

Perfect GPA

Part Four

“You seem down, Hunter,” Mr. Van Patten said to me one afternoon in early March.

I frowned. “Headmaster?” I thought I’d been hiding it rather well.

“Come now, you think I don’t pay attention to my favorite underling? You run things well enough I barely need to trouble myself with students and staff, so you’re pretty much the only one I need to worry about.”

He was right, of course. Of course Mr. Van Patten is always right about everything. If I ever thought he was wrong, I would say so and he would correct me. I never question Mr. Van Patten, ever. I want Mr. Van Patten to succeed. Everything important to Mr. Van Patten is my highest priority, always.

“I’m sorry, headmaster. I’ve tried not to bring my home baggage to work. I’d like to think it hasn’t been hampering my productivity. You know, maybe I just need to focus on my training. A few more hours after work should be enough to—”

“Don’t be ridiculous. If I train you any harder than I already am, it could leave you almost as vapid as that daughter of yours. I need you a fully functional person.”

It was almost rude, I considered, insulting her to her face like that. Mr. Van Patten preferred to meet over coffee and blowjobs. Today, I’d supplied both, stopping by Starbucks on my way in (waiting to leave for work until after they opened at 6 wasn’t ideal, but I could always make up for lost time after my overtime); Pussleigh had been elated to learn she’d be joining us for the latter. The headmaster didn’t like to enjoy his blowjobs in solitude, though, so I’d brought in Christiana. She was one of our worst remaining girls; we’d only last week discovered that she had been subverting morning announcements with a pair of contact lenses she herself had designed, coupled with a pair of earbuds she’d hidden beneath her hair.

The ear buds weren’t anything so clever, but the lenses were actually rather impressive. Looking into it, I saw in Christiana’s file that she’d already gotten STEM scholarship offers from some of the best colleges in the country. One of her friends had seen her inserting her subversive devices, however, and rightly informed me. Two days of ISS (strip-searched before entering, in case she had any more surprise means of evading education) and she’d thrown herself at my mercy, handed over those lenses, and volunteered a signed and notarized legal document giving full proprietary and copyright control over her wicked little invention to Mr. Van Patten. I’d still pressured him to consider expulsion regardless, the standard lobotomy and forgotomy, but Christiana had been very persuasive in pleading to be allowed to remain and prove what a good girl she could be.

This morning, to help reintegrate her into GPA campus culture, I was letting her show off how much she loved pleasuring GPA administrators. Mostly, she was watching Pussleigh (GPA's jokingly dubbed "girledictorian") and mirroring whatever she did. It made for an excellent blowjob. One more reason to be proud of my daughter – including, I reconsidered, her vapidness, per Mr. Van Patten's compliment.

"So if it's not this one – and how could it be?" Mr. Van Patten pinched Pussleigh's cheek and gave it a few affectionate taps. Slaps, maybe. Either way, what a lucky girl. She was positively beaming around that cock in her mouth. "Then it's Mrs. Boyce, isn't it."

I frowned. Hard to believe a man could frown with a cum-starved ex-genius beauty like Christiana gargling my nut sack, but the question made me a bit uncomfortable. I really didn't like to blend my work and home life. My daughter's eyes sparkled sympathetically at me. She felt the same way. "Well, yes, but I don't want to burden you with it. My home troubles are just that, *home* troubles. What even made you ask, headmaster?"

"For one, you told me on your second day here that you only applied for the job to spy on your wife." He chuckled before taking a sip of his coffee, wincing in pleasure at the heat, and nodded to me. "Remember? Fresh out of your orientation video, and I asked..."

"Oh, right, right. Sorry, that whole day" (week? month...?) "was kind of a blur."

"Indeed. But with the kids and the male faculty... Sorry, but we really ought to have a separate word for the two groups, don't you think? Having to always say the gender is such a chore. Anyway, with the others you were out there pushing, innovating, showing me you were ready to handle what I'd given you, well, and then take on more. Three months now you've been getting your ducks in a row with the male faculty – ugh – and then sorting the rows into columns. But you're yet to even suggest to me that you're ready to be trained to do what you came here to do. What gives?"

This was a sensitive subject, but there was nothing I'd hold back from this man. The girls, however... I cranked up the volume on their ear buds so loud I could hear it over all the superfluous glucking. (Pussleigh was so dramatic about even the most banal of gratifications. She could turn a handjob into a sonnet in sign language if you left her unchecked.) At any rate, the little buzz was nothing annoying, just the morning announcements. Christianna's eyes glazed over as what for her was a deafening volume of instruction pounded through her little brain. Pussleigh just moaned at the thrill of such unrestrained education.

Such a good, good girl.

"Yes, I came here for selfish reasons, sir. Then I met you and learned about what you're doing, turning these innocent girls into helpless obedient pleasure vessels for the

children of wealthy and influential men and of the men who teach them. I was so impressed, so moved by it all, that it converted me overnight.”

“Pretty sure I converted you during the daytime, but sure. I follow.”

I laughed, and I laughed, and I reminded myself how lucky I was to have found this place, and then I laughed at that. “Too right. You train with the best, headmaster. But that’s my point. When I saw what you were doing, I wanted to help. It felt natural. The girls were being bad, so I wanted to make them good. The boys weren’t realizing the full potential they could put their female classmates to, so I wanted to help them get more out of their experience. The teachers weren’t doing every single thing they could to advance Mr. Van Patten’s – your – agenda, so I wanted to motivate them.”

“Your daughter turned out to be one hell of a motivator.” Pussleigh had lodged Mr. Van Patten’s cock down her throat. It was plain she couldn’t breathe. She held the position, eyes locked on his, radiating pure adoration, promising she would nestle him there until she suffocated if it would enhance his pleasure one iota. “To think, when we took her in, I thought she’d never make it.”

“She’s a good girl,” I agreed, patting her hair. I didn’t want to interfere with the headmaster’s blowjob, but he’d assured me in the past that he thought he found it heart-warming when I supported my dumb slut daughter blowing my boss. Even though she couldn’t hear us over all those lessons, Pussleigh could read lips when it came to that phrase. Her eyes crossed and her toes curled as she splashed her orgasm out on the tile floor. “But yeah, for Nicole... I don’t know. I still don’t trust her. She knows I don’t. She clams up every time I come close to the subject. Clams up about everything really. We barely talk any more, sir. We’re never... you know...”

Christiana fell off my cock, gagging after I speared her underskilled tonsils. She dove back on as soon as she could manage, tears gushing down her soft round cheeks. She somehow looked both apologetic and grateful. It was a good look on the rebellious little brat.

“Intimate?” supplied Mr. Van Patten.

“Well, I don’t want to overshare,” I answered, slapping Christiana’s forehead as a gentle punishment for her momentary lapse in sluttiness. She’d get there, but not without my support. “But yes.”

“That must be frustrating.”

I shrugged, but gave a nod. “Pussleigh tries her best to help me through it. Still, there’s only so many handjobs, tit fucks, and blowjobs a man can let a girl give him. And I can’t exactly just fuck my own daughter,” I laughed, “no matter how much she begs.”

Mr. Van Patten looked surprised at my saying so, and perplexed. “Really? That bothers you?”

“Of course. She’s my *daughter*, sir.”

He laughed. “Hell of a bug, that. Didn’t count on hiring an entire family, though. I suppose the system’s never quite perfect, is it? That’s what I have you for, after all, eh Hunter?”

“I do my best, sir. But really, the Nicole situation is going to resolve itself before long. We’ve been not-talking about getting a divorce once Pussleigh’s out of the house for, oh, years I suspect. But the girl obviously can’t go to college any more, not like this.” I gestured to her wide-eyed all-consuming mind-melting blowjob, which was about all her brain was good for any more. “Now it’s more a matter of her finishing an education befitting her desires and her talents.”

Mr. Van Patten was stroking his chin with one hand and tickling my daughter’s with the other. Such incredible coordination. “You know, I asked you about your wife, and here you got me talking about this little dolt. Come on. Maybe I can help.”

I sighed, tapping a finger pensively against Christianna’s forehead. To think, the mind in there used to be worth six figures to MIT. A tantrum and consequence later, and I doubted it was worth minimum wage at Arby’s. Life was funny.

“That’s the problem, sir. I’m not sure it can be helped. I don’t trust her. Say she’s lying to me. Being unfaithful. Nothing anyone can do about it besides find it out so I can get to moving on. Say she’s not; it won’t change the fact that I feel like she could be.”

The headmaster jerked Pussleigh further upright by her thick white hair. She really did look more fuckable like that. He sandwiched his dick between her fat round titties and put her back to work. To me, he said, “I tell you what. Spring break is coming up. Why don’t you pack a suitcase, move into your office, and take a week off from being Mr. Boyce the husband with a nice relaxing week of being trained as Mr. Boyce my Chief Disciplinarian. No frigid wife, no needy brat, no household chores or distracting television. Nothing but you and some training. I’ll see if I can’t find you a nice piece on reconciling workplace conflicts between family members, or something. And maybe when school’s back in session, you’ll feel less defeated. Get you back to the go-getter Hunter Boyce I love.”

His words alone were enough to make me blow my load all over Christiana’s stupid gorgeous face. She inhaled some of it, the dummy, but it looked like she’d probably cough it back up. I kept half an eye on her. “That sounds amazing, sir. Thank you. I can’t wait.”

As Christiana regained her composure, the headmaster dragged a finger through a puddle of my spunk, smearing it into the girl’s eyelash. “I’ll say you can’t!” We laughed as he wiped it off in Pussleigh’s hair. As much as I came in that gleaming white mane of hers, I wondered how much undiscovered jizz was already in it. She giggled delightedly at the headmaster’s gift of using her as a napkin.

