

A close-up portrait of a young woman with long, wavy brown hair and light brown eyes. She is wearing a white top and looking slightly to the right of the camera with a soft smile. The background is a textured, light-colored wall.

*Conference  
Night*

*Anna  
Ritter*

**Conference Night**  
**Anna Ritter**

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## ***Conference Night***

"Freaking losers," Hank Ronan muttered under his breath as he drove down the street. They just passed the Harbor Glen Community Park. For the most part, it remained unchanged. There were the slides for the kids, the expansive fields of grass, a small parking lot, and dozens of houses all around it. Only one detail was new: a platform had been built, stocks had been erected, and now several men were bound and on display.

Gracie, his daughter, was sitting in the passenger seat and pulled out her earbuds as she glanced over at her dad. "Sorry, did you say something?"

Hank smiled for a moment as he enjoyed a surge of confidence. They continued to drive past the stocks where those men were being "punished". With those losers out of sight, Hank glanced back at his little girl.

Actually, she wasn't so little any longer. Strictly speaking, she was now legally an adult, having just turned eighteen. That said, he really believed he would always think of her as his little girl. She had blonde hair, vivid blue eyes, and a slender physique. Hank had lectured her many times about the dangers of the male population, but he also recognized that simple truth that he was her father, so he would never know exactly what was going on in her life. She shared a lot, and he mostly trusted her, but he also understood that it was his job to protect her and teach her.

In some ways, he was very old-fashioned.

"Nothing," he said, tightening his grip on the steering wheel.

Because Gracie loved art, he had to drive her through a couple of neighborhoods to the magnet school. There, she could take a bunch of specialized classes even if her dad thought it was mostly a waste of time. As far as he was concerned, art might look good or whatever, but it wasn't a real discipline. If someone wasn't willing to pay money, he didn't see the point.

Still, he figured she would grow out of it. And even if she didn't, he could help her with that. When it came time for her to pick a major in college, he would make sure that it was something practical. If she didn't, he would cut her off. It would be as simple as

that. Even if she was going to be an adult, he knew that he was still in charge.

Gracie shrugged, slipped her earbuds back into place, and glanced down at her phone. Like most young women in high school, she spent most of her free time managing her socials and texting with her friends. She giggled at several points, and he glanced over at her.

They passed a small shopping center, and that's when she turned her gaze away from her phone. Young men scurried around as they carried bags to and from the grocery store for some of the female shoppers. But that wasn't really new, was it? Minimum wage employees had done that sort of work for decades.

He glanced up, and that's when he saw one of the billboards for the FS Party.

They had just swept through some of the most recent elections. Hank had remembered that moment, sitting on the edge of his bed and scrolling across the election results. Something had twisted in his stomach, his chest tightened, and he hadn't really believed that it was possible.

Online, several men's groups had declared the entire election to be a fraud. They didn't have any evidence, but they kept insisting that there had to be some grand conspiracy. Hank may have been on their side, but he didn't believe that. In fact, he suspected that these guys knew they had lost, yet they couldn't admit it because they had to keep fighting.

Hank hated it, but he wasn't like a lot of the other guys. He didn't focus just on the websites and news sources that agreed with his position. Even though it pissed him off every single time, he visited those other "sources." He saw what the women had been talking about it. The entire movement had grown over the course of decades. As liberals and conservatives had argued back and forth, they mostly relied on issues related to economic class. Do wealthy Americans deserve a tax cut? Should childcare be free for working families? Even if the liberals occasionally nodded to the feminists in their ranks, it wasn't good enough.

Somehow, groups of women online metastasized into something bigger and far more powerful: female supremacists.

The FS Party had a very simple platform, "Women rule." That was it. Just two words. Historically, party platforms were supposed to be reasonably complicated. There were supposed to set out ambitious agendas and specific policies. What were the goals for this group of allied politicians? If put into power, what would they do?

Since the other parties weren't paying attention, the female supremacists started holding rallies. Not only that, they started converting members from both parties. Suddenly, women were stepping forward, declaring their allegiance to female supremacy, and promising that their new agenda would focus on one goal. Like lots of other men, Hank hadn't believed any of it. It all sounded so ridiculous. Women couldn't possibly rule. Heck, they had been struggling for decades just to get fair pay for the same kind of work men did. Not only that, glass ceilings existed throughout business and government. Did these girls really think they were going to be able to take over?

"Women rule" echoed inside of his head. He remembered seeing the videos. Thousands of people gathered together, mostly women, a few men.

Slowly, tentatively, she pulled her earbuds out. Not only that, she turned her phone over. With the device face down, she glanced back at her dad and it seemed like she wanted to say something. With his eyes on the road, he didn't notice right away.

"Dad?"

"Yeah?" He hated this next intersection, mostly because the streets to his left and right didn't have stop signs, so he had to try to sneak across without getting into an accident.

"The FS Party...do you think they're going to change anything?"

He snorted, glanced back at his daughter like she had just lost a few IQ points, and quickly shook his head. "No. Those girls are just wasting their time."

"But I've been reading about them," Gracie replied. She tightened her fingers around her phone, like she needed it as a reminder of the outside world. Her father could be incredibly aggressive when it came to these "conversations". Normally, like a lot of parents, he preferred to lecture his daughter rather than to

actually discuss anything. "They have a bunch of new bills, and the local laws are already changing," she protested.

"Look, I don't know what kind of nonsense you're reading online, but they're just another political party. They're not going to be able to change anything. It doesn't matter who you elect," he said.

"But that's not true," she said.

His eyes narrowed, his brows furrowed, and he looked back at Gracie. "I'm not sure I like your tone, young lady," he said.

A year or two ago, that would have been good enough to stop his daughter, but now she straightened her back, and the young woman nodded respectfully as she acknowledged his point. "I'm not trying to be rude," she said. "It's just that I don't know if it makes sense to say that the political parties don't matter. One of my teachers was talking about that. He pointed out that cynicism can be incredibly dangerous. You can't just say that both parties are the same. They do pursue different agendas. Regulations get removed. Taxes get cut. Social spending goes up. People can keep their insurance or voting rights are expanded or cut. It makes a difference."

With his eyes on the road, he couldn't focus on his little girl, so he just asked a question, "Are you talking back to me?"

"No," she answered quickly. After that, she was smart enough not to add anything else.

"Look, I know you like taking your art classes, and I think you have a lot of talent, but you shouldn't listen too closely to all of your teachers."

"Why not?"

"Some of them are going to have agendas. Some of them are going to get political. It's dumb, and I wish I could fix it, but I can't. So just remember, they aren't as smart as they think they are."

Gracie opened her mouth, and then she thought better of it. She turned back toward the window, and she watched the houses. At the same time, she was reminded of something else: the boys who were walking to school for their presentations. At this point, they were all escorted by some of their female classmates. Those groups of boys and girls would probably meet their parents at the school later on. Gracie didn't have a boyfriend, so she didn't need to worry

about it. And yet, she still enjoyed this little tug at the corner of her mouth when she noticed Aaron Rogers and Claire Reeves. Claire held onto her boyfriend's hand; not only that, he wore a black, leather band around his neck.

