

Chapter 1

“Wow,” I muttered, running a finger along the smooth dark wood of my new desk.

I still couldn’t believe it. I was the new headmaster of Princeton Academy, an all-girl private college that catered to the elites.

Was this a dream?

I whistled out a breath as I looked around my new office. The place was bathed in warm browns and deep black. Compared to my previous space—which was pretty much just a desk and a chair—this grand room was a palace.

But as I tried to get used to my new surroundings, I couldn’t get the single thought out of my mind.

Why had the previous headmaster resigned? And why had the board promoted me to take over the empty position?

The most appropriate person to step up was Grant, the Dean who had been working in Princeton for over a decade. But they chose the new hire instead.

Why? What qualification did I possess to earn this role? For the past decade, I have been working as the head of the IT department at my previous school. What did they see in me to justify this high of a position?

It wasn’t like I wasn’t grateful. I was. The momentous pay bump and the added benefits were just what I needed to pay off the rest of our loans. And the fact that my daughters were granted free scholarships to one of the top institutions in the country was just a blessing.

Although my older daughter, Sasha, refused to return home. She preferred Singapore and would rather continue her education there.

Knock. Knock.

I straightened up, then cleared my throat. Since I was the head of the school, I had to sound authoritative, right?

"Come in."

No. Not good enough. Damn it, I wasn't used to this.

The door swung open, and a cleanly shaved man walked in, looking sharp in his suit.

"Headmaster," Grant greeted me. He extended his hand and I shook it. "Congratulations on the position. I'm sure you'll do excellent work here."

"Thank you."

I'd heard stories about Grant. He was ex-military, big and strong, and the disciplinary master of the school. He had been in the interview process with me, along with members of the board. I remembered him sitting there, cross armed, with a disgruntled frown on his face, convincing me the interview had gone horribly wrong.

"You'll be briefed at five sharp," he said. When I nodded, he continued. "How is your daughter settling in?"

"Good, good," I said. To be honest, I didn't know. First week adjusting to a new environment must be difficult, but I haven't had the chance to talk to her yet.

"I have a daughter myself," he told me. "She's a prefect here and will be graduating soon. I'm very proud of her."

"Oh, she attends Princeton?"

"Of course." He blew out a breath. "She used to be this rebel. Colors her hair and wears all these nasty accessories. Her mother and I had to force her to attend this institute."

Why was he telling me personal details? Did he want to be my friend or something?

"Is she better now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes." He smiled, and I swore I saw a glint in his steely eyes. "She has been... adjusted."

I frowned. Adjusted? I get it that his primary job was to reform students, but what a weird choice of wording.

"I'm sure your daughter will excel here too," he continued with a widening smile, making me shudder. "We pride ourselves on our... academic excellence."

I nodded. For years, Princeton had been the prime choice if you wanted your daughter to excel in education. The results they produced were extraordinary. Not only were every student achieving A's, there wasn't a single drop out either, which was globally unheard of.

"My daughter will give you a tour," Grant told me. "Will that be okay?"

"She doesn't have classes to attend to?"

"Oh no. Her classes start later on, but she likes to come in early to help out."

"Oh." I nodded again. The prefects here must be taking their roles seriously. "Sure. Of course."

The dean clicked his fingers, and immediately somebody knocked on the door.

I told her to come in and the door swung open, revealing a dark-haired woman in her early twenties. A student, judging by her uniform—a crisp white blouse and a navy pencil skirt that was way too tight and short to be appropriate. A cute red ribbon was attached to her shirt, signifying her position as a prefect.

"This is my daughter, Amelia," Grant told me, leading her daughter to me. But he wasn't leading her by hand. The dean had his own palm on his daughter's ass, and as I watched with wide eyes, he squeezed her cheeks.

What the hell?

"Greetings, Headmaster," Amelia said, her voice soft and meek. She ended the greeting with a bow, bending low from her waist. I forced a laugh at the unnecessary gesture, but then I saw she was serious.