It was coming up on the end of first period. Gym class let out, and the girls flooded back into the locker room to shower and get dressed. Knowing how Mr. Van

Patten was always chiding me for so seldom taking advantage of the mutual instruction benefit, I supervised the girls' hygiene, making sure they washed each other and making sure every girl who chose to (or had been told to) shave her pussy kept it paper smooth, thoroughly while Pussleigh finished satisfying our lustful headmaster.

When I dried off and returned to my office, the training package was already downloading.

Nicole didn't say a word when I told her she'd have the house to herself for a week. She cried a little when I told her why, but remembering her tears when I first told her she ought to abort our daughter, I paid them no heed. Pussleigh didn't like it, but I gave her to Jason and Jonah Bunting as a spring break toy, which shut her up handily. Jason and Jonah were two of our most adventurous – most “deviant,” they liked to joke – boys. I had every confidence that they would show my good girl a good time.

The week went by in a blur. Each morning I'd wake up – not always morning, but at some point waking happened. I'd shower in the women's faculty changing room, make myself some breakfast in the cafeteria, then head back to my office and begin training. It went by in no time. I barely needed to think to load up the next training segment. Just blink, stretch, wipe the drool off my chin, and back to the grind. One day – no clue which – I got so focused on a particular lesson that I reviewed it and reviewed it until I came to and discovered it was almost four in the morning, that I was so hungry and thirsty my stomach actually hurt a little, and I'd soiled myself somewhere along the way.

I guess it's true what the GPA girls say: you haven't learned until it's made your underwear soggy.

I bumped into Miss Stella on my way to the bathroom one night. She was on her hands and knees scrubbing at what looked to be some kind of whipped cream fight in one of the main corridors, which didn't make a lot of sense to me, but my head was spinning so much it felt like I was walking on the ceiling. Of the moon. The whole area was as splattered white as Pussleigh after a twerk team exhibition. The former beauty queen's tits had spilled right out of the broad, unzipped neckline of her coveralls, but she didn't seem to mind. She never did. She was such a good girl you'd think she'd graduated from the GPA herself instead of wasting her innate talents on an MBA from Vanderbilt. Such a good, well-trained custodial slut.

“Whoa!” I jumped, startled to discover I wasn't alone. “Sorry, I... What are you doing here? What happened? What day is it?”

She laughed, sitting up. “Tuesday, Mr. Boyce. For a few more hours, I think.”

“Tuesday.” Wow. “What, uh, happened here? Can I help?”

My offer pleased her. She probably thought a well-respected and highly paid administrator like myself was above getting on his hands and knees and getting a little dirty making the school a little cleaner. Far from it. I loved this school.

“Don’t you worry about it, sir. But, well, if you like, I’d be happy to tidy you up a little.” She gestured to my bare throbbing cock. (I’d stopped bothering to wear clothes around the building days ago.)

“Thank you, Miss Stella. Actually, I was on my way to take a shower already, so.”

She nodded. Taking my meaning, she stood up and shrugged her coveralls completely off her shoulders. It tumbled down to the floor, leaving the statuesque beauty as naked as me. Except her boots, once she did a little tugging on the coveralls. I slid a couple fingers into her pussy as a handle and steered her alongside me into the shower area. She chatted me up as she washed me. I felt a little bad about making her soak her boots and the socks underneath, but they were such an endearing reminder of what she’d reduced herself to in order to serve the GPA that I couldn’t help myself.

“Would you like a nice fuck before you turn me loose, Mr. Boyce? I’m a hell of a lay, all the boys say so,” she offered in her gentle drawl, water cascading down my body and into her face as she lapped giddily at my balls.

“I’m a married man,” I told her. Whatever else might change in the days ahead, it hadn’t changed yet. Miss Stella said no more, simply finished deep-throating me to completion. I told her what a good girl she was and left the former pageant queen panting and jilling herself blind on the shower floor. She was still at it when I finished cleaning up the whipped cream fight.

With that, I headed back to my office to rest up for my big day.

Feeling guilty about shirking responsibilities during the past two days of over-training, I made it a point to meet students and parents outside the front doors that next morning. Good girls and better boys alike waved hi, clapped me on the shoulder, told me I’d been missed. Parents waved like we were old friends; the boy parents knew how important I was to their child’s acculturation since the school informed them of my hire, but the girls’ parents were simply responding to their own mini-seminars about the curriculum, which I’d prepared back in February and sent home with each girl. It seemed to engender a healthy respect for my role. Job well done.

Pussleigh met me with so much enthusiasm I had to take her inside for a proper greeting, away from differently educated eyes. She leapt into my embrace, capturing me in her thighs and humping vigorously while snaking her tongue down my throat.

“I missed you so much, sir!” she squealed as I pinched her ass to get her to take it down a notch. At my age, my back wasn’t quite up to supporting my own weight plus a full-grown slut.

“I missed you, too, Pusskin.” She giggled hysterically. Pussleigh had decided she really liked it when I gave her fresh nicknames. I tried not to do it too often; she seemed to be developing some kind of renaming fetish like Mandi Pandi Candy Panties. That new surname made dealing with her *such* a mouthful, but I granted she was partially responsible for GPA’s new policy against renaming and tattooing classmates. Some boys grumbled, but they’d seen the morning announcements. Such conspicuous overtures could draw scrutiny to Mr. Van Patten’s unconventional curriculum.

“I had to ride to and from school the last couple days all alone with Mrs. Boyce,” she groaned. “It was so boring. And the bed is so cold without you, sir. I tried and tried, but I couldn’t come without you beside me telling me I’m a good girl.”

“I know. Believe me, sleeping on my office futon was no picnic either. Plus I’m so used to your snoring I could barely sleep in the peace and quiet.”

“Daaaad!” She laughed. Pussleigh didn’t snore, but I liked to tease her about it. It started as a cover for why she woke up one night to see me staring at her, but now it was just a running joke. Not like she minded me ogling her tits under any circumstance anyway. With winter over, she was back to wandering the house in next to nothing. Often sans the “next to” component.

“You know I’m kidding.”

“I know, sir. Do you think you have time for a quickie before the morning announcements?”

I looked at the clock mounted above the main office. “We only have twenty-six minutes until they start. You’re never going to maintain your excellence of technique if we let you start racing through it.”

“I make boys come in less than that all the time and they don’t complain, sir!” Pussleigh grumbled. “It’s not my fault my dad has so much stamina. It’s a wonder you could ever finish in Mom to give life to me in the first place.”

“I was a younger man, then.” And Nicole a younger woman. Not that she wasn’t still plenty hot. I would die before telling her, but the other week I’d seen her in the hallway and my eyes had locked onto her ass with an intensity that was frankly unprofessional. I watched it shimmy as she heel-toed down the hallway for a long time before I realized who it was. Embarrassing, that.

“Pleeeeeeease! I’m so hooorrneeeey, sir!” my daughter whined.

I rolled my eyes. Maybe Mr. Van Patten was right, and it wasn’t the end of the world if I showed her a little affection at work. They were, after all, my family. I pushed Pussleigh’s head down to her knees and flipped up the skimpy pink joke of a mini skirt she’d worn to school. It was *barely* appropriate exterior attire. Then down went her

wispy little panties, pinker still. Her pussy, pinkest of them all, was already soaked, obviously, so my fingers slid effortlessly.

“All right, all right. Don’t want my baby thinking she’s not a good, good girl.”

“Oh, *sir!*” she wailed as I fingered her. Students filtering into the building laughed, waved, slapped her on the ass as she writhed around my digits. Getting Pussleigh off took nothing any more. She came if she got my attention, and stopped when she lost it. Her pleasure was mine to bestow or withhold. Such a good girl.

“Fuck me, sir? Oh please fuck me, sir. Fuck your good girl, sir. I’m such a hot fuck, sir. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck your stupid weak easy little whore daughter fuck slut toy for boys, sir,” she panted.

Another eye roll. “Control your diction, sweetie. You know better than to babble nonsense like that. A good girl talks dirty or she moans like a whore, but that was neither.”

“Please fuck me, sir. I need to be fucked, sir. I need to please my betters. I need to be fucked, *please sir!*” As she repeated every iteration of that request endlessly, spasming around my fingers so hard I had to hold her upright with an arm around her waist, I had to grant: at least she was staying on message.

“You know I can’t fuck you, Pussleigh. Chief Disciplinarian or no, I’m still your father.”

“Oh, *GAWD!*” she moaned as she outright collapsed. I eased her to the floor, took a stance to stop anyone from tripping over where she was sprawled out face down on the floor.

“You all right?” I asked, grinning down at her as she came to a minute later.

“Oh, god. You can’t remind me my own dad is the Chief Disciplinarian at the best school in the universe while you’re inside me like that or you’re gonna fry my whole stupid girlbrain for good!”

“Going to’ fry your girlbrain...?” I smirked, but helped her to her feet and patted her ass off to homeroom. She made it halfway down the hall before she realized her panties were still around her knees, pressing them together to let them slide to the floor. There went \$10, but well spent I supposed. I smiled proudly as I watched a boy approach her and raise up her shirt to give everyone a good look at her tits, too. I might have been a mediocre father most of her life, but I’d at least done one thing right.

It wasn’t until I turned to head to my office that I discovered Nicole had been lurking around the corner, monitoring my reunion with Pussleigh.

“Oh. Good morning.”

“Oh. Good morning.”