Since she went to a magnet school, the principal enjoyed a lot of leeway when it came to the school policies. In order to enhance student safety, she had decided that every male should wear a GPS tracker. She pointed to the previous administration, some of the recent scandals across the country, and the need for boys to be tracked. She claimed that she didn't want there to be any false accusations. Not only that, the boys were no longer allowed to go to school on their own. They needed a female escort.

For the most part, that meant sisters and girlfriends or female friends helped the boys. In exchange, the boys carried backpacks, and they also had to recognize one simple truth. If they wanted to go to school, they needed a girl to help them.

Gracie thought about telling her father about these developments, but she didn't think he could handle it.

"By the way, thank you for doing this with me," Gracie said.

"I was going to the parent-teacher conference night," he replied.

She smiled; that was true. Even before the divorce, her dad had always gone.

They pulled into the parking lot. Unsurprisingly, it was pretty much full. Both the teachers and parents were looking for places to park. Quite a few people had decided to find spots out on the street.

Young women and men streamed back to their homeroom classes with their parents nearby.

As far as Gracie knew, the traditional parent-teacher conference meant that families showed up, learned about their kids' grades and any areas that might need improvement, and then headed home. At this magnet art school, the teachers gave little presentations and talked about the overall goals and agendas. If parents wanted to hang back and chat with the teachers, that was certainly an option, but this was supposed to be a more "social" and "communal" event.

Hank and Gracie found her room. For her, it seemed incredibly strange. Off in the distance, the sun was setting, and it almost felt like morning, especially as the temperature dropped, but she had all the memories from her day. She remembered going through her math class, struggling with an equation, analyzing some poetry in English, and watching as Alexandra pulled down Todd's shorts during lunch. Not only that, she bent him over one of the tables and spanked him because he had been "disrespectful". The lunch monitor must have witnessed all of this, but she had pretended not to notice. Yes, Alexandra just broke the rules, but there was a new sense of how everything was supposed to work on campus.

Hank and Gracie sat down in some of the desks towards the back of the room. At the same time, she still had her phone out, which felt delicious and naughty. Normally, these devices weren't allowed, although she and her classmates routinely sent messages back and forth., But they had to be careful, lest their devices get confiscated until the end of the day. Again, that strange sense of temporal vertigo seemed to grip her, but she got a message from one of her friends, and she started giggling.

Seconds later, her teacher arrived. Miss Penelope Sader taught history, art history, and several graphic design courses. She was younger than quite a few of the other instructors. With her shining, sleek black hair, pale skin, and small build, she looked young. In fact, she probably got mistaken as one of the students from time to time, at least from a distance. Up close, there was something about her. She carried herself with a combination of grace and confidence that was nearly impossible to match. Tonight, she wore a white blouse, a black vest, and a dark gray skirt that ended a couple inches above her knees.

Hank understood it was completely inappropriate, but he allowed himself to study her intensely for the next few seconds.

But with those black, high heels, and her toned legs on display, she looked amazing. His body responded, and he knew that she looked completely professional and at ease, but it was easy to imagine this woman bent over her own desk, her skirt pulled up, her panties yanked down, her legs parted as she panted and moaned for more.

Suppressing a smile, Hank listened intently as she pulled herself up onto the edge of her desk, crossed her legs, and looked intently out at her audience. "It's about time to get started, so shall we begin?" No one objected, so Penelope started off with, "First off, I would like to thank all of you for coming. I know you are all very busy, but we think it's important for parents to understand what's going on at our school. As an institution, we believe in innovation and adaptation."

For the next couple of minutes, Hank really, really wanted to pull out his own cell phone. He glanced over at Gracie, and he was both surprised and impressed to see her sitting up straight and watching her teacher intently. He often asked her about her day, and she usually offered the standard teenage responses, "It was fine." At other points, she might shrug or just say that nothing special had happened.

But at that moment, her eyes practically sparkled as she listened to her teacher. Penelope Sader started off by discussing some of the different artistic styles that they were focusing on. In particular, they were discussing Impressionism and its relationship with metaphysics. She said something along the lines of, "We want to examine how reality is filtered through art. Specifically, what does this representation really mean? Whether we're talking about painting, drawing, digital creations, or something else altogether, is the artist attempting to replicate reality? Arguably, a photographer would be able to do this most clearly, but even then, a picture of a thing is not the thing itself."

Hank really, really wanted to roll his eyes. As a carpenter and contractor, he thoroughly believed in the physical world around him. He could understand whether or not a roof was leaking, whether or not a beam had been properly installed, and whether or not a structure was up to code. But this? Representation? Replicating reality?

*This girl has her head up her ass,* he thought.

But again, he glanced back at Gracie, and he recognized how this was important to his daughter. Again, he resisted the urge to roll his eyes. When the FS Party came into power, many of their politicians repeated the same points. Throughout American history,

society had largely ignored the female perspective. Sure, they were allowed a few token characters here or there. Yes, a couple of politicians referenced the female experience, but society was still geared toward a completely male perspective. Not only that, they had turned words like "feminist" into a slur, perfectly denoting how men didn't respect women. That was why it was time for women to unite. And in that unity, they could take over.

Hank saw it at work. One of the receptionists had quit. Now she was working for another company. Then there were the problems with his wife, issues that eventually led to the divorce...

No, he wasn't going to think about that. The muscles along his throat tightened, and his fingers pushed down into the palms of his hands.

Instead of thinking about his failed marriage, he concentrated on the gorgeous teacher up at the front of the class. Her hair was long and sleek. He wondered what it would feel like if he could run his fingers through the strands and take a solid hold.

"If you will indulge me, I would like to show you a few excellent examples of our students' work," Penelope said. She nodded toward a boy off to the corner of the room, and he quickly turned off the lights for her. The projector came to life, and a white square appeared on the screen behind her.

She held up the controller, tapped the button, and the first example of the student artwork appeared.

This time, concealed by the dark, Hank didn't have to hide anything. He rolled his eyes as he looked at the painting of "clouds".

Again and again, he saw these abstract images. They looked like wings that a kid from a kindergarten class could have painted with her fingers. He really didn't see the point, but he knew that his daughter cared about this stuff. Besides, she would go off to college, mature, and start focusing on a real career.

As he saw the different images, something started to bother him. He wasn't sure what it was at first.

Obviously, he didn't respect the art. Why would he? None of this stuff was worth anything.

He saw the names of the bottom right corner of each image as they were displayed.

*Katie.*

*Amanda.*

*Jocelyn.*

*Erica.*

*Tiana.*

*Olivia.*

*Marina.*

"Why are you only showing us the girls' work?"

Penelope stopped and everyone seemed to freeze in that classroom.

"Dad," Gracie hissed back at her father, although it was obvious she was trying to keep her voice as quiet as possible to avoid drawing even more attention to themselves.

