

## Stepford: Next Generation

It'd finally happened.

The world was being Stepfordized. Outreach programs had set up shop in every nation, with transformation centres planned for every major city. And that was just the beginning! One day, there wouldn't be a town or community anywhere on the globe that didn't have access to Stepford's technology.

It was only a matter of time before the whole world was a domestic utopia. A man's paradise.

There were issues with expanding so much, of course. While the Stepford Organisation had complete control of media outlets the world over, there were those who'd caught on to what was happening. Women who'd noticed their female friends and family acting 'differently'. Even with massive control over the internet, it was impossible to suppress *everything*. There were certain 'conspiracy theories' floating around.

But, all things taken into account, the resistances Walter and his colleagues had encountered were nothing compared to the progress they were making.

A whole world of Stepford Wives.

A world where every woman knew her place. Where every woman was always smiling, always serving. Where every man could be exactly that – a man.

If that wasn't worth fighting for, what was?

A perfect life. It was the dream. And he'd been living it for years now. So long that he'd almost forgotten what things had been like before. Almost.

Despite everything with the Stepford Organisation going so well, there was *one* issue that had yet to be resolved.

*Soon*, Walter told himself. *Soon*.

The solution to 'that' problem was already in the works.

Just a few more weeks now...

He tapped on her bedroom door. Waited.

No response.

Of course. Why *would* she answer him? He was only her fucking *father*!

*Breathe*, Walter told himself. *Just a little bit longer*.

Disrespect. In so many aspects of life, that one element had been completely erased. No longer did women disrespect men, no longer was his gender a mockery. In *every other* area, that kind of disrespect had been rooted out and eradicated. Stepford Wives didn't *disrespect* men, they *adored* them.

But here, in this particular facet of life, that disrespect remained.

*Not for much longer*, Walter reminded himself, pushing down his indignation and anger. *Not for much longer at all*.

That was, in fact, why he was standing where he was. Tapping on this particular door. It was all part of the plan. Stepford's plan. The next step in this community's evolution.

He raised his knuckle again, tapped on the door. Waited.

No response.

So be it. If she wanted to play this game, let her. At the end of the day, it was Walter who held all the cards. Walter who was in control. If Kimberly needed to be reminded of that, *so be it*.

Walter grabbed the door's handle, turned it, strode into the room.

The walls of the room were pink. Not the bright, bubbly pink they'd once been. The paint had lost some of its colour over the last few years. And the fact that the curtains were closed, casting the room in shadow, didn't help much either. Pictures of grim-looking rock bands, anime posters, photos of friends – all added to the mix, dulling the 'girliness' of

the room.

Walter's eyes drifted right to his daughter.

Laying in bed with a pair of headphones on, poking on her phone's screen without a care in the world.

Kimberly had jet-black, greasy hair. Straight and dirty with frayed tips and split ends. Around her eyes, she wore a thick layer of eyeliner – far, far too much of the stuff. And, likewise, she'd decided to go with black lipstick today too – a dull, matte shade that did nothing but ruin the girl's natural good-looks. Around her throat was a matching black choker.

And her clothes? They were about as un-Stepford as one could get. Torn jeans and a black t-shirt. No chest to speak of; the girl was as flat as a board. And no backside either. Practically a twig, really. A pale, twig-like girl.

The total opposite of her Stepford mother.

It took Kimberly a few moments to realise he'd entered her room. And, when she did, she shot up – tossed her headphones aside and glared at him.

"Get out!" His daughter demanded. "Now!"

"No," Walter said, crossing his arms.

"This is *my* room, you-"

"It's *my* house," Walter interrupted before the girl had a chance to start ranting and raving. "And I'll go where I please. I tried knocking, but you didn't answer, so-"

"So *what*? It's *my* room! You can't just-"

"Shut up," Walter barked, eyes narrowing. "And listen!"

His daughter's mouth hung open, eyes widening. He'd never shouted at her like that before. Never raised his voice to her.

Until today, he'd tolerated her little 'rebellious' phase. It was cute, in the same way that tiny, unthreatening dog's snarls were. It'd been almost amusing to watch the girl trying to assert herself. But, recently, that charm had worn off.

It was time for this girl to grow up. One way or another.

"In two weeks, there's going to be a daddy-daughter ball at the Stepford Institute. You and I will be attending. Your mother will pick out something nice for you to wear and-"

"No," Kimberly huffed, crossing her arms. "I'm not going."

Walter shook his head.

She'd certainly recovered from the shock of his raised voice quickly enough.

"This is not optional," he told her firmly. "You *will* attend and you will-"

"I'm eighteen now!" Kimberly's shrill voice cut in. "You can't make me go anywhere or do anything I don't want to! I have *rights*!"

*Not for much longer.*

God help him, he almost said the words aloud.

"As long as you live under my roof, you will do as you're told. Either you go to the ball with me, or you can find somewhere else to live. Am I understood?"

The glare Kimberly shot at him was cold enough to turn water into ice. But, though the girl didn't know her place in life quite yet, she *did* know when to stop pushing. She'd go with him to the ball. She didn't have a choice. She knew it, and he knew it.

All that remained was waiting for the day to arrive.