“Have a nice break?” I asked. Generously, I thought. Hard to imagine she cared about my break, or would even pretend to for small talk.

“You don’t have to do this,” she said, softly.

“Do what?”

“What you just did to Pais... To our daughter,” she murmured.

That again. I remembered how my dad had felt back when Tim decided “Timbo” was more than just what a couple of his idiot friends called him. We were in middle school or so, I think. The whole world shrugged and played along– “sup Timbo” – except for Dad. To Dad, he reverted all the way back to “Timothy.” Small thing, seemingly, but it had created real friction. Maybe Tim wouldn’t have rebelled as hard as he did if he’d felt accepted.

I’d be damned if I’d let Nicole lash out at my sweet baby girl like that. Down the hall, Charlie and Zach were spit-roasting her, high fiving over her back as she ping-ponged back and forth between the cock in her mouth and pussy, white hair swinging to and fro. Everybody else here liked Pussleigh for who she was, or at least accepted her.

(Was Pussleigh popular? I didn’t have the best sense of who the popular girls were. Hard to say – GPA girls didn’t really have full personalities so much as interchangeably alluring holes and lumps. Still, she got fucked a lot, so *somebody* for sure thought she was a pretty good girl.)

Needless to say, I was in no mood to listen to my wife with all of her months of experience tell me how to do a job I’d been doing for decades. I didn’t want it to be personal, but my respect for our air-tight daughter pushed me over the line.

“I’ll be observing your classroom this afternoon,” I said simply. It wasn’t very professional, targeting my hopefully-soon-to-be-ex-wife for first strike on female faculty evals (blech, the headmaster was righter than usual about that annoying but necessary distinction). Still, Nicole’s turn had to come someday. May as well do it now.

Nicole stiffened. Paled, even. “Today?”

“No, this afternoon tomorrow.”

“The headmaster’s letting you into our rooms now?”

“Of course he is. It’s been in the morning announcements all week. Were you not paying attention?” I allowed a dangerous tone into the question. As hard as I’d been training, I hadn’t been so preoccupied with more exciting tasks that I forgot something as basic as that.

“No! I mean yes. Yes I was. I just... I forgot. Um, today we’re not, um, really doing anything... um... Can you come next week? I have some really good stuff prepared for next week.”

“It’s your job to have some ‘really good stuff’ prepped for these young geniuses and girls every day, Mrs. Boyce.”

“I know, but–”

“I’ll see you fifth period.”

My concerns that I'd crossed a line going after Nicole that way were quelled by the laughter of Mr. Van Patten when I told him about it. "Do what you gotta do, Hunter," he said, standing in my office doorway. "She's one of the oldest girl teachers as it is, so we only have so many more semesters' use for her."

"Of course. Thank you, headmaster. That's good of you to say."

"Besides, theater instruction isn't exactly a top priority for our boys. So if she's not cutting it, then..."

I nodded. "I'll evaluate firmly but fairly, sir."

"And hey, not for nothing, but you've been burning the candle at both ends metaphorically for a bit. Might want to *literally* burn a candle or two while you're at it. Getting kinda ripe, buddy."

I grimaced. An embarrassing but helpful reminder of how much I'd been holed up in here lately, and of course well-intentioned. I'd lost sight of hygiene a good deal lately. He departed to go about his day, and I quickly edited the employee handbook to include an exception to the policy on candles and wax warmers in the event of intensive training precluding sufficient showering and laundry, then added a topic to my next sit-down with Mr. Van Patten to ask if we could include bathing and laundry services to the custodial job description. It was important that policies reflected the headmaster's every edict and whim. The man had impeccable instincts. I trusted him with my life. I trusted him with my family. I trusted him unquestioningly always and for all time.

Still, as the afternoon drew closer, I regained some of my composure. Pussleigh's pleading for a daddy dicking had discombobulated me somewhat – young people these days were into the silliest fads – and having Nicole antagonize me over it before I'd had a chance to process had gotten under my skin. As lunch drew to a close, I dismissed Quinn from under my desk with a pass to pick up a to-go salad from the cafeteria and scoot on to her next class. Then, with heavy heart, I made a judgment call. As the petite girl with her pixie haircut wiped off my facial on her sleeve and tried (and failed) to find where she'd dropped her panties, I pulled up the surveillance feed and, for the first time, accessed the drop-down menu for the female-led classrooms. The discipline it had taken not to use it to spy on my wife's probable indiscretions had taken a *lot* of training to instill. At long, long last, it was time.

I wasn't going to observe her. That was my decision, now that I was clear-headed. I wasn't going to tell her I wasn't coming, which was my concession to my ego. She had upset me. Hurt me. Hurt Pussleigh. I needed there to be some consequence for that, and letting her fret that I was observing her was a fitting one. Every teacher disliked being observed by administrators. You established a cadence in your room, a comfort zone, and suddenly one of the heavies was in there scrutinizing you. You were no longer the

authority holding things together; you were another minion. It made students uncomfortable, the implicit suggestion that maybe you were a bad teacher and the people who punished them were now out to punish their teacher. It made teachers uncomfortable, pretty much for the same reason many people didn't function as well with their boss looking over their shoulder.

That did not mean, however, that I couldn't watch from afar.

It was hard – no, brutal; agonizing – to watch. Three periods of exhaustive monitoring later, I slumped back in my office chair holding back tears of despair. It was so much worse than I'd feared.

She'd run the same lesson plan all three periods. Students brought up a reading assignment on their tablets and took turns reading aloud. Popcorn style. Like they were 8 instead of 18. It was about some bland, tedious thing about something called the "cycle of communication," analyzing the ways in which clear communication could be disrupted. When the reading finished, Nicole attempted (feebly) to lead a discussion and gin up any interest in students volunteering their own examples of communication breakdowns.

Even if not for the implications, hot needles driven deep into my pride in GPA's curriculum, it was so tedious I had a hard time watching it, my eyes and my imagination constantly drifting to the periphery where boys were ignoring the lesson to fondle and screw and jizz on the girls. If Nicole appreciated the irony of trying to discuss breakdowns in communication with boys who constantly had to be dragged back to the discussion and away from the laps of their classmates, she gave no sign of it.

And that was it. The bell rang, class over, done. She didn't even say goodbye, wish them a good day. The bell rang, and the students left like it was detention, urgently scurrying for the exits. I watched as Mrs. Boyce slumped down in her desk chair, head in her hands like she was having a hard day. Nothing about what I saw suggested she was doing more than token instruction. That was bad enough, but the way the students behaved in her presence...

I finally, finally understood what Pussleigh had meant way back in September when she raged about how everybody hated her mother's classes. They did. They very plainly did. How could they not? I hated her classes, and I'd seen exactly three.

For the first time, a sentiment of "Pussleigh be damned" entered my heart. I wanted to pick up the phone and call a divorce lawyer then and there.

I couldn't make myself go home with her that night. I sent my wife a text saying I'd gotten caught up with some work stuff that had taken my afternoon and was spilling into the evening, so she and Pussleigh could head home without me. Predictably, all that did was land my daughter in my office after school, having a sobbing, cuddling, nuzzling, suckling meltdown that she couldn't bear to spend another night alone in that house with no one but her mother. I held her, and told her I understood, and let her

blow me until I pushed her back and plastered her jiggy round titties as white as her hair.

“Are you going to divorce Mom, sir?” she asked, plopped down naked on the floor in the middle of my office, lifting a tiny little jizz blob to her lips. My Pussleigh knew how to savor.

“I don’t know, honey. Maybe.”

“I think you should. Mom’s such a bad girl. Have you been to her classroom yet? The morning announcements said to expect to see you in all of our classes from now on.”

I nodded. “I didn’t make it down there physically, but... I watched. On the cameras. I saw what goes on in there.” The shameful depravity of it all.

“There’s cameras...?” Pussleigh asked, head cocked to the side like the labradoodles she was competing for in IQ. What an adorable little girl I had. Also, oops.

“Oh, right. A little something to help the headmaster and I make sure things are running smoothly out there. Let’s keep this between you and me, OK?”

Her eyes widened, and three fingers quickly sunk into her pussy. “Mr. Van Patten is watching?! Oh wow, that’s so freaking *hawt*...”

“It is.”

She caressed one plump tit, giggling as she remembered all the spunk coating it. “If you guys divorce, you have to promise me I can stay with you.”

“If that’s what you want, then of course you can, Slutleigh. You know that.” My daughter groaned at the term of affection, seizing a nipple and giving it a savage twist. I shuddered to imagine how often that happened to her at GPA, but she seemed to enjoy it. My good girl. “But there’s nothing official yet. A lot of things have to happen before we need to make decisions like that. If we even do. For starters, I need to decide if I want a divorce, or... I don’t know.”

Gravely, Pussleigh stopped diddling herself. “Or... if you can fix things with her?”

“Yeah. Though... It’s not something I know how to do, especially after seeing her teach today. I don’t even know where to start.”

“What do you mean? You’re the second smartest boy I know.” Mr. Van Patten was the first – obviously – he was a genius – brilliant – the wisest and cleverest and most intelligent man in the entire world – but that only elevated her praise. “Like, you figured out how to fix things with you and me, right?”

“That was different, Puss.”

She sucked one of her fingers clean, even as a blob of my cum dribbled off another back onto the tit she’d scraped it from. “Different how? Mom sucks. She sucks as a mom; she sucks as a wife; she *especially* sucks as a teacher.” I can’t say how good it felt that my daughter shared my feeling that the last category was the most important. “Just drag her stupid ass–”

“Language.”

