcements and experimenting with what they were learning.

Soon I retreated to my office to ponder. This was deeply troubling. I'd had a couple semesters over the years where huge numbers of my students persisted in failing no matter what I did. This felt like that, but worse. I hadn't had spectacular young men like these at Riverfork, nor their spectacular young toys. This failure felt monumentally more personal.

Mr. Van Patten had on several occasions taken precious time out of his schedule to meet with me about my concerns about disregard for morning announcements. It wounded me that a man as brilliant and talented and powerful and important and wise and handsome and hung as Mr. Van Patten had prepared this material for them, yet our students had been so ungrateful for what they'd been given.

Didn't they *want* to be good girls?

"Relax," he'd told me. Only I thought I *was* relaxed. Disciplining students and staff didn't stress me out in the least. I loved it. I'd been trained to love it. I'd been trained to love to be trained. Still, Mr. Van Patten reminded me that we'd all been young and insubordinate once. That had not been my experience, I'd said, but he insisted that

having everything handed to you wasn't always the best course. That it built character for the boys to have to work for what they got from these bad girls. That sometimes the chase was fun.

It made no sense to me when he said it, and it made no sense to me now. The failure to understand him was mine, clearly. From where I was sitting, it was as if our curriculum – our incredible, paradigm-shifting curriculum – was defeating itself. We found ourselves in the unique and undyingly enviable position of being able to force our students to learn whatever wanted to teach them. Pussleigh was proof positive of that. Only we weren't. The girls were only learning that they could find ways around it, learning at a snail's pace. (I'd seen actual *pubic stubble* on Petra! Like she hadn't bothered to groom her pussy in *days!* Hair or bare, either was fine, but pick a lane and stick to it! I'd have her in ISS by lunch.) Worse yet, worse by far, we were teaching the boys that they had nothing to learn from us. That so long as the girls learned their lessons well enough, they could all coast by on the achievements of their classmates.

These boys were going to have one hell of a sore awakening when they got out there in the real world and tried to foist off their responsibilities of leadership and management of their place in the aristocracy on dimwitted sluts like my daughter, boy howdy. I'd sent her to the grocery store with \$20 the other day when we ran out of eggs. When she came home, I'd asked for change, and she'd said that they hadn't given her any, but she was pretty sure the cashier liked her titties. She'd forgotten the eggs, too.

(We had a talk about acting like such a stupid slut outside of school. I'm not a hundred percent sure she understood, but I love her anyway.)

I was still pondering it when I ordered Nicole to drive us home. I had something of a headache, and Pussleigh was still struggling with her attention span since her term in the dungeon. She was sweet enough to sit behind me, remove the headrest and rub my shoulders, leaning up to kiss on me when we hit a red light.

"How was your day, sweetie." Nicole's query didn't even sound like a query. It wasn't. It was just the thing she'd always said to her daughter on the drive home.

Pussleigh made a show of ignoring it. She hated that obligatory question. She hadn't always hated it, but we'd been talking over dinner the other night. (Alone, I should note; Nicole seldom joined us for dinner any more.) I'd made a stray observation that her mother must not care very much how her day was if she hadn't ever once bothered trying to steer Pussleigh's education back on course. My comment had struck something in Pussleigh. She'd been raw teenage attitude toward her mother in every interaction I'd had with her since.

"Answer your mother when she asks you a question, Pussleigh," I said reflexively. An old reflex, from back when I still felt obligated to hold this family together.

"Why should I have to answer her questions when she won't even use my real name?" Pussleigh grumbled coldly.

“I’ve always called you sweetie. When did that start to bother you?”

“You used to call me by name, too, but now you never do, like you’re mad about it or something just because Dad and I finally fixed it.”

Nicole sighed and let it drop. Just to be a brat, though, Pussleigh hugged me around the neck and whispered softly in my ear (the one on Nicole’s side, to make sure her mother heard), “How was *your* day, sir? You feel so tense.”

“It wasn’t my best,” I answered vaguely.

“Oh no? You were so excited this morning. I kept hoping you’d stop by my homeroom but you never did. I was being such a good girl, watching every bit of the morning announcements like you taught me, trying not to ever blink or let my mind wander except where it wants me to.”

“I know you were. What else would you be but my good girl?”

Pussleigh’s arm’s tightened around me, her body shook, her sigh of rapture trickling right into my ear. Such a hair trigger on that slut of ours. She collapsed back down onto the edge of the back seat with a giggle and resumed rubbing my shoulders.