Walter opened the car door for his daughter, stood aside like a gentleman for her.

She climbed out of the car, wouldn't even meet his gaze.

Wearing an ugly, lifeless black dress that her mother certainly *hadn't* picked out for her, with enough eyeliner to put a panda to shame. She looked about as 'refined' as a lump of coal. In all the years they'd lived in Stepford, none – not a single aspect – of Stepford's culture had seeped into her.

A lot of the young women Walter saw entering the huge building were the same.

Less flowery and bright dresses with happy smiles, and more sullen faces with dark and bland outfits.

The daughters of other Stepford men. All of those who were old enough for 'processing'.

Walter held out his arm for his daughter to take, acting the part of a true gentleman. But his daughter ignored it, stomped her way up concrete stairs towards the Stepford Institute's entrance.

Walter rolled his eyes, followed her.

He couldn't find it in himself to be too annoyed. Tonight was the night, after all.

Before long, the pair of them were standing in the Institute's ballroom, watching other fathers and daughters dancing from the sidelines. Kimberly, it turned out, had *no* interest in participating. Shocker.

It was no matter. By the end of the night, smiling and dancing would be the least of what his daughter would be up for.

Walter watched the entrance to the ballroom, counted pairs as they entered. At first, it was difficult to keep track. Multiple daddy-daughter duos entering at once. But, within minutes, the flow slowed down to a trickle. And, a quarter of an hour later, the last pair entered.

Music played loudly in the open space, flowing tunes filling the whole ballroom. So loud, in fact, that no-one would be able to hear as the ballroom doors were shut and locked.

"Stepford!" A booming voice called, music cutting off in an instant. "Welcome to the first official Daddy-Daughter Dance!"

One of the ballroom's side-doors swung open, letting in a stream of men in white lab coats. All around the ballroom, men began smiling while their daughters glanced around in confusion.

Kimberly looked up at her father with pursed lips.

"Before we begin the fun," the booming voice called out. "We're going to need all the Daughters to go with the Stepford Technicians. Don't worry, ladies! There's nothing to be afraid of. We'll have you dancing again in no time!"

One by one, girls were led away from their fathers.

A technician for each female in the ballroom.

When the technician assigned to Kimberly walked up to her, Walter's daughter turned to look at her father – eyes wide.

There was something in those eyes. A glimpse of a scared, little girl pleading for her father's help. A girl who'd just woken from a nightmare, who needed comforting and protecting from the monsters under her bed. In those irises, Walter saw his daughter's plea. No rebellion or teenage attitude, just a scared little girl looking to her father for support.

Walter smiled at her, nodded his head at the technician.

"Go with him," he told her. "Everything will be fine. I promise."

He was chatting with the other men of Stepford, drinking and laughing and discussing work and life. All around him, the men were grinning.

When the ballroom's main doors swung open, those grins only grew wider and happier.

In rows of five, moving in perfect unison, the Stepford Daughters marched into the ballroom. All wearing beautiful, bright dresses and all with wide, happy smiles on their faces.

One by one, the Stepford Daughters broke off from their neat rows – walking towards their waiting fathers.

When one of them started gliding across the floor towards Walter, wearing a

marvellous pink dress, he didn't recognise her at first.

Gone was the black hair and horrendous make-up. This girl had bright blond hair that flowed down her shoulders in luscious waves, make-up applied masterfully over a familiar, pretty face. Her features had been enhanced, sharp chin and cheekbones, an angular nose, flushed cheeks and full lips. But there was no doubting it – the closer she got, the more obvious it became.

Kimberly. His beautiful daughter. Smiling a radiant smile.

His eyes drifted down, gaze lost in a valley of cleavage. The two massive, mountainous breasts he'd requested for her – glorious to behold.

"Hello Daddy," Kimberly smiled. "Would you like to dance?"

Already, the music had begun playing again. Stepford Daughters leading their fathers to the dance floor.

"I," Walter grinned, reaching out and taking his daughter's hand, "would love that. Lead the way, baby."

And so she did.

Holding his hand, his new and improved daughter led Walter out into the heart of the dance floor. Gliding majestically on pink heels, hips swaying enticingly.

They danced for a while, bodies pressed together. Just long enough for Walter to appreciate Kimberly's new bust and the slender frame it was a part of. Enough time for him to squeeze her ass and slide his hand under her pretty dress. And enough time to taste her strawberry lips.

But why waltz when there were far better, more intimate 'dances' to partake in?

Before long, Walter led his daughter out of the ballroom – found a quiet, secluded stop for the two of them. It was, after all, his duty as a man of Stepford to ensure no mistakes had been made on this new Stepfordized woman. And, for that, he'd need to give her a *thorough* evaluation.

Very thorough.

And, if everything was in working order, well... That was the way with technology wasn't it? Out with the old, in with the new. His current Stepford Wife – Joanna – was an older model. Still functional, sure. But missing out on many of the dazzling new features that this new generation of Stepford Wives touted. Features that his darling Kimberly would now possess.

It seemed only fitting that the daughter should replace the mother.

Walter smiled, slid a finger inside his daughter's cleavage.

Very fitting indeed.