“–down to ISS, strap her down, and melt her skank-ass–”

“*Language.*”

“–brain until graduation. I mean, if you don’t love her any more, who cares if you erase her personality? At least she’ll be a good girl for you and Mr. Van Patten.”

I sighed. “ISS is for students. If your mother is being trained all day, who’s going to teach her classes?”

Pussleigh sniffed the cum blob on her pinky, then, with an experimental look, snorted it right up her nose. She coughed and sputtered until it finally flew back out her mouth and splattered on my *THIS IS A SAFE SPACE* poster. Even after she took a moment to recover, she looked up at me gloomily. “Who’s teaching her classes now?”

A fair point. “Still, whatever the case, if I did that for Mom, I couldn’t very well divorce her then, could I?”

“Why not?” my daughter labradoodled.

“Think about it. Would someone with your level of executive function be able to manage on their own in the world?”

“Well, no... But I mean, I’m a good girl. The only value I have is my ability to service, pleasure and obey GPA boys. I mean, I don’t want to be all sappy or anything,” she said, moaning as she scooped some of my seed and shoved it into her insatiably greedy pussy, “but you’re sort of my hero. I want to be with you forever, Dad. Like sure, maybe someday I’ll be old and bleh and you won’t want me any more, but maybe by then I’ll have my own daughter, raised to be a good girl for her grandpa.”

I laughed. “That’s a long ways off, sweetheart. But thank you. That means a lot. But you and I, we love each other. We always will. Your mom and I... it’s different. And if I turn her into a slutty little idiot like you, then I’ve basically decided she needs permanent taking care of, like you, so I can’t ever leave her.”

“So just sell her to human traffickers or something,” she joked. Probably. “I’m sorry. I wish I knew what to say. You’re such a good educator, Dad. And Mom is such a horrible worthless selfish frigid cunt.” She fed her pussy another little blob. She was on birth control like all the other GPA girls of course, but she said she loved how my cum felt squishing around in her pussy. “You taught me to be so good, sir. I just wish you could just teach Mom a lesson, too. You know?”

It hit me like a thunderclap. I squatted down and kissed her full on the lips. I didn’t even care that I could taste my jizz as she shoved her tongue into my mouth. At that moment, I loved her so much I could have almost fucked her.

Almost.

I took a few days, gathering information and observing the other girl teachers. (Creachers? No, that was cute, but it wasn't derivative. I'd figure it out eventually.) On the whole, they seemed to be doing all right, if not performing on the level of their male counterparts, which, how could they. I provided feedback and made sure they understood what I expected to see on my return. Most of them didn't even cry when they were criticized, and most offered me some mutual instruction before I left. All in all promising for the future of the GPA curriculum.

Then it was time. I knew what I needed to know, and I'd been trained to do what I needed to do. My plan in place, for the first time I opened the door to Nicole's classroom. My surname was printed on the sign beside the room number. The curtain she'd erected to interfere with my monitoring from the hallway earlier in the year was still there. I walked around it, and began.

Nicole had been in the middle of yet another pointless lecture, this time about communication infrastructure. Was this a theater class, or intro to digital communication? She couldn't even fuck up correctly, my wife. If she was going to go off curriculum, the least she could do was make it pertinent.

The class was, as before, largely tuning her out. Michael and Douglas were jointly sucking on Deborah's nipples and talking about baseball; a naked Gina was practicing the jump rope for a small audience of mostly boys; Bernice, one of our nominal "lesbians," was 69ing with Bella, who was by all accounts straight as an arrow, as Gerald's cock pistoning in and out of her pussy alongside Bernice's tongue could attest. Like any school, when instruction felt fruitless and the teacher uninvested, students found other ways to occupy themselves. At least here at GPA it was something appropriate to their talents and interests and not drugs and alcohol.

She fell silent as I entered, as did the class. Every student in the room had their eyes on me – the way they ought to have with Nicole if she'd been doing her job. Cocks stopped. The jump rope fell slack, as did Gina's mammoth tits. Just as Pussleigh was called GPA's girledictorian, Gina proudly wore the mantle of slutatorian. Great girl, impressively deferential attitude, phenomenal titties. I smiled – at the students – and gave a friendly wave.

"Sorry to interrupt, everybody," I said, sidling on up next to my wife at the front of the room. Everyone knew why I was here, having seen me make the rounds in their other classes the past few days. Although Nicole wouldn't have known, it had been in the morning announcements, too. Mr. Boyce's other evaluations hadn't been with Mrs. Boyce, though. They simply didn't know what to expect when the teacher in question was my wife.

"We were just talking about systems of communication, Mr. Boyce. If you'd like—"

"It sounded like *you* were talking, honey. I'm not sure how much listening was going on, though."

She managed a smile. It was forced, I knew, and it looked forced. Couldn't even pretend to find my jokes funny. Had she *ever* listened to the morning announcements? I was mortified on her behalf. "The boys were just having their fun, sir. I like to think some of the material seeps in even when they're distra—" She caught herself criticizing the boys and tried again. "Even when they've decided to focus their attention elsewhere."

"And why," I pressed, conversationally, "do you think they're focused elsewhere, honey?"

My wife frowned at my terms of address, but she wasn't about to ignore a direct question from the Chief Disciplinarian, whether or not we were married. "I... think we have some very good girls in here. Sir."

I nodded. "Some."

"If you'd like to have a seat, I was just—"

As I calmly spoke over her, the students had begun to sense there was something about to transpire. They were already getting dressed, finding desks. It was beginning to look like a real classroom.

"Raise your hand if you have carnal knowledge of Mrs. Boyce," I said to the class.

"Sir!" Nicole gasped.

"Carnal... what?" asked Jonah. Almost as dull as a girl, that one, but I loved him like a son anyway. When I'd finally gotten around to asking about her spring break, Pussleigh had raved and raved about how hard he'd tried to find a sex act she'd hesitate on – but he never even tried her asshole! Hilarious, the things even a creative kid like Jonah got squeamish about.

"It means, have we fucked her," explained Oliver. It wasn't only Jonah that seemed to be learning something, though. The girls in particular looked like this was an exciting new vocabulary term. Rather meta, but this was no time to get introspective about what dribs and drabs of thinking went through their sweet little girlbrains.

No hands went up. I'd asked around, of course, so I'd known no hands would go up. The intel was undeniable. Nicole had not, in fact, been cheating on me with her students, ridiculous as that sounded in hindsight.

"And why not?" I prompted them, planting a gentle (gentle-ish) hand over Nicole's mouth.

The students looked around at one another sheepishly. "Sir...?" someone said.

I gestured up and down my wife's blushing body with my free hand. "Is she not attractive enough? Not dressed appropriately?" Nicole grunted indignantly behind my palm. I couldn't guess *why* she was indignant. A dress that hung past her knees? A plain white blouse barely sheer enough to show her bra? A *bra*? "Come on, you guys, do you think she's got herpes or something? You know you can talk to me. What is it?"

The room collapsed into awkward silence. They all knew the answer as well as I did. The answer my lying spouse had hidden from me all school year long. Lies of omission, but lies nevertheless.

It was Douglas, finally, who answered. “Well... she’s your *wife*, sir.”

“That she is.” For now. I smiled. “Still... Raise your hand if you have carnal knowledge of Pussleigh Boyce.”

They were sheepish about it for some reason, most of them, but pretty soon every male hand in the class was up, and several of the girls’ too. More than a few were unable to keep a smug grin off their face about it – sensibly, considering what a syrupy stack of fuck cakes my daughter was.

“Sir,” my wife pressed softly. I must have unmuzzled her without meaning to. “Maybe we could talk about this later? In your office? Or at home...?”

I ignored her, addressing her students. “So what’s the difference?”

“Sir?”

I rolled my eyes with a little grin. “Come on, gang! It’s me. Don’t ‘sir’ me. I mean, do, of course, always treat GPA administrators with the utmost respect.”

“Always treat GPA administrators with the utmost respect,” the class echoed in perfect unison. God, but these kids made me proud to lead them.

“But you can speak freely. Why fuck my baby and not my babymama? Or... Is that still a term people use...?”

“Old people,” snickered Frannie, quickly adding, “sir.”

I laughed with her. “I’m trying my best. But I mean it. Why, in eight months, have none of you decided to venture out and sample the charms of an older woman?” Nicole used to like to tease me about my seniority, way back when we were still young enough that people commented on it. It felt good to be able to return the favor.

“Theater is a semester-long class,” Bernice pointed out, her face still glistening with puss and pre-cum. When I didn’t respond to her statement, she elaborated. “We’ve only been in here a few months, not all year.”

“Three months, then, whatever.” Ordinarily I would have assigned her detention in my office after school for attempting to correct a male administrator, but I was trying to keep things casual. Besides, lesbians were unsurprisingly sub-par at servicing cock. Not that I didn’t look for excuses to provide her some desperately needed remediation, though.

I waited. And waited. They didn’t want to say it. At last, the tension built to the point that I answered my own question. “Because she told you that I’d be angry if you did. Didn’t she.”

Nods. Casual nods, because to them, this wasn’t some shocking revelation of my wife trading on my name for base nepotism. Like it had been for me after I’d gotten a few of her students to spill the beans. I’d suspected it when I saw them not even trying to

learn something from her, not even from her ass, but to hear it said out loud that my wife had been accepting a paycheck from Mr. Van Patten, only to deceive him about her complete failure to even attempt to earn it...