“So what went wrong? Were a lot of girls being bad?”

“No, it wasn’t the girls. Well, some of it, but you know how some of these little sluts can be – you, better than most.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

And yes, I know she didn’t need to be using formalities like “sir” outside of school, but we both agreed it helped transport us from our dreary home to happier places. I let it slide.

“No, it’s just...” It wasn’t appropriate to criticize a teacher (especially a male teacher) in front of a student (especially a girl student). My poor daughter’s head was muddled enough by how much catch-up she’d had to do in ISS without making her question the supreme authority of the men of GPA’s faculty. I pondered how best to say it. “You know how important the morning announcements are, of course.”

“Of course!” squeaked Pussleigh enthusiastically.

“Of course,” mumbled Nicole sullenly.

“Well, the faculty is doing great, but the students...” I shook my head. “There are a lot of distractions. I think I’m trying to figure out how to make sure everybody’s getting what they need, but every way I come at it, there’s someone left out.”

“Why not send everyone to ISS, sir? It worked on me. Oh man, so many good girls! That would be so hot for the boys...”

“If nobody’s going to make the boys pay attention, and you force the teachers to watch it, what else do you expect?” interjected Nicole, surprisingly. “The faculty’s already doing their best in this, let’s be generous and call it ‘non-traditional’ curriculum. Now you want them to deliver hours of administrative instruction, *while* minding a dozen or more young people, some of whom are boys with free reign to molest the girls,



and some who are girls surrounded by boys with free reign to molest them. We may not be unionized like you were when you taught at Riverfork, but you can't give your employees no incentive to do a difficult task and expect them to work miracles for you, Hunter. I don't think there's enough stern looks in the universe to get students to pay attention to a drab video in an environment like yeeEEEEAP!"

I think Pussleigh meant to slam her mother's face into the steering wheel. I managed to pry her talons out of Nicole's hair before we found out. Even so, the car veered out of our lane and – thank goodness – into the right curb, where we stopped before we hit anything more severe. If it had happened on the highway or near a tree, we might have been killed.

I rebuked both of them, starting with the lesser offender, and then moving on to Nicole and her vicious slander of morning announcements. Pussleigh apologized, though she plainly didn't mean it; I was nervous enough she might try it again that I had us play some musical chairs, banishing Nicole to the safety of the back seat, me driving, and Pussleigh at my side. (She pleaded for me to stuff her mother in the trunk for what she'd said, but this wasn't school. Plus, stuffing someone in the trunk in the middle of a subdivision wasn't exactly inconspicuous.)

What Nicole said got me thinking, though. Was that the problem – motivation? Ideally, teachers would be able to both watch the morning announcements *and* monitor students doing the same. She was right, though. They were obeying the letter of the law, and trying to do both at the same time would be difficult. I wasn't so far removed from the teacher trenches that I didn't empathize. My struggle had been trying to teach to the test without losing sight of the Riverfork curriculum, but maybe theirs was trying to balance giving undivided attention to the morning announcements while making sure students did the same.

Much as I wanted to sit in judgment, the fact was, it *wasn't* easy. I struggled at times to balance my six hours a day of training with my contributions to curricular development and aggressive patrolling. The anarchy I'd seen that first day seemed to be restricted to morning announcements. During what the students termed "real" classes (with male teachers), we removed the girls from the room so they could actually learn. Then, during electives (with the female faculty), boys could be boys again and inculcate an enthusiasm for learning that was the hallmark of Mr. Van Patten's system. (Or so I was told. I wasn't yet ready to administer discipline in those classrooms.) In both cases, I was receiving nothing but positive reports. Students were learning and engaged during regular instruction.

Which was to say, those teachers were doing a good job. It was a hard profession and a hard curriculum to administer. It was just those first hours of intensive announcements.

Mr. Van Patten remained convinced the status quo was acceptable. Although I did note that he didn't say it was ideal, much less perfect, like everything else he'd done at GPA. That meant I could keep working on the problem, didn't it? He patted me on the head and told me I was a good administrator – the greatest professional achievement of my life, bar none – and said if I wanted to try to improve on it, feel free so long as it didn't disrupt my duties. I fell to my knees and thanked him, swearing I'd not rest until I found a solution. He said he didn't care, and I laughed right along with him. Classic Mr. Van Patten, reminding me when I needed to tone it down a notch.