"Do you have a question?"

Now that he had spoken up, Hank couldn't help himself. Like so many other guys, he believed in the primacy of his perspective. If he saw a problem, he had every right to point it out. "Yeah," he said, his voice booming out against the walls. "Why are you only showing us the girls' work?"

"And who are you?"

"Hank Ronan," he answered, meeting her stare and refusing to look away. Yeah, Penelope probably could have intimidated a bunch of teenagers, but Hank was a successful businessman, and this girl was just a teacher. He glared back at her, and he expected some bizarre apology, like maybe she would say it had been an oversight or something.

"Hank," she said, "I don't appreciate interruptions in my classroom."

"It's hardly an interruption," he replied. "It's a valid question. I know you like talking about art and metaphysics or whatever, but what you really teaching our students?"

Penelope didn't look intimidated. On the contrary, one corner of her mouth twitched upward into a sly smile. It was almost as though she had expected this.

Unnerved by her confidence, Hank quickly glanced around the rest of the room. He expected some of the other parents,

especially the fathers, to be on his side. They should have been nodding or mumbling their own questions.

Instead, the guys started to slink down deeper into their desks. At the same time, Hank found himself facing a squadron of angry glares from young women and their mothers.

Refusing to back down, Hank quickly turned his attention back to Penelope. If the other adults weren't going to help him, he could do this on his own. Again and again, he held onto one fact: this dark-haired woman was just a girl. She was just a teacher, and it wasn't like she knew how the real world worked anyway. She was safely cocooned in this pretentious art school. Besides, didn't they realize that most of the students here wouldn't amount to anything meaningful? Like Gracie, they would study art, find this "incredible passion", and go do something real.

"What are you asking? What are you *really* asking?"

"Are you teaching an agenda? Are you teaching ideology?"

She answered him with another sly smile. "From a theoretical perspective, educators all understand that teaching is fundamentally ideological. There are always going to be hierarchies, sets of values, and privileged ideas. If for no other reason, there is always an opportunity cost. We can't teach everything all at once, so we have to prioritize. In prioritizing, we reveal our ideals."

Hank blinked as he tried to understand all of that. The pieces started to fit together, and if he had been able to double back and hear it again, maybe he would have been able to comprehend what this woman was telling him. At the same time, he couldn't understand it right away, so he immediately wanted to snarl back about how she was using gibberish and academic gobbledygook.

"But that's not really what you're asking, is it?" Penelope asked. "You're worried about a fact that I'm only showing you art made by our female students. Strangely enough, if I showed you just the boys' work, he wouldn't have noticed. You would have decided that it was completely fair and meritocratic. But since I'm showing you a female perspective, you're uncomfortable. You're nervous."

"I'm not nervous," he muttered even as the tension flared up along his neck.

At the same time, his daughter nudged his foot with the tip of her shoe, and she mumbled, "Dad, do you have to do this right now?"

He glanced back at Gracie, glowered at her, and she met his stare, but it was obvious she wasn't willing to contradict him. When she had been a little girl, he had spanked her. As far as he was concerned, he was the head of the household, so he deserved respect. He was in charge, and he wouldn't tolerate disobedience or defiance from his child.

Unfortunately, he couldn't intimidate her teacher as easily. "Boys always have a difficult time regulating their emotions. But that's okay. I understand that it's the limitation of your sex."

"What did you say to me?" Again, Hank looked around, like he expected some of the others to help him. But no. The males in the room remained quiet and deferential. The women, on the other hand, looked like they might pounce on him at any moment.

Again, Hank ignored them. If they wouldn't help, that was fine with him!

"You see, it sounds like you're losing your temper. But I want to simplify this for you, so I will. As I'm sure you have noticed, the political structure of society is changing, Hank." He didn't like how she used his first name so casually. She made him sound like one of her students. "The FS Party has taken over. You might not like it. You may not wish to accept it, but this is the fact of the matter. We aren't online, and you can't just make up your own narrative. You can't go out and pick some other source for some vaguely abstract ideological question. We won. Face it. You lost, and now you have to face the consequences."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that the school, in accordance with the national mood, now recognizes female supremacy. We fully acknowledge that women are physically and intellectually and emotionally more capable than men. Aside from a few very specific instances, women are superior." She probably meant that males had more upper body strength, but in a modern, information driven economy, that seemed utterly irrelevant. "That's what I'm teaching here."

"This is totally unacceptable. I'm going to..."

"What?" Penelope asked, cocking her head to the side as she made her very reasonable inquiry. "What are you going to do, boy? Really, do you think you're going to go to the principal? She won't listen to you. What about the school board? They agree with these lesson plans. Face it. The world has changed around you, but you've been too foolish to notice."

"I'm not going to let you fill my little girls head with this nonsense," he growled back even as he jumped up onto his feet. "Gracie, grab your stuff. We are leaving."

"Dad..." Gracie said.

Eyes blazing, he jerked his head back in her direction. He expected her to be slumped down, nervous and frightened because he was obviously upset. And yet, she looked right back at him, and she said, "I don't think I should go."

"Yes, you are. You're coming with me right now."

"If your daughter doesn't wish to leave, then she doesn't have to. At the same time, you aren't going anywhere either, Hank."

"What are you talking about?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for this interruption, but it's clear that this man needs a simple reminder of his status." She refocused on Hank, "You're a boy, and boys need to be disciplined. Now, your daughter wishes to stay, so she will. You need to stay, so you will as well. Because if you don't, I will report you to the local authorities."

Immediately, he thought of the stocks back at the park. He understood what kinds of punishments men could face; they could include fines, house arrest, or time in the stocks. He had heard rumors about other penalties as well, but he tried not to think about them. They had all sounded so improbable.

"Do I need to call security?"

"No," he said, still sounding defiant.

"Then sit down and be quiet," she ordered.

Hank stared right back at this young teacher. He was older than Penelope, which meant he was supposed to have her respect. At the same time, he went through the other reasons why he was supposed to be more powerful right then and right there in that room. There were all of these little details. He was bigger, taller, and

physically stronger. He was older, probably wealthier, and he had more experience. She was just a teacher, while he was a contractor. People listened to him and did what he said...

...He...he was a man!

That last thought flared behind his eyes, and he knew it wasn't appropriate, yet he experienced it nonetheless.

"Sit, boy," Penelope said even as she watched him waver. Suddenly, his knees buckled, and he dropped down into his seat. Red-faced and angry, he crossed his arms over his chest like some petulant little boy. At the same time, he heard giggling coming from his left.

Gracie. She was laughing at him! She probably had her hands over her mouth, and she was probably trying to hide it, but she didn't succeed, not completely. His fingers pushing down into the palms of his hands, he told himself that he could still punish her. He could ground her, take away her phone, and pull her out of this terrible school. Better yet, he could grab her, pull her across his lap, and spank her. She was still living under his roof, which meant that he was in charge!

