

# Twenty-Seven

## Part Five: Committee Productivity

“I must say, Mr. Canon, while I have the utmost respect for all that you’ve done for GHS in your short time here, this is... *not* what I expected when you proposed relaxing the staff dress code.”

Canon, clad in jeans and a fundraiser t-shirt for the GHS Science Olympiad team. It read *Science is for Girls*, in commemoration of the year the entire varsity squad was comprised of women. “What’s wrong with it?”

Principal Horen folded her arms. The joke had not landed. “No, not *your* outfit. *Hers.*”

Mr. Canon looked where she pointed, where SRO Barbour was leaning against the back of the front desk. There was no one behind it, not this late in the afternoon on a Friday during summer break. It was a good thing, too. Anyone seated on the other side would have two big overflowing handfuls of Isa’s booty right there in hand-filling reach.

It was a work of art, that uniform. Candace had been the one to push him to it, then begged him not to rat her out. Privately, she assured him, Isa positively fed off of their steady volley of slights. They fucked constantly. Every night, most mornings, regular evenings. Isa would come home from work, regular patrol stuff during the summer, and Candace would ask her about her day. If she’d had a stressful enough day – and being a sexy female cop, one who’d quietly transitioned from that dreadful minimizer to no bra at all, stress was plentiful – then that would be their foreplay.

If not, all Candace had to do was bring up Canon. Old embarrassments, like the time he’d made them run down the street in their underwear. Upcoming events, like his birthday party, where she’d once more have to watch him fuck her girlfriend. Or looking down the road, like all the work she’d have in front of her in the fall keeping his mass indoctrination program running smoothly. The night before, Isa had come home from work in a good mood. Relaxed. Then Candace asked her what her plans were to make sure new hires and transfer students didn’t slip through the cracks. Isa had been begging her to don the strap-on in minutes.

Candace was planning on popping the big question soon. She didn’t need some silly fight about whether or not she was in the right to covertly coerce Isa into this new uniform. She’d told her intentions to Canon one weekend while they were waiting for Isa to finish up washing his car, sudsing it up in her skimpy bikini not even in the driveway where the magnolias would give her a little cover, but out on the street. She didn’t know his demand for Isa’s salary increase was his engagement gift; as far as the couple knew, Isa would be signing that all over to him. He didn’t enjoy being the fall guy for Candace’s

efforts to enrage her fiancée-to-be into bed, but he couldn't begrudge them unusual means of showing their love, considering what he and Taylor had done to their social dynamics.

For instance, that uniform. Candace would have to fuck Isa in her office twice a day if he could snooker Horen into allowing that.

Left to his own devices, he would have simply picked out some generic uniform from a party store or something and left it at that. The attention to detail in this, however, was painstakingly exquisite. Literally capping it off was a policeman's hat, laughably too small. It nested atop her head and would fall off if she tried to walk too fast. The top was a pale blue button-up that ended not quite below her breasts, which threatened to break free from their confines not only in the opening at the bottom, but at the middle as well. The buttons positively strained to contain Isa's huge, round tits, letting plenty of light hit the exposed skin in between them.

Below that was a much larger expanse of exposed skin, upon which sat a mostly healed tattoo reading *SLB*. The bottom edges of the letters flush against the waistline of her policewoman shorts. Skimpiness aside, they were festooned with police regalia. A baton, a shiny pair of chrome handcuffs, her walkie, myriad belt pouches which Canon happened to know contained crisis intervention tools ranging from bubblegum to a small Serenex canister (to be used exclusively on his behalf and/or at his discretion), and a handful of condoms – for emergencies, he'd told her as he tucked them into her pouch. Skimpiness not aside, they were *skimpy*. Her butt cleavage hung out the bottom, and the V of her pelvis hung out the top.

Torn-up fishnet stockings covered her from a few inches above the knees down to a pair of stiletto-heeled black boots buckled most of the way up her calves. He'd seen her try them on at their house earlier in the week; she had no skill at all at walking in them. If a perp wanted to get away from her, all they'd need would be a semi-confident amble to leave her in their dust.

"What seems to be the problem, Principal Horen?"

"Well, she's wearing a weapon on her belt, for one," Principal Horen began. Not where he would have begun his list of improprieties.

"What, the baton?" Canon arched a brow and raised his voice so he could be heard more easily down the short hallway separating them. "Officer Barbour, hit the counter with your baton, would you?"

She nodded. The moment she unholstered it, there was clearly something off about it. It moved like a noodle, wobbly and loose. When it hit the counter, it squeaked rather than thudded.

"See? It's a toy. Kind of the whole theme of it, you know? Toys. Stephy and I were talking, and she shared how oftentimes students find her role as a cop intimidating. We

thought that playing up the fun, playful aspect of it would help her relate to them, one on one.”

“Stephy...?”