The laughter didn't last long. As the days passed, each shorter than the one before, I was increasingly maddened to find that there didn't seem to be a solution. Nicole started driving to school separately again so I could work long into the evening, Pussleigh contentedly curled up on my office couch texting her friends, re-watching the morning announcements, or masturbating. Or all three at once. Every so often, usually after a nice big climax, she'd ask me how I was doing and tell me she loved me and she was proud of me and offer to help me relax. Knowing "relax" was code for squandering an hour helping her practice with homework on skills she'd already mastered, I insisted she try to have a little fun and that I was doing fine.

The truth was, I was not doing fine. The problem was so simple, and yet so intractable. Teachers couldn't give all of their attention to two things at once, and students couldn't learn undistractedly while surrounded by distractions. Mr. Van Patten had been quite clear that I had no budget, was not to separate our girls from our boys, and while it hadn't needed saying, that I was not to attempt to discipline the faculty into anything.

Maybe Nicole was right – not in the defeatist way she thought she was, but that motivation was at the core of it. So how did one motivate them when one didn't even have so much as an implied threat or a gift certificate to throw at it? Somehow, I didn't think a faculty pizza party was going to cut it on this one.

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The answer came to me during the last weekend before winter break. I was already in a bad mood. Mr. Van Patten had met with me earlier that Friday afternoon in response to my volunteering to host and vet prospective new students. I'd thought it was sort of a nothing of an offer on my part. The whole process was simplicity itself. Pick up the young woman at the bus or train station or airport, feed her, house her, plunk her down in front of some promotional materials, and that would pretty much fill the weekend.

The headmaster, however, had said that I was "a bit too well-trained" for such a thing. The phrase made no sense to me, but he'd just laughed and said that the Boyce

household might be a bit much for the uninitiated, and sent me home with no further clarification. It wounded my pride – which I applauded on his part, real power move, kill me with kindness – but it had damaged my ever fragile sense of domestic tranquility.

Obviously the problem wasn't myself or Pussleigh, which only left one potential culprit. My daughter was livid to not be of maximum utility to the GPA, and spent the entire forty-minute commute home berating her mother. I didn't have it in my heart to stop her. For once, I didn't even have the will to rebuke her for her language, or to ponder whether or not to make anything of the hundred and one times Pussleigh called her mother a slut, a whore, a cum junkie milf twat she hoped choked to death on a firehose of syphilitic spunk. I was too tired from being Mr. Boyce all week long to be a good dad for the weekend.

Luckily, my dad obligations were diminished as Pussleigh had invited a friend from school to stay the night Saturday and Sunday. Good old Leanne Benedek, a faculty favorite and in my own opinion one of the goodest girls at GPA. I'd spoken with her parents to make sure everything was OK; they said they felt relieved to know their daughter would be staying at the home of the Chief Disciplinarian, how their daughter just raved about me and Mr. Van Patten and they felt like they'd known me for years.

"I don't know what you guys put in the water at that school, but whatever it is, I hope you bottled it and brought some home. I can't tell you what a delightful change we've seen come over Leanne since we sent her there!" gushed Mrs. Benedek. "I swear, she's like a completely different person. She was always so moody at her old school, but now... It's like she never stops smiling. Warms my heart."

"I'm sure you have more to do with it than us. We're all big Leanne fans here in the Boyce household, though. We'll keep her fed and out of trouble."

I was holed up in my home office – Nicole's old hobby room, but she could sew just fine out in the shed – when Leanne showed up. I was still fuming at my failure to restore focus to the morning announcements. (Just the other day, I'd watched in mortification as Mr. Keppler sat by obliviously while his entire homeroom left class to go play with their classmate-toys in the locker room. He hadn't even noticed. Great teacher, but serious peripheral awareness problems.)

I went to bed early that Saturday night, ignoring the steady trickle of giggles and moans from Pussleigh's room, hoping to get an early start Sunday morning. It was late, past midnight, when the door to my bedroom swung open and the light from the hallway spilled right into my face.

"Sir...?" came a soft voice.

I squinted irritably. "Fuck off, Nicole, I'm sleeping," I grunted.

The door swung shut. My ears realized my mistake before my eyes. "No, it's me, Leanne. I'm sorry to wake you, sir. I can leave if you want."