Those thoughts flared behind his eyes, but he did his best not to pay any attention to Penelope as she continued her lecture. She talked about art. She talked about power and prioritizing a female perspective. She talked about how her classes were about more than just aesthetics. They included politics, ideology, critical thinking, and leadership.

Still fuming, Hank hated how all of this played out. At the same time, he couldn't believe that he allowed a freaking high school teacher to talk to him like that. After this was all over, he was going to...

What?

Hank didn't have any easy answers. At first, he thought he would go complain to the principal. Obviously, that wouldn't work, especially if she was a woman. As Penelope had said, it sounded like the local school board was also controlled by the FS Party. So what else could he do? What did that leave him?

He could go online.

As the fury pulsed through his body, he imagined a digital mob coming after this woman. They would demand her resignation. In fact, they could go after the entire infrastructure here. The school board. The superintendent. The principal. All of these women would be fired. They would be replaced with more competent technocrats, both women and men who understood how the world was really supposed to work.

"Thank you so much for your time and attention," Penelope said with a slight bow as she finished up her presentation. The lights came back on, the art disappeared, and the others started to get up and leave.

Hank was about to join the rest of the group when the teacher's voice called out, "Hank, I would like to speak with you privately."

"I don't think so," he growled back at her.

"If you refuse to stay on your own, then I will have to call security."

"And what are they going to do?" Hank demanded.

Penelope didn't look frustrated or upset. She didn't seem to be scared of him at all. "Do you really want to find out?"

He glared at her as he waited for some rush of anger to permeate his body. He wanted to snarl at her, to step right up into her personal space and to tell her plainly that he was the man in that room, and he wasn't going to be intimidated by some little, dark-haired girl. Instead, he took a step back. His insides clenched, and he didn't know what to do. He actually glanced back at Gracie, like he thought his daughter might have the answer.

How was that possible? How could he defer to *her*?

"Gracie, do you think you could give us some time? I would like to have a conversation with your father."

"Uh, sure," she said.

Gracie glanced back at her dad one more time, jumped up, and she headed out of the room. The door closed, and that's when Penelope crossed her arms over her chest. She studied him for several long seconds. With the silence hanging between them, Hank didn't know what to do or say. His heart started beating faster. He couldn't believe it. He wasn't supposed to be scared, not of some

woman like Penelope Sader! And yet, he glanced back at the door, and he was tempted to run.

The teacher broke the silence, "Do you understand what female supremacy means?"

"I don't need to understand it," he snapped back at her. "It's nonsense. It's a bunch of feminist nonsense."

"No, it's not feminist," she replied. "Feminism is all about establishing equality between women and men. It's about acknowledging the current subjectivity of the female experience and recognizing it as equally valid. This isn't feminism, Hank. This is something else." Then she smiled playfully and asked, "Would you like to try again?"

"No. Enlighten me," he said, his voice dripping with acidic sarcasm.

"Female supremacy is the idea that women are superior. We are supreme. We deserve to rule, and you deserve to obey. Equality was always a false narrative. Now, I want you to understand that you are a boy, and so you are limited. You are a boy, so you need to be controlled. Most importantly, you're a boy, so sometimes you need to be punished, especially for your little outburst tonight."

"You don't get punish me," he said.

"Yes, I do. I get punish you, and I get to teach you an important lesson tonight. When you go home, things are going to be very different for you."

"That's garbage. This...all of this, it's just BS!"

"Is that what you think?" Penelope asked. "Is that really what you think?" Right as he opened his mouth and he was about to answer, she chuckled, "Luckily, it doesn't matter what you think. Now, stand up, boy."

"And if I don't?"

"I will call security, they will drag you out to the stocks, strip you naked, bend you forward, and lock you down. After that, you will spend the night in those restraints, and our students will come back tomorrow morning, and they will find you in that position. What do you think they would like to do with you? Have you ever imagined what it would be like to get spanked by a bunch of high school girls?"

Hank told himself that he wasn't going to respond. He wouldn't react at all. Only then, his eyes grew wider, his lungs clenched in his chest, and he didn't know what to. He thought of those guys back at the park. And for once, maybe he started to believe that they hadn't chosen that fate. Maybe these women could really enforce their new policies and decisions.

"Take off your shirt, boy," she said.

"You can't be serious," he was about to say, only her eyes narrowed slightly. There was still a glint along her dark irises, but he didn't know how to defy her. Suddenly, he glanced down at the floor, his hand started to move. He worked the buttons of his shirt, one after another. Then he shrugged it off, revealing the tank top underneath.

"And that one," she said.

Her voice took on a different cadence and tone. She sounded so confident, so utterly sure, like there was no way this boy could possibly defy her. Worse, he started to believe it. Hank pulled off his undershirt, and he dropped onto the desk along with the first one.

"Remove your belt," she said next.

"You can't be serious," he wanted to tell her. He even took a deep breath, but then he stopped. Again, his defiance wilted underneath her imperious glare.

Hank yanked his belt free.

"Now take off your shoes, your socks, your pants, and your underwear." Again, she issued each command quickly and efficiently.

His shoulders tensed, and he started to shake his head.

"Lots of boys are getting hauled off to jail for disobedience and defiance. I'm sure you, like most citizens, don't pay attention to the local ordinances. As far as you're concerned, they don't interest you. Nothing dramatic is going to ever change. Right? Wrong. If you defy me and if I call security, we can make sure that you are severely punished."

It could be jail. It could be the stocks.

His heart pounded faster as he imagined what a bunch of vicious high school girls would do to him if he was bent forward, left outside at night, naked and powerless. He could almost imagine the

heavy wood locked around his wrists and neck. He could envision the shackles around his ankles, keeping his legs spread.

"You have five seconds," she said. "I'm not going to bother counting out loud."

He imagined a clock, and Hank broke. He yanked off his shoes and his socks. He pulled down his pants and his boxers in one swift movement. And just like that, he was naked in front of this woman. She strode forward, down the aisle of desks, and then she stood in front of him. Before, he had imagined intimidating her by invading her personal space. Now she did the same to him, and he retreated back, right until that moment when his buttocks and shoulder blades pressed against the wall.

"On this campus, our male students wear collars. Right now, they're equipped with GPS, but would you like to see the next model?"

"No," he said with a nervous shake of his head.

"Too bad," she replied as she reached down and grabbed him by his wrists. She tugged, pulled him forward to the other side of the room. She opened a drawer in her desk, and he couldn't believe that he was standing there, naked in front of her. Even worse, she remained fully clothed. In her black high heels, pleated skirt, and a blouse with her vest, she looked so capable and powerful. She could have been a CEO. She could have been a politician about to greet her voters.

Penelope opened one of her drawers, she pulled out a cardboard box. It was white, plain, and completely unadorned. When she opened it, he saw a black, leather collar. The exterior seemed normal enough as it caught the light and shined. And yet, there was something else. His eyes drifted over to the batteries, electrodes, and microchips along the interior.