Mr. Canon crooked a finger. Isa came at his beckoning, pushing herself off the counter and hesitating until she felt balanced before taking one teetering step at a time toward them. The hat fell off about halfway there; she turned, bending at the waist, to pick it up. Horen immediately averted her eyes. It took her an embarrassingly long time to saunter haltingly down the short hallway.

“Ah, that’s right. Though I guess we should let her tell it. Officer Barbour, what does that tattoo mean?”

*Submissive Little Bitch*, she thought. Was she ever. She got off on it, on being a submissive little bitch. That she knew that horrible cunt Taylor Stern had drugged that thought into her brain didn’t make it any less there. It was so *hard* not doing what she was told. Hard, and unrewarding. Obeying, though... that always felt *right*, even if the order she was obeying so often felt wrong. For instance, wearing this whorish thing into the school. Canon had asked her for a ride to the party, then said he needed to pop in to talk to Horen for a minute. Then he’d asked her to come with. Now, here she was, face to face with the woman who was her boss ten months out of the year, with her ass and her boobs all tasting open air.

She was going to fuck the shit out of Candace when the party was over. That is, once Canon was done fucking them both.

To his question, she meekly gave an answer. “It’s my initials,” she explained, tapping each letter in turn. “Stephanie, Louisa, Barbour.”

“Your name is Stephanie? I always thought Louisa was your first name.”

It had been, she wanted to say. Up until Canon (acting once more as a front for Candace’s impish libido) thought up that little so-called cover story for the tattoo. Why had that even been necessary? Who would ever guess what it really meant? And how would going to the extreme of legally changing her name to Stephanie at the courthouse stop these punk kids from making up funny alternatives?

She tried not to think about it, the little scrap of paper on her home desk acknowledging that she had renamed herself for this man, simply because it amused him. Not because it was humiliating. No, because the humiliation felt so mother fucking good she was worried she’d come in her slutty little policegirl shorts right here in front of Principal Horen.

“Nope, Stephanie. Stephy, to friends, but I went by my middle name for a long time and now Isa is how most people know me. I’ll answer to S, L or B, as you like.”

“Huh. Well, um, Ms. Barbour, surely you can appreciate how that outfit is entirely inappropriate for a member of our professional staff. To be quite frank, you look more like you’re headed out to a costume party than to work. A very *adult* costume party.”

She was, though that was neither here nor there. “The committee that you approved picked it out. Not me.”

“What? That can’t be. Mr. Canon, is this true? I hadn’t been notified you’d even selected members yet, much less made any decisions. Much less decided... *that!*”

“It’s been moving fast. Sorry, I’ll type up a report, email it right on over as soon as I get a minute.” No he wouldn’t. It was a two-person committee of himself and Candace, and while she didn’t get a vote, it would have been unanimous anyway. “I was surprised myself, but you tasked us with modifying faculty and staff dress code, and I don’t have the authority to override the whole committee by my lonesome. Do I?”

“Well, no, but—”

“And frankly, with the pay raise you approved, we thought you’d be looking to get more out of the SRO position. I thought this might be the sort of thing you had in mind.”

“Rest assured, I have never in my life had something like *that* in mind, for anyone,” the principal huffed.

“Oh. Well, I guess that’s the democratic process for you, huh.”

“No, it isn’t. Mr. Canon, I’m sure you – and your committee – were, somehow, well-intentioned. This is not acceptable, though. I would lose my job if I allowed something like this to transpire in my building. It’s indecent, bordering on depraved.”

“I figure we’ll try it out in the fall, see how people respond. If it causes problems, I’m sure she’ll still fit in her old authoritarian digs. If not... Think about it. You’ll be making headlines as one of the most progressive principals out there.”

“That is not progress, Mr. Canon. You know I have the utmost respect for you, but no.”

“And if I insist?”

“Insist? You’re a teacher, Mr. Canon. An employee in my school. We’re lucky to have you, but I fail to see what good it will do our students when all three of us get fired over this.”

“But—”

“That’s final, Mr. Canon. I’m sorry.” She was not sorry, and did not sound it.

Isa, who had sat by idly fuming at having this misogynist fantasy of a display of her body discussed as if she had no part in it, caught Mr. Canon’s nod. It was only a nod, and subtle, but she knew what it meant.

“Canon...”

He nodded again. Firmer.

Principal Horen arched an eyebrow. “Is there something amiss?”

Isa shook her head as she reached into a pouch and pulled out a canister the size of her thumb. “No, Mrs. Horen. Not any more.” The woman hardly had time to flinch before she depressed the trigger. Single dose. Isa had a much larger one locked in a safe beneath her desk in her office around the corner, but this would be plenty for Horen.

Like the last time Isa had dosed her, with Taylor Stern then, the woman frowned, wiping at the reddish brown goop seeping through her clothes, into her skin. Within seconds, she stood stock still.