I rubbed my eyes, and slowly I could make her out in the dark. “Oh gosh, I’m sorry, Leanne. I didn’t mean to be rude. What’s up? Did you need something?” Big shock that my wife, who hadn’t done a lick of work besides fixing meals and cleaning the house all day so I could focus on more important things, had neglected our guest.

“Do you mind if I...?” she slinked onto the corner of my bed, on Nicole’s long-vacant side. I felt her more than saw.

“Sure, sure.” I waited for her to go on.

“I, um... Sorry, this is so embarrassing.”

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, hon. I promise, nothing under these sheets you haven’t already seen.”

I felt the bed shuffle as she scooted closer. My eyes retained a vague impression of where her shape was distinct from the wall. More scooting.

“Leanne...? I can’t help if you won’t tell me what’s—”

Nicole’s desk lamp switched on. My eyes slammed shut, then gradually squinted their way open. Then, when they saw what was waiting for them, not so gradually. The classic leggy busty blonde vixen (only with short hair after one of the boys cut it off as a hilarious prank) was seated right in my wife’s place in our bed. A pair of men’s boxers – on second glance, *my* boxers – was doing a weak job concealing her thighs and the curve of sumptuous hips. Then there was her top, half of a half-shirt scissored to perfection as much as Leanne herself if I’d heard those moans aright earlier. It clung to those dynamite tits of hers like paint except where there was no more shirt to cover them. Part of a nipple was exposed; it was surprising there was only one, skimpy as it was.

“May I pleasure you, sir?” she asked softly, rubbing her thighs together invitingly.

“Nicole – err, Leanne,” I started. Not my best. “You can’t come into a man’s marital bed and say things like that. I know you only have the goodest intentions, but still.”

“Pussleigh said you’ve been working so hard for us lately, and you’re so stressed all the time, and that Mrs. Boyce is being a worthless selfish horrible bad frigid bitch who won’t take proper care of my second favorite school administrator.” Her flirty smile widened into something altogether slutty. “So we thought, maybe I could help take some *improper* care of you, sir.”

I didn’t like that this girl, much less my daughter, felt so comfortable sneaking into my bedroom to besmirch my wife’s reputation. I liked less how appealing the offer sounded. I *had* been working hard. I *was* stressed. Nicole was selfish and frigid and horrible and bad. And Leanne was anything but.

During our first encounter, this girl had helped me instill a little confidence in Douglas. And had she ever. It felt like I hardly ever saw the boy any more without at least a finger inside this girl or that. Leanne had only grown on me since then. Not only her looks – though those, too; I was only human – but her commitment. At first I’d

thought it was mere contrition, sucking every dick in school in the hopes it kept her from being sent back to ISS, but the more I saw her habitually sinking to her knees to suck off what had to be half the dicks at the GPA, the more I realized the system was working. With each passing morning announcement, Leanne had convinced me she'd turned over a new leaf. She was a very, *very* good girl.

"I'm married," I said simply. Peevishly. Temporarily, I hoped.

"But you're also one of the best administrators at the best school in the whole world," Leanne countered, inching closer on the cushion of one soft, round hip. "And I'm one of the easiest sluts there, thanks to you and Mr. Van Patten. I owe you at least this for all you've done for me. I know you like my big, fat, suckable, squeezable titties, sir. Don't you like how they look in my top? Don't you want to know what they taste like?"

Oh, to have a cannon on hand to fire my wretched wife into the sun.

"I liked how they looked in your whole shirt at dinner, before you and Pussleigh chopped it in thirds," I answered. "Though it's a good look on you. My compliments to Mrs. Ross." Our home ec teacher was evidently one of the few women in the faculty doing their job.

"Yeah?" Leanne's voice dropped to a throaty whisper. "I bet you'd like how they looked with my whole shirt gone, too."

Like that, it was off, peeled over her head and dropped on the floor.

She wasn't wrong, either. Smart girl, for such a dumb slut.

Leanne started crawling across the scant few feet between us, her tits swaying hypnotically beneath her. "If you want, I can call your little Pussleigh in here. She's such a good girl, sir. She's right outside the door. Listening to us. One word, and she would join me. She's one of the best fucks in school, sir. You did that. You ISSed the resistance right out of her. She's yours now – she told me. She's a good, good girl, just like I try to be, ready to show our beloved Chief Disciplinarian how grateful we are for all of his hard work."

She began dragging the sheets down my chest toward my feet. Nicole had always bought fancy sheets, the high thread count stuff. The only resistance was the tent pole jutting up from my midsection.