"Kneel before me," she ordered.

Hank should have been able to resist. He should have been able to defy her and remain standing. Instead, his knees bent, and he got down onto the linoleum floor in front of her. He could feel the dust along his knees. But now, he looked up. She seemed so much taller and more powerful. While he was down on the floor, she seemed like a goddess. So what did that make him?

Hank tried not to think about it as she slipped the black collar around his neck. She pulled the ends together, clasped them, and then she lifted something up for him to see.

"Right now, the tracking collars are technically voluntary. The boys know that there will be consequences if they remove them, but it's not an official policy, not yet. This, however, is going to be very special. I think it's important for the boys to get locked into their collars by the girls around them. This teaches the boys that they aren't in control and that they can't be. This also teaches the girls that they are in charge and get to tell the boys what to do. Women have an obligation to lead, and boys have an obligation to obey. Stay nice and quiet if you agree."

His eyes narrowed, and he glowered at her. Like some angry wolf, he even pulled his lips back to reveal his teeth.

None of this did any good. Penelope was neither impressed nor intimidated.

She leaned forward, and suddenly her breasts were right there in front of his face. He was confused, torn between anger and arousal, desire and rage. But then she slipped the small lock into place, she pressed down, and he heard the click as it engaged.

"Good boy," she said. "Now, I want you to tell me that women are better than men."

"Never."

"So this collar includes the standard GPS tracker. Basically, your location is going to be public information. Anyone can download the app and find you. We think it's important that boys don't get to keep any secrets from the women around them. That's the normal circuitry. But this collar, the next generation device, can also be used for discipline. Spankings can be tiresome. Would you like a demonstration."

"No."

"Then tell me women are better than men."

"I won't," he promised her. At the same time, he smirked, making it seem so obvious. He wasn't going to give in. He wasn't going to kneel to her. Sure, she could threaten him, but this wasn't going to work. Whatever she had planned would fail!

Penelope grabbed him by his collar, he yanked, and suddenly the leather band pressed against his throat, cutting off his air supply. He jumped up onto his feet, and she shoved him down across her desk. For just a moment, he remembered that fantasy when he first saw this woman. A twinge of guilt flared through his body, but then she grabbed her hair brush, she touched it to his backside, and his eyes widened again. He started to push his palms down against the desk, to force himself up, but her voice cracked out onto the air, "Stay."

The single word was delivered with such force and strength of personality that he actually froze. Then she stroked the back of the brush along his backside. "This is how I punish the boys when they really disobey me," she said. "Generally speaking, a timeout or a verbal reminder is enough. The boys are learning. They're adapting to this new system, I don't think it will take long before they fully acknowledge female supremacy. Somehow, I think you might be even faster."

"What makes you say that?" Hank demanded with just a hint of fear in his voice.

"You're brittle. You're frail. Sure, you might be a physically impressive specimen, but you have always had things easy. When you walk into a room, women have always deferred to you. When you speak up, people lean in to listen to you. Call it evolutionary. Call it biological. Call it a social condition. Frankly, I don't care about the root cause, but all of this has made you weak. You've always enjoyed an advantage, but now I'm taking that away, and you don't know what to do."

Hank was about to contradict her. He had so many examples, but they were rendered irrelevant when the paddle swung down through the air.

Like so many men, he had enjoyed a long diet of action films and superhero movies. His favorite characters were capable of getting thrown through walls and jumping back up onto their feet. Even when they didn't have superpowers, they seemed to be able to shrug off incredible amounts of damage. Sure, they might get an artistic cut beneath one eye or maybe they would groan with some Herculean effort, but they were still superhuman. With all of this,

Hank had started to underestimate what real pain felt like. Not only that, he didn't understand what powerlessness or helplessness could mean.

The impromptu paddle came down again and again, striking at the same spot.

In that first moment, he told himself that he was just surprised. Yeah, that was it. That was why his eyes started to water. He wasn't. He wasn't going to succumb. After that, he tried to build up his defenses, but the strikes continued, one after another, and the pain ripped down into his psyche. He hated knowing that this woman could do whatever she wanted, especially because he believed her. The school had security guards. Those well-trained women could encircle him, grab him, force him down onto his knees, cuff him, and render him completely powerless.

"Are women better than men?"

The question surprised him.

Then the paddling stopped, and his fingertips trembled. His knuckles shook, and he didn't know what to say.

"It's a simple question. Are women better than men?"

"Yes..."

"There. You got paddled seven times, and now you are willing to tell me the truth. Now, thank me."

"Never!" She had let go of him, so now Hank jumped up, he straightened his back, and he spun on her.

He didn't know what he was going to do, yet the instinct was right there to leap forward, tackle her, and throw her down onto the floor. He would overwhelm her with his physical superiority, and she would start to finally understand why men had been in charge for so long, for countless generations.

Right as he started to shift his weight, she pulled something out of her pocket. It was small, about half the size of her palm, and he didn't see the touchscreen or the display, but she pressed her thumb down, and that's when the electrodes roared to life. He had noticed them before, hidden away with the rest of the circuitry built into his collar. But now, those small, metal plates came to life, and they shot hot doses of electricity straight into his body.

His knees buckled, he dropped back down onto the floor. Before he knew it, he was down on his hands and knees. He lifted his head, and he glared at her.

Electricity had come all at once. It was a deluge, a flood of unadulterated agony, and now he could barely breathe.

"What, what was that?"

"That, silly boy, was 70%."

His brows crumpled as he tried to understand what she meant.

"You see, there's a little slide display right here, and I can use it to set the strength of the shock."

"No," he said. He sat up without lifting himself to his feet, he raised his hands, and he scrambled up the collar. He pulled at the leather, he struggled against the lock, and he fought to get it off as hard as he could.

"You won't be able to remove it," she said. "But there are small sensors built into your collar that tell me you're trying. And when you try to take off your collar without permission or a key, do you know what happens?" Rather than explain it, she simply demonstrated. Her thumb came down again, the device registered her intent, and the sensors built into his collar instantly knew what to do.

Another storm of agony consumed him. It swamped his mind and body. It felt like every pain receptor he possessed suddenly cried out at once.

"Sorry," she said. "That was 80%. Would you like to try 90%?" Penelope asked, making this all sound so simple and easy. As far as she was concerned, this was just a little bit of side tutoring. She had a boy here, and he was struggling with some important concepts, so she could take time out of her busy schedule to educate him.

"No!" Hank quickly panted out, and he hated the sound of desperation in his voice. In a moment, he sounded so weak and helpless.

"Good," she said. "Then let's try a simple exercise. This is something the girls are going to start doing with the boys."

He glanced up at her, and he wanted to demand, "What you talking about?" At the last moment, he stopped himself. He

understood the question might be taken as a challenge, and he lacked the strength to confront her. He needed to recover. He needed to remember who he was.