"No need for that," I said, rubbing the back of my head. "I'm just the new headmaster, not royalty or something."

“Headmaster, this is proper etiquette,” the Dean explained, finally dropping his hand from his daughter’s ass. “Students learn correct mannerism in their first year.” He turned to her. “Didn’t you, darling?”

“Yes, Sir.” Amelia had her eyes set on the ground, never bringing them up to meet her father’s or mine.

“She’ll take care of you.” There it was again. A raise of his hand and then an obvious squeeze on her ass. Grant gave me a curt nod. “Headmaster.”

Then he was gone, leaving me with his daughter, who was still refusing to meet my eyes.

“This way, Headmaster,” Amelia said, bowing again, then gesturing for me to follow.

I trailed behind her, growing more and more uncomfortable by the second. Not only was her uniform skirt hugging her ass way too tightly, she was walking in a sensual way, almost like a model would, swaying her tight—*tight*—cheeks from side to side.

God. Now I know why her father was so fond of her ass.

Before the layoff, I used to work in a highschool as the head of the IT department.

And Princeton was a huge culture shock.

As we walked along the long corridors, students would stop and greet me with a petite ‘Headmaster’ followed with a bow—not as deep as the one Amelia greeted me with, but it was shocking nonetheless.

We moved from hallway to hallway, room to room, and as far as my eyes could see, each student was following the dress code to the tee. Back in Saints high, we didn’t require students to wear uniforms—there would be a riot if we told them how to dress—so it was odd to see a sea of white and blue, with neatly tied ponytails and black heels.

But what threw me off the most was the... silence.

There was no chatter. Students were just walking in straight lines, books in hand, eyes ahead to their next destination, mindlessly listening to the PA system that was repeating the same few sentences over and over.

Remember proper etiquette. Remember to obey. Remember your teachings.

Weird was an understatement, but if it worked, then who the hell was I to make a judgment? I was hired to do a job, and I intended to maintain the standards of this prestigious school.

We finally exited the main building.

“Headmaster,” the soft voice of Amelia broke me out of my thoughts. “Here are the outdoor courts. We play tennis, badminton, football...”

I waited for her to continue, but when ten seconds passed and she was just staring out into the distance with glazed eyes, I grew a little concerned.

“Amelia?” I said. “Are you okay?”

No reply. She stood there, silent, with half-closed eyes. I was about to say something again, but she started wobbling on her feet, and I started towards her, catching her in time as she fell forward like a rock.

“Amelia.” I brought us to the nearest wall and leaned the dazed prefect against it. “Are you all right?”

She blinked, then looked up at me.

“Headmaster,” she whispered, looking at me through her lashes, her dark eyes still glazed over. “I’m yours to command.”

What?

“Amelia?” I looked at her. “Did you get enough sleep last night?”

She didn’t seem to hear what I said. Either that, or she didn’t understand the question. Amelia stared at me for what seemed like ages until she finally blinked.

“The tour...” the confused girl whispered. “Headmaster, we need to finish the tour.”

“Are you sure? I think you need to get some rest. You seem dazed.”

“No, Headmaster. Sir has given me a command and I cannot disobey.” She walked forward, stumbled once, then continued towards the exit before I could get a word in.

What else could I do but follow?

As we passed the countless courts that were all occupied, I tried my best for my gaze not to linger. That was another shocking factor. All the girls in the school were attractive. Every single one of them had an amazing figure—fit and toned—their lean curves accentuated by the crazy tight school uniform. And all of them were wearing makeup.

Did the school only accept attractive students to booster their already exuberant reputation? It was the likely scenario because I still haven’t seen a girl who wasn’t fit, and it was growing increasingly harder not to stare at their hot, sweaty bodies in their sports uniform—which was pretty much just a sports bra and shorts that were even shorter than their school skirts.

“Do you play any sports, Amelia?” I asked my guide. I still couldn’t stop thinking of her blanking out mid conversation just a few minutes ago.

It was a silly question too, because judging by her figure, she clearly did something.

“Yes, Headmaster. I swim, do track, and play volleyball.”

“Oh?” I raised a brow. “That’s a lot, no?”

“Sir requires me to keep fit,” she said, and continued walking as if that explained everything.

We toured the outdoor swimming pools—which were also fully occupied—before we went back inside.

“Is the tour almost done?” I chuckled. The school was enormous!

Amelia didn’t seem to understand my humor.

“No, Headmaster,” she replied seriously. “There is still the west and south area of the compound to explore.”

Crap. Maybe that was the reason all the students were ridiculously fit. A journey from class to class must be a marathon by itself.

We started towards the west area and entered into another large building. More pupils greeted and bowed at me. It was still weird as hell, but strangely, I was slowly growing accustomed to being treated like a king by attractive, fit young girls.

“Wait,” I said, stopping in my tracks when I saw a lone girl standing by the hallway. Even in her school uniform, she stuck out like a sore thumb among the rest. She looked around as if she was lost and didn’t have a purpose like all her peers did.

“Is there something wrong, Headmaster?”

“It’s Audrey,” I told her, leaving behind my guide and walking towards the lone girl. “My daughter.”

“Hey, baby girl,” I greeted her. “Is everything alright?”

She seemed startled at my voice. I didn’t blame her. Aside from the annoying PA system repeating the same mantra over and over again, the hallway was dead silent. I had spoken quietly, but my voice must have sounded like a boombox.

“Dad, please don’t ever call me that,” my daughter said, frowning at me. “It’s embarrassing.”

“Sorry,” I forced a smile at my beautiful daughter. As sick as it was to even have this thought, she looked *amazing* in that school uniform. She always wore loose clothing around the house, so I’d forgotten just how fit she was.

She sighed. “It’s so tight, Dad. This stupid skirt is crushing my butt.”

I really wished she called me ‘Daddy’ like she used to. But somewhere along the line, my daughter became more distant and didn’t really seem to be interested in talking to me anymore.

“I’m sorry,” I repeated. “I—”

“Headmaster,” Amelia interrupted me. “Apologies, but we need to complete the tour. My Sir demands it.”

Audrey frowned at the weird comment. Understandably, but over the course of an hour, I was already used to my guide’s strange demeanor.

“I understand,” I told Amelia, and nodded at my daughter. “I’ll see you at home, okay?”

“Yeah.” She sighed again, then glanced away, looking hopelessly lost again.

Poor girl. She had thrown a tantrum when I’d told her she had to transfer colleges. Audrey had enrolled into a local institute where all her high school friends were, so it had been difficult to tell her we were moving far away from all her childhood friends.

The tour lasted another hour, and by the time Amelia said we were finishing up, my legs were molten lava. My tour guide, though, didn’t even breathe heavily.

We headed back to my office, Amelia trailing behind me. After completing the tour, she had gone from explaining everything and anything she pointed at to all meek and silent, only replying to my questions with an even quieter ‘Yes, Headmaster,’ or ‘No, Headmaster.’

Grant must have disciplined his daughter really well for her to act so... well behaved. Was that a good or a bad thing? To have a normal daughter or a subservient one?

I mulled over that thought for a long moment, but deep down, I knew which one I preferred.

“Let me open the for you Headmaster,” Amelia said in that soft voice of hers. It was as if she was trying to sound sexy and it was making me a little uncomfortable. Not just because I was almost two decades her senior, but also because...

Fuck, it was kind of hot.

I started to tell her that there was no need, but she breezed past me and opened the door, then bowed, waiting for me to enter.

“Thank you,” I muttered, entering the office.

And in my office, sitting in my chair... Grant.

"Headmaster." He stood up and gestured for me to replace him in the chair. "I hope you enjoyed the tour. Please, be seated." He nodded at his daughter. "Close the door, dear."

"Yes. Sir," Amelia squeaked out.

This was officially the weirdest school I've ever been in.

But the weirdness didn't end there. As I walked towards my desk and lowered myself to my chair, he rounded over to the other side to sit opposite me, and then Amelia sat too... on her father's lap.

"I don't..." I shook my head. I had been holding my tongue for the entire day. I had to say something. "I don't think that's appropriate."

"Darling," the Dean began, visibly bringing his hand up and pinching his daughter's ass through her school skirt.

"Sir..." she squeezed her eyes closed and moaned.

What the fuck?

"Why don't you wait outside? Let the men talk."

"Yes, Sir." She hopped off his lap and walked towards the door, ass swaying from side to side, forcing both of our gaze to be glued there until she was out of sight, closing the door behind her.

"Grant..." I started to say, but he waved my words off.

"Listen," he glanced at the door behind him once more before facing me and sighing. "I thought you'd be briefed later on, but the board has decided it's best for me to just lay it out to you."

I shook my head. "Lay out... what?"

He was about to reply, but he closed his mouth, mulling it over.

“It’s better if I just show you.” Standing up, he beckoned me to follow. “Come.”

I really didn’t understand it. I really didn’t understand anything. But I followed him anyway, growing more and more confused with every step.

Students greeted us with bows as we walked through the halls, listening to the same words that filled the halls.

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Thankfully, it wasn’t a long walk. But it was an odd one. We entered what looked to be the main hall before the Dean brought me to the side, towards stairs that led... downstairs?

There were more rooms below ground? Amelia didn’t mention anything about that.

But I soon realized we weren’t heading to more classrooms. I didn’t see a single student downstairs. Instead, as we went underground and walked along tight corridors, I saw mean looking security guards, armed, and eyeing me with intentions.

They let us through after we did some security clearance, and then we headed through more corridors filled to the brim with cameras at every corner, and even more security guards.

“What is this?” I asked Grant.

He didn’t answer me.

We walked and walked until the bland corridors turned into a passage with glass planes on either side of us. I saw through the glass, into classrooms, but they didn’t really look like any ordinary rooms. The tables were small, and the chairs had weird metal contraptions attached to them.

I needed an answer to whatever the hell this was. I held my breath, about to hold my ground and demand an explanation, but Grant suddenly stopped.

“Look.” He nodded into one of the one classrooms. “That’s your daughter, isn’t it?”

What?

I swirled my head to my right. It was the only classroom that was lit. But there weren't lights overhead. Light shone from a projector in the middle of the room, and it was displaying weird images in front of the class. Swirling enthralling patterns filled with color.

And there was only one chair that was occupied by a lone student.

Audrey.

"What the fuck?" I stared at my daughter. She wasn't just sitting there. She was *forced* to remain still in the chair, with metallic grips around her entire body—her legs, waist, arms, head. Even her neck had a metal collar wrapped around it, securing her against the chair.

"Audrey!" I bang a fist against the glass plane, but she didn't seem to hear me. She was staring at the swirling patterns in front of her, and that was when I realized even her eyes were being forced open by small metal grips peeling open her eyelids.

"Audrey!" I shouted even louder, then looked around desperately for a way in the room. There were no doors. Just rows after rows of glass.

"What the fuck?!" I glared at the dean, and before I could think, I grabbed him by the collars of his shirt.

He didn't seem to mind, staring at me with a blank expression. Of course he wouldn't mind. He was twice my size. What could I ever do to him?

Still, I tried to shake him.

"Get her out of there!" I yelled. "What the fuck are you doing to her? What the fuck is this?"

"Relax." There was an uneasy calmness in his voice. "If you let me go, I'll answer all your questions."

"Explain!" I didn't let him go. "What the hell is she doing in there? Let her out. Now!"

"Headmaster," he said. "Let me go."

I glared at him, but he looked at me back, unfazed. Exhaling, I let him go and took a step back, looking over to my youngest daughter again. Was the glass soundproof? Why wasn't she reacting to anything?

"Okay." He straightened his blazer and brushed off the crumple on his crisp white shirt. "I'll answer your questions now."

I stayed silent, glaring at him, waiting for him to tell me what the fuck was going on.

"This isn't a normal education institute." He finally said. "Wealthy families, very wealthy families, send their daughters here to be reeducated."

"What the fuck does that mean? And what are you doing to my daughter?"

"She is being reeducated, like the rest." The thin line of his lips finally curved upwards. "I understand your confusion, but the idea here is simple. Our clients send their daughters here to be—"

"Reeducated," I snarled. "You already mentioned that."

"Yes." He smiled. "Girls are rebellious by nature, so after they go through the complete education scheme here, they'll be sent out to be valuable members of the society. Dedicated housewives, personal secretaries for their fathers, loyal daughters. And eventually they will be loving mothers, where they will send their own daughters here. It's a cycle, you see."

"And my daughter?" I wanted to punch him. Fuck, I really wanted to do a number on his smug face. "What about her? I didn't sign up for this. Let her go."

"You did sign her up. All students must be processed. No exceptions." He chuckled. "It's a blessing, you'll see. Look at my girl." His smile disappeared. "She used to be in this gang. She still has the nasty tattoos from—"

"I don't care about that." I pointed at the glass. "Let her go."

"Unfortunately, I cannot do that."

I had to do something. Anything. As my mind whirled on whether I should risk punching him or grabbing something nearby to toss at the glass, I heard footsteps

behind me, and I turned around, seeing security guards that were even bigger than Grant. Two of them.

“I’ll tell the police,” I said out aloud. “I’ll get the word out of what you are doing here.”

“Listen, Headmaster.” Grant’s words brought my attention back to him. “The NDA you signed, maybe you should have read the fine prints. If you leak any information, and I mean *any*.” He shook his head. “The consequences will be dire. And it’s not just you. Your wife, both your daughters, your brothers and sisters. Your parents. We know where they live, all of them. We did our due diligence before you took this position.”

He sighed when I stayed silent.

“It will be a fruitless task if you tell the police, anyway. They are in our pockets and the police chief even has his own daughters enrolled here. What we do in Princeton really isn’t a secret. A lot of people know, but we have too much backing from the government and the elites, so nobody can do anything about it. The NDA is unneeded, but an extra layer of security doesn’t hurt.”

What should I do? Even though I wasn’t in chains, I felt trapped. A prisoner in this total madness.

Grant nodded at the security guards and they walked away. “Come.”

The dean beckoned me forward, but when I didn’t budge, he gestured through the glass. “You want to see your daughter, right? She’s almost done. I’ll take you to her.”

His words felt numb to my ear. My body felt like a brick, but my legs moved anyway. We walked through more sterile corridors until we finally reached a section where there were doors.

Grant stopped at a door numbered ‘36’ and checked his watch.

“She’ll be out any second now. Usually, processing of new students takes much longer, but after the first few times, their minds get used to the initial overload. And then it’s just daily sessions of fifteen minutes every few hours combined with lessons of discipline from our female lecturers who were once students of this academy themselves.”

This had to be a dream. A long, never ending nightmare I was finally about to wake up from.

“She’ll be fine, Headmaster,” the Dean reassured me with a smile. “She—”

“Shut up.”

“She...” the Dean continued. “Audrey will be the perfect daughter soon. Your perfect daughter.”

He looked at me, but I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction, so I kept my eyes on the door.

“People pay millions for this,” Grant told me. “Millions. And we get it as a perk of the job. Consider yourself extremely fortunate.”

Just as he finished his infuriating ramble, a loud click sounded from inside the room.

“She’s finished with her first session,” Grant said.

The door slid open, and my little girl walked out, her eyes a little red and strained, but on the outside she looked fine.

“Audrey!” I gripped her shoulders. “Baby, are you okay?”

She blinked up at me, then smiled, making my heart jump.

My daughter just gave me a bright, angelic smile that had me thinking about her more innocent days once upon a time.

“Yes, Daddy.”