"And you can do anything you want to us." Leanne smiled, pausing to admire my chest. "Anything. Do you have some sick, pervy thing you've always wanted to do but Mrs. Boyce would never submit to you like she should? We'll do it. We'll do it, and we'll thank you for letting us do it, sir. I'll suck your dick clean after you fuck your daughter's virgin ass while she gags her screams of bliss on her mother's pillow. And I'll love the taste of you both, sir."

With a determined jerk, the sheets exposed my everything. Leanne found out that her Chief Disciplinarian slept in the buff, though it couldn't have been surprising. The

girl pounced on my throbbing shaft before her delighted gasp finished, ensconcing me in her warm wet mouth practically before I'd even felt the cool dry air of my bedroom.

The door slid open, and there was my daughter. She hadn't ruined any of her clothes like Leanne had hers, but she didn't need to. She had a whole closet full of tight-fitting slutwear right here – though she'd gone with a simple set of underwear I'd seen her wearing around the house lately, a sequined red thong and matching bra. I'd teased her that it looked like she was on her way to go interview at a strip club, which had only made her wear it more often.

Man, I loved what I'd re-made my daughter into. Just a sweet girl trying to get a little attention, harmless enough. In this context, though, it made me look twice.

"I just want to help you relax, sir," she pleaded. Before I knew it, there was a second tongue dancing with Leanne's around my cock.

With a final, baleful glare at Nicole's dusty pillow, I settled back and enjoyed the fruits of my labor. The girls were fucking vocal about it, too, for all they knew better than to deliver a distracting blowjob.

"You take such good care of us, sir."

"Now let us take care of you, sir."

"Just lie down and relax, sir."

"Let us show you what good girls you made us into, sir."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"I'm such a fucking slut now, sir."

"I love sucking cock now, sir."

"And you have such a nice cock, sir."

"Doesn't he? I can't get enough of it in my whore mouth, sir."

"Please, sir."

"Please what? Sometimes I think you just like to hear yourself beg."

"Please let me beg you, sir."

They giggled a while at that one, but a raised eyebrow was all it took to restore their focus.

"I'm going to have to have friends over more often, sir."

"I'm going to have to get my parents to let me stay over here all the time, sir."

"We'll spend all weekend pleasuring you, sir."

"Dressing like sexy teen fuck sluts for you, sir."

"Licking your perfect dick, sir."

"Riding you, sir. Riding your cock until you fill our pussies with your cum, sir."

"Then licking each other's dirty slutty pussies clean, sir."

"I'll be licking your dirty slutty pussy while he's still fucking it!"

"You better."

“I will. I just want to be a good girl. Oh fuck, sir, this is the best night of my whole stupid slutty life, sir, just come for us, sir, please please come for us, sir!”

I know, I know. Lying in bed, watching my daughter and her little gal pal suck me off and beg for a little jizz to savor, their scantily clad asses waving in the air like puppies wagging their tails, the scent of their juicy pussies flooding my nostrils in a way Nicole’s never had in all the years we’d shared a bedroom... I’d let things get a little out of hand. What can I say – I was excited! Only not in the way the girls, well-intentioned and misguided as they were, intended.

I’d solved the problem.

I hadn’t meant to come in their mouths, but their contribution to my epiphany had me feeling too generous to deny them. Not that it slowed them down any. As I drifted back to sleep, they were still feverishly working on a second helping. Or maybe they’d simply decided to keep making out and forgot my cock was in the way.

Oh, who am I kidding. Girls this good didn’t ever forget a cock, especially not the one on GPA’s Chief Disciplinarian. The morning announcements made sure of that.

I woke up the next morning to Leanne trying to mount me, but I bent her over my lap and made sure she understood I wasn’t going to be cheating on my wife. The way she cooed and giggled as I disciplined her firm round ass, I don’t think she was as chastened as she might have been. She’d helped me more than I could say, however, so when I decided to head in to school on my Sunday and get some work done, I didn’t have it in me to tell the girls no. They crawled right down under my desk and didn’t come up once for air.

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“We need to talk.” Nicole folded her arms imperiously.

I glanced up from my monitor, grudgingly. If it had been any other female teacher barging into my office without an appointment, making demands, I would have...

Well, no sense making exceptions, really.

“No no no. Lose the attitude. Try again, this time on your knees, Mrs. Boyce.”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.” Nicole’s eyes flashed bitterly at her reflexive response. Didn’t stop her from leaving my office, then re-entering and immediately falling prostrate, though.