She opened another drawer on her desk, and she pulled something out. When he saw the long strip of leather, his eyes widened. But then she attached the leash, wrapped it around her wrist, and she started walking. Dumbfounded, he watched as she started to circle the classroom. Moment by moment, the line stretched between them, and he was running out of time.

"Follow," she said.

Hank started to stand. He was a man, and he couldn't envision himself crawling...not yet, anyway.

"Did I say you could walk?"

"No, but..."

She laughed. She had her hands on her hips now, and she laughed at him! His cheeks burned bright. He had no idea whether or not he was actually blushing, yet the stinging heat of shame simmered across his skin, and there was nothing he could do about it. He was naked before this young woman, and she could punish him with just the tap of a button. Worse, he already proven that he couldn't get out of the collar on his own!

"Crawl, boy," she said. She tugged on the leash, and he didn't obey right away. He couldn't. A man like Hank Ronan couldn't imagine some scenario where he would just do whatever this woman commanded.

His nostrils twitched, and he wanted to break something, so he remained there on his hands and knees, braced in position, paralyzed by indecision.

She hit the button again, his limbs were knocked out from under him, and the pain exploded through his body. In that moment, all of his senses were swallowed by the torment. He couldn't think, he couldn't breathe. There was nothing but the electricity as it shot through his frame. Then he forced himself back up onto his knuckles and knees.

He scurried forward, crawling toward her. She chuckled, tapped her thigh like she was talking to a dog, and she called out, "Here, boy. Come here." She giggled at him. When he had first

shown up, Hank had seemed so competent and powerful. But now, he was naked, collared and leashed. As far as she was concerned, every boy's disposition could be improved with just a little bit of training.

She started to walk around the perimeter of the classroom. She passed by the different desks, and she occasionally tugged on his leash. Furious, he kept his head bowed down as he envisioned different types of revenge. Ultimately, he wouldn't do anything to her. He wouldn't be able to because she was in charge and the FS Party ruled.

Pretty soon, boys wouldn't be allowed to vote or drive. Even walking would become a privilege.

She chuckled at that, and he probably wondered exactly what thoughts were going through her mind, but he didn't ask.

Then they came back around, and she glanced over her shoulder. "Let's do another couple of laps," she said.

He didn't argue.

As she enjoyed the stroll, she said aloud, "As a teacher, I often wonder who else has taught in this room. Sometimes, I wonder about the lecturers and the discussions. It's always so fun to consider a space and to wonder what has happened here. It's a high school, so I imagine lots of young women have fallen in love with the boys around them. Girls have made friendships, hearts have been broken, and I'm sure a lot of other lessons were learned here as well. And now, you get to be part of that history. Isn't that nice?"

"I hate this," he said.

"Tell me you're grateful for the opportunity to learn," she ordered as though he hadn't said anything at all.

He kept crawling on his knuckles and knees. He hated how much effort this took. He moved behind her, and he had to struggle to keep up. Crawling along on all fours was so much harder than just walking! And yet, he suspected that she was fully aware of this fact as she "walked" this disobedient father.

For another second, he took a breath, and he was ready to defy her, only his eyes drifted down toward the controller in her hand. It was so small, just a few components and a chunk of plastic, but it

had been calibrated for his collar. As such, she could punish him so easily!

"I..." His voice trailed off. Just when he thought she was about to hit the controller, his instinct for self-preservation asserted itself, he dipped his head down even lower, and he said, "am grateful for the opportunity to learn."

"And just like that, you can see that I'm better than you. I've got you in a shock collar. And guess what? I'm pretty sure these are going to become standard for boys just like you. In fact, I think every boy throughout the country will eventually be equipped with one of these. Young women all around you will be able to punish you whenever they see fit. What do you think of that?"

"No, that can never happen. That's a violation of our civil liberties," he snarled back. "We have inalienable rights!" His face flushed as he made those points.

"And yet, rights are subjective," she replied. "The United States is a country based on freedom and liberty, yet the original Constitution allowed for people to be counted as fractions. The original Constitution allowed for full on slavery. Why can't we go back to that? Why can't we just define slavery in relation to gender rather than race?" Her eyes twinkled with the possibilities.

"You can't be serious," he said, horrified.

"Maybe," she replied with an apathetic shrug like she didn't really care either way. And yet, he could still discern the little, secret smirk she wore. "Let's continue your lesson. Sit up straight, remain down on your knees, and pull your hands behind your back."

"Why? What's the point?"

"I'm teaching you to obey. I'm teaching you to surrender. These are important skills for a boy to understand. For too long, you've had your cock, and you think that you're in control. Something about biology makes you think you have power. But you're don't. I do. Would you like a demonstration?"

He wanted to say, "No." At the same time, he knew it wouldn't make the slightest difference.

She crouched down in front of him. Then she got down on her knees. Theoretically, he was taller than her, yet that didn't offer him a shred of dignity or protection. She reached down, and she cupped

his balls in one hand. Hot shivers of desperation rushed through his body as Penelope fondled him. He couldn't help himself. When he first saw her, he had been attracted to her. There was something about a female teacher, knowing that she took care of kids. There was something about her gentle smile and the air of power she donned so easily. Hank knew about some of his friends and how they had instinctively been attracted to the nannies and babysitters who worked for them. Those young women, so vivacious and energetic, were alluring and almost irresistible.

But now she taunted him. Her fingers brushed along his scrotum, up to the base of his shaft, and he clenched his eyes shut, which only made it worse. When he blocked out his vision, he made himself even more sensitive to her playful caresses.

His shaft hardened. Hot desperation pulsed through his body, mirroring the hammering of his chest. His breathing came in quick, ragged gasps, and he didn't know what to say. Fortunately for Hank, this young woman didn't expect him to speak. Rather, he simply had to listen.

"Face it. You're going to be owned. You're going to be owned and controlled. We have decided to take over, and you won't be able to stop us. I don't care if you throw a tantrum. I don't care if you try to rebel. Each and every boy is going to end up in a shock collar just like you. Each and every boy will be owned. It's an inevitability. We are sick and tired of your nonsense. We have decided that we deserve to rule, and you will follow. If you try to fight back, you will be punished. It's simple. Say it."

Her fingers wrapped around his cock, and she kept stroking him, bringing him closer and closer to an orgasm. With those desires racing through his body, he tightened his grip on his wrists behind his back. Hank needed to stop this. He hadn't defeated Penelope, but he didn't know what to do, especially because she still had the controller!

"We, we will be punished," he gasped back, and then she pulled her hand away.

He enjoyed a moment of release, if only because he thought he would be able to touch himself, but Penelope studied him, and she said, "Don't move." Her voice resonated through his frame, and

he understood what was happening. It seemed so simple as she tested him for his obedience.

Hardening himself, he managed to keep his hands behind his back. It took all of his self-control and discipline, but he was terrified of feeling the shock collar's electric bite, so he stayed there, on his knees, docile and obedient for this woman.

"Good boy," she said. The complement made him want to growl back at her.

Penelope continued, "With your left hand, reach for your cock. I want you to use one finger, and I want you to stroke yourself just once."