That *bitch*. I didn't use that word lightly apart from GPA girls, who took it as a compliment. That fucking bitch. All year long, hiding away in here neglecting her most basic responsibilities, frustrating and neglecting our boys and serving as an abysmal role model for our girls. Teaching – “teaching” – an outdated curriculum she didn't even have a background in herself, traumatizing GPA's student body with needless lessons, fully clothed and not even skankily presented. Worst of all, doing it in *my* name, invoking the specter of *my* authority to shirk her responsibilities.

What a fool she'd tried to make out of me! I'd been down in my office worried she was in here cheating on me. What had been happening was so much worse than that. She was cheating on *Mr. Van Patten*. She was cheating on the entire Grandview Preparatory Academy.

Well, no more.

“Wait, do you mean... Was... was Mrs. Boyce bullshitting us, sir?” asked Aidan, frowning – but at Nicole, not me.

I nodded sympathetically. I knew they'd be angry – how could they not be? – but this had to be handled delicately. Whatever happened, I meant to leave this classroom today with a clear conscience. As Nicole's husband, but more than that, as her Chief Disciplinarian.

“You sound upset, Aidan. And I get that. But here's the thing. This is actually on you guys.” I pointed around the room.

Boy, that was uncomfortable to say. Blaming these boys for taking a teacher at their word, for respecting me by proxy? It was grotesque. It was a necessary step, though.

“Wait, how is this on us?”

“Yeah, Mr. B, how were we supposed to know she was full of it?”

“I didn't think girls at this school could lie to us.”

“We can't! Mrs. Boyce is a *bad girl!*”

“Bad! Bad! Bad!”

I held up a hand before the chant got out of hand. Nicole looked like she wanted to crawl under her desk and die. “What class is this?” I asked as they quieted down.

Nicole was trembling in shame and anxiety at my side, eyes riveted to her shoes. Ugh, they didn't even reveal her toes. What was she doing for our budding foot fetishists of tomorrow?

“Mrs. Boyce's!” chirped Mary Ellen, cute little tits bouncing merrily as she raised and lowered her hand for no apparent reason.

“He meant what’s the subject, you fucktard whore,” corrected James. I pointed at him, a *there’s the right idea* gesture. “And it’s theater, sir.”

“That it is. And what are we supposed to learn about in theater?” I gave them a moment.

Ryan ventured the first guess. “Uh, like, Shakespeare and stuff?”

His friend Tyler snapped his fingers, concurring. “Yeah, plays or whatever.”

Nod, nod. “Right. And what do people do in plays?”

“Um, they act?” guessed Amber.

“Everybody, applaud for Amber. She got it exactly right.”

The students applauded. Jonah, seated in front of her, turned around and drummed on Amber’s boobs, but it made the same sound pretty much.

Douglas, the once shy young man I’d had to lead by the hand fucking hole after hole in my office until now he was one of the most libidinous young men at GPA, spoke over the din. “Wait. Are you saying that... Mrs. Boyce was only *acting* like we weren’t allowed to fuck her?”

I turned to look at Nicole. She couldn’t look back. She knew what she’d done. She knew what was coming, too. “Mrs. Boyce?”

She was frozen still, silent as the lies she’d told me all school year long.

I took a step closer, putting my lips to my wife’s ear. Her hair smelled exactly like I remember from the last time we were this close, long before we’d ever come to the GPA. “Up to you,” I whispered. “Play along, let me save you one last time. Or admit you’re a liar, get fired for breach of contract, and I’ll see to it personally that you’re enrolled as a GPA student.” Her breath caught in her throat. “And you know my policy when it comes to teaching girls as bad as you.”

I stepped back, smiled civilly.

“Method acting,” my wife began, curving her lips upward, “is an approach in which a performer has to imagine that they truly are the character that they embody.”

I helped her by untucking her blouse while she explained.

“The actor will imagine themselves *as* their character. For instance, say a character is sleep-deprived. The actor might keep themselves awake for days, so that when the action starts, they aren’t merely *pretending* to be tired, faking a yawn, rubbing their eyes.” Nicole began working on the buttons. “They do those things naturally, the way they would in real life.”

The boys were staring as her fiction unraveled, even if it wasn’t actually the fiction they were being told. “Not that it’s always so direct. A lot of it is in the mind, imagining oneself in the circumstance of their character so deeply that their empathy supplies the necessary reality.”

She shrugged her blouse off her shoulders. Nicole was doing a convincing job with this improv I’d forced upon her, yet her skin was burning red with shame as she

fulfilled the terms of her contract for the first time, her first ever real lesson at GPA. I assisted once more, giving her bra clasp a quick twist, an old talent I'd not practiced on her in years. Pussleigh had recently gotten me back into practicing it. I'd gotten quite dextrous about it.

"Say, for instance, I was playing a mother whose child had been kidnapped. Traditional acting would have me rehearsing lines, practicing gestures, following – or nearly following – a script." Off went the bra. Her nipples were harder than I'd ever seen them.

Mr. Van Patten was right to point out her age, with most of the female staff being a decade or more her junior. Still, with this being my first time seeing my wife naked in I couldn't even remember how long, I would have to report to him that, assuming she shaped up after today's intervention, she could at least satisfy the physical requirements of her job for some time.

"A method actress, however, would instead embrace the mindset. In my case, I'd try to imagine someone had taken Pais—" She grimaced. Bitch. "Pussleigh. As many of you know, my daughter was given to some of your male teachers this past winter. Josh, I remember you were, erm, playfully teasing me at the time. I sat at home, imagining what these men were doing to my innocent daughter."

"Innocent?" snorted Jonah. "That slut is innocent like a two dollar hooker!"

I laughed along with the rest of the boys – he made a good point, after all! ha! – but gently motioned to listen. Nicole needed to sell this little fable if she wanted to have any chance of saving at least her career. Her marriage... that might be asking too much at this point.

Nicole unzipped her dress and let it fall off her hips. The ugliest, most boring granny panties I'd ever seen greeted us. She hadn't even worn those to bed with me, they were so bland and unflattering. Our laughter died. Impressionable girls stared in horror at the lack of sexiness before them.

"So going into that performance, I'd use that anxiety, that shame, that frustration and outrage and terror and dismay and self-loathing for what I..." She caught herself. Too far, with a side of shut the fuck up. She probably thought she was chastising me for permitting it – nay, arranging it – but I was more than proud of how well Pussleigh had motivated the male faculty. (The ma-culty? No. Damn it!)

She went on. "Anyway, method acting would be entering the stage genuinely distraught, terrified, truly feeling and embracing all those emotions to deliver a performance that mirrors a real world response to the character's situation in the scene."

While she was blathering, I'd snagged the scissors from the top drawer of her desk. I calmly seized the waistband of those hideous underpants and gave it a quick snip, then again on the other side. For just a moment, my wife's panties hung there in

her thigh gap, dangling beneath the very same vagina that had ushered my beloved daughter into the world. Then, with the subtlest shift in her stance, they fell, revealing her hairy pussy to her class for the first time.

It was *April*, and these students hadn't so much as seen her midriff I'd wager. I held up a finger to forestall her, letting them take a first look at her nudity. It was a special moment for a boy, the first time he saw his Chief Disciplinarians lying whore idiot slut teacher strip off her clothes in front of the class and invite them to ogle her naked body. They were savoring it, I could tell. I brag on Nicole's dumper, but her front is no slouch either.

When I saw they were waiting for her to go on, I permitted her. "And that's what I've been waiting for you all to pick up on this semester, what nobody did all fall and winter," she explained, removing her watch from one wrist, a bracelet from the other, her earrings, a necklace. No fig leaf left to hide her shameful abuse of power, power that wasn't even hers to abuse in the first place.

"Making myself imagine that my husband wanted to keep me for himself, to protect me, shelter me." Nicole placed a soft hand on my wrist. Her fingers were as icy as ever. "For each of us to honor our marital vows to one another, to be faithful to each other. To place our marriage above our careers."

"Above you all," I added for her, lightly kicking her shoe lest she forget those.

"I imagined it so hard that it felt real." She laughed, but her throat went dry and it came out as more of a croak. "I can't believe it took everyone so long to recognize what a sham it all was. You see, I was trying to teach you."

It was really, really challenging not to roll my eyes at all that. Instead, once she'd discarded her final bit of covering, it was my turn to take her by the wrist. She didn't resist as I spun her around. For the first time, her class saw the ass that had commandeered my life and marched me on a tether forged out of my own conscience, dragging right up to this very moment. I'd honestly forgotten how much I missed that booty. Pussleigh's was a fine imitation, but there was truly nothing quite like the original. Biased as I was, it wasn't a matter of taste. I saw a few boys' jaws drop, and more than one muttered curse.

With a hand on the small of her back, I bent my wife over her teacher's desk, sweeping obsolete homework assignments and lesson plans to the floor. She wouldn't be wasting any more time or resources on those. She resisted so little I could have done it with one finger. With my breath. Nicole's cunt, glistening softly in the fluorescent lighting of her classroom in recognition of what traces of most of a year's worth of morning announcements she'd observed, waited between those two toned half-moon cheeks.

"And now that we've bored you with all that... Mrs. Boyce would like to begin teaching the official curriculum."

The boys leered at her ass. They looked at me. At the ass. At me, at the ass. At the ass. At the ass. At me then at that glorious fucking naked milf bitch ass.

“So... We can...?” asked Gerald.

“Can you? Oh I insist that you do.” The poor guy had never finished in Bernice, after all. Or Bella. I could barely keep my own daughter straight amongst all these beautiful brainless whores. “And remember, you’re already months behind, so let’s give her your best, eh boys?”