I looked up, smiled blandly. “Ah, Mrs. Boyce. What can I do for you?”

She kept her face to the carpet. Probably didn’t want to risk annoying me further – as well she shouldn’t. “It’s about this... contest, of yours.”

“So you do read the memos! Who would have guessed?”

“I watch enough of the morning announcements to know what’s going on.” Carefully phrased, that. Not at all the same as *I watch the morning announcements, so I know what’s going on*. How had I ever married such a bad, bad girl? Surely there was no shelf life on annulments with a woman like her.

“What’s the problem?”

“You can’t do this,” she said simply. “I know you *can*, of course. But you shouldn’t. Hunter, you need to stop and think about what you’re doing before... before...”

“Before what? Before you and the rest of the bad girl brigade get stuck actually paying full attention to the curriculum?”

“Yes.” She dared to look up. “I know what happened last weekend. With our daughter, and that girl. In *our* bed.”

“What? I’m sorry, did you want to talk about GPA policy or do some actual parenting for once? Because I know you aren’t ready to start talking about our marriage.”

“Oh no? She’s your *daughter*, Hunter. What you’re doing to her, it’s... sick. Inhumane. You and this school, you’re... You’re turning her – all of us! – into something... less than...”

Her tone grew less and less confident as I stood and rounded my desk. As it should. Complaining about me coming on Pussleigh and her friend was one thing. As long as she’d been sneaking around with her own infidelities, she didn’t have a leg to stand on, but she was welcome to try. But to criticize my professionalism? Mr. Van Patten’s vision for Grandview? That, I would not take sitting down.

“I’m sorry, but what I think I hear you saying is that you knew I was getting blowjobs from Pussleigh and Leanne, and you did nothing to intercede, didn’t complain, and didn’t say a word about it to Pussleigh afterward – and don’t pretend you did, by the way. She tells me everything. Then you sat on that for most of a week, right until you thought you could leverage it into making me hear out your petty complaints about the new morning announcements program.”

With my shoe, I lifted her eyes up to make eye contact with me. She had a hard time maintaining it. Such a bad girl. “Am I misunderstanding any part of your little stunt, Mrs. Boyce?”

“Your ‘initiative,’” she groaned. “You’re... you’re pimping out our students! And my coworkers and I!” my wife, and my current least favorite faculty member, whined pathetically.

“So you think the old way, students left to run amok while the morning announcements go unheeded, was a better way?”

“No! I mean, yes, but–”



“It’s funny, because I didn’t hear a single word of complaint from your male colleagues. They seemed to think it was a capital idea.”

“Because you’re letting them take home our girls as prizes for compliance!”

I planted my hands on my hips. “Girls who should have been showing their support for these educators – these *heroes* – in the first place! Look, I had my back against the wall on this, smack dab between a big old pile of rocks and some awfully hard places. Now, thanks to me, we have every last member of the faculty – every last *male*, no thanks to you and the other vaginomics instructors – wracking their brains to come up with an effective means to requiring all students to watch the morning announcements.”

I spun my monitor to face us, tilting her chin up so she could see. Her glasses slid down her nose, so she probably still couldn’t. No matter. “You see that? That’s an email from Mr. Kinney, the woodshop teacher. He already has *schematics* for a device he’ll be crafting over winter break. Look at this.” Trying to use the mouse on a backwards monitor was tricky. It took a moment, but there it was, his sketch of a series of vertical poles, each with an affixed synthetic phallus, each with a thin bench in front of it. The idea was, he’d explained in his best attempt to water it down for a layman like myself, the girls would impale themselves on the dildos, their head hanging upside down over the end of the bench. Then a boy would mount each girl, fucking her tits while they each watched morning announcements on the screen behind them. The girl had no means of escape or looking away; the boy had no incentive; Mr. Kinney had no need to monitor them, so he could watch undistracted.

“Holy *shit*,” Nicole breathed, gaping at my explanation of the diagram.

“Right? The man’s brilliant. Or take Mr. Mathers. Science teacher, but a surprisingly non-technical solution. Start class early with a pop quiz on course materials. The highest scores – ties broken by fastest submitted – get to pick morning announcements watch buddies first. The girl rides her partner’s lap all through announcements, and they’ll be having so much fun they won’t even realize he’s tricked them into learning!”