Isa turned deferentially to her master, gesturing for him to get on with the brainwashing of their employer. Mr. Canon took a moment, considering. That was something, she supposed. Better than some of the bungling his tendency to blurt at bad moments had caused in the past.

“Principal Horen.”

Slowly, she looked in the direction of Mr. Canon. There was hardly any light behind those eyes.

“You believe in my vision for GHS 110%,” he said firmly.

“Hundred... ten... percent.” she murmured.

“The best thing for your career is to get behind my plans, to push for what I want so hard that you get all the credit for them.”

“All... the credit... for them.”

Isa shook her head, but was quietly relieved. When and if this all blew up, now they might have a patsy to blame it on. From a security perspective, it was an incredible development. From a human rights perspective, however...

“Can we go to the party now?” she whispered.

Mr. Canon gently led Principal Horen back into her office. He sat her in her chair, lowered her blinds, turned off her monitor, and unplugged her desk phone. The principal sat passively as he went through her purse until he found her cell, powering it down. Back in the hall, he seized Isa’s ass in a broad grip and guided her teetering gait out of the office.

“She better not start calling me Stephy,” the SRO grumbled as the pair strode down GHS’s empty corridors. Summer school was already out for the day; the only other people in the building would be the custodians, working through their lengthy summer checklist of upkeep and renovations. “If the principal calls me Stephy, *everybody* is going to call me Stephy.”

“You want me to make an announcement, Isa, I’m happy to. I just thought you’d like it.”

“You thought I would *like* having my name, the most fundamental aspect of my identity, transformed into some girly-girl bimbo stereotype, along with the world’s most girly-girl bimbo uniform. That I would *like* this.”

Mr. Canon slid his grip on her ass down between her legs. “Feels like you like it to me.”

“I... Mm, that’s... You mother...” She sighed and let him maneuver her through the halls using her pussy as a steering wheel. When they passed a pair of custodians

deep cleaning the desks in the freshman hallway, she failed to notice that she should object to this until they were already away around the corner.

That damnable loop! He did something chauvinistic to infuriate her, which turned up the temperature on her libido, which made her more distractedly horny (for a *man!* no less), which infuriated her more, which...

In the downstairs science hallway, he stopped to finger her across the finish line. He didn't need to take off the shorts; Principal Horen hadn't realized that there was a slit cut into the crotch so Canon could fuck her without making her take anything off first. So he could enjoy his little toy cop without stripping her of the outfit that announced her as his toy cop.

"To think, come fall? Right here in these rooms, we'll have GHS's students unwittingly making their own medicine."

Stephy – *Isa*, she corrected her own erring self-perception – panted, her face and tits smushed flat against the cold metal of a student locker as Canon pumped her pussy from behind. "I still say... too greedy. Too many variables. I, ungh, fuck, fucking fuck, you fucker... I can't believe... a member of the faculty... has so much faith in his students..." She howled as he pressed deep enough to brush her g-spot.

"Finish your thought."

Her mind was drowning in her own cum, but when he stopped, she found the words. *Isa* said them only to get him to keep finger-fucking her. And because he'd told her to, and she was a submissive little bitch. "Faith... not to screw up a batch and unleash chaos."

"We have your buddy Shantel doing quality control. We'll test everything before we deploy it in the field. Just means the first couple weeks while we get our ducks in a row, we'll have to play it careful." His fingers wormed deeper inside her. *Isa* rose up on her tip-toes in a feeble protest of his casual man-handling. "I'd think you of all people, my chief of security, would be glad of it. We won't have to be constantly looking over our shoulders once we get this done."

She shook her head. That stupid little hat fell off, again. "I still think you're not being careful enough. So many, mmm fuck yes, so many visitors. Parents. Non-GHS district staff. Contractors. Salespeople. Subs. Food service – who hires people outside the district pruh... pruh..." Her efforts to finish the word *procedure* became a trail of desperate, sobbing whimpers as he reached up the bottom of her shirt and squeezed a tit.

"I believe in you, Stephy. Now come on, quit being a greedy little slut. One more come, and then we have to get to the party."

She sniffled indignantly. Or what would have been indignation, if she had any dignity left to violate. "F-fuck y-you... master..."

The party wasn't far. Even moving at the pace of a wobbly-kneed, towering-heeled, come-foggy Stephy – *Isa* – Barbour, the party was still walking distance. Though they still borrowed a cart from near the athletics exit to drive out across the massive school lot, with Isa seated sideways on Canon's lap. She insisted as a security precaution that he not suck on her tits any more until they were somewhere private. Thankfully, tragically, he was in a reasonable mood.

The girls field locker room was open, though Canon now had his own key. (He had a key to everything, now.) Isa pathetically tugged at her top, her shorts, her hat, trying to make any of it fit like clothing ought to, but it went right on fitting like slutwear. Mr. Canon waited for her to lead the way, then followed her into the locker room.

It was his party time, and Officer Stephy, his party favor.