His head jerked up, and he glared at her. Instantly, he understood what this was and why she was playing with him, but she decided to explain it to him anyway, "This is another test. I want to see if you can be obedient. Now follow my commands. Go on, boy."

He glowered at her, yet Penelope didn't care. As a teacher, she knew how to deal with defiance.

She raised the controller, and she held it like a talisman right in front of his face. He wished that he could have been fast enough, but he knew that he couldn't just grab it from her. His fantasies melted away, and he brought out his left hand. He brushed the tip of one finger along the length of his cock.

"Now use all of your fingers. I want you to slowly touch yourself."

He obeyed.

With a gentle rhythm, she continued, "Move your hand down. Now up. Down. That's right. Keep going. Down. Up. Down and up. That's a good boy. That's a good, obedient boy. You like that, don't you. Tell me how good that feels."

Maintaining that same cadence from before, he moved his left hand up and down along the length of his shaft. "It feels, it feels so good," he had to admit. He hated the obvious honesty reverberating through each word, but he heard her chuckle and giggle like some playful little girl. She was having fun with him. Somehow, this powerful, muscled man had become her toy!

And yet, he couldn't use his muscles. He couldn't to leap up. Whether he liked to admit it or not, she scared him. With just the tap

of one button, she could punish him so very easily. It would be effortless, and he would be back on the floor, writhing and crying out as the electricity raced along his skin.

"Stop," she commanded.

Reluctantly, Hank pulled his hand away, and Penelope grinned down at him. She flashed him this enthusiastically genuine smile. As she revealed her teeth, he tried to look away, but he couldn't. Deep down, he wanted to please her. He didn't understand how that was possible, yet the impulse remained. It flickered deep within his core.

"Use your right hand. Give yourself one gentle squeeze, and then hold both of your hands behind your back."

His eyes narrowed, and he obeyed. As he did so, this involuntary growl of pleasure jumped from his lips.

"Very good boy," she said. "Now, I think you are in the proper state of mind. We are going to test your agility. That's very important for a boy like you. Close your eyes."

His brows creased, and he didn't understand, yet that hardly mattered.

Penelope watched as he shut his eyes. That's when she returned to her desk, and she pulled out something else. She came back, and he couldn't see the light glint off of the metal. But then she crouched down behind him, and then a cold feeling touched his wrists says the cuffs encircled his appendages. Several clicks hit the air as the locks engaged.

Right away, he tried to pull his hands out from behind his back, but he couldn't! The bonds were solid. More importantly, these weren't toys. They didn't come with any kind of release button or lever. Whether he liked it or not, he would wear these until she decided to unlock him.

"What's wrong? You look upset," she teased him. "You were already locked into your collar. Do the cuffs really change anything?"

Forcing himself to settle down, Hank sat on his knees again, and that's when she jumped up onto the edge of her desk. With a quick kick, she let her high-heeled pumps drop to the floor, and now she wiggled her toes. He saw the curves of her arches, the dainty

contours of her toes, and her slender ankles. She looked so delicate, and yet she easily controlled him.

"Come forward," she said. "Don't worry. You don't have to crawl." She gave him a helpful tug on his leash as he scooted along on his knees.

"Suck on my big toe," she said, indicating her right foot. She wiggled her toes just a few inches from his face, and his eyes narrowed. There was no way he would do this, he told himself. He wasn't going to give in! He wasn't going to succumb!

All of that defiance flared and quickly died behind his eyes as she lifted the controller again. There. That was all it took to send fresh waves of fear rolling through his body.

"You can do it," she encouraged him.

Yes, he could. He hated himself for yielding to her, but he leaned toward her foot, he opened his mouth, and he started to suck on her big toe, just as she ordered.

This girl was younger than him and smaller than him. He should have been able to overwhelm her. She should have been intimidated in his presence! But that wasn't how the world worked, not anymore.

He sucked gently on her toe even as he glared up at her. She enjoyed his defiance. He still obeyed, obviously. And yet, he fought so hard. That only made him more fun to train!

"Next toe," she ordered, and he obeyed again. The bright red of her nail polish glowed at the edge of his peripheral vision, but he sucked on her toe and continued to look up at this beautiful woman.

"Good," she said. "Very good. Now she giggled, probably because he had accidentally tickled her.

She pulled her foot back, smeared some of his saliva along his cheek, and it felt cold against his skin. Even so, she didn't care.

"Other foot," she commanded.

This time, she just waited. She didn't coax him or tease him. She didn't offer him any encouragement, but Penelope knew that he would break.

Sure enough, he yielded. He managed to hold out for a second, maybe two, and then he leaned forward. He latched onto her toe, and he sucked, flicking his tongue over that soft, sensitive

skin. She enjoyed every second of it. But then she shifted her weight, pulled her foot back, and she looked down into his eyes. She raised the controller, and he started to shake his head, but he knew better than to speak. If he tried to argue with her, she would definitely press the button.

Penelope pressed it anyway.

Another storm of pain consumed him, ripping apart his senses and leaving him with nothing but that white wall of agony. The next thing he knew, he was panting again, his skin hot. Hank was down on the floor, and she ordered, "Get back up on your knees." As he scrambled to obey, she grinned, "Good boy. That's right. You like licking my feet. Are you ready to lick something else now?"

When she had button, he had lost several seconds. During that time, she had sat up, pulled down her panties, and slid them along the length of her toned legs. Now she let her silk panties dangle from her pinky finger. She dropped them, and then she spread her legs. "Come here, boy. Acknowledge me as your superior and then lick."

With a nervous gulp, he didn't know whether or not he would do it. And yet, she seemed patient now, almost angelic as she gazed down at this boy. Somehow, over the course of their session, he had become a peasant and a slave while she was this aristocratic goddess. His fingers pushed down into the palms of his hands, and he tugged against his cuffs, but he knew he wouldn't be able to break them.

He leaned forward, stretched his back, and he raised his chin. His cheeks brushed along her inner thighs, and then he looked up at her. "You are my superior."

"And from now on, you will address every woman as Miss. Isn't that right?"

His insides tensed, but he agreed, "Yes, Miss."

"Good boy."

Now she put her hand on the back of his head, and she forced his mouth up right against her slit. At once, he started to lick, just as she had ordered. His tongue darted in danced along her sex. He tasted her excitement. Not only that, he could feel the curve of

her clit; not only that, she let out this little moan as he started to service her.

She had her hands on the back of his head, and she used him like a sex toy. He licked, but then she wanted him to go deeper, so she pulled him closer, and his tongue plunged against the walls of her sex. He looked almost frantic now, desperate to avoid another electrical shock.

"That's right. Lick your superior. Show me that I'm better than you. You belong on your knees, don't you? You're just a boy, so you will serve. We have taken over. It was an inevitability, and now you will serve and obey. Show me what you can do. Show me how you can service your superior."