I took a seat in her rolling desk chair, an obnoxiously squeaky thing obviously left here from before Mr. Van Patten’s acquisition of the building. It meant her face was right there in front of me, and once Gerald dropped his pants and shoved his messy wet dick in his teacher’s pussy, she wasn’t going anywhere even if she wanted.

My wife moaned as she was penetrated. Bitch hadn’t been fucked in over a year, I’d bet, but there was a little added something in it that made me wonder if there might be hope for her yet.

As the girls fell to their knees to get on with the fluffing, the boys argued about who would go next. “Sloppy seconds” wasn’t a thing most GPA boys concerned themselves with, but there was a prestige in taking charge. We had some outstanding future leaders in this school.

Take Joshua, for instance. Joshua was a tad squeamish – one of those exceptions to the sloppy seconds status quo. He took Frannie and Bella by the hair and had them suck Gerald’s cum out of Nicole, and the drips off of her ass, before screwing her. The magnificent keister sticking up over her head in my vision shined with her good girls’ spit as it bounced for her good boy’s gratification.

Or Michael. Michael strode up behind her with an expression I couldn’t call anything less than a snarl. He didn’t even lay a hand on her right away, just lit into her for wasting his whole semester on boring bullshit trivialities, denying him his right as a dues-paying student. (Technically his father had, but this was no time for minutiae.) Rather than fuck her, he simply jerked her head back – I helped hold it for him – and spit in her face, then spanked her and spanked her, ruthless, brutal full arm swats, until the next boy in line whined for his turn with her.

Or Douglas. Good old Douglas. His cock flopped down in the slime coating Nicole’s ass from the past half dozen boys who’d fucked her. Then he looked me in the eye across the length of her and asked, “Did you ever fuck Mrs. Boyce’s ass, sir?”

I shook my head. “I can’t say that I have.” There was more I could say (and still more Nicole assuredly wanted to say), but I had a grip on reality and she had my fingers in her mouth to make her stop whimpering while she got stuffed.

“Well, I’m about to, sir, but...” He gave that slut’s reddened backside a few soft pats. “I think you should get her butt cherry. You’re the man, Mr. B. Least you deserve for all you do around here.”

I smiled, genuinely flattered. “That’s very generous Douglas, but honestly, I’ll feel better knowing it went to a great young man like yourself.”

He eyed my wife’s dynamite derriere. “You’re sure, sir?”

“I want you to cum so hard up her ass that it shoots right out her mouth, Douglas.” I gave him a thumbs up.

Nicole’s eyes stayed locked on mine the whole while. She was giving me this look, this look that said in a dozen languages, *look what you’ve done to me you bastard*. It was a look I hadn’t seen since the first split second we’d seen the results of her pregnancy test going on nineteen years ago. Then, it had been replaced immediately by her usual mulish defiance. For the life of me I couldn’t guess why she thought I might apologize for this, call it off or whatever it was she hoped for.

Instead, as boy after boy made the call of whether to fuck her pussy, her ass, to do some more spanking, or just to tell her what a miserable worthless bitch she was for cockteasing them all year, I wrote passes for all the boys who’d be late to next period so as not to forfeit their place in line. When the next period arrived, someone informed them in the hallway that Mrs. Boyce was fair game now, same as the rest of the girl teachers. That and my consenting presence was all they needed to start lining up and trading favors over who got to use her first.

(Or, more accurately, who got to use her seventeenth.)

Nicole came, here and there. She was a good enough girl not to completely resent the endless train of entitled teenage dicks running in and out of her holes. Nobody took advantage of her lying slut mouth; I think they saw that she and I were having a moment as spouses over on our side of the desk and didn’t want to interfere.

(Really, I’d have gladly let her suck every dick in school – except mine, of course – but I was touched by their concern.)

Not wanting to rush them through lessons they’d waited so long to commence, I arranged for transportation for students staying after school. Pussleigh found us, waved giddily at me, and took a place at one of the computer stations in the corner to rewatch the week’s morning announcements. Alan, who was in Nicole’s homeroom, told Pussleigh that he wanted to double up on them. (Then he slapped her a few times to pry her attention from the screen and repeated it now that she could listen.) I would have gladly permitted them except several boys insisted that today was making up for lost time on the elder Boyce bitch, that they’d have the rest of the school year for threesoming the girls of their Chief Disciplinarian’s family.

That they would.

Nicole said not a word the entire time it was happening. She grunted; she whined; she moaned occasionally; she provided a surface for the rhythmic percussion of balls on backside. She was a whipped dog who’d been caught eating out of the garbage can, accepting her punishment from her master. Not that Mr. Van Patten had mandated

any such thing. He'd had the insight, the generosity, and the general mirth of spirit to allow me the joy of ending the stain she'd put on my family's good name. I was simply watching her like she was a living training session, except it was me teaching her. In my eyes, she read the morning announcement that this was her job from now on.

No more cheating. No more infidelity. No more lies. Just perfect obedient service to the curriculum of the Grandview Preparatory Academy.

It was going on 7 when the last boy nudded all over her ass. More than a quarter of a day being fucked by cock after cock. Probably some kind of record. It was Michael who had the honor of finishing her out. He was back for seconds, regretting not having taken the opportunity to despoil her in his first go-round. He high-fived me over Nicole's back, spit on her again, helped himself to a double booby-honk on Pussleigh (so used to such compliments she didn't even look up from her monitor), then headed out.

Nicole was probably coated in pounds of cum by then. In her gaping holes, on her ass cheeks, up and down her thighs, all over her back, soaked into her hair so thickly that her whole mane was locked in place. Her cheek at last slumped, limp and defeated, *trained*, onto her similarly cum-saturated desktop. Bending over like that for so long, we'd probably need to get her in to see her chiropractor.

I wasn't about to touch her, not like that, so I sent Pussleigh to find Miss Stella. She had a cart, I figured, and as filthy as Nicole was it seemed unlikely that being escorted to the shower in a garbage can could make her any filthier. (We put a fresh bag in first, of course; she was still my wife, after all.) The three of us dumped her out and turned on the water; Nicole lay there in a whimpering heap as the spray slowly dissolved hours and hours of dried-on cum.

(Between that and the boys who'd taken fistfuls of her hair while they were pounding her worthless idiot slut butt, we wound up having to cut out a few chunks of her hair. Water wasn't cutting it. It would grow back, though. Or we could shave her bald and let the boys pick out some wigs for her. Whatever.)

Laughing at her mother's comatose state, Pussleigh helped me dress Nicole in her exterior attire and guide her to the car. She lay down in the backseat in silence the whole ride home as Pussleigh excitedly chattered at me about her own day at school, all the boys she'd pleased. She went on and on about a discussion at the GPA Philanthropy Association after school before she'd come to hang out with me and her mother. Some of the GPAPA girls were observing about how weird it was that they used to want to go to college, but they'd since learned that colleges didn't even let you major in being a gigantic fucking whore, at least not at any college in the English-speaking world. Maybe in Asia, they'd speculated.

My mind wandered occasionally when Pussleigh got caught up in the play-by-plays of it all. I was contemplating how many more days like today Nicole would need to have before she caught up with her daughter. If she ever could.

Back home, I manned up and simply carried Nicole inside, depositing her on the couch. She was pretty much a limp noodle. I asked if she was hungry; receiving no reply, I simply chucked a plastic container of grocery store egg salad at her. Only a couple days past the best-by date, still probably safe. Then I asked if she was OK.

“I think one of the boys peed on me,” she mumbled.

I rolled my eyes. “Which I’m sure came off in the shower, though you be sure to add that to the thank you that you owe Miss Stella. What I meant was: are you OK *right now*.”

She simply rolled over to face the back of the couch. It felt almost strange seeing her ass covered up again. A pity my authority didn’t extend to the living room, or I’d have made her strip off her dress again.

Turning to Pussleigh, who was in the foyer sending snaps of her bare titties to some of her friends, I said, “I think I’m too tired to cook. You want to go out to eat? I bet we can find somewhere still open.”

(Pussleigh would have cooked for us if she could, but she’d never taken an interest in it back in her Riverfork days, and now, well, the illiteracy made it tough to learn the skill. She could handle a bowl of cereal, usually, but this had not been a cereal-for-dinner kind of day.)

Pussleigh looked down at my crotch. “Dad, you can’t go to Applebee’s with a loaded weapon like that.”

“First off, this is America, so... yeah. Second, it’s fine. Take care of it when I tuck you in later if it makes you happy.”

(“*Tucking her in*” was her little euphemism for “*throwing back the sheets so she could wrap her naked body around mine for night-time cuddling.*”)

She shook her head. “The boy teachers, I’ve heard them talk about the ‘mutual instruction benefit.’ That’s where boys who work for Mr. Van Patten can fuck us, and fuck the teachers, right?”

“Right, but...”

She gestured to her mother. “Go on, Dad. Give her a quick dicking. She owes you that much as your wife. If she doesn’t give a shit about our family, she can at least do her fucking job.” Seeing I was about to keep arguing, she added hastily, “You’re on the fence about a divorce, right? What better way to see if there’s anything left to save than to see if you two can still bone it out, you know?”

I studied Nicole’s ass. Nicole, too. She was trembling softly, I noticed. No worries. She’d worked hard today for a change, and we’d train her performance anxiety right out of her. I’d already thought of a few additions to the morning announcements that would help bring her back into the fold.