“Mr. Boyce – Hunter – sir! – that’s not–”

“Mr. Fernandez in PE is looking to buy some handcuffs out of his own pocket, just fasten the girls to the treadmills in the weight room and leave them nowhere else to look but the monitors. I don’t know how effective it’ll be on the boys, but it’s a start. Mr. Wheelan is applying for a grant for VR headsets that he thinks might have some promise. Mr. Ng is doing some kind of lottery, giving entries for successfully answering questions about the announcements; Mr. Leyva and Mr. Galloway are going to try a head to head competition with a pizza party for the loser, wet t-shirt competition for the winner... They’re all of them innovating.”

Nicole was scowling as I continued. “And all it took to get these once-in-a-generation geniuses to innovate was to offer a modest improvement on the mutual instruction benefit. Show results, and they get to take a girl home for the weekend. No different there than here, just more convenient and a little peace and quiet while they tutor one another. Mr. Van Patten was tickled pink by it, said it was beyond anything he’d ever dreamed of when he hired me. He. Said. *That.*” I punctuated each word with a gentle tap to her forehead from my shoe. “And *our* daughter is the one who inspired the whole idea – only here comes Mrs. Boyce, ready to find fault with it. To criticize and offer no solutions. Gee, now where does *that* sound familiar from? Oh, right, our entire marriage.”

“And it doesn’t bother you that the men we work with–”

“The men *you* work with. The men who work *for* me.”

“–are potentially going to ask to borrow your daughter, or your wife, for a long weekend of perverse sexual gratification? That you’ll be sitting home alone training yourself blind while we’re out sucking and fucking, as you say, men who work ‘for’ you. That while you’re shoveling the driveway, our baby will be having her rectum stretched out by Mr. Potts and all his friends?”

I rolled my eyes. “Don’t be so melodramatic. For one, unlike you, Mr. Potts watches the morning announcements every day. He’s not going to risk revealing sensitive curricular details to non-employees. For two, he doesn’t even like Pussleigh, which you’d know if you ever showed any interest in her any more. For three...” I gritted my teeth. “If I’m hearing you correctly, your whole complaint is basically that you resent the chance that you might have to do a little work on your weekend.”

“I... what? No!”

“Jesus, Nicole. Teachers having to work on the weekends sure didn’t bother you when I was the only teacher in the family. I swear, if you were any more selfish–”

“I know what you’re doing,” she hissed suddenly. I couldn’t believe it. Talking over me? Me, the Chief Disciplinarian?! Her voice was suddenly low. A whisper, but tinged with danger. “You think if you can make me sleep around with these other men, you can use it to clean me out in a divorce.”

It was my turn to be flabbergasted. “You’ve got to be kidding me. I would *never*–”

“You had a nineteen-year-old student in our bed last weekend, blowing you, with help from Paisleigh–”

“*Pussleigh*,” I corrected firmly.

“–so don’t you *dare* loom over me and drone on about what you would ‘never’ do, Hunter.”

“That wasn’t infidelity! That was a case – a *rare* case, mind you – of me actually enjoying the job benefits our employer provides. I haven’t slept with a single solitary soul besides you since my goddamn mid-twenties. Can you say the same?”

“Oh I know. You don’t think I know why you took this job, Hunter?”

“Why don’t you tell me, Mrs. Boyce.” I emphasized her title. Trying to manipulate me by using our relationship? There was nothing sacred for this egomaniacal shrew!

“So you could spy on me! Ever since the incident, what, a decade ago now – when I *also* did not cheat on you, if you’ll remember – you’ve had these trust issues! This time you took it to the extreme of forcing your way into my school so you could surveil me!”

“Oh come on!”

“Why do you think Mr. Van Patten hasn’t cleared you to come into our classrooms yet, the faculty girls and I? Because everybody knows you patrol my hallway five times as much as the rest! I had to put up that screen in front of my entryway so my students and I weren’t seeing you pacing around out there every time a kid goes to the bathroom!”

“And what is it you’re hiding behind that screen? Wait, don’t tell me—”

“I’m doing my job the best I can! Which shouldn’t include my husband arranging to pass me around to the whole faculty, you brutish, ignorant, small-minded, limp-dick asshole!”

I know. I shouldn’t have let her get to me. I told myself I was only trying to do my job, but the truth was, I did let things get just a tiny, tiny bit – a sliver, really – personal. Before I could stop to reflect on alternatives, I’d already forced Nicole to pose for some really breath-takingly slutty photos in my office and sent them around to the rest of the faculty to incentivize them picking her for their weekend prize.