With each second and word, he did his best. He stretched his tongue, leaned down, licked, and bobbed his head up and down as he worked to satisfy her. She squeezed her inner thighs against his cheeks. She grabbed onto the back of his head. She used him! He really had become her plaything, but he couldn't stop himself. With every second, he knew that he wanted his own climax, but he had his hand locked behind his back as he worshiped her.

"Good. That's so good. That's right. Keep going. Yes. Show me what you can do! Show me you belong. Show me that you are a boy. Show me that you're a servile, obedient boy!" The words stretched out as she came closer and closer to an orgasm. Finally, she pushed him back as she shuddered with the wild explosion of perfect ecstasy.

Panting now, she braced herself against the edge of her desk. Penelope grinned, and then she glanced downward. "Fetch my panties for me," she said.

"I can't. My hands, they are still cuffed behind me." He said all of this like maybe she had forgotten.

Her eyes twinkled, and she said, "Use your mouth."

His lips wrinkled into a hardened pout, but he obeyed. He stretched downward, fighting hard to balance himself, and then he felt the soft silk of her underwear against his lips as he lifted them with his mouth. She took them, stood, pulled them up along the length of her legs, and she casually slipped her feet back into her

shoes. Within the span of a few seconds, she was completely put-together and appeared perfectly professional.

"Right now, I know what you're thinking. You want an orgasm. You want me to let you come. Nope. Sorry. That's not going to happen here. You're going to be a good boy, and you're going to take your daughter home. When you get there, you can sneak off to your bedroom or wherever, and you can take care of yourself. For now, it's important that you learn your lesson. Now, beg me to let you out of those cuffs."

Knowing that he wouldn't get relief, Hank clinched his eyes shut again. He dipped his head down for just a moment. Then he looked up at her, and he pleaded, "Please let me out of these handcuffs? Please?"

"Good boy."

She took out the key, she stepped behind him, and she unlocked the handcuffs. He rubbed at his wrists as another plea jumped from his lips. "And the collar? Would you please let me out of the collar?"

"No." She smiled as she enjoyed that look of shock as it played across his face. But obviously, she was just messing with him. She would have to remove it eventually, right?

"Get dressed," she ordered next.

He scrambled to obey, pulling on his boxers, his pants, his shoes and socks. Next, he yanked his tank top over his head and shoulders before sliding into his button-up shirt. Penelope enjoyed the show, mostly because boys didn't usually get dressed quite that quickly. They could be so entertaining!

"Now stay quiet," she said. She strode past him and walked over to the door.

She opened it, leaned out, and she said, "Can you join us?"

Tensing up, he hoped that one of the security guards would come in with her. Instead, Hank registered the familiar voice, "Daddy?"

"Your father and I have been having a little conversation. Tell Gracie what you have learned."

He was standing up, but now he had the collar around his neck, and he glanced back at this young woman. Before he could

stop himself, he remembered that final lesson. ", I have learned that I have to be obedient. I've learned that women are superior to me."

"Does that include your daughter?" Penelope inquired. She made it sound like such an easy question.

He had to force the answer out. "Yes, Miss. That, that includes my daughter."

"Excellent," she replied. "Look at that. It looks like one of Gracie's shoes has come untied. Would you take care of that for her."

For a moment, he wanted to call out to her and insist that she couldn't be serious. There was no way he would do something like that! And yes, he glanced back at Gracie, and he expected to see confusion or disbelief written on her face. Instead, she crossed her arms over her chest, she smiled, and she said, "Yeah, Dad. Go ahead and tie my shoe for me."

Something inside of him broke, he bowed down, got on his knees, and he tied the shoes of her sneaker. When he finished, he quickly jumped back up onto his feet.

"What you think of your father now?"

"I think it's going to be *a lot* of fun talking about my chores and my allowance," Gracie said.

"That reminds me," Penelope said. "Here's the controller for his shock collar, and here's the key in case you decide to let him out."

"Why would I do that?" Gracie said.

Together, Gracie and her father headed back toward the parking lot. Holding her hands on her hips, Penelope nodded, quite pleased with the conference night. She felt like she made an important difference. And for a teacher, what else could she hope to accomplish?

## **The End**

### **Connect with me:**

My name is Anna Ritter; thank you for reading my story. I love books about erotic power play, and I'm eager to connect with my readers and talk about our favorite fantasies. You can email me here at [ARitter664@gmail.com](mailto:ARitter664@gmail.com). Feel free to ask questions or send me ideas

for future stories. I'm also available for commissions.

### **My favorite games:**

Female supremacy is my favorite fantasy. I love stories and novels about entire societies where women have seized control. Men are reduced to the status of chattel, slaves, and toys for their female superiors. In these storylines, men can fight, but they're destined to lose. Sometimes women have taken control based on magic or technology. In other stories, women are just smarter and work to outmaneuver the boys who foolishly thought they were in charge.

Dominant women make up many of the characters in my stories. These tales focus on wives, girlfriends, and other female rivals who take power in specific microcosms. Here, the women are still very much in charge, but their control is limited to a single man. He'll still be enslaved, but the rest of the world remains largely the same.

Chastity training is intense. Boys are obsessed with their libidos, so there's something magically enticing about locking a man up and reducing him to a pathetic, kneeling slave ready to obey every command. Sometimes these males need to be tricked. Maybe they need to be blackmailed or even kidnapped and forced into a chastity cage. One way or another, they'll give in. Holding his key is one of the most delectable pleasures I can imagine.

Cuckolding is another incredible fetish. Since I am interested in how men can lose control, I'm fascinated by the idea of a wife or girlfriend who's decided that her man just isn't good enough. Yes, she still cares about him and wants to keep him around, but he will be a slave, forced to watch his girl with another man—if he's lucky. This kind of the trail is one of those ultimate expressions of power and control.

Bondage can be psychological, but I tend to prefer the literal restraints. The notion of having a man strapped down, his arms and legs spread, his naked body on display is powerfully erotic. I love knowing his girlfriend or wife can touch him and tease him, forcing him to beg and plead. His dignity drains away as he succumbs to

that overwhelming desperation.

Spanking is an amazingly simple punishment. Take a man, put him across your lap, and spank him. Make him cry out. Pain might be one of the oldest incentives, but it works beautifully. When a man whimpers, he understands what he's lost.

Humiliation is one of those tools men seldom acknowledge. They want to believe they're capable of dealing with any slight or insult, only this isn't true. So many men are incredibly fragile. They tell themselves that they're powerful, but they still worry about what the women nearby might think. Getting collared, leashed, and crawling before a woman is an incredibly humiliating experience. It strips him of his identity now that the world can see who he really is.

These are just a few of my favorite fetishes. If a game involves taking or losing control, I'll probably love it. So please, if you have any fantasies or ideas you would like to share, feel free to email me: [ARitter664@gmail.com](mailto:ARitter664@gmail.com).

**Commissions:**

Do you have a fantasy you just have to explore? If you're interested in hiring me for a commission, you can get started by sending me an email.