Tim had been right to warn me. Nicole had nearly strayed from our marriage once by making plans to go on a date with another man. That had hurt. If he hadn’t sent

me that article, though, I never would have started to wonder just how bad of a girl my wife could be. Those incredible, virile, charming and virtuous GPA boys... She'd lied to them all year. Lied to me about lying to them. Invoked my name in that lie. What had she said to Mr. Van Patten when I'd loaned her to him months back? He knew me too well to believe her bullshit story about my invoking dibs on her.

Or he ought to, anyway, considering how much of what was left of me was his creation. What a great man.

I looked down at her shivering on the couch, and... my erection faded. I felt nothing for her. Well no, I felt disgust and contempt and a deeply professional sense of outrage, but nothing physical. In that moment, I felt like I would never want to so much as touch that ass ever again. It belonged, until it was no longer worthy of servility, to the GPA.

"You're really not going to?" asked Pussleigh, who'd been monitoring my cock more closely than usual. She sniffled. "So I guess it's two Christmases for me, huh."

"I guess so, Cutie Puss," I said with a laugh. Pussleigh whimpered in pleasure. I was really pushing her buttons on skanky nicknames today. She deserved a treat for her patience and supportiveness, though. Nicole, not ten feet away, said nothing. "Thanks for that, though. Truly. Maybe you're not the stupid dumpster of rotting fuck meat everyone says you are."

She groaned. Or moaned. "Daaaaaad! You're gonna make me come myself even dumber!" Definitely moaned. "So, if you guys are donezo... You can fuck whoever you want now, huh?"

Just when we were having a moment. "Not until I'm divorced, Pussleigh!"

"Awww!" But her face quickly brightened. "But after that...?"

"After that we'll see. You know I'm partial to good girls, so we'll have to see if you're good enough."

She clapped her hands delightedly, squealing in slutty anticipation, then skipped over to Nicole. Pussleigh crooned smugly in her ear, "I'm gonna fuck your huuus-baaand...!"

Applebee's was still open. We watched baseball and ate chicken tendies with my arm draped over her shoulder, her head reclining sweetly on my chest. When we got home, Nicole was gone. I was alarmed at first. Had I pushed her too hard? I felt like I'd been tough but fair. But there was a note taped to the fridge.

Sleeping in the shed. I'll move out there this weekend. The house is yours.

–Nicole

I tucked it away, thinking how much my divorce lawyer was going to like a signed offer on the house.

Pussleigh and I headed to bed. She hadn't forgotten about that bulge in my pants or my offer to her. She'd been such a good girl I let her mount me, nestling my cock

between her gushing lips and humping me to completion. Nearly as good as sex. With a girl as good as my baby, it was better than anything I'd ever gotten from my ex-wife-to-be. Except for Pussleigh herself.

Things started to get better for the Boyces after that. I selected a few reliable chaps from Nicole's homeroom to make sure she watched every last second of the morning announcements. I didn't really care how they did it. Bend her back over her desk and spin her monitor in her face while they drilled her; administer corporal punishment every time she blinks; or simply tie her down and taping her eyes open. They could leave her like that all day for all I cared. She could do her job better bound and gagged than she'd been doing with her freedom intact all year anyway.

Nicole even showed some initiative. Instead of lingering in my shed, she moved back in with her parents. She'd been dutifully minding the announcements for weeks by then, so I didn't have any worries she'd do anything rash like explaining how bad she'd been or what consequences her poor decisions had yielded. It was information for her employment file and no one else. (And believe me, I updated the shit out of that thing the morning after her big debut.)

Pussleigh graciously gave her mom a hug goodbye when she moved out. I think she hoped someday her mom would become a good girl like her, and they could maybe have a relationship again. Personally, I didn't doubt Nicole would make it. That is to say, as her Chief Disciplinarian, I didn't mean to give her a choice. I'd already been planning the summer's morning announcements to help catch her up with her colleagues, and until then, she was being gang-banged by vengeful teenage boys 10 hours a day. It was one hell of a support system for a woman undergoing a personal crisis.

Once the divorce proceedings were underway, we changed the name on her door back to her maiden name, Read. The students persisted in calling her Mrs. Boyce out of gratitude to me, their cute little way of showing me what a hot fuckable fuck toy for boys I'd helped her become. There were rumors that our little "method acting" ruse had been a ruse, but mostly they let it slide. Nicole had an ass that contended for best in school; who cared if she also had a soul filled with dog shit.

Graduation came. Students' families were invited; aside from the girls not wearing anything under their caps and gowns, it was as traditional as the commencement ceremony had been at Riverfork and at every other high school. Cliché speeches and that god-awful "Pomp and Circumstance" repeating ad nauseam on the speakers. The salutatorian and valedictorian were honored, as both boys ought to be. We hosted a private celebration in the gym that night where I was proud to recognize Pussleigh as the official girledictorian a pink trophy proclaiming her the easiest,

sleaziest, squeeziest girl in class. She and I were proud as peacocks over seeing her hard work honored, but it was beside the point of the party.

Our little moment aside, the affair was sort of one last school dance, except fathers were invited to play with our girl grads too. And the girl teachers. And there was an open bar. And a pretty shocking quantity of cocaine. A proper send-off for our boys. The headmaster even invited some of next year's boys and their incredible, inspirational, successful, generous fathers, for whom I had the utmost respect and admiration. I shook some hands, passed Pussleigh and Nicole around to anybody who looked twice at them, had a few drinks. Nobody left without something to remember the night by. (Assuming they hadn't drunk and snorted enough to be incapable of remembering.)

The divorce finalized that summer, only a couple weeks after commencement. Thanks to her attentiveness to the morning announcements and some extra training sessions Mr. Van Patten helped me craft for her, it wound up entirely amicable. State law mandated an even division of marital assets, but Nicole was a very good girl about it all. As promised, I got the house, and while Pussleigh was too old for custody arrangements to enter into it, I got her too. Nicole was awarded both of our vehicles, which seemed excessive, but we'd talked behind our attorneys' backs. She simply sold mine back to me for a dollar, then gave hers to Pussleigh. I let her keep her old bike so she could get around. The restored Ms. Read moved into the same dormitory the other single girl teachers lived in, a cheap shithole Mr. Van Patten had received as a tuition donation from Gerald's dad. It was too far for biking, but she could get to work on the bus we sent by the dorm to pick up the rest of the faculty.

(Oh right! Problem solved. "Faculty" was all my idea, and I admit I was a little proud. Sounded a little dumb at first, but it got funnier every time Mr. Van Patten and I said it.)

As for me, I had the whole summer stretching out before me, and from there, my whole life. I finally had what I'd always wanted. A position of prestige, respect, and real impact; the freedom to pursue my own desires and interests; the money to enjoy myself, travel, pick up hobbies that had been gathering dust for so long; and, of course, all the sex I could ever want. More, really.

Pussleigh finally received the daddy-daughter fucking she'd been begging for ever since I shredded her inessential self in ISS. The very morning I came home from closing the divorce proceedings, Pussleigh was waiting for me right inside the door on her knees wearing nothing but a big red bow around her big round boobs. I'd been planning it for a while, but when I took her to our bedroom and threw the finalized divorce papers on the bedspread and announced my intention to fuck her meager brains out atop those documents while the ink from her parents' signatures was still drying...

I don't think I've ever seen my daughter come that hard. At least until I actually did it, and then... I'm pretty sure the neighbors all found out that Mr. Boyce had scored himself a new lover, one with some mighty impressive lungs.

Her nineteenth birthday was less than a week later. We'd been planning to take a road trip, do some camping together like we did when she was little, before Nicole had put a stop to it. Now that sex was on the table, I didn't have it in me to deny my baby her birthday wish. We drove into the city and found a motel that rented rooms by the hour. The pride in her voice when she told the clerk that she was my whore for the night and that she was going to make her daddy come so good... It warmed my heart watching her dream come true.

Sex aside, however, I'd been dreading the plight of post-academic Pussleigh for a long while. Obviously the little idiot twat couldn't hold down any job except as a sex worker, and even then good luck having her remember to collect payment, much less remember what each of her holes cost. Mr. Van Patten was way ahead of me though. Before she even graduated, he took me aside and said I could take her on as my secretary. My daughter, working at my side (and at my feet, and on her back on my desk, etc.)... It was more than I'd ever hoped for her. The plaque on her little desk read "sexetary," an impressive gag considering her struggles with words and letters. She found it endlessly giggle-worthy.

As an added perk, her job didn't pay anything, which meant we could start her immediately. Actually, her first day was Better yet, it entitled her to mutual instruction benefits, so she still got to fuck her teachers and I as often as we wanted. With my workload considerably lessened during the summer, we spent a good chunk of our days making up lost time. Miss Stella became such a mainstay in our fucking that we started to become friends out of work. She asked me on a date the morning after the first time Pussleigh and I took her into our bed. It was so flattering, but I wasn't ready yet. She said she understood, and just to show she wasn't put out by my rejection, she stayed the whole weekend, cooking and cleaning and pleasuring me.

Divorced less than a week and already I was making new friends. Stella had been trained so well she'd taken on cleaning as a personal hobby; she loved it so much she even offered to be my maid on a permanent basis after work. Not as a job or anything, just a favor to a friend. I told her to give me some time to think about it. I had my hands full with Pussleigh, literally, helping her adjust to the real world, and giving myself time to readjust to bachelorhood. Stella was pretty funny, it turned out. She joked around, sending me these funny pics of herself in slutty French maid outfits that didn't even try to conceal her tits and ass, but I knew it was only jokes. It felt so good to have *friends* again.

Thanks to my new secretary and my new friend, June passed in an orgasmic blur. July came, and with it, our first test as divorced parents.