It worked, too. Time and again, the email exchanges about the male teachers’ creative means of promoting engagement with morning announcements concluded with some variation of, “All right, you sold me. Mrs. Boyce it is!” She spent almost her entire winter break moving from one teacher’s house to the next for a few days at a go. She’d come home to rinse off all the dried cum and get something besides the wet sort to eat, then off to her next gig. Pussleigh found it hysterical, especially for Mr. Fernandez, who’d flatly told me that he’d been planning on taking a weekend with my daughter but couldn’t *pass on dat ass lol*, as he’d texted shortly before swinging by to pick up Nicole.

In my defense, I gave her the 25<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> off so she could be present while her parents were visiting. It was Christmas. Even I’m not that heartless.

Meanwhile, for my part, I felt better than I had in years. Resolving the morning announcements conundrum, or at least making a big dent in it, was exactly the sort of professional milestone I’d been needing for a little validation that I was truly the right man for the Chief Disciplinarian job. With Nicole out of my hair, I could relax and unwind, enjoy having the place to myself.

Pussleigh was around over break, of course. (Despite her well-earned reputation as an exceedingly good girl, only Mr. Ng had selected her for his prize, and even then

he'd made her wear a black wig so she could pretend to be the angry goth bitch she'd been when she'd first enrolled.)

In fact, she started taking Nicole's space in our bed. It started one night when she came in sniffing and trying to sell me that she'd had a scary dream. I didn't buy it, but in the morning when I asked her about it over breakfast she said she'd dreamt that she flunked out of school and it made me hate her like her mother so I'd kicked her out of the house where her stupid slut shortcomings made sure she had no choice but to start turning tricks and none of them made her come as hard as the boys at Grandview. So maybe it had been legit. I could see how that could scare the hell out of a good girl like her.

We both slept nude. We'd done it in our own bedrooms, after all, and neither of us had anything the other hadn't seen before. Initially it made me a little apprehensive, but she was a grown girl now, so when she said she slept much better curled up naked at – or increasingly, atop – my side, I took her at her word. Just to piss off Nicole, when she finally returned to us the night before school resumed in January, I took up Pussleigh on her suggestion that we conserve water and start showing together before school. Nicole had to come into the master bathroom and squeeze around us to get her shower caddy so she could wash off days of Mr. Van Patten's sweat and spunk in Pussleigh's bathroom.

(I'd put him on the list of faculty members deserving a reward before any others; it had been such an honor when he'd accepted my recommendation to start with Nicole. My wife, pleasuring the headmaster for days at a go! Have I mentioned I love my job?)

"She's your daughter," whimpered Nicole as she drove us into school.

Pussleigh's tiny pink Hello Kitty backpack was easily covering her lap. Nobody was going to see what my hand was doing under there, and we paused our diddling at traffic lights if there were other lanes. "She's a GPA student, Nicole, and the goodest girl in the whole school."

*"OH FUCK! I LOVE YOU SIR I LOVE YOU SIR I LOVE YOU SIR I LOVE YOU SIR!"* shrieked Pussleigh, nearly deafening the entire population of the car. I laughed and patted her head affectionately with my right hand as her cunt tried to squeeze my left clean off my wrist.

"Now you tell her," I said evenly. "And I want to hear you use her real name. Not this 'our daughter' bullshit."

"That's not her name. I'm not saying it."

"You'll say it or I'll send you to ISS until it's the only word your tiny hollow brain can hold onto." She said nothing, so I jabbed her cheek with the fingers on my slimy left hand. "Now, Mrs. Boyce."

Pussleigh snickered, humping my fingers. "Yeah, Nicole. Obey. Do what Dad says, you dumb cunt. Do what you're told, or we'll take turns spanking you good, bitch."

Nicole drove in in silence. Fuming, ostensibly, at the inevitability of her compliance. Honestly, I figured she meant to call my bluff, forcing me to prove that it was anything but. But as we pulled into the parking lot, she looked at our two broad smiles in the rear view mirror, and at last did as she was told.

“You’re a good girl, Pussleigh,” she murmured. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“The goodest girl at GPA,” Pussleigh pressed.

Nicole nodded. That was what I’d told her to say, after all. “The goodest girl at GPA.” With that, she stormed out of the car, already through the front doors before Pussleigh was even finished coming. My goodest girl.

And her mother, the baddest.