See, our family had always been big fans of the Fourth of July. Nicole's parents had a little cabin on Bear Lake, and we always went out there with her folks and sometimes mine, sometimes Tim and Erin and Pussleigh's cousins. We swam around, took the pontoon boat out, cooked brats and fished and watched the fireworks. Fireworks are always good in my book, but the ones at the lake were something else. One of the guys a half dozen cabins down the shore used to own a fireworks store before retiring, and like I imagine is the case for a lot of people who own a fireworks store, he was fanatical about the things. His ludicrous investment in making fire and thunder in the sky meant that Pussleigh had grown up in defiance of her goth nature in awe of the nationalistic displays.

Mother and daughter hadn't spoken since before graduation. They saw each other at school sometimes when Nicole came in for this or that, but not to interact. Then on the first, Nicole reached out to invite Pussleigh to the lake. I was relieved to see her being willing to make the first move. She'd been trained well.

Not without Dad, our daughter texted back predictably. (Really, I don't know that she could have gone a whole day without me fucking her by that point. She got addicted to the high of having a GPA administrator jizz inside her real quick.) Luckily Nicole, who'd been spending most of her summer break so far watching morning announcements on loop like the rest of the faculty, acquiesced easily. Myself, I wasn't looking forward to a whole awkward day with my ex. Tim had invited us to his place, in fact, but I knew Pussleigh adored the holiday, and I didn't have it in me to deny her.

The day before, I took Pussleigh shopping for a bikini; she purchased one with an American flag motif that was many sizes too small, digging into my daughter's huge tits like that ugly black choker she'd liked to wear in middle school had on her neck. (I laughed at the thought of my gleaming white-haired angel slut wearing black. How long since I'd seen in her anything but pastels and bright colors and more whites?) Nicole convinced her parents not to join us, suggesting she didn't want them to see it if she and I started fighting. As if Ms. Read, aspiring faculty good girl, wouldn't cave completely and immediately to any demand her Chief Disciplinarian made of her.

Pussleigh had anticipated her mother trying to pretend she was just another mom; I hadn't even kicked off my flip-flops when she began stripping her mother of her t-shirt and khaki shorts. She then stuffed Nicole's perfect ass into a bikini that matched hers, except where Pussleigh's was devouring her tits, Nicole's sunk all the way up that splendid ass at her first step.

It was a really nice day, pretty much like it always was aside from slutty swimwear and my constant boner. We'd arrived later than usual, but there were lots of

hours to fill. I did the grilling in Mr. Read's absence. Nicole did some yard work for her folks. We listened to music and sipped beer. (Pussleigh was only nineteen, but she was alone with her parents, and I'd given up on her re-learning how to drive anyway.) We busted out some of the cheesy old board games from back when Nicole was younger than her daughter was now, we laughed as they let me win. Sure, Pussleigh kept trying to lure me into her grandparents' bedroom for a quickie, but it was a holiday, and we both still had our scant reservations about me fucking Pussleigh in front of her mother.

Or so I thought.

Night came. Like tradition, we set out on Mr. and Mrs. Read's pontoon boat, drifting listlessly out into the middle of this part of the lake. The three of us were lying on our backs, watching the lesser displays of fireworks begin. That was part of it, the amateurs with their bottle rockets and a few loud BOOMS. When they ran out or they got bored, the folks who really invested in lighting up the sky for a while cut loose with their flowering bursts. It was solid. Not as good as a professional show, but pretty. It was hard not to love America underneath all that. Still, the really good stuff, the fruits of a man for whom these displays were a part of his soul, would come later. Sweet anticipation for the finale built, and built.

It was the only anticipation building, though.

Without preamble, Nicole sat up, then positioned herself on hands and knees. The little pucker of her asshole was visible during each overhead flash on either side of those stars and stripes flossing her butt crack. *Fuck*. When was the last time I'd beheld that thing? (Outside of work I mean.)

I was horny for it in an instant. I hadn't had sex since that morning when Pussleigh and I had a quick screw in the car before we left the garage at home. (Good thing, too – I almost forgot to bring the cooler! Then I saw it sitting there while she was still lotioning her tits with my cum. That would have been some egg on my face, boy howdy.)

"Would you like to collect on your mutual instruction benefit, sir?" My ex-wife asked in a smoky voice, swiveling her head to fix a positively sultry gaze on me.

Was that what she'd said to me at that frat party to get me to raw dog her in the first place? No, I guess that wouldn't make sense. Good thing she hadn't though, or I'd have fucked a set of quadruplets into her.

God, that ass. Yellow and red and blue and orange as the sky decided, but always taut and smooth and rounded to perfection. How I'd missed that ass. Not from our marriage; from that sweaty frat party and the hot little undergrad in her skimpy dress I'd felt so badass to have seduced. I missed it from watching her belly swell with our daughter, the two of us fucking night and day as our mutual concession to being young and hot and horny and trapped by our bad decisions and values. When I'd worried,

whatever the internet said, that I'd fuck that hot bitch with her perfect ass so hard that my dick would give Pussleigh brain damage.

(The brain damage, I thought with a wry grin as I rose to my knees behind Nicole, would come much later.)

"Dad, no. No! No way. She had her chance! Fuck *me*, sir! It's not fair!"

I didn't have to scold her for presuming she had the right to decide which GPA whores I stuck my dick in. Nicole was already on it. "Get him ready for me, Puss-Puss. I'm already wet for him. I'm always wet for him. A good girl is always wet for an administrator. I want to be a good girl. Good girls are sluts. Good girls are fuck toys for boys." She smiled affectionately at our daughter. "Which I know you know. Better than any girl in the world, my sweet Booby Baby."

Whorish nicknames were as ever Pussleigh's Achilles heel. I could already see her tantrum breaking on the rocks of Nicole's offer to the Chief Disciplinarian. "But... after? Please, sir? Please, Mom?"

Nicole looked at me. "That's your father's decision."

I decided that I would have my daughter strip off my shorts, lay me down on a beach towel spread over the damp floor of our little raft, and then invite my ex-wife (and, I admitted grudgingly, one of GPA's goodest faculty members) to ride my cock as I watched fireworks while I fondled the tits of my mesmerized and masturbating sextary. She guided my hands around her titties and stared at the lights in the sky.

I hadn't meant to fuck Nicole's butt, but that was the hole she chose to provide me, easing me into her now well-trained ass and rocking the boat as she wailed out orgasm after non-stop orgasm. What a fucking slut. She'd clearly been keeping her asshole good and stretched for ease of access – more than I could say for Pussleigh, who lazily insisted she liked how it hurt when I tore up her ass. Nicole's was perfect, though. Tight and toned and, best of all, attached those magnificent goddamn glutes.

I was going to have to find an excuse to nominate Ms. Read for employee of the month this fall.

The big display was just starting when I flooded Nicole's bowels. She would have ridden me all night, but Pussleigh pleaded, pleaded like she used to plead for a handful of sparklers just over there on the shore. I stood, so they could gaze cross-eyed around my cock up at the sky while they went to work on me. With the help of a little lake water and a lot of spit, my daughter and her mother cleaned my cock and licked and sucked together, radiating love through the explosions flashing against their glassy eyes. They didn't relent until I was hard again. It didn't take long.

"Can you show me how to ass-fuck him, Mom?" Pussleigh asked meekly as she held her crotch at the ready.

Nicole laughed softly. “You know, I used to tease you when you were a gloomy tween that if you didn’t start listening to me and your dad that you’d wind up a beggar. I guess begging was just your calling.”

“Mooom...!” Pussleigh whined over the boom of the fireworks.

“All right, all right, my little nitwit titbit. Let’s get that ass of yours stuffed.”

Nicole stroked her softly moaning daughter’s hair, kissed her, kissed her some more, kept kissing her until I was no longer hard but rather *achingly* hard, and gently guided my cock into Pussleigh’s needy asshole. Her desire to watch the show in the sky competed, however feebly, with her desire to be my effortless anal conquest. With each roar above us, she slumped further and further down until she was lying down with her back on my chest, sighing rapturously as I softly pounded her asshole.

Nicole, not to be left out of the tender moment, squatted over Pussleigh’s mouth (accepting my guidance to minimize blocking her view overmuch) and generously invited her to lick and suck my cum out of her gaping ass. The desire to repair their bond was so strong that she didn’t even mind forfeiting her own enjoyment of the fireworks if it meant she could heighten Pussleigh’s pleasure by lapping at her bare pink pussy, and of course, just as much, my cock sliding in and out of her butt.

Explosions. Explosions. Explosions.

Under a dark and silent sky, we retreated to the cabin and fucked like demons. Nothing was too depraved. Pussleigh ate a brat out of her mother’s cunt. I drank wine coolers off the slopes of tits until we all needed to hop in the little shower, where my employees competed to see who could command the attention of my cock the longest. We fucked in Pussleigh’s grandparents’ bed, and on their couch, on their kitchen counters and dining table. I had Nicole take her parents’ portrait off the wall, a 30th anniversary present from us to them, and we fucked on my ex-in-laws’ painted faces. I watched the girls laugh through their first attempt at scissoring each other, and moan through their first (and second, and fifth) attempt at 69ing. I pressed those sluts’ tits against the sliding glass door looking out at the lake and ate my breakfast while I watched the sunrise over the shoulders of my sweet, fuckable benefits.

That Fourth of July, I celebrated my independence from two women who wouldn’t comprehend the meaning of the word independence if I programmed it into the morning announcements. Maybe we weren’t a family any more, at least not in the same way, but we were better than that now. After all, families could split up, but the GPA?

It was perfect, and it